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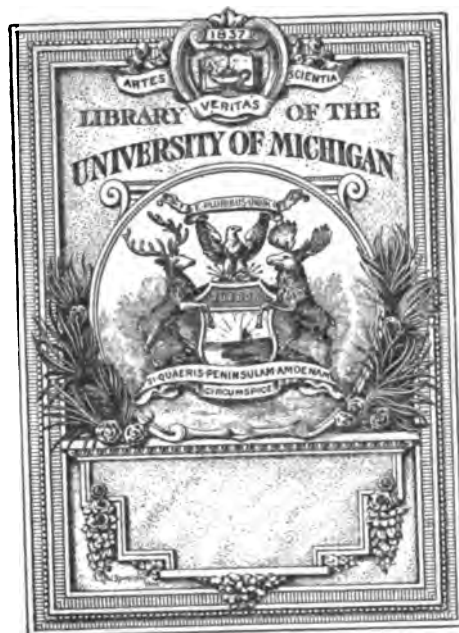
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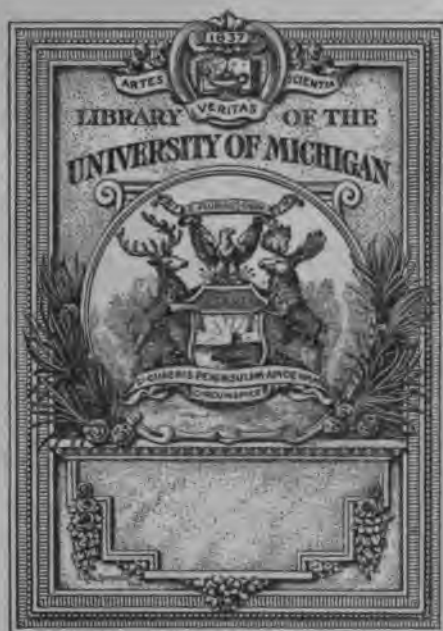
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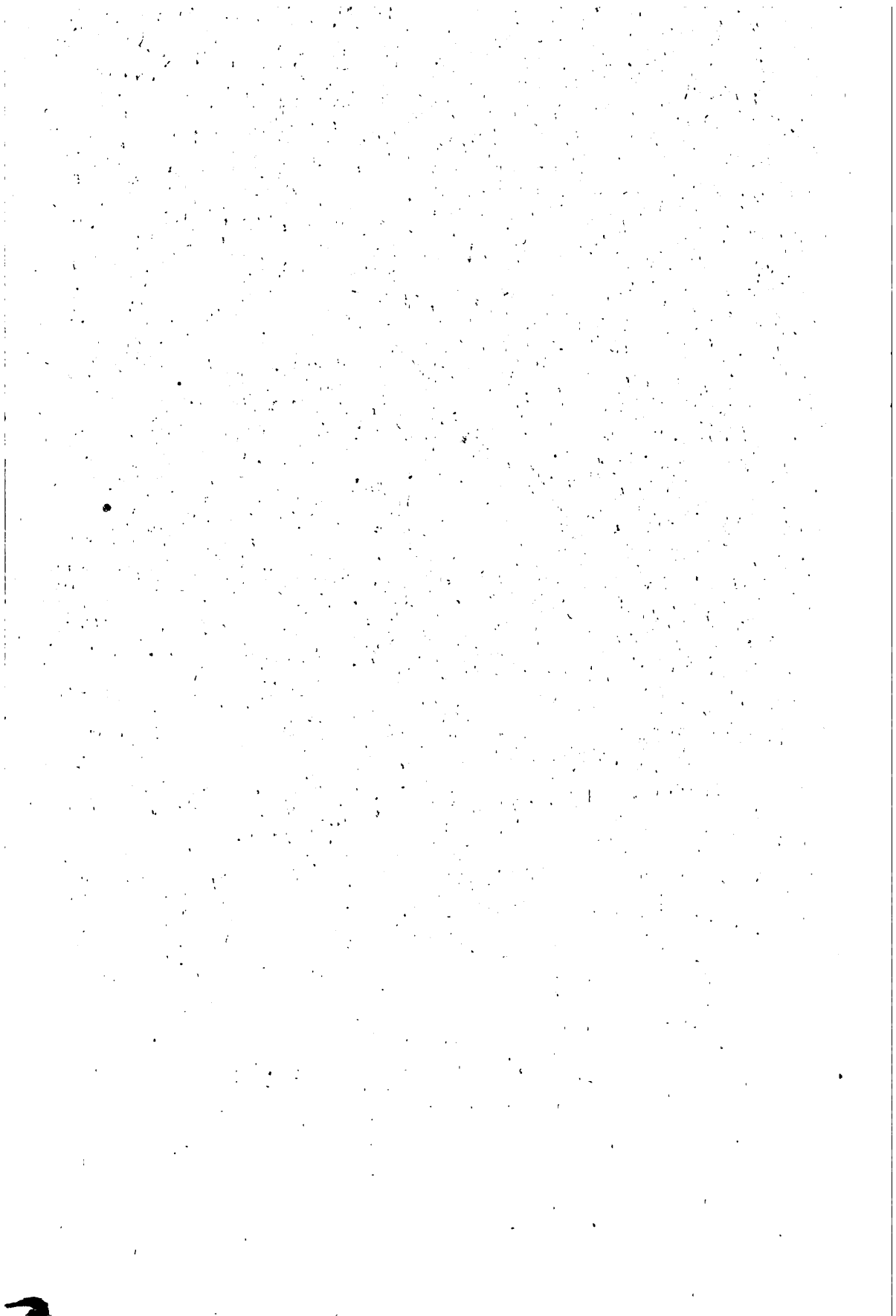
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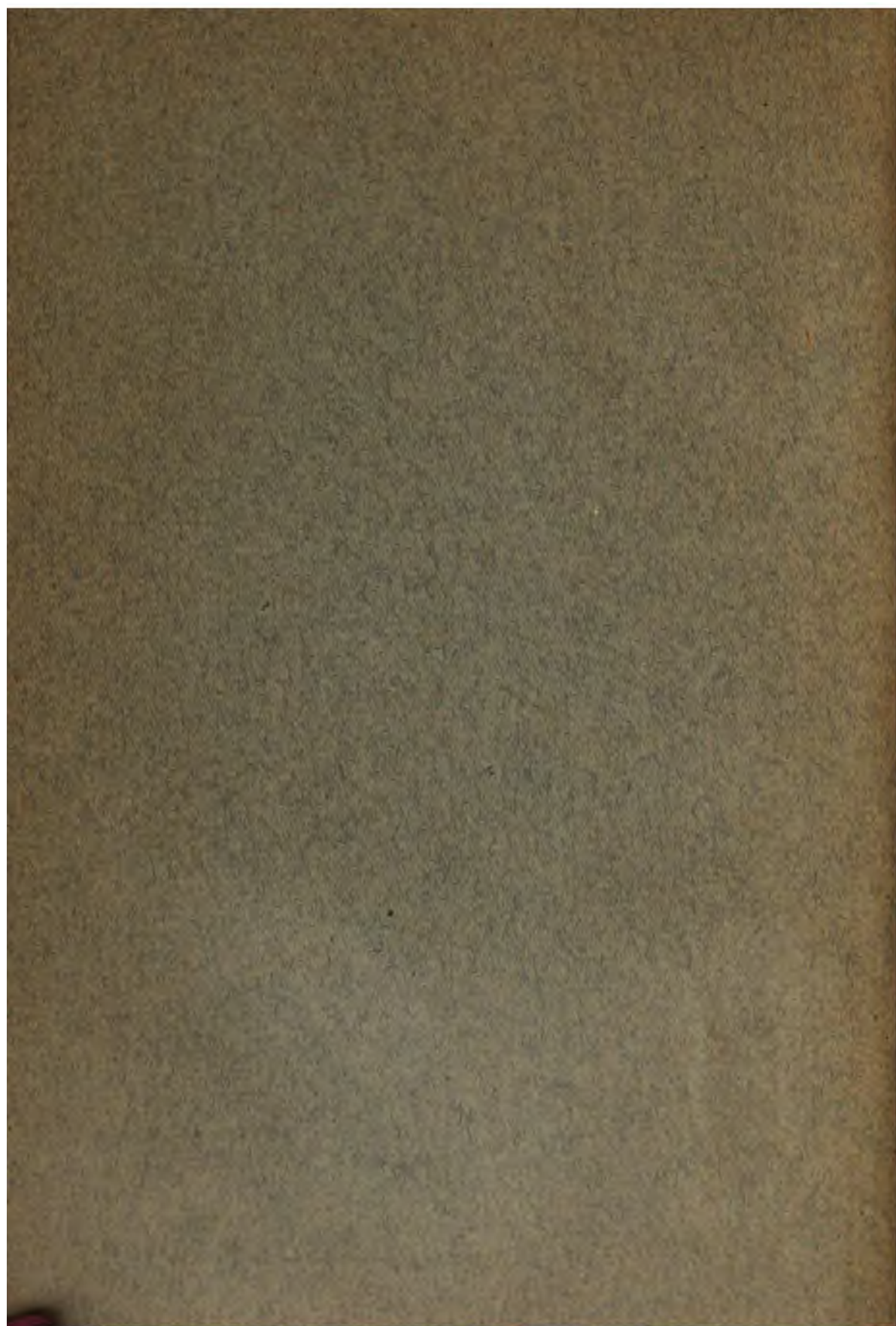
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THE
ECLECTIC MAGAZINE
103886

OF
FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

MAY TO AUGUST, 1845.

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THE THREE MARYS AT THE TOMB.

Painted by the Rev. Mr. Martin.



THE
E C L E C T I C M A G A Z I N E

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FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

M A Y , 1 8 4 5 .

WALTER AND MABEL.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

First love is a disease that none confess;
Second, 'tis a disease no leech can cure.

—The case occurs in every day
That rises on us—only some are tough
And will not die, let happen what there may;
These are not few: still there are left enough
Too fragile to encounter storms so rough,
That pine and pine away till health is flown
And till life follows—while some lying stuff
Tells on their tomb, that cough or fever, grown
Triumphant o'er their strength, laid them beneath
that stone.

IRENE.—BY LADY NORTHAMPTON.

THE storm of the 6th of January, 1839, will be long remembered in those parts where its fury raged. Picturesque old ruins, the pride and boast of the neighborhood they adorned, whose sturdy gables and battlements had stood out bravely against many an assault, yielded that night and fell, a shapeless mass—the faithful ivy still clinging closely to the old gray stones and time-stained fragments. Grievous was the devastation in forest, park, and demesne; their goodliest ornaments were laid low. The elm, as more brittle than other trees, and having less firm hold of the soil,

especially suffered; many, of great age, were either snapped across or torn up by the roots; and sad to the aching eyes of their possessors, was the spectacle of their stately forms, mangled, crushed, and disfigured, lying about in wild confusion, encumbering what they had adorned, or stretched across the avenue of which they had been, from time immemorial, the guardians and the pride.

There is something, even to the most uninterested spectator, very moving in the sight of a noble tree lying prostrate—we are, ourselves, so puny and ephemeral in comparison, in stature, strength, and duration! Our little span of life with all its hopes, struggles, passions, and ambition, dwindles into such insignificance when we contemplate the patriarch of the forest, who has seen generation after generation of human beings spring up, flourish, and decay; and who, in green vigor still, will yet look down upon fresh generations for long years after we have crumbled into dust. An irresistible feeling of veneration fills the mind at the thought. And when we consider the length of time it takes to form the lusty trunk and giant limbs—the slow gradual growth—the spring showers, and summer suns, autumn dews, and win-

try storms, that have passed over its honored head—the children that have sported beneath its shade—the cattle that have sought shelter from the blast—the innumerable birds, the countless myriads of shining insects, that have found a home and sustenance among its pleasant branches; when we think of all this, it seems almost sacrilege to fell a fine old tree. The produce and the existence of ages demolished in a few hours! a living, acting being, “done to death;” its teeming bosom, giving sweet promise of buds, and leaves, and glorious verdure—or, still sadder sight, that verdure, in fresh and full luxuriance, doomed—from “dancing lightly on the topmost spray,” in the clear azure of heaven, and reflecting the sunbeams on every bright-green silken leaf, to lie a crushed and withering mass, soiled and bedabbled in the mire.

Every dwelling-house, barn, and hayrick, that lay in the course swept by the hurricane, suffered more or less that night. Roofs were blown off, windows forced in, and the terrified inmates spent the hours of repose in hurrying from room to room of their houses, barricading doors and windows, repairing breaches, and carrying their children and whatever was most precious in the way of ornamental china, clocks, and bijouterie, into a place of safety, where the storm had least effect.

I can never call to mind that night, which to so many suggests images of physical danger and alarm, of raging winds and struggling elements, without thinking of a mental conflict of which I was the witness, and, as far as regards sympathy, a sharer, during its hours; and, with the remembrance, there ever comes the conviction of how much more deeply we are affected by the contemplation of internal feelings and emotions than by any external event passing around us.

Our dwelling was comparatively sheltered from the storm; at least we did not suffer as much as many of our neighbors. No windows were blown in; and, by midnight, any damage done had been so far repaired, and the precautions taken pronounced so far effectual, that no more injuries were apprehended. The roar of the tempest, however, was awful. The house shook and rocked from top to bottom; not an eye within its walls was closed in sleep; no one even thought of retiring to rest.

But there was one among the watchers who paid little attention to the raging storm. I was the companion of her vigil; and, oh!

how void of interest and importance seemed all the din outside compared to the struggle of contending feelings, the tumult and the strife in that poor human heart! Vain was the fury of the hurricane; we heard it not, engrossed in anxious counsel. The sheeted rain was driven against the windows in fierce and angry torrents; but within flowed the bitter “waters of the heart,” wrung from wounded love and hope deferred to lead but to anguish and despair. Who could attend to jarring elements, however loud, when a conflict like this so deep, so all-absorbing, was going on?

There are many who disbelieve the doctrine of broken hearts, and laugh to scorn, as romantic and fanciful, the idea of dying of disappointed love. Could these skeptics have witnessed what I did that stormy night—had they followed, step by step, in all its sad passages, the narrative of her whose we made me unmindful of all beside, they would have given up their cold theories. Alas! these cases are more common than we suppose. It is because they are unknown that they are disbelieved. There is no secret shrouded with such jealous care within the breast of its possessor as that of wounded affection. Her nearest and her dearest know it not. Shrinking and sensitive, she struggles with its pangs; the breaking heart alone knows its own bitterness. And then, in the words already quoted as the heading of this chapter, these silent sufferers

Pine and pine away, till health is flown
And till life flows—while some lying stuff
Tells on their tombs that cough or fever, grown
Triumphant o’er their strength, laid them beneath
that stone.

To avoid initials, I shall call the heroine of this “over true tale” Mabel and her beloved one Walter. She was one of my earliest and dearest friends. I need not describe her, for the well known print of Byron’s “Maid of Athens” will convey a better idea of her appearance than any description my pen could attempt. Had she sat for the likeness of the Grecian girl, immortalized by poet and artist, the resemblance could not have been more perfect. The same gracefully bending figure, full throat, and classical contour of head. The same rounded cheek, intellectual forehead, and arched brow delicately pencilled. And then her eyes! so dark, so large, so soft, so rich, so *velouté*; so full of deep tender meaning, so intensely affectionate in

their expression! I never saw eyes through which the warm heart beamed so lovingly; and, as if to add to their melting softness, the eye-lids, with their long dark fringes, came gently drooping over the full orbs, shading and imparting to them a peculiar fascination. Dear Mabel! who that has felt the thrilling glance of those earnest affectionate eyes can ever forget it?

It may well be supposed that Mabel had many admirers. There was something irresistibly winning in her manners; arch, and playful, and full of lively repartee, with a vein, at times, of deep feeling and tenderness. But, though often wooed, it was long ere she was won. Those sensitive and fastidious natures, capable of a love too exalted and fervent, too holy and abiding, to be lightly bestowed, are not prone to yield to passing impressions. Love with them is not that hackneyed thing that dwells on every careless lip; talked of jestingly, transferred easily—the mere flutterings of gratified vanity; but a divine passion, solemn, spiritual, all-absorbing, pervading every thought, and throbbing in every pulse; coloring life itself with a bliss so exalted and refined, as to proclaim at once its divine essence and heavenly source; exerting over the heart it fills the beneficent influence that the sun in the firmament has on our earth, by calling into being all that is generous and unselfish, noble and pure!

"A cuore di difficile accesso, se alfin pur v'entra amore quanto rovina!" The hour came when Mabel owned the "soft impeachment;" and she gave her heart frankly and warmly—for she was superior to the arts of coquetry—to him who had gained and was worthy to possess it.

The attachment of Walter and Mabel was sanctioned by their friends, and their union looked forward to with joy by the families of both. A year passed away in the delightful interchange of mutual affection. Those who understood the disposition of Mabel could well realize the depth and intensity of a feeling thus for the first time awakened. Amid many suitors she had at last met the object on whom the treasures of a love as warm as it was constant were to be lavished. To one of her peculiarly affectionate nature, great was the happiness of loving and being loved; and, blest with the approval of her parents, she gave herself up to its full enjoyment.

There is perhaps no position so endearing in a woman's eyes as that which her betrothed holds with respect to her. In

him she views the companion of her future life, the arbiter, so to speak, of her destiny, eternal as well as temporal, to whom she will henceforth look up for guidance and protection. His happiness, which her affection renders dearer to her than her own, is about to be committed into her keeping, and a trembling anxiety mingles with her joy in accepting the precious trust. What interest, what importance is attached to all his little likes and dislikes; to habits, and fancies, and peculiarities, that in another would be utterly disregarded! How eagerly the fond heart treasures up and observes all these as a means of conferring pleasure or avoiding pain or irritation; for, after all, it is upon such trifles that every-day happiness depends, and here that woman's tact and affection can best show themselves. So bright is the halo that surrounds every thing connected with those we love, so unspeakable the interest which all belonging to them has in our eyes, that this endearing study increases affection a thousand-fold. She who, while dwelling on them, imagines she is only becoming acquainted with the tastes and predilections of her future husband is, unconsciously perhaps, weaving still more closely round her, and strengthening the tender ties that bind him to her.

So it was with Mabel; and thus she went on "growing fonder and fonder" as month after month passed away.

It may be imagined how rude was the shock that awakened her from this dream of happiness, and the anguish of her affectionate heart, at finding that there had arisen obstacles to the union with Walter, which caused her friends to withdraw their consent, and to forbid all communication between them.

Fortunately for Mabel she knew where to turn for consolation. She felt that every occurrence in her life was by the appointment of Him to whom she daily committed her way, and this trial could not have befallen her without his divine will. Religion, that gilds and brightens every joy, is not really felt in all its value until the dark night of affliction overshadows the soul. Separated from the beloved one who had for so long a time shared her every thought, she was not quite alone while able to pour out her sorrows before the Being to whom all hearts are open, and from whom no secrets, however shrouded from human eye, are hid. Another unspeakable source of comfort to poor Mabel was the devoted and passionate

attachment of Walter. Every obstacle to their union seemed only to call forth, in renewed vigor, the energies of his ardent nature. Though all direct intercourse between them was interrupted, she was still in correspondence with some of the members of his family, and through them, as well as in other ways—for love is ever fertile in devices—he conveyed to her continued assurances of his unchangeable affection.

But notwithstanding these, and her submission to the divine will, the cruel blow to her hopes and affections began to take effect upon Mabel. Her health gradually gave way. Her friends, who were little aware of the depth of her feelings, imagined that change of air and scene would restore her. They were anxious to remove her from a neighborhood where occasional meetings with the connexions of her lover kept up, as they fancied, his remembrance. Various excursions, therefore, were planned for Mabel; she was hurried from one scene of excitement to another, but her cheek was still pale, and her dark eyes languid. The same object was present to her thoughts wherever she went; surrounded by gay and unsympathizing companions, understood by none, her heart sank beneath the dreary sickness of deferred hope, and brooded inwardly over its sorrows.

Things had been in this state for upwards of two years, when, in the winter of 1839, our friend became a guest under our roof. Here she found the balm of sympathy; and the "*besoin de s'épancher*," that weighs like a night-mare on the soul, no longer oppressed her with its burden. We had never met the object of her affection, and listened with interest to her descriptions of him. How her cheeks glowed, and her eyes were lit up with emotion, when overcoming that reserve which a woman always feels in naming her beloved, even to those most intimate, Mabel spoke of his generous qualities, his frank, ardent disposition; his refined taste and cultivated mind, the union of "*les petits soins*" with manly pursuits, which is so endearing in a maiden's eyes; his graceful figure and handsome intelligent countenance! And how the glowing cheek grew pale again, the lip quivered, the soft eye filled with tears, as with faltering voice she went on to speak of his devotion to her—of their long and hopeless attachment.

The arrival of the post was always a most anxious moment to Mabel. She

looked forward to getting a letter from some quarter or other which might perchance contain tidings of Walter; and sometimes there came a newspaper directed by his hand, the sight of which made her heart throb and her eyes glisten, and on which, as on a treasure, she would feast for weeks. The hand-writing of an absent friend is so very precious! One morning the letters were later than usual, and expected, too, with more than usual anxiety; for many weeks had elapsed, and nothing had been heard of Walter; no paper had been received, and day after day heart-sinking disappointment succeeded to the moments of keen suspense, which grew more and more breathless at the approach of post-hour.

Who is there that has not, at one time or other, experienced this sudden fall in the thermometer of the feelings? when the feverish flush of anxiety and hope sinks down into the blank wretchedness of disappointment; when we feel so utterly depressed, dispirited, and good-for-nothing; all our energies gone—hope itself dead!

This was the 6th of January; a fair morning, with no symptoms of the coming memorable storm. We were all equipped for a drive, Mabel, my sister, and myself, and only awaited the arrival of the letters to set out. At length they came. With a cry of joy our friend sprang forward to receive one in which, even at a distance, the quick eye of affection had instantly recognized the way of folding, the seal, the hand-writing of Walter. There was also a letter for me, and its contents occupied me for some minutes, so that I did not notice my companion. When at last I looked up, what a sight smote my eyes! I will not attempt to describe it; for no words can convey an idea of the intense agony I beheld. Her delicate frame shook with agitation, while her face had that glazed and ghastly appearance that is produced by strong bodily pain. The veins in her forehead were swollen—every feature quivered; her large eyes were dilated and full of—oh! such unutterable anguish! May I never look on the like again!

I flew to her side: her white lips moved, and she motioned me away with one hand—the other was convulsively clutching the letter and pressing it to her panting bosom. She was, indeed, not in a state to hear words even of the tenderest sympathy. I drew back to an adjoining sofa, and sat gazing at her with dismay. My sister,

who had left the room before the arrival of the letters, returned at that moment and was struck dumb at seeing the condition of our friend.

When poor Mabel was able to speak she faltered out an earnest wish to be alone, and implored us to leave her, and to proceed on our drive. It would have been ill-judged kindness to oppose her request at such a moment. In a few minutes she was in her own room, prostrate before that throne where the best help is to be found in every time of need; and we, with sorrowful hearts, that yearned to be near her, took our departure.

On our return she came to greet us, composed, with a struggling smile, and an attempt at cheerfulness that was very touching. She looked like a "rain-beaten violet"—so meek, so tender and subdued, and with such tearful eyes. It was plain to see that the conflict had been severe; but she had conquered, and the abundant tears she shed had relieved her full heart. No allusion was made to the letter; and in the evening when all were assembled for dinner, the gathering storm and prognostications of the awful night that was coming, engrossed every one's attention, so that poor Mabel's wan looks and dejected appearance escaped notice.

The "witching time o' night" has always been the choice hour for confidence. How many things are revealed over the midnight fire in that sanctum, "one's own room," that would never be told at any other time or place! What a pleasant and privileged half-hour it is! and how hard it is sometimes to have to say "Good night!" and break off such sweet and confidential communion!

I have already alluded to my visit to Mabel's room that night. The storm furnished us with an excuse for prolonging our conference, as the alarm was so great that no one in the house went to bed. But it was not the external elements that occupied us, as I said before, but the agitation of a mind rent with contending emotions. The anguish and distress of my companion were indescribable. She showed me the fatal letter. It was from Walter—renouncing her! All was now over, he said, between them; and he begged that, on her return home, she would collect his letters, and every token and souvenir of him in her possession, and return them all. He expressed his resolution to do the same on his part, and spoke with affected calmness

of forgetting all that was past, and forming new ties. With this were mingled despairing regrets, and altogether the letter was most strange and incoherent.

Deeply and earnestly we pondered it over. Mabel could take but one view of the matter. "I see it all," she said, with a fresh burst of woe—"he is weary of this long, hopeless, wretched suspense. He has found some one whom he can love and be happy with—I am forgotten!"

I could not agree with her. The language of the letter was not that of one who had grown cold or forgetful; it seemed to breathe any thing but indifference in its wild and unconnected expressions. But Mabel refused to be comforted; it was perhaps natural that, in her weak state of health, and after all she had suffered, she should incline to the dark side of the picture. She had no means of clearing up the mystery; for all correspondence with Walter had been forbidden by her family, who imagined that she had long ceased to think of him; and her delicacy revolted at the idea of employing any circuitous means of discovering the cause of his changed feelings towards her.

I may as well mention here that which did not come to our friend's knowledge until she was lying on the brink of the grave, and which accounted for the fatal letter. One of those reports, uttered in thoughtlessness and propagated by love of gossip, that so often wring the heart of some breathless listener, and cause anguish little dreamt of by the heedless retailer of news—one of those mischievous reports reached the ears of Walter. He heard that Mabel was going to be married. Love is susceptible and jealous; and a slight thing will excite either fear or hope when the feelings are deeply engaged. To all his inquiries in various quarters, Walter received replies which confirmed the rumor; and as the world never arranges these matters by halves, but settles and decides on the minutest particulars with marvellous precision and sagacity, Walter could not doubt the truth of what he heard. He knew that Mabel had been mixing much in society of late, and was well aware that, wherever she went, her attractions brought admirers round her. Stung with the idea that she had accepted the addresses of another, maddened at the prospect of losing her, he had despatched the letter; and his wretchedness in writing it was fully as great as that caused by the perusal. Oh! what

misery would a few words of explanation have saved to two loving hearts, thus robbed of their only solace, the belief in each other's constancy.

Her last prop taken away, our poor friend sank rapidly. "Life's farce went on;" but, to finish the quotation,

"—Within that breast 'twould scare the hold
To see the springs at work when peace was flown;
A harrowing spectacle, reserved for heaven
alone!"

It was, indeed, a grievous sight!—to see the hollow, joyless smile, the effort to seem cheerful, the forced air of interest in everyday things, the painfully-sustained conversation; and to know, that, beneath all this mockery of happiness, there was a breaking heart! To hear her sing—that was a trial. Mabel's musical talents were celebrated; her brilliancy and skill as an instrumental performer were great; and her exquisite voice, so rich and melodious—the deep feeling she imparted to whatever she sang, joined to a highly cultivated taste—made her a vocalist of first-rate quality. It was natural that her musical powers should be in great request; and as she accomplished with ease and pleasure what to others, less gifted, would have been an exertion, she was always ready to gratify her friends. But now, when she was so miserable, to require of her a song!—melody in her heaviness! Often did the words of Moore rise into my mind—

"Ah! little they think, who delight in her strains,
How the heart of the minstrel is breaking!"

One night—I shall never forget it—she was asked to sing one of those beautiful Irish melodies, so full of tender pathos, in which she excelled. She began, and gave in thrilling tones the first few bars. But it would not do; her spirits gave way; she could act her part no longer. The guitar fell from her hands, and she burst into an agony of tears. They were accounted for by her evidently broken health, the heat of the room, the touching words of the song. Who could suspect the sad truth?—who ever does suspect it in these, alas! too frequent cases?

A struggle like this could not last long; the suffering mind finds ready sympathy in its frail bodily companion. Symptoms so alarming set in, that it became necessary for Mabel to return to her home, and be placed under the care of the kind family physician, who had before recommended her leaving it for a change of scene. He

knew nothing of the "secret woe" that his dear patient carried about with her; and he was now shocked at the sad alteration he saw. Active measures were resorted to; but the sufferer grew no better, and was soon confined entirely to her room. The effects of that worm, which for so long a time had been gnawing, unseen, at her happiness and peace, were not to be conquered; for, as Madame de Stael truly observes, "*Une peine dont personne ne vous parle, une peine qui n'éprouve pas le moindre changement, ni par les jours, ni par les années, et n'est susceptible d'aucun événement, d'aucune vicissitude, fait encore plus de mal que la diversité des impressions douloureuses. Il n'y a point d'oubli pour les personnes d'une imagination forte.*"

The grief of Mabel's family may be imagined. Additional medical aid was called in; but the result of the consultation only confirmed their worst apprehensions. At length it became the painful duty of their friend and physician to communicate to them the awful tidings that there was no hope. Oh! what a sentence is that, when heard by the pale and anxious group gathered round the physician, and reading in his concerned and solemn looks their doom, before it has passed his lips. Yes, though anticipated ever so tremblingly, though uttered ever so feelingly, when it comes it is a fearful sound! How the breath stops, and the ears tingle, and the heart grows sick and chill—"No hope!"

In the desolate household, thus filled with lamentation, the only one who maintained composure and calmness was the dying Mabel. When the world was brightest to her, her affections were never engrossed by it so as to exclude thoughts of eternity; and now she felt the approach of death without alarm. She expressed a wish to make some pecuniary arrangements, by which a portion that had been bequeathed to her should be secured to her sisters, and a lawyer was sent for to make her will. This was a trying day to the afflicted family. While she was engaged in dictating her last wishes, many a stifled sob and burst of bitter weeping were in the drawing-rooms beneath her sick chamber—those rooms that had so often re-echoed with the full rich tones of her melodious voice. How solemn and sad a stillness pervades the house over which the angel of death has flung the dark shadow of his wing!

After the lawyer's visit, Mabel seemed to take no further interest in the things of

this world. Her debility increased, and she saw no one except her physician, and the clergyman who came daily to read and pray with her.

Among the many anxious inquirers who called to learn the state of the invalid at this time, an unexpected visitor one morning presented herself. It was the sister of Walter. She had come to town on business, and hearing of the danger of her friend, flew to the house to gain fuller tidings. A slight estrangement had subsisted between the families since the breaking off of the marriage, but now all was forgotten, and Walter's sister mingled her tears with those of the sorrowing circle. They had a long and earnest conversation. Before its close, Mabel's family were informed of what I have already mentioned—Walter's belief in the reported marriage of his beloved, his despair, and the letter he had addressed to her.

Suspensions of the real state of things began to enter the minds of the party; and on the next visit of the physician, whose feelings towards his patient were as much those of a father and friend as a medical adviser, all was communicated to him. A gleam of hope flashed across the countenance of the kind doctor as he listened.

"This is very important," he said; "where the mind is deeply engaged, the case differs widely from one of mere bodily disease. Had we known all this before; but now"—and again a grave and anxious expression overspread his face—"the symptoms have gone beyond our control. It is, I fear, too late. Indeed, I question whether in her reduced state it might be prudent even to name the subject to her."

Mabel was truly in the most delicate condition. The lamp of life seemed flickering in its socket, like the last fitful rays of an expiring taper—a breath would suffice to quench the light for ever. It was an anxious task, even for sisterly affection, to bring before her at such a time, an agitating topic; to name a name that, at the first breathing of it, vibrated through every fibre of her shattered frame, and shook it with an emotion that threatened fatal consequences. Cautiously, and with tender care, as she was able to bear it, was the subject renewed; and at length, by slow and gradual degrees, she was put in possession of the whole enrapturing truth—that her adored Walter had never wavered in his devotion to her, and that if her life

were spared she might still be his, with her parents' free consent and blessing.

Hope and joy, what blessed elixirs ye are! Where is the medicine in the whole pharmacopœia can boast the life-giving, exhilarating virtues ye possess? The reviving news that Walter loved her still, and that the obstacles which separated them had vanished, were to the fainting soul of Mabel like oil to the dying lamp. The expiring ray gleamed forth again, though the spark was feeble and uncertain. For a long time the event was doubtful, and she hung suspended between life and death; youth and hope struggling hard against bodily disease and exhausted nature; while parents, brothers, sisters, friends, and he who united in himself the anxious tenderness of all, stood looking on at the contest.

* * * * *

It was a bright day in bright September. The skies were clear and cloudless, and the sun shone out, gilding with its pleasant beams a wedding train. The ceremony had just been performed within the walls of a country church, and now, surrounded by their friends, came forth the gallant bridegroom, supporting the trembling steps of the palest, the most delicate, most fragile looking of brides. The lovely face of nature smiled in sympathy with the gladness of the group, among whom a deeper feeling of thankful joy seemed to prevail than is even usual on such happy occasions. It was the bridal day of Walter and Mabel!

When next I saw our dear friend, she was seated beside her husband, just a year after that bright September morning. He must have been but a poor physiognomist who could not read a tale of surpassing happiness and love in the countenances of both. Theirs was indeed a rare and happy lot—one that I believe falls to the share of few in our conventional existence—that of marrying the object of the heart's affection. I had not seen Mabel since she had departed from our home, a poor stricken sufferer in mind and body; and the sight of her now was deeply affecting. There she sat, radiant with happiness, and with but one drawback—the want of health: for our wise Creator seldom fills to the brim our cup of blessings, lest we should forget that we are only strangers and pilgrims here below.

When I looked at her the quaint lines of Spenser rose to my mind:—

"———One loving hour
For many years of sorrow can dispense :
A dram of sweete is worth a pound of soure."

She was happy now. But how nearly had she sunk beneath the trial whose effects she may probably never wholly recover! How nearly had she justified my belief in that sad theory—the dying of a broken heart!

M. GUIZOT AND THE RIGHT OF SEARCH.

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

A rather one-sided, party-article, but racy, and stirring, and withal truthful in many of its aspects.—Ed.

1. *Slave Trade. Copy of Correspondence relating to the Suppression of the Slave Trade. Presented to Parliament by her Majesty's Command. 1845.*
2. *A Complete Collection of the Treaties and Conventions, and Reciprocal Regulations at present subsisting between Great Britain and Foreign Powers, and of the Laws, Decrees, and Orders in Council, concerning the same, so far as they relate to Commerce and Navigation, to the Repression and Abolition of the Slave Trade, and to the Privileges and Interests of the Subjects of the High Contracting Parties. Compiled from Authentic Documents. By LEWIS HERTSLET, Esq., Librarian and Keeper of the Papers, Foreign Office. Vol. VI. London: Butterworth. 1845.*

THERE is no question invested at the present moment with greater interest, than that of the Right of Search, since the peace of the whole world depends upon it. It unfortunately happens, moreover, that the solicitude which the subject itself is calculated to inspire, is very much heightened by accidental circumstances. The persons entrusted with the management of public affairs, both in England and France, want the wisdom and the probity that might inspire confidence. With the word peace continually in their mouths, they are heaping up in every quarter of the world the materials of war, not designedly, which would, at least, argue forethought and genius, but through sheer want of statesmanlike capacity. The French cabinet stands convicted by its own showing of weakness or folly, since it has entered upon a course which M. Guizot himself, not two years ago, maintained to be absurd. The imbecility of our own ministry needs no proof.

Every body who has bestowed a thought upon the matter will acknowledge it. Lord Aberdeen piques himself apparently upon one thing only, viz., that his policy contrasts strikingly with that of his predecessor. The fact is as he supposes. The contrast is most striking. Lord Palmerston's policy was to the last degree bold and consistent, tending to the preservation of peace, by creating in all nations the conviction that there was nothing to be gained by going to war with us. Lord Aberdeen's policy is timid, fluctuating, and for that reason most dangerous, since it tends to inspire foreign states with the belief that there is no indignity to which we will not submit, rather than engage in expensive hostilities. Now, as this is a mistake, his lordship, whether he knows it or not, is actually laying a trap for foreign powers, who may find, when they least expect it, that they have arrived at the limits of English patience, and roused the lion instead of the animal which in the fable puts on the lion's skin. Among the statesmen likely to fall into this mistake is M. Guizot, who, notwithstanding his supposed partiality for England, is, in truth, among the foremost of those that would take advantage of Lord Aberdeen's simplicity to wound and humiliate her. The Tories, however, for party purposes, have long been engaged in disseminating an erroneous opinion of this man. According to them his abilities are of the first order. His political principles, derived from a profound study of history, and the most extensive practical knowledge of mankind, they regard as on a level with his genius. But what charms them most is the wonderful predilection for this country which they discover equally in his writings and in his policy. On each of these points they have deceived themselves, and would deceive the public. M. Guizot is not a man of genius. We might say of him, as Canning did of Peel, that he is the sublime of mediocrity. His political principles, instead of being the growth of study and experience, are purely traditional, and belong to that motley school which sprang up after the Restoration in France, and adopted for its leading characteristic the desire to reconcile contradictions.

We impute it as no particular crime to M. Guizot that he ranks among this class of politicians. If his prepossessions and the natural habit of his mind had not attached

him to them, the events of the times would probably have done so. Possessed by the ambition to distinguish himself and to rise, he soon perceived that he could succeed no other way, than by siding with the party that might be uppermost; to do which, without incurring peculiar odium, it was necessary to make profession of a political creed susceptible of a double-interpretation, the one popular, the other anti-popular, according to the exigencies of the moment. It has for this reason frequently been doubtful whether M. Guizot was a Legitimist or a Liberal; whether he was for the elder branch of the Bourbons with or without the charter, or for the charter, in all its developments, at any rate. Our opinion has always been, that M. Guizot was neither for the one nor for the other, but simply for himself. He has in him nothing of the passion or poetry of politics. It answers his purpose exceedingly well to seem to be a minister, by taking on himself the responsibility of another man's actions; by expounding to the chamber doctrines which he does not hold, as the representative of an individual who could not conveniently expound them there himself; by defending measures which he did not originate, nay, which in secret he condemns as vain, or worthless, or prejudicial to the best interests of France. M. Guizot is not endowed with a prolific mind: he gives birth to nothing. He only adopts the illegitimate offspring of others, and allows them, for a consideration, to assume his family name and seem to be his. This, no doubt, is a proceeding which implies some hardihood, some ingenuity, some power of face. It is not every one that could stand up in the presence of a whole parliament, and maintain contradictory propositions with an equal show of reason; that could, by the speciousness of his sophistry, obtain credit for conscientious patriotism, while openly acting contrary to the declared convictions of his whole life; that could establish his reputation for pacific views and honorable intentions, while laboriously exciting national animosities, and giving daily proofs of reckless Jesuitism and improbity. It is not every one, we say, that could accomplish this, and therefore we admit M. Guizot to be a shrewd man; a man capable of much calculation, a man familiar with all the prevailing arts of intrigue. What we mean to say is, that M. Guizot is neither a great nor an honest man.

To make good this proposition it is by

no means necessary to enter into an elaborate critique of his works, or to recapitulate all the events of his life. As a writer M. Guizot is industrious, clever, and entertaining: nothing more. He has no philosophy of his own. He receives and reflects ingeniously the colors and intellectual forms of the age. His views are the views of his contemporaries. His system, if he can be said to have one, is of the composite order, made up of heterogeneous elements, united by an arbitrary act of the will, but sustained by no single great principle. He does not even form a necessary part of the intellectual existence of these times. So that if he and his works were taken away, blotted altogether out of the list of contemporary entities, no chasm would appear, no loss would be felt. He does very well where he is; but hundreds would do as well, many would do much better. M. Guizot is wholly incapable of taking an independent view of political positions. He does not examine society as it is, and strike out original measures to meet its necessities, and conduct it towards something better. He falls into the pedantry of imitation, and is haunted by the desire of producing political parallelisms; of re-enacting, as it were, the events of history, and impressing on occurrences of the present day the image and superscription of the past. This indication of mental poverty, however, is common to him with most of his countrymen. Though intensely jealous of our superiority, they have done little, during the last hundred years, but study our history and literature, in order to discover models for copying. Our spirit has accordingly been upon them, for good or for evil, in all that they have achieved or imagined during that period, whether they have trodden ingenuously in our footsteps, or have flown off into eccentric or absurd paths, in the vain hope of placing themselves beyond the reach of that overmastering influence, which Providence seems to have decreed shall impart its distinguishing characteristic to modern society. M. Guizot, to do him justice, has scarcely sought to conceal the sources of his inspiration. We might almost say, perhaps, that he has somewhat too explicitly pointed them out; because, from his supposed familiarity with English history, English politics, and English literature, he has drawn upon himself the very unfounded suspicion of being friendly to this country. He has studied Great Britain, however, in the same spirit that Voltaire studied Christianity, and for

precisely the same purpose. His object from the beginning has been to discover where we were most vulnerable, that he might teach his countrymen to strike us there. But this, it may be said, is to pronounce M. Guizot's eulogium, since it is his duty to promote, not the interests of England, but those of France. Be it so: but then follows the inquiry, whether he did not overshoot his mark; since, instead of creating among his countrymen generally the belief that he is inimical to Great Britain, which might go far to render him popular, he has had the unskillfulness to obtain credit for the feeling least calculated to recommend him to the people of France. Thus vaulting ambition sometimes overleaps itself. But most things have two handles.

This at least is the case with M. Guizot's Jesuitism. For if on the other side of the channel it has curtailed his influence, and exposed him to obloquy, it has produced on this side the contrary effect, and procured for him the support of our Tory administration, which, joined with that of Louis Philippe, may be regarded as of far greater consequence than the applauses of the Parisian multitude. It is for the sake, therefore, of Lord Aberdeen and Sir Robert Peel, that we have engaged in the present investigation into M. Guizot's character. Had the Whigs remained in office, we might have spared ourselves the trouble. Lord Palmerston understood the man thoroughly, had taken the exact dimensions of his mind, and was familiar with the whole sweep of his policy. He would not, we fancy, have given him credit for being the friend of England. He knew better the value of such phrases and professions; and it is only because our present rulers superabound in the milk of human kindness, and have foresworn Machiavelli, and adopted the maxim that frank credulity is the basis of all true statesmanship, that we undertake the task of unmasking M. Guizot. Our bowels yearn with compassion towards Lord Aberdeen when we behold him made the dupe of the wily Frenchman, when we behold this small Talleyrand of the Universities throwing dust into the eyes of the British minister, and when we observe that minister himself, in order to keep him in his place, retract his solemn declarations in Parliament, and perform exactly the contrary of what he voluntarily undertook to accomplish.

the transactions to which our remarks

will more especially refer, are of recent date and universal notoriety. We shall not pursue the stream of M. Guizot's achievements back through all the obscure and tortuous mazes of its earlier course. We shall omit to mention his flight to Ghent, his intrigues under the government of the Restoration, the pitiful part he played during the Revolution of July. Nay, our charity induces us to pass over in silence much of his subsequent career. It would, indeed, be unfair to criticise with severity the fluctuations of the youthful and unformed statesman, the waverings of whose mind, like those of the magnetic needle when its direction has been disturbed, may only indicate its anxiety to discover the polar principle to which it will ever after point steadily. We take up M. Guizot at a period when his political instincts may be supposed to have been brought into subjection to his reason; when it was no longer permitted him to veer and shift, and betray tokens of undisciplined impulses. In short, we come at once to the year 1840, and the negotiations for a treaty between the five great powers of Europe on the subject of the Right of Search. One of the motives by which England was urged to desire this treaty, was the conviction that it would place her in a better position for operating upon the reason of the United States, which had hitherto refused to act cordially in conjunction with us for the suppression of the slave-trade. With the pride and obstinacy which its citizens originally carried along with them across the Atlantic, the great American Republic refused to recognize the Right of Search from the idea that it would be derogatory to its dignity. It was believed, however, that if all the great powers of Europe were to come in and consent to act frankly together, and give proofs unequivocal that they considered it to be for their honor to yield to the instances of Great Britain in the cause of humanity, the United States also would follow in their wake, if not from any better motive, at least from the vanity of being included in the list of civilized and influential states. M. Guizot was of this opinion, and labored cheerfully and earnestly, in concurrence with our own minister, to bring to a successful issue the discussion on the celebrated treaty of '41.

The necessity for this convention arose out of the limited sphere of operation secured by the Right of Search treaties of

1831 and 1833. By those treaties our cruisers were frequently hampered in the discharge of their duty. They could not pursue a slaver beyond the tenth degree of latitude north or south, or more than sixty leagues from the coast. Without these limits the most suspicious vessels might pass to and fro within sight, nay, within hail. Under whatever flag they sailed they were sure of impunity. This was a most vexatious state of things, which ought, it may be said, to have been foreseen by the framers of the former treaties. But Lord Palmerston's object in 1831 and 1833, was not to alarm the prejudices of the continent by insisting on too much. He knew that having obtained the recognition of the principle by France, it would be much easier to extend the range of its operation when experience should have proved that no practical evils of any importance were likely to spring out of it. In 1840, therefore, considering that the time was come to give plenary execution to his great plan, he set on foot the negotiations for a new and vastly more comprehensive treaty. This time the Right of Search was to extend its influence along the whole of the western and eastern coasts of Africa, and along the eastern coast of America from the Gulf of Mexico to Cape Horn.

Russia at first felt considerable repugnance to concede to Great Britain, necessarily the chief actor in all affairs taking place on the ocean, the power to overhaul, under any pretext, all the commercial navies of the world. She herself had many ships engaged in the fur and timber trades, which would probably be often mistaken for slavers from the character of their build, and from the circumstance of their always having scattered about them numbers of loose planks, spars, and other things calculated to expose a vessel to suspicion. For these and for other reasons, Count Brunnow felt considerable repugnance to enter upon those negotiations. It was impossible to foresee all the consequences that might flow from the act about to be accomplished by the plenipotentiaries of the leading European powers. Certain vague apprehensions that somehow or other Great Britain would reap all the advantages of the measure disturbed him. He, therefore, long held back. He desired that the treaty should be temporary, and regarded merely as an experiment. He suggested the term of ten years as long enough to give the scheme a fair trial.

But M. Guizot, either because he then sincerely desired the suppression of the slave-trade, or, which is more probable, because he unconsciously acted under the influence of Lord Palmerston's genius, vigorously combated the arguments of the Russian ambassador, and returned so frequently to the charge, and reasoned with so much subtlety, warmth, and cogency, that after a resistance protracted for several weeks, Count Brunnow yielded. This circumstance, considered in itself, is honorable to M. Guizot. It proves him to possess many of the qualities of a man of business. It is creditable to his diplomatic eloquence, and it shows that, under certain conditions, he is far from being indifferent to the sufferings of humanity.

The objections of Russia having been thus overcome, no obstacle appeared to stand in the way of the signing and ratification of the treaty. France entered heartily into the business. Those evil influences which afterwards swayed her resolution appeared to be wholly dormant. But there was then, on the edge of the horizon, a small speck, which was destined soon to spread and darken this fair prospect. Every one will recollect the position in which the affairs of the Levant were placed in 1840, and the famous treaty concluded on the 15th of July of that year. The ruling mind of France may possibly, in secret, have expected that, by giving way to Great Britain in the matter of the Right of Search, it might purchase her forbearance in another quarter. Louis Philippe, in conformity with certain views of policy, which, without plunging deep into the affairs of the East, it is impossible to understand, was desirous, at the period referred to of aggrandizing Mohammed Ali at the expense of the Sultan, of securing to him the possession of Syria, and ultimately, it would seem, even the throne of Constantinople itself. What France expected to gain by this scheme, we may discuss some other time. Some prospect of advantage she had, though M. Thiers, who acted as Louis Philippe's minister at the time, protests he knew not what they were, or, knowing, regarded them as of far too little importance to justify the disturbance of the peace of Europe.

However this may be, the treaty of July, 1840, came, very inopportunistically for the children of Africa, to disconcert the projects of Great Britain for their deliverance. Here again M. Guizot was engaged, though

far less to his credit as a man and as a diplomatist, than in the matter of the Right of Search. M. Thiers, then first minister of France, has since, publicly, in the Chamber, accused M. Guizot of having played him false in the summer of 1840, of having designedly kept him in ignorance of the progress of the negotiations going on in London when he was ambassador, and that, too, for the dishonorable purpose of supplanting him in the post of minister. For M. Guizot's honesty no sane man would undertake to answer. Intrigue and hypocrisy are necessary to him. He rose by them originally, and now, that they are less necessary, adheres to them, perhaps out of habit, or gratitude. He hates M. Thiers, and has always hated him. He must, therefore, when he saw him placed over his head, have ardently desired his overthrow, and been ready to co-operate with any one who could bring it about. But in the transactions of 1840, which terminated in the treaty of July, we doubt whether M. Guizot's inaptitude for business did not completely neutralize his malice. We shall give the history of his achievements, and leave the reader to judge.

The object, it will be remembered, of Great Britain and the other parties to the treaty, was to preserve the integrity of the Ottoman empire, and France was formally invited to co-operate with Great Britain and her allies. Not that our foreign minister was ignorant of the intrigues which the French had for some time been carrying on in Egypt, but that it was not thought proper to take notice of her underhand doings, which, however congenial to her character, it was believed she might not like to have brought under public notice. But Louis Philippe had formed his own theory of Levantine affairs, which he persuaded M. Thiers to seem, at least, to adopt, and instructed M. Guizot to act upon. His policy, as we have already said, was to sacrifice Turkey to Mohammed Ali, and, in the first instance, to gain over Lord Palmerston to these views; or, secondly, if that were found impracticable, to address himself to the representatives of Austria, Russia, and Prussia, and endeavor to prevail on them to co-operate with France in thwarting Great Britain. Here, then, we have M. Guizot pitted against Lord Palmerston. They had the same materials to work upon, the same tools, external to their minds, to work with. They entered upon the arena, each with the power of a great

country at his back. To any one reasoning *à priori*, from the characters and abilities of the men, the contest never could have appeared for one moment doubtful. But fortune sometimes prides herself on giving practical proofs that the race is not always to the swift, or the battle to the strong; and, therefore, by some perverse concatenation of accidents, she might have enabled the atrabilious Huguenot to triumph over the first diplomatist of this age. How far M. Guizot deserved to succeed, we shall presently see. Having sounded, in succession, all the foreign ambassadors, and made use of all that mixture of coaxing and menace, which in the hands of a man of genius, sometimes produces effects so wonderful, M. Guizot perceived that the influence of Great Britain, in the hands of a diplomatist worthy to wield it, was a thing difficult to be counteracted. He foresaw, or might have foreseen, the isolation in which France was likely to be placed, by the diplomatic isolation in which he himself actually stood. He was no longer permitted to witness the secret agency by which a determinate direction was given to the great currents of European affairs. He stood without the magic circle, and could discern nothing of the characters drawn within it. He became irritated, fidgety, and perplexed. He sought to provoke to argument the leading members of the diplomatic body, in the hope that in the intemperate moments of discussion, they would drop something that might enable him to guess at their designs. But he found them impenetrable. The blunt *bonhomie* of Baron Bulow, the quiet taciturnity of Neumann, the stern volubility of Brunnow, and the easy, graceful frankness of Lord Palmerston, equally puzzled him.

Still there were circumstances which led him to think it probable that the designs of the British cabinet would be defeated. The soil of England, though not fertile in intriguers, yet produces, from time to time, a few who are active in proportion to the scantiness of their numbers. Into the hands of two or three of these M. Guizot fell in 1840. Their names we need not mention, though they are at present enjoying, in high and lucrative situations, the reward of the ignoble services which, at the period referred to, they were supposed to render their party. One of these, revolving perpetually like a satellite round M. Guizot, undertook to keep him exactly informed respecting the proceedings of the

parties engaged in negotiating the dreaded treaty. He affected to possess the most certain sources of information, spoke of himself as a sort of second conscience to Lord Palmerston, and maintained, that to the secret thoughts of all the other great diplomatists he knew the avenues. This was charming to M. Guizot; for, though an industrious man, he was not unwilling to be relieved from some portion of the labors of his office, especially as, in reality, he found that his voluntary coadjutor did, from time to time, bring him important intelligence. The great object of the French ambassador was, of course, to prevent altogether, if possible, the conclusion of the treaty; or, failing in that, to protract the discussions, and postpone its signature, till it should be too late to undertake operations that year on the coast of Syria. An important event, which happened in the midst of the negotiations, promised the accomplishment of his most ardent wishes. This was the death of the King of Prussia, upon which the intriguer already mentioned hastened to M. Guizot, and said, 'The game is ours! It is impossible that the signature of the treaty should now take place in time to commence operations this year.' 'How so?' inquired the Frenchman. We must preface the reply of the intriguer by a brief explanation. When a sovereign dies, his plenipotentiaries at foreign courts lose their powers, and are treated as ambassadors only by courtesy. They can negotiate nothing, they can sign nothing, unless at their own proper peril. Now, Baron Bulow, the Prussian ambassador, was not a man to volunteer his responsibility, and the intriguer positively maintained that his new credentials had not arrived. This was the fact insisted on, in his reply to M. Guizot. 'I tell you,' said he, 'that Bulow is placed *hors de combat*, so that you may make yourself perfectly easy.' 'That I can't do,' rejoined the diplomatist, 'until we are assured of the fact you state from the baron's own mouth. In grave, serious affairs like these, we must not act upon hearsay. Could you not sound him?' 'Why, not exactly,' observed the intriguer; 'but—,' and here he paused, and placed his hand upon his diplomatic brow; 'but I think we have a friend who can manage this business for us.' The deputy-intriguer, accordingly, by accident, met Baron Bulow, to whom he was well known, and, addressing him in German, and using the national idiom, said careless-

ly, 'Well, is your roast roasted yet?' 'No,' answered Bulow, 'it takes a long time to roast our roast.' The deputy-intriguer then laughed in a way which signified, 'I know that as well as you.' He then placed the fore-finger of his right hand on the baron's sleeve, and throwing at the same time a scrutinizing glance at his face, said, 'Now tell me, upon the faith and honor of a gentleman, have your new credentials arrived?' The Prussian diplomatist, with the greatest possible frankness and simplicity, replied at once, 'They have not.' 'Thank you,' rejoined his interrogator, 'that is all I want to know;' and, bidding him good morning, hastened to report to the arch-intriguer the important discovery he had made.

This intelligence, immediately conveyed to M. Guizot, completely tranquillized his mind. He felt satisfied that no progress could, for some time at least, be made towards the conclusion of the treaty, and, repairing to the residence of one of the diplomatists, he artfully gave vent to the feelings of triumph that filled his mind. He affected to compassionate the extreme slowness of their movements, and said they would be far less likely to compromise the peace of Europe if they acted with a little more promptitude. Otherwise, unpleasant events might occur, which would not only frustrate their designs, but occasion them much future embarrassment. Having delivered himself of this political homily, he forthwith returned home, and forwarded a despatch to his government. This document M. Guizot designed to be a masterpiece. It was intended to create in the mind of the French Cabinet, the belief that the conclusion of the treaty was imminent, that he might afterwards take credit to himself for having overcome the most formidable obstacles. But if such was his object, he failed completely; for, though the obvious meaning of the language employed was such as we have stated, M. Thiers thought it susceptible of a different interpretation, and, in fact, detected the *arrière pensée* of his ambassador. The French Cabinet, therefore, participated in the confidence of M. Guizot, and enjoyed, by anticipation, the extreme pleasure of outwitting Great Britain. Every thing now was supposed to depend on the arrival of a courier from Berlin with the fate of the East in his bags. None, however, arrived; and, therefore, up to the very morning of the 15th of July, M. Guizot and his friend the intriguer, contin-

ued to be lulled in the most perfect confidence, making no exertions, because they believed none to be necessary. On that day, however, the plenipotentiaries met, brought their deliberations to a close, and signed the convention, Baron Bulow and all! 'What then,' the reader may exclaim, 'was the Prussian ambassador guilty of an untruth, when he said he had not received his new credentials?' By no means; he had not received them; but the young King of Prussia had, immediately on his accession, written him a letter, authorizing him to act in all cases as if nothing had happened. He did not, therefore, require any new credentials: a fact with which the intriguer, on whose sagacity M. Guizot depended, was not acquainted.

The hopes of diplomatists, however, are not easily quenched. It immediately occurred to the French ambassador and his friends that active operations could not possibly commence in the Levant till the contracting parties should have exchanged ratifications, which, considering the distance of Constantinople and St. Petersburg, it was calculated they could not do in less than two months. Now, two months from the 15th of July would bring them to the 15th of September, and then it would require at least a fortnight to collect the fleets on the coast of Syria; but by that time the winds would begin to blow, which render naval operations impracticable on that coast. It was therefore argued, that nothing could possibly be done till the ensuing season, and that France would consequently enjoy ample leisure and opportunities to bring her influence to bear upon events, and disconcert the designs of the allied powers. This was extremely ingenious reasoning, but it was rendered nugatory by one single act of the British minister, who had taken care to append to his treaty a protocol, empowering him to act at once. Within an hour, therefore, after the signature of the convention, the order was on its way to the admiral's, to proceed without delay to the coast of Syria, and commence operations. It would be beside our purpose to enter upon the recapitulation of events which must be fresh in the memory of the public. It may be sufficient to observe, that both the French ambassador and his government remained in entire ignorance of the course it was intended to pursue, as well as of the moment of action, till the intelligence of the bombardment of Beyrout came to open their eyes. M. Guizot was still in London when

the news arrived. It had reached Paris by telegraph, and an express, with a copy of the 'Moniteur,' containing the startling paragraph, was instantly despatched to London. He saw at once that he had been the dupe of his own vanity, of that compound vanity which he felt, partly as a Frenchman and partly as a diplomatist. He had persuaded himself that France was too great a power to be set at nought by the rest of Europe, and that he himself was too great a diplomatist to be outwitted by any person in the world. This conceit, it was now clear, had placed him in a very humiliating position, and his indignation was exactly proportioned to the credulity and weakness he had previously displayed. He read over the paragraph in the 'Moniteur' again and again, his dark complexion growing each time darker and darker, till at length, having wrought himself up into a towering passion, he sallied forth to vent his fury on the diplomatic body.

Such is an exact history of the part played by M. Guizot in the affair of the treaty of July; and from this it will, we think, appear, that his diplomatic abilities are not of the first order. Had he possessed far greater capacity than has fallen to his share, he would not, we think, have succeeded in counteracting the influence of Great Britain, but a more skilful and daring intriguer might, nevertheless, have thrown so many obstacles in the way of the negotiators, that a great deal of valuable time might have been lost. As it was, we firmly believe that the efforts of M. Guizot did not retard the signature of the convention by a single hour.

On the 29th of October of the same year, M. Guizot became a member of the new French Cabinet; or, perhaps, it would be more correct to say, became its chief, under the designation of minister for foreign affairs. Now, then, it may be said, he occupied a position which would enable him to give solid proofs of his hostility to the slave-trade, by hastening the conclusion of the treaty, which, as ambassador, he had negotiated, for confirming and extending the Right of Search. But the mutual relations of Great Britain and France had assumed an untoward aspect. The latter country felt, or fancied, that a slight had been put upon her by the allied powers, at the instigation of England, and she was consequently, not in the humor to treat with us on any subject, much less on one so replete with difficulties as the Right of Search. Our own cabinet perceiving this

to be the case, suffered the whole matter to remain in abeyance, until the affairs of the Levant was settled, and French excitement had had time to subside into its ordinary channels. A convention was then set on foot, the chief object of which was to supply France with a pretext for quitting that attitude of menace which she had rashly and foolishly assumed, and soon found extremely irksome: we allude to the treaty of the Dardanelles, ultimately concluded at London, July 13, 1841.

Having thus apparently smoothed the way, the British cabinet returned to the subject of the Right of Search, and proposed that the treaty which had been negotiated during the early part of the preceding year, should forthwith be signed and ratified. And now we come to speak of one of the most characteristic acts of M. Guizot's whole life, one of those acts which reveal a man's real principles, which disclose to us his secret theory of honor and good faith, which, in short, stamp him as what he is for the present age, and determine the place he is to hold in the estimation of posterity. The British ambassador in Paris, having been instructed to renew his representations to the French government, on the subject of the means to be employed for the suppression of the slave-trade, received from M. Guizot the most extraordinary reply ever made by any minister to a foreign ambassador. He could not, with all his Jesuitism, conceal from Lord Grenville the fact, that the diplomatic defeat inflicted on him in the July of the preceding year, still remained rankling in his breast. He had been beaten, and could neither forgive nor forget it. He felt but too happy, therefore, that the state of the negotiations on the subject of the Right of Search, enabled him to aim a blow which he fancied must tell at his enemy, Lord Palmerston, and, through him, at the whole Melbourne administration. The state of his feelings, on this occasion, could not possibly be mistaken; indeed, he was at little pains to disguise it. He said, that as it was very clear the Whigs were going out of office, he should not pay them the compliment of signing the treaty with them, but reserve it for their successors, with whose views and principles he altogether sympathized.

We request the reader, desirous of understanding what manner of man M. Guizot is, to reflect a little on this proceeding. The original idea of the great convention

in question, which was to bind together the leading powers of the world for the purpose of delivering humanity from the most grievous infliction, and from the deepest disgrace which has ever been heaped upon it, belonged altogether to Lord Palmerston. It was he who set the negotiations on foot, who rendered the project palatable to Austria, Russia, France, and Prussia; who overcame all but the final obstacle, which was not based on irresistible circumstances, which arose out of no misunderstanding between nations or princes, which was not suggested by any apprehension entertained by any of the contracting parties—the only obstacle which Lord Palmerston could not surmount, was the wounded pride and pettifogging revenge of M. Guizot. There are able and honorable men who give this person credit for having been once sincere in his hostility to the slave-trade. We regret our inability to adopt this favorable opinion of him, not that we pride ourselves upon any Machiavellian rule of interpretation, when we desire to explain the acts of statesmen, but that in the present case, the lower we pitch the motive, the more likely is it to square with the truth. For ourselves, therefore, we fear we must believe, that M. Guizot never cared any thing at all about the suppression of slavery, and that his sole object in putting himself prominently forward was to gratify his insatiable thirst of notoriety. Had it been otherwise, will any man believe that, when an opportunity presented itself of mitigating, at once, the woes of millions, he would have fallen back on the most pitiful party considerations, and voluntarily put in jeopardy the grand scheme, for the success of which he once pretended to be so solicitous? Nay, as far as France is concerned, it may with truth be affirmed, that M. Guizot completely shipwrecked the hopes of Africa; for had he, when applied to, in 1841, by the Whig cabinet, consented to the immediate signature and ratification of the treaty, no time would have been allowed for the organization of those infamous intrigues which afterwards led France to play so dishonorable a part, and cast upon the reputation of M. Guizot a stain, which all the sophistry he is master of—and it is not a little—will never be able to obliterate. But because the disgrace of this transaction is not entirely monopolized by the French minister of foreign affairs, we must proceed with our narrative of events.

It has been seen, that in order to avenge

a personal defeat, brought about by legitimate means and for a legitimate object. M. Guizot extended, in 1841, his most active patronage to the slave-trade. By completing an act which he had himself commenced, he might have gone far towards putting an end to it, at least such was the profound persuasion of all the leading statesmen in Europe, a persuasion which he himself, also, had always professed to cherish; but when the time came to put his sincerity to the test, when Providence had moulded events, and placed them in a posture so favorable that it required only a single act of a single man's will to render them adequate to the production of the greatest results for humanity, that man, because his pride had been humbled a year before by a British statesman, refused to perform his duty, let the consequences to humanity be ever so deplorable. We invite any man, we invite M. Guizot himself, to give, if he can, any other feasible version of this affair. Well, then, M. Guizot refused to sign his own treaty during the whole summer of 1841, because the Whigs were in office. The horrors encountered by thousands of men on both sides of the Atlantic, and in the middle passage, weighed nothing with him when cast into the balance with his personal pique against Lord Palmerston. Better, he thought, that those unhappy beings should writhe, and pine, and die in the floating dungeons prepared for them by fiendish speculators, than that he should accede to the wishes of the liberal cabinet of England, and not reserve what he himself regarded simply as a compliment for their presumed successors. We wish M. Guizot all the joy which sober reflection on this subject can afford him. He may not, perhaps, be able to get up the statistics of the question, and determine how many Africans, men, women, and children, were sacrificed to his ignoble egotism; but when his approaching retirement from office supplies him with the necessary leisure, he may, by instituting a careful inquiry into the matter, make some approximation towards the number of his victims.

We have remarked already that the criminal delay which took place in signing the treaty of 1841, was not attributable altogether to the French minister. The Tories came into office on the 3rd of September, and considering the lavish professions of humanity which, as a party, they had for some years been in the habit of making, considering, too, that they have in their

ranks several distinguished philanthropists, as Sir Harry Inglis, Lord Ashley, and so on, it might very reasonably have been expected that they would lose no time in bringing to a close negotiations undertaken solely for the repression of human misery. Even the gratification of vanity it might have been supposed would have impelled them immediately to conclude an affair, which, for the reasons already stated, their predecessors were unable to accomplish. But, in the exultation of victory, Sir Robert Peel and his colleagues entirely lost sight of the Right of Search. They were too happy to find themselves in Downing-street, and devoted the time to chuckling and rubbing their hands, and receiving the felicitations of their friends. What were the wretched Africans to them? They had beaten the Whigs, and got an overwhelming majority, and had before them the prospect of dispensing for years the whole patronage of the empire. Was that a moment to disturb their repose with troublesome contests about negroes, and cruisers, and treaties excessively hard to be concluded? Lord Aberdeen resolved to take warning from the fate of his predecessor. The latter had devoted night and day to business, had concluded innumerable conventions advantageous to commerce and to humanity, had augmented, by his genius and untiring activity, the external influence of the empire: yet, what had been his reward? Parliamentary defeat, and exclusion from office. The Tory foreign secretary, mindful of the classical precept, resolved to learn wisdom at another man's expense. As Lord Palmerston had lost office by diligently and boldly performing his duty, Lord Aberdeen determined to retain it by doing nothing. That this was the rule by which he secretly shaped his course, any one may convince himself who will examine the history of the Peel administration. Had it felt any solicitude for the suppression of the slave-trade, it would instantly have applied to France to seal and ratify the treaty which the malice of M. Guizot had prevented the Whigs from concluding. There was now no obstacle in their way. Their friend over the channel would have been happy at once to pay them the compliment which he had reserved for them. The juncture was, in all respects, the most favorable that could have been desired. The French Chambers were not assembled. There was no particular excitement in the country, so that the cabinet was quite free, as it was quite ready, to act

upon its own responsibility. But Lord Aberdeen had adopted for his guidance the maxim, 'slow and sure,' though he has never realized more than the first half of it; and, therefore, delayed above three months to invite his friend, M. Guizot, to sign and ratify the important treaty already so frequently referred to. No objection was made; and the Count St. Aulaire, in conjunction with the ambassadors of Austria, Prussia, and Russia, readily affixed his signature to the document, on the 20th of December. Seven days after this act, the French Chambers assembled, and all the arts and resources of intrigue were called into play to prevent its ratification.

The United States had, at this period, in Paris, an ambassador congenial in feelings and principles to M. Guizot—we mean General Cass. It would betray us into too intricate a labyrinth of details, to explain all the secret manœuvres of the diplomatic general, and the diplomatic Huguenot, who, about this time, labored strenuously in common, to attain an object ardently desired by both. They who have been accustomed to give M. Guizot credit for sincerely desiring the suppression of the slave-trade, would be slow to conjecture what that object was; though the peculiar character of American diplomacy might, if carefully considered, serve as an unerring index to the truth. M. Guizot had hitherto figured in the political world as an ardent abolitionist, and, as such, would undoubtedly have been lynched by General Cass, had he caught him any where 'convenient' in the backwoods. But the necessities of office, like those of poverty, make men acquainted with 'strange bed-fellows.' Thus, in the winter of 1841-42 we find the abolitionist Guizot, and the anti-abolitionist Cass, without a single thought of lynching each other, cordially co-operating together for the accomplishment of some common purpose. Their numerous conferences soon proved prolific. The worthy general conceived the idea of becoming an author; and having been long in labor with a manuscript, was at length delivered of it, and astonished the world by the prodigious birth. It was a pamphlet against the Right of Search. Every one who knew the reputed author, felt surprised at the cleverness of his supposed production. It was profoundly profligate, but became popular in France through the dash of clever vulgarity which pervaded it. But was General Cass really the author? The reader shall judge. While the pamphlet

was in preparation, the American ambassador was constantly observed circulating to and fro between his own hotel and the residence of the foreign minister, with the tip of a roll of manuscript frequently peeping forth from his pocket. Day after day they were closeted for hours together, and the subject of their amicable discussion was, in most cases, the treaty recently signed in London. M. Guizot laid open all the difficulties of his position to the American, and, with those powers of logic which he must be acknowledged to have at his command, soon convinced him of two things; first, that it would be highly politic for General Cass to vulgarize and father M. Guizot's pamphlet; and, second, that it would be advantageous to both parties for him still to affect, some time longer, hostility to the slave-trade. Having thus come to an understanding, the two great diplomats proceeded forthwith to play their respective parts—the American to get up a powerful and wide-spread agitation against the Right of Search, and the Frenchman gradually and gracefully to yield to the force of public opinion.

Of conduct like this what shall we say? We know of no parallel to it in private life, save that of giving a bill with the determination to dishonor it when it comes due. And what were the interests thus sported with by pettifogging and profligate intriguers? No less than the interests of two great divisions of the earth. For if Africa be depopulated by the nefarious traffic in slaves, if her wild and ferocious hordes of heathens are plunged into a depth of barbarism and demoralization greater than that in which they were originally found, America, inhabited for the most part, by men calling themselves Christians, is no less widely and profoundly demoralized by the servile population she receives, and the practices to which she is driven in order to hold them in subjection. Nor, in all probability, is this the whole of the penalty that she will be called upon to pay for the crime of dealing in human beings. In the slaves that people her territories, she may reckon so many enemies, who treasure up, and transmit from father to son the debt of vengeance, which will be paid in blood and slaughter at last. The history of ancient slavery furnishes what may possibly prove to be a parallel case. For, in the course of generations, circumstances enabled the victims of oppression to turn their chains into horrid arms against their torturers, and to

carry them away captive, and make them servants of servants, till the whole detestable race was extinguished. Let America bear this fact in mind; far as she lies from the great seats of civilization, punishment will sooner or later reach her. Providence has a long arm, and chastisement may come when she least expects it and is least prepared to ward off its consequences. And what we say to America, we say to all those who aid and abet her in her crimes, who, for money, or place, or authority, afford facilities to the miscreants that prowl about the African coast to kidnap the ignorant and helpless natives, and consign them to hopeless slavery in a distant part of the world, or to death in its most cruel or revolting form on the middle passage.

In this guilt our Tory rulers have largely participated. We have proved, that, in the autumn of 1841, they might easily have obtained from France the ratification of the Right of Search treaty which would have compelled her to co-operate with us in putting down the infamous traffic. But they voluntarily allowed the opportunity to slip by. Their friends and protégés across the Channel would not at the moment referred to have refused them any thing, because M. Guizot had not yet made the discovery, that more was to be gained by playing into the hands of the United States, than by acting honorably towards Great Britain, and keeping the faith which he had pledged. M. Guizot when he first came to office, finding the Conservative party in great strength, and generally disposed to promote a good understanding with England, continued to take the same views on the Right of Search as he had been in the habit of affecting for some years, regarding this step as calculated to strengthen him in his position. M. Thiers had fallen through the prevalence of English influence. He had paid the penalty of seeking to bring about a rupture between the two countries. M. Guizot understood this, and shaped his own course accordingly. He systematically separated himself from all the partisans of war, and studied with the greatest assiduity to discover fresh grounds upon which the interests of the two countries might approximate and coalesce. At first he was enabled to avail himself of this element of strength without sacrificing any other. That is to say, he could exhibit his leaning towards England without diminishing his support in the Chambers, and so long as this continued to be the case, he cared not

a single rush for popularity out of doors. For M. Guizot is not one of those who entertain any partiality towards the people, or who would even take a single step to purchase their good opinion or co-operation, so long as it might be possible to do without it. But society is made up of shifting materials in France, and M. Guizot soon found that he could not afford to affect the stoic and despise popularity. He beheld forming in Paris, and throughout the kingdom, a secret association, having for its object the maintenance of slavery. The germ of this infamous society is said to have been imported from Cuba, whose merchants, together with those of Porto Rico, collected by subscription a very large sum of money, and sent it by secret emissaries to the French capital for the purpose of buying over the demagogues of the press and the Chambers, to get up, if possible, a national agitation against the Right of Search. These public-spirited efforts quickly excited emulation among congenial minds in France. The slave-merchants of Nantes and Bordeaux, and of every port in the kingdom, felt the most earnest sympathy with the gentlemen of the Spanish West Indies, and by their contributions greatly enriched the fund destined to purchase logic and eloquence in the Parisian market, where both greatly abound, and are generally venal.

By these means a violent storm was soon raised against the ministers, still supposed to be swayed by British influence, synonymous in the case under consideration with the influence of virtue and morality. The hirelings of the press, and the hirelings of the Chambers, vied with each other in tempestuous patriotism. People on this side of the Channel, not at all suspecting the source of the inspiration, wondered at the prodigious hatred which the mint-masters of public opinion in France had suddenly conceived for us. Every day our pride, our ambition and our perfidy were celebrated in a hundred journals, while the Chambers rang with a succession of furious speeches all equally complimentary to our character. It seemed that a moral epidemic had seized upon the inhabitants of France. And this was actually the case; for although the originators of the disease introduced it, as smugglers do contraband goods, for gain, the infection was soon transmuted out of an artificial into a real one, and spread through the population more rapidly than the plague virus. To

understand the practicability of such a process, it is necessary to have had some experience of the French people, to have studied them, not in Paris only, but in the provinces, and ascertained how few are the ideas, how crude and vapory the opinions, how lax, uncertain, and vacillating the principles of which they are possessed. There is probably in the world no community so mobile as that of France. An insatiable thirst for novelty torments every single member of it, and urges him to wander in every direction in which he fancies its excitement may be found. Being ignorant of the good or evil that may exist in the character of neighboring nations, he is eternally forming a wrong estimate of them, sometimes exalting and loving them beyond measure, and presently, without rhyme or reason, veering round and hating them with equal intensity. But chief of all, the Frenchman hates the English, for this among other reasons, that he is conscious of their superiority, of their steadiness, of their industry, of their rectitude, and of the superior influence which they consequently exercise upon the councils of foreign states, and the preferences of foreign nations. In illustration of this truth we may relate an anecdote, which, though it may lose much of its point from the suppression of names, will yet be felt to be characteristic. A statesman now living and enjoying a great reputation for sagacity, on one occasion, while minister, applied himself to prevent our concluding a commercial treaty with a neighboring state. The British government on hearing of these intrigues, directed our ambassador formally to complain of them. It was expected that he would rebut the charge, or seek to escape from it by some convenient subterfuge. Not at all. He frankly acknowledged what he had done, and said that in justice to his own countrymen he must on all occasions continue to do the same. 'For,' said he, with the most charming *naïveté*, 'though it may be stipulated by treaty that your merchants are to be placed on a footing of equality with those of other nations, that equality would exist only upon paper; because, such is your capital, perseverance, and enterprise, that you invariably beat your rivals out of the field!' Our minister felt the compliment, which experience had convinced him was well deserved. But he did not the less on that account wonder at the simplicity of the statesman, who, in the conduct of public affairs, could be so candid.

Upon a people possessed by such a persuasion, the declamation of General Cass, and the other advocates of the slave-trade, could scarcely fail to produce a powerful effect. They did not at all investigate the subject of the Right of Search, but tricked up a one-sided view of it, addressed to the ignorance and prejudices of the French. They dwelt upon the insult offered to the flag of France by the British cruiser, when it boarded a merchant-vessel, and insisted upon overhauling its papers; but they omitted to state, that French cruisers stationed upon the same coast, were empowered to exercise precisely the same right over English merchant-vessels. It is surprising that this privilege, so flattering to their vanity, did not reconcile them to the whole system. It was, perhaps, the first time that French officers had enjoyed the opportunity of visiting and examining the interior of British ships. But neither this nor any thing else could blind them to the fact of our overwhelming maritime superiority, from the acknowledgment of which they sought to escape, by resisting the Right of Search.

To the popular clamor thus raised, M. Guizot yielded, and refused to ratify the treaty, which, with his sanction, and by his own direction, the French ambassador had signed in London. A more disgraceful proceeding than this, it would be difficult to mention. M. Guizot may, no doubt, plead in mitigation the opinion of the Chamber and the clamors of the people. But the apology will not avail him. He should have resigned, rather than have encountered the opprobrium with which such an act must forever cover his name. The Duc de Broglie, Dr. Lushington's coadjutor in the mixed commission, has very properly characterized the conduct of the Chamber, in the whole of the discussion on this subject, by describing it as at once frivolous and cowardly. He says, 'it was bold to make use of its power, because no responsibility was attached to it, while it yet absurdly sought to impose responsibility upon the minister whom it deprived of power.' He forgot to add, that a ministry which retains office under such circumstances, is still baser than the Chamber which seeks to place it in a situation so dishonorable.

Reasoning from occurrences like these, we might be disposed to regard a French minister in the light of a mere parliamentary reporter. He does not receive from the legislature the power to act according

to the best of his own judgment, but accepts office as a sort of delegate of the Chambers. Whoever is acquainted, however, with the practice of constitutional governments, must know, that although parliament determines who shall be minister, and how long he shall remain in office, it does not imperiously prescribe to him the policy he shall pursue while at the head of public affairs. But there is no extenuation of humiliation to which M. Guizot and his friends will not submit, in order to retain the show of power, the mere trappings of authority, without the reality. Still, even he considered that it was necessary to move cautiously in the retrograde career upon which he and his countrymen had entered. For, when the advocates of the slave-trade, having prevented the ratification of the treaty of 1841, proceeded to insist, also, upon the abrogation of the treaties of 1831 and 1833, M. Guizot declined to proceed so far in the first instance. He said, it was a rule of diplomacy never to make to any foreign state a demand which you are sure it will refuse to grant. In the case under consideration he maintained, that to do so would be an act of weakness, or of madness; of weakness, if, having made the demand, France were afterwards to omit insisting upon it at all hazards; and of madness, if she should so insist, and thus involve herself in a disgraceful and disastrous war. But, as M. Larcy once observed in the Chamber of Deputies, the French foreign minister has at his command doctrines suited to all occasions. He is not one of those statesmen who tower above events and circumstances, and impart to them a character snatched, as it were, from his own idiosyncrasies; but rather receives from the occurrences of the day, the principles he shall profess and the exposition he shall give of them.

When M. Guizot made his famous declaration about the weakness or madness of proposing to Great Britain the abrogation of the treaties above referred to, he overlooked one thing, which should by all means have been taken into account; that is, he overlooked the fact, that it was Lord Aberdeen, and not Lord Palmerston, to whose guardianship the external relations of the British empire were intrusted. This display of want of judgment is surprising, even in M. Guizot. Being a Tory himself, he should have known better of what stuff a Tory minister is made, should have known that his ruling passion is to provide for his

own ease and convenience at the expense of the public interest; and should have recollected, moreover, that of all Tory ministers that exist, or have ever existed, Lord Aberdeen is the one of whom this is most emphatically true. In saying this, we are actuated by no personal hostility to his lordship. He is, we dare say, a very pleasant person, very affable, very obliging, and very much addicted to long explanations, more especially when desirous to exculpate himself. All this betokens great inherent amiability, because it can only arise from a wish to afford pleasure to all around him. Still, Lord Aberdeen is an extremely bad foreign minister, who introduces into the grave transactions of state the little, frivolous courtesies of common life, and sacrifices a national interest, or even a great principle, in order to avoid wounding the feelings of an individual. It will be seen that we are disposed to place the most charitable construction on his foreign policy, in consideration of which, the reader should give us credit for being actuated by none but public motives, when we feel ourselves called upon to speak with peculiar harshness of any of Lord Aberdeen's proceedings.

Having premised thus much, we proceed to speak of the act by which M. Guizot was delivered from his greatest difficulties, we mean that infamous treaty known throughout Europe as the Ashburton Capitulation. It is altogether unnecessary for us, or for any other man in his senses, to profess a preference of peace before war. Every body must do so. The universal dictates of humanity and common sense determine invincibly to such a preference. Nevertheless, it is quite possible for nations to be so circumstanced, that the prolongation of peace instead of being a blessing must prove a curse to them, because it must diminish their honor. And let no one think that the honor of states is an empty sound. It is far otherwise. What is meant by the honor of states is simply their reputation for uprightness, for good faith, for inflexible adherence to principles, for unflinching firmness in keeping their engagements, for a high and chivalrous devotion to what they esteem to be their paramount duties. And what duty can be more binding than that which we owe to humanity? Yet, by the odious Ashburton Capitulation, on behalf and with the approbation of his colleagues, Lord Aberdeen not only broke faith with a portion of our Canadian sub-

jects, who were delivered over to a government which they detested, but yielded to the menaces of the United States the first relaxation of a principle, by a conscientious devotion to which Great Britain has acquired her greatest glory. But what renders this sacrifice most inexcusable is the fact, that it was not called for. We might surely, had we so pleased have made a present of important territories to the United States, without making any reference to the suppression of the slave-trade. There was no necessary connexion between the subjects, neither could the coupling together of things so heterogeneous be excused, on the ground that it proceeded from a resolution to remove at once all causes of dissatisfaction between the two countries, because the Oregon boundary having been left undetermined, the chance of collision remained as imminent as ever. We are at a loss, therefore, to divine why Lord Ashburton was sent to America, unless, we suppose, that the Tories desired to put on the appearance of doing something, though that something should be prolific of the most grievous mischiefs in all time to come. However, we have to do just now with one phasis only of this pernicious act, the abandonment of the Right of Search, in deference to the United States. That the capitulator felt ashamed of what he was doing is manifest from the language of those articles in the treaty which constitute the monument of his guilt. It is evident, that every word was conceived and brought forth in shame, and that the deepest possible sense of humiliation accompanied the signing of the convention. We are as sure of this as if we had been among the most intimate of Lord Ashburton's friends at the time; because it is wholly impossible that an English gentleman should have put his hand to such a document without being conscious that he was signing the death-warrant of his own fame. With another celebrated delinquent, therefore, who may only be more distinguished, because he acted on a vaster theatre, it is probable that secretly, in the depths of his heart, he must have murmured, while he consummated his country's shame and his own:—*Quam vellem nescire litteras*. To that, however, we have nothing to say. It is Lord Ashburton's affair and let him see to it. We have only adverted to this treaty at all, in order to show how opportunely it was concluded to relieve M. Guizot from his most pressing difficulties, and gave him courage to under-

take an enterprise which he had so recently characterized as an act of extreme weakness or madness.

In justice even to him, however, we must review all the influences to which he succumbed, partly, perhaps, as we have already said, of his own creating, but partly also accidental. In the case of administrations constructed upon certain principles, we find ourselves compelled to adopt the reverse of a well-known maxim, that union is strength; for the union of two feeble cabinets appears only to generate additional weakness in each. Thus, the Peel cabinet exposes itself to contempt by the vain efforts it makes to support M. Guizot in office; while the Guizot cabinet, laying hold of Lord Aberdeen, only finds itself benumbed by the touch of the torpedo. To be convinced of this, let the reader reflect for a moment on the wonderful proceedings of these two ministries. M. Guizot, after having pitifully given way in the affair of the treaty of 1841, thought himself entitled, on the ground of that concession, firmly to take his stand on the two previous treaties, and of course expected, that his English friends would be careful to do nothing that should have the effect of weakening his position. Without being at all hostile to negro slavery, he may have desired to pause somewhere in his concessions to the slave-traders, through fear of hazarding his own weak government, by bringing France into collision with Great Britain. But what did the Tories do? Did they act so as to strengthen his hands? Was their policy calculated to create in the mind of the French people the opinion that England would go to war rather than relinquish any of the concessions in favor of humanity, which she had wrung from other Christian powers? Far from it. While their Huguenot protégé was surrounded by the most tumultuous sea of intrigue and clamor, they concluded with the United States a convention calculated to multiply his difficulties ten-fold, by proving practically the correctness of the notion, that by insolence and perseverance Great Britain might be bullied into a course which, in her heart, she vehemently reprobated. By this proceeding, M. Guizot was deprived of the pretext, that he was withheld from insisting on the abrogation of the treaties of 1831 and 1833, by the conviction that England would rather go to war than yield. It does not signify a tittle in the present discussion, what were M. Guizot's own secret leanings! As we have

already observed repeatedly, we think he had none, but was ready to adopt and contend for any thing which appeared to promise duration to his ministry. It would, however, be paying him too high a compliment to affirm that his selfishness was enlightened, and that he generally foresaw what course it would be best for his own purpose to pursue. Our opinion is, that he fluctuated incessantly, that he was for the Right of Search when it seemed to bode him any good, and that he was against it when the contrary seemed to be the case. The same remark will apply to all his apparent partialities. From this anarchical state of his mind it must result, that all who attempt to follow his career will be betrayed into apparent contradictions.—They will represent him as playing different games, as willing different things, as swayed by different preferences. The fault, however, lies not in them but in him. He has all his life been a man of expediency, a man of shifts, a man who never could formulate his politics into a creed, and say what he believed and what he disbelieved. The fact is, that his creed has never contained more than one article, namely, that it is desirable for M. Guizot's own sake that he should be minister of France. No other view of the man's character will enable us to comprehend his actions, but this makes every thing clear. For example, we have asserted above, that M. Guizot has all along been hostile to the Right of Search; that he encouraged the agitation got up against it in France; that he even wrote the pamphlet published by General Cass, which tended more than any thing else to rouse the jealousy and national prejudices of his countrymen. We have also said, that the Ashburton Capitulation occurred inopportunely, and might be reckoned among the hostile influences with which he had to struggle. But how do we reconcile these statements? Simply by showing, that M. Guizot desired at once to remain on good terms with England, and to be popular in France; that to promote the former purpose he was ostensibly favorable to the Right of Search, and that to promote the latter he was determined to abandon it, not, however, as of his own will, but in obedience to a pressure from without, which the English cabinet itself should recognize as amounting to a necessity.

This was the difficult game which M. Guizot determined from the outset to play, though he was frequently deterred from the

prosecution of it by the appearance of things around him, which sometimes propelled him towards the English Alliance; sometimes hurried him in a different direction, and at length left him in a state of deplorable incertitude, from which he can only be delivered by retirement from office. But how his embarrassments sprang up and became complicated around him, it may be worth while to inquire. As far back as the beginning of 1842, and in the course of the very discussions which M. Guizot affected to regard as justificatory of his bad faith in refusing to ratify the treaty he had signed, a notorious Louis Philippiste and supporter of the Guizot cabinet, already adverted to the necessity which he maintained France was under of retracing her steps, and completely emancipating her flag from the surveillance of Great Britain. In other words, he contended not merely that the minister ought not to ratify the treaty of 1841, but that he should at once open negotiations for annulling those of 1831 and 1833. In concluding a long speech, he proposed an amendment to this effect, which was carried by a large majority. But did Monsieur Guizot acquiesce in the policy thus recommended by the Chambers? As we have already seen, he did not. But what were his reasons? that the faith of France was pledged? that the interests of humanity were at stake? no such thing. He placed the question on the lowest level possible, and dwelt simply on the absurdity or the danger of pressing such a proposition upon England. He insinuated, moreover, that the time was not yet come for taking such a step.

Besides, the system, he contended, against which the Chamber declaimed with so much violence, worked well, both answering the purpose for which it was established—namely, the obstruction of the slave-trade—and allowing the greatest possible freedom to legitimate commerce, since during ten years, only one abuse worth mentioning, had occurred. This was intended as a sop for England. It is in displays of this kind, that M. Guizot chiefly exhibits ability, when illustrating the truth proclaimed by M. Larcy, that he has ready cut and dried doctrines for all occasions. He has not studied ethics for nothing; but, when opportunity serves, can cull from the moral repertory of his memory, dignified sentiments to be put forward in pompous and sounding phrases, well calculated to elicit admiration from

an assembly of sophists. It suited his purpose just then to bestow a little cajolery upon England. Intending to act most shabbily towards her, he thought it would be no harm to perfume the offence with a few sweet words. He therefore maintained that the object of this country was not, as many supposed, to establish maritime supremacy under color of putting down the slave-trade, but that our designs were simply what we professed them to be.

His rival in the Chamber, M. Thiers, gave utterance on the same occasion to an opinion which would embarrass a statesman on this side of the Channel, if he meant to pursue the course which there is every reason to believe will be pursued by M. Thiers. He lamented that the conventions of 1831 and 1833, had ever been entered into; but, seeing that they had, he considered the act irrevocable. But wherefore did he lament it? Why, because forsooth, France had thus been playing into the hands of Great Britain, and conceding to her maritime advantages, which, according to them, she did not possess before. These gentlemen, considering the rank they hold, and the opportunities at their command for acquiring knowledge, continue to entertain very strange notions, both of themselves and us. Does M. Thiers think that the naval superiority of England depends on any concessions of France? Does he think that the having of a few anti-slavery cruisers on the western coast of Africa, will very materially influence the relative naval strength of the two countries? He would at least have had the public believe that such was his opinion; for, in order to diminish the poor popularity of M. Guizot, he affirmed that every statesman viewed with terror the future which the cabinet was preparing for France! From this it would of course be inferred, that the past had been different, and that all other ministers had exhibited more forethought than M. Guizot, and managed public affairs so as to ward off the frightful consequences to be anticipated from the policy now pursued. Had M. Thiers thought proper to indulge in such an insinuation, the Chamber was quite in the humor to applaud him. But the vanity of exhibiting historical research, came in to thwart the machinations of the party politician. Instead of saying that M. Guizot was preparing a new destiny for France, and heaping up for her unheard-of humiliations, M. Thiers went on to inform the Chamber,

that as often as war had broken out between Great Britain and France, the commercial navy of the latter had always fallen a prey to the former. In that case she has no new indignity to dread, and M. Guizot is doing nothing which all preceding French ministers have not done.

We may here, by the way, make one or two remarks, which, if properly considered, and allowed their due weight, may spare the politicians of Paris a great deal of useless uneasiness. In the first place the Right of Search is not a cause, but a sign of our maritime superiority, nor would France, supposing we were to suffer the whole duty of cruising on the coast of Africa to devolve on her, be, on that account, a jot the nearer to supremacy on the ocean. Secondly, upon the breaking out of war between the two countries, several other consequences would ensue, besides those enumerated by M. Thiers. We should, in the first place, seize upon the French West Indies and emancipate the negroes, and though we might afterwards, on the conclusion of a general peace, restore those colonies—which, however, is somewhat doubtful—our garrulous and boastful neighbors would find it exceedingly difficult to re-establish slavery. This hint we throw out for the especial consideration of the slave-holders of Nantes and Bordeaux. Next, we should destroy, capture, or block up in harbor, the fleets of France, as no man can for a moment doubt, who compares our naval forces with hers. We could put to sea nearly seventy sail of the line, not to insist just now on our overwhelming steam navy; while France, with all her efforts, could not possibly reckon on more than twenty-four or twenty-six sail of the line. But the greatest difference remains to be noticed, the difference in the officers and seamen, which is so great as to be wholly inappreciable. When, some years ago, the Tories, for party purposes, were, in and out of parliament, depreciating our navy, and repeating the boast of some silly Parisian journalist, that France possessed 73,000 registered seamen, it was proved by exact returns, that our registered seamen amounted to 370,000. With elements of maritime strength like these, every French statesman must perceive that France is unable to cope. In the third place, therefore, the result foretold by M. Thiers would infallibly ensue; we should destroy utterly the commerce of France, and by so doing create for ourselves new markets in vari-

ous parts of the world. On this score, accordingly, we have nothing to apprehend from war, for though, at the outbreak, our merchantmen might suffer a little from privateers, we should soon clear the sea of that nuisance. Lastly, we should indubitably relieve France from the incumbrance of Algeria, first by cutting off all communication between the colony and the mother country; and, secondly, by affording aid to the bold chivalry of the desert, which, supplied by us with money, arms, and ammunition, would make one *razia* of the whole country, and either capture the entire French population, or drive it into the sea.

Such are some of the consequences that would probably flow from the breaking forth of war between Great Britain and France, as the majority of French statesmen appear fully to comprehend. Still, both they and many of their partisans in this country, seem to be of opinion that the duty of warding off hostilities devolves exclusively upon us. It follows, also, from what they say, whether they intend it or not, that we alone possess the power to disturb the peace of the world, since all governments and all people would pursue noiselessly the even tenor of their way, if our violent and all-grasping policy would permit them. But, though we act thus, like a sort of terrestrial destiny, lulling the world into peace, or shaking it at our pleasure, it is we who, according to these prophets of evil,—it is we, after all, who have the most to fear from the consequences of our own armipotency. There may possibly, if they could but discover it, lurk some fallacy in this curious chain of inferences. Having at our command so many resources and means so multiplied of offence, stretching as we do by chains of settlements through both hemispheres, inhabiting the torrid zone and looking upon the ice of either pole, it seems likely that we should be able to inflict more injury upon our enemies than they on us. We speak now, solely with reference to human probabilities, and make no presumptuous reference to that mysterious influence to which both the humble and the great are alike subject. Should hostilities, however, spring out of our efforts in behalf of humanity, our cause would be the cause of justice, so that we should, in this sense also, have less to fear than our enemies. But, according to some speculators, we are blinded by our philanthropy, and trust too much to the goodness of our intentions. A man must, indeed, be

intoxicated with vanity to give utterance to such an observation, because it implies that he alone in the infinite incertitude of all human affairs is able to tower above passion and prejudice, and discover what is right. The age, however, is not so wholly a prey to delusions, that the only sane man left is a crazy pamphleteer.

But to return to M. Guizot. There is possibly on record in the history of modern statesmen no more striking example of bad faith, of sudden and audacious change of policy, of reckless indifference to the opinion of mankind, than that which M. Guizot has exhibited in the matter of the Right of Search. In his correspondence with the Earl of Aberdeen he most felicitously exemplifies the correctness of the estimate formed of his policy by Count Molé, when he said it was a policy of extremes, of extremes even in weakness. In applying to a foreign government in order to procure its sudden abandonment of a system of indescribable magnitude, of a system established for the protection of the inhabitants of one whole quarter of the world, of a system hallowed by the cause of humanity, and springing out of the greatest sacrifices ever made by a great people in obedience to the sentiment of duty, M. Guizot does not present himself armed with any respectable reasons of state; but comes forward, and bases his claim solely on the ignorant passions and prejudices of his countrymen. He makes some little show, indeed, of contradicting his former affirmations, that the Right of Search had produced all the effects that were expected of it, and was attended by scarcely any abuses at all; but the reasons he most relies on are, that the excitement against the Right is rapidly spreading in France, that it is likely to spread still more, and that it already embraces within the circle of its operation both their houses of parliament. He then goes on to insinuate, in something very much like a menace—the menace of weakness, as Count Molé expresses it—that unless the reason of England will, at this important juncture, yield to the prejudice of France, great mischief may possibly ensue. He assumes, indeed, the tone of a dictator, and tells the British minister that agreement with his proposition is ‘indispensable!’ What Lord Palmerston would have replied to such a threat as this, every man in England may know by consulting his own feelings. He would have informed M. Guizot that we made no account of the passion and folly of France;

but that we would compel her to execute the treaties into which she had entered, or defend her bad faith by arms. It is not, in fact, for us to lay by our good will towards mankind, because the French people never know what they would be at; because they determine one thing to-day, and another to-morrow; because they desire, at the same time, to obtain credit for philanthropy, and to enjoy the profits arising from the sale of men. It is for the French government to correct the notions and sentiments of its subjects, and not basely to come whining to foreign governments, to protect it from the consequences of the ignorance which it fosters.

But what is Lord Aberdeen's reply to M. Guizot's communication? We take some credit to ourselves for ingenuity, for some little experience in literature and politics, for some slight power of discrimination and judgment; and yet we can neither determine within ourselves what we are to think of his lordship's answer, or what description it is proper to give of it. We are entirely nonplused by his lordship. He tells the French foreign minister, in tolerably plain language, that he knows perfectly well, as every body else does, that no adequate substitute for the Right of Search can possibly be discovered, and that the appointment, therefore, of any commission, whether mixed or unmixed, must be a mere act of hypocrisy, originating in no faith, and expected to lead to no advantage. His lordship causes it, however, to be understood, that he sympathizes very strongly with the difficulties of M. Guizot, and that he entertains precisely the same opinion as he does of the stupid excitement which has been got up by the advocates of slavery in France, and that, in consequence of this sympathy and this conviction, he will consent to assist in practising a hoax upon the French people, by giving them a commission which may sit and deliberate, till they shall have leisure to come to their senses. But if they should prove madder than he expects, and persist even after the commission shall have pleasantly trifled away several months or years in chatting and taking snuff together—if they should persist, we say, in requiring the abandonment of the Right of Search, then his lordship will take a new view of the matter, reverse things a little, and, instead of practising delusions on the French, put a cheat on the good people of this country. That this is no strained inference from Lord Aberdeen's language, every one who

attentively reads his correspondence must feel. He there says, that the substitute for the Right of Search to be proposed by the commission is to be regarded in the light of an experiment, and that, consequently, while the two countries are engaged in working it, in order to ascertain whether it succeeds or not, the Right of Search must necessarily be suspended.

From this statement the course that will be pursued must be obvious. Should the ignorance and obstinacy of the French prove exceedingly difficult to be subdued, it will be maintained in the teeth of facts and experience, that the experiment has succeeded, and no return will ever be made to the Right of Search. But if, on the other hand, the fury of the French prove, as is most likely, evanescent, while the convictions of the anti-slavery party in this country only grow stronger and stronger with time, why then the conclusion will be, that the new-fangled system has proved a failure, and that it would have been much better to persist, from the first, in standing on the old ways, to which we should be necessitated to return.

In the mean while every one who takes any interest in the subject is doubtless anxious to know what scheme is likely to be hit on by the mixed commission, and whether, in their deliberations, its members are completely free, or act more or less under instructions. M. Guizot himself has already formed something like a plan, to which he darkly alludes in his communication to the Count St. Aulaire. To have explained the nature of it would have been imprudent; because, if the Duc de Broglie should by accident have fallen upon any thing like the same project, it might, by ill-natured persons, be pretended that he had been prompted by M. Guizot. The secret, however, has to a certain extent transpired; we mean, as far as regards M. Guizot's idea; for what the mixed commission may in its wisdom think proper to recommend, we by no means affect to foresee. In the plan of the French foreign minister the Right of Search is still retained, but under certain conditions which, according to him, will render it unobjectionable, and, according to us, altogether ineffectual. He proposes that on board every British cruiser there should be a French officer, to whom should be delegated the delicate task of examining all suspected ships claiming the protection of the French flag; while on board French

cruisers there should be a British officer for the performance of a similar duty. We congratulate M. Guizot upon his invention. It argues a degree of simplicity and of confidence in human nature which we should scarcely have expected to find in its author. Truly M. Guizot is a far-seeing statesman! Nevertheless there occur to us some little objections which may be urged against his plan. In the first place, how are we to be sure when a slaver with a French flag flying heaves in sight, that the aforesaid officer would always be in readiness to board her? It might be night, it might be blowing weather, he might be lazy, or he might be sick; and not being under the orders of the British commander, he might often make it a point of honor not to obey. In this way differences would arise which might terminate in serious quarrels, while the service would be utterly neglected. Again, a foreign naval officer placed even in the midst of the gentlemen who command our ships of war, would occupy no very enviable position. Our sailors, high and low, entertain an overweening contempt for the French, which they could scarcely be expected to get rid of all at once, because an officer belonging to that people was among them. Without intending any offence they would be perpetually saying things which would wound his feelings and humiliate his pride, so that, we will venture to affirm, every French officer, without exception, who should be thus located on board of a British ship-of-war, would leave it ten times more than ever the enemy of England.

The situation of the British officer on board of a French ship would be infinitely worse. The insults given in the former case unintentionally would be here studied and contrived with exquisite malice. He would every day and hour of the day have to fight over again the battle of Waterloo; for, as the moth by some inexplicable fascination plunges into the splendors of the flame that threatens to consume it, so Frenchmen of all ranks and conditions are attracted towards the blighting glories of that field. No memorable name occurs so frequently in the debates of their Chambers, in the columns of their journals, in their conversation whether at home or abroad. It would seem as though they expected to efface the memory of that dire defeat by clamoring everlastingly about it, and inventing pretexts and reasons to explain away what took place. By this means

they convert their own affliction into a general calamity. We could almost wish we had lost the battle, if happily in that case we could hope to hear no more about it. But success would only have moulded the national vanity into a different form, and boasting and exultation would have been made to perform the work which the thirst of revenge does now. Under these circumstances we should bestow our choicest pity on the wretched lieutenant who should under M. Guizot's system be condemned to do penance for his sins in the purgatory of a French ship-of-war. For our own part we would as soon be sent to the galleys at once. We say nothing now of the elements of French conversation, which the English gentleman would look upon with disgust, its impiety, its sensuality, its gross indecency. Imagine the conversation of such officers as M. Dupetit Thouars and his companions who flooded the Society Islands with their vices. But we forbear. Enough we trust has been said to show the utter absurdity of M. Guizot's project. It is to be hoped the mixed commission will have something better than this to propose, otherwise the enlightened and religious community of Great Britain will reject it with scorn. Even Lord Aberdeen, to whom M. Guizot communicates his ideas, could discover but little promise in them. With every disposition in the world to oblige the French minister, he felt that it would be beyond his power to render his plan palatable to the Parliament or people of England; and therefore it was that he felt himself bound in candor to declare that he had 'hitherto seen no plan proposed which could safely be adopted as a substitute for the Right of Search.' We are glad his lordship could muster sufficient spirit to make this declaration, and that he and his colleagues still 'hesitated' to fall into the trap laid for them by their friend M. Guizot.

Should any desperate scheme be proposed, it is easy to foresee what course ministers will pursue in their endeavors to mitigate the hostility of the public. They will avail themselves of the rash and unfounded admission made by certain philanthropists, that the Right of Search, instead of effecting the purpose which it was designed to effect, only multiplied the sufferings of the negroes and the number of the victims that annually fall a sacrifice to avarice.

But what then are those sufferings, and what is the number of the victims annually

offered up to the Moloch of modern civilization? Lord Palmerston, in one of the most eloquent and convincing speeches ever delivered within the walls of parliament, entered upon the whole topic towards the close of the last session. To that speech we refer our readers. We can neither reproduce its facts in full, nor imitate its eloquence. But we may remark in general terms, that the amount of human misery daily occasioned by the slave-trade, surpasses all conception and belief. We ourselves have seen a slave-caravan which, having probably consisted at the outset of several thousand men, women, and children, in good health, and with every prospect of long life before them, had dwindled down by degrees to a small number, of which only the pampered few, spared for the worst of purposes, retained either health or spirits when approaching the close of their odious pilgrimage. They had come from the heart of Africa, had traversed mountains and deserts, and great rivers, and had left their track marked by bones and skeletons. In other parts of the continent, and under other slave-traders, the horrors of the march are more fearful. The weak and the infirm are knocked on the head as they proceed, or left to perish of thirst and hunger, or to be devoured by wild beasts in the depths of the wilderness. In this way, it is said, in all the *kafilas* that descend to the western coasts, three out of four of the original number of slaves captured, perish by the way. Then follow the diabolical cruelties of the *barracoons* where the slaves are examined and sorted, the hale and hearty being delivered over to the captains of ships, to be transported across the Atlantic, while the weak are summarily disposed of by murder on the spot, or turned adrift to die of famine in the surrounding wastes.

The few inconsiderate philanthropists who have given currency to the notion that the Right of Search multiplies the sufferings of the slave, only take of course into their account those who are actually shipped, amounting annually, it is said, to about 200,000, one-fourth part of whom perish at sea. This is a frightful waste of human life, the guilt of which is not to be extenuated by any arguments or considerations whatsoever. But how much of the misery suffered in the transit is attributable to the Right of Search, to the build of the vessels constructed, not for room, but for speed, and to every other circumstance arising out of the fear of capture? We apprehend that it is

nothing in comparison with that which must attend the transport of so many slaves under any circumstances. If the slavers were delivered to-morrow from all fear of cruisers, they would not be delivered from the fear of their prisoners. Manacles and chains, therefore, would not be dispensed with; neither would that crowding and severe confinement which at present occasion the most grievous tortures endured by the negroes. Neither would the miscreant traders be delivered from their own evil passions, from cruelty and lust of gold, and whatever else degrades and pollutes human nature. These causes would remain in full operation though Great Britain should withdraw her hand and suffer slavery to take its full swing. We are not, however, left to collect by inference what would be the internal state of slave-ships, supposing the traffic to be made completely free, since we can revert to the example of what it was when no restraint was put upon it, and from examination we find that the horrors of the middle passage were no way inferior to what they are at present. Those philanthropists, therefore, who disparage the Right of Search, because it fails to produce all the good effects originally expected from it, are guilty of a great crime against humanity, because by supplying the advocates of slavery with arguments, they do much towards establishing a free traffic in human victims. Supposing, however, that the sufferings which the slaves endure at sea were, to a certain extent, augmented by the establishment of the Right of Search, no one pretends that it is answerable for the miseries inflicted on the captives upon their way to the sea-coast. Yet these must far exceed the others in intensity and destructiveness, since, while the former are supposed to cut off only 50,000 souls a year, the latter are fatal to at least six times that number.

But if we stop short here, the most important part of the subject must be overlooked; for, unless it can be shown that the more obstacles you throw in the way of any traffic the more it flourishes, it must be confessed that the practice of the Right of Search wonderfully circumscribes the traffic in slaves, reducing it probably to one-sixth or one-eighth of what it would otherwise be. As it is, however, what numbers does it annually cost Africa? Little short of half-a-million, so that within the memory of man a number of human beings equal to the whole present population of the British empire in Europe has been cut off by the slave-

trade. Surely, therefore, it is no exaggeration to say that all the crimes ever perpetrated by mankind from the creation of the world to this hour, cannot exceed in number or atrocity the crimes perpetrated by the slave-trade alone. Humane men are accustomed to talk of the ravages of war and of the annihilation of armies; but what are these compared with the ravages of the slave-trade? We shudder with horror as we follow in the page of the historian the devastating course of Timúr, who swept like a hurricane over the plains of Asia, overthrowing cities, massacring whole populations, and leaving the earth in the rear of his army one vast wilderness. The same feeling comes over us when we follow Napoleon, for a time the scourge of Europe, in his disastrous expedition against Russia with one of the largest armies that have ever taken the field in modern times, and when we behold that army defeated, pursued, cut to pieces, and its scattered fragments chased with profound humiliation back to the country which had sent them forth on their unprincipled mission. Yet, the sacrifice, in either case, of human life, was probably inferior to that which is caused annually by the slave-trade. And in the instances to which we have adverted, there were the illusions of ambition, the blind thirst of conquest, the hurry and excitement of war, to color, and, in some sort, to mitigate the calamities endured. But, in the case of the slave-trade, there is no passion concerned which can possibly cast a halo over the crime. The perpetrators repair to the scene of their villainy, not ostentatiously, in great numbers, with waving banners, and sound of trumpet, and beat of drum, but secretly, few at a time, under false colors, and with every other precaution which the systematic perpetrators of guilt are wont to take, in the hope of escaping detection. As the basest motives that can prompt human action are theirs, they find it impossible to attach even the most factitious glory to their calling. Highwaymen have been known to acquire a degree of notoriety, almost amounting to fame, and pirates and buccaneers have even gloried in fighting under the black flag; but there is, we believe, no instance on record of a slaver's being proud of his achievements, no example of his coming forward and boasting of the number of victims he has consigned to hopeless servitude, or flung into the Atlantic, or caused to be butchered on the coast of Africa. As he derives his principles from the author and source of

all evil, so he works, like him, in darkness, clandestinely, under the thickest mask that can possibly be supplied by hypocrisy and fraud.

Yet, to uphold a traffic carried on by miscreants such as we have described, and by such only, is France at present laboring might and main. The rabble of sophists by which the salons of her capital are peopled, and by which, chiefly, her press is conducted, endeavor, indeed, to impress a sort of national character on the agitation which they have been enabled to get up in favor of negro slavery. But their arts, though sufficiently subtle to delude the unreasoning multitude of France, can by no means shield them from the penetration of this country. We understand perfectly well, under the influence of what inspiration they write, whether they seek to avail themselves of the powerful sympathy of the United States, or labor to serve some popular prejudices in Spain, by the grossest misrepresentations of our principles and policy.

Under these circumstances, it is extremely difficult to foresee what will be the future course of France in reference to the Right of Search. When M. Guizot falls, by whom is he to be succeeded? and will that statesman, whoever he may be, prove more sagacious or more honest? The hopes of one party are centered in M. Thiers, who, on the subject of the Right of Search, neither knows his own mind, nor what is due to the honor of his country. It would be difficult to play a more disreputable part than has been played by this political impostor, in connexion with the very question under consideration. In the debates of the present year, while laboring to place himself in the most advantageous light in the eyes of France, M. Thiers was guilty of an act of hypocrisy so palpable, that nothing but the furious character of French disputation could have prevented its being detected and pointed out. He objected to M. Guizot, as a flagrant delinquency, the treaty of 1841, which he described as a great sacrifice made by France to England; and on his own side of the Chamber, this accusation was received with rapturous applause. But how stands the fact? When the idea of that treaty was first conceived, and during the whole period in which it was negotiated, M. Thiers himself was minister, and directed every step that was taken. M. Guizot was but his agent, who originated nothing, but only executed, with more or less ability, the task confided to him by his present accuser.

This may be regarded as one of the most striking illustrations on record of the lax morality prevalent among French statesmen. They look upon the public business of the country merely as a stage, whereon they may display their powers of intrigue. It is not in their eyes a momentous concern, in which the happiness of many millions, and the hopes of future generations are bound up. They do not approach it with that awful sense of responsibility with which a matter so vast would inspire men of integrity, but rush into it as into a great gambling transaction, in which they may personally be winners or losers to a considerable amount. Even Count Molé, the other rival of M. Guizot, and who seems to have a powerful party both in the Chambers and in the press, is not a jot less to seek for his moral principles than M. Thiers himself. He affects much gravity of demeanor, and exhibits occasionally a large share of political sagacity; but, nevertheless, there is nothing in his character which could enable us to determine what he would do under any given circumstances, which would be the case were he an honest man. Count Molé speaks cautiously, and throws a large amount of meaning into his phrases. He thoroughly understands, moreover, the personal history and private relations of all the statesmen around him, whether in or out of power, and can, therefore, when he thinks proper to strike, impart a tremendous force to his blows. But these, after all, are only the qualities of a great political gladiator. The only question for us, as Englishmen, to consider is, whether, if he were minister, our relations with France would thereby be placed on a better footing; and, considering the whole of his career, the measures of which he has been the author, the acts he has performed, and the acts which he might have performed and has not, we ought probably to come to the conclusion that we should gain nothing whatever by his elevation to power. Among the other notabilities of the day there is none to which we could point, or on which we could rely with any confidence. The Duc de Broglie has capacity, but appears to be wholly wanting in energy, the consciousness of which has generally placed him in secondary situations.

We must content ourselves, therefore, with regarding the political lottery of France with imperturbable *sang froid*, since who falls or who rises is really at bottom matter of indifference to us. Not so with

the proceedings of the mixed commission. These we must watch with the greatest solicitude and assiduity, since we unhappily have not ourselves a ministry upon whose honor or capacity we can place any reliance. With what projects the Duc de Broglie is big it would, of course, be folly to pretend with certainty to know, though the French journals, with that rage for penetrating into the future, which always torments little minds, have pretended to divine and disclose his instructions. They have probably obtained some imperfect hint of the plan of M. Guizot, which we have already briefly sketched; and it is this they are endeavoring to describe when they talk of *mixed cruisers*. M. Guizot, like Sir Robert Peel, is pre-eminently fond of mystery, and loves, when he has found a mare's nest, to reserve as long as possible the pleasure of peeping into it himself. Still he has not been able to shroud his designs wholly in darkness. Some half-word, some indiscreet confidence, has enabled the journalist to obtain a glimpse of his intentions, which, because they have seen them but in part, they distort and misrepresent most ludicrously. At the same time, M. Guizot is not above adopting an absurdity even from the columns of a public journal; so that if in their efforts at delineating his scheme the politicians of the press should throw out any suggestion which he might think feasible, he would immediately introduce it into his plan and call it his own.

Hitherto, however, it is quite clear to us that the French press remains in profound ignorance of the minister's real ideas. The notion of mixed crews appears perfectly monstrous to them, and yet it is a certain modification of this notion, that M. Guizot means seriously to propose to Great Britain through the mouth of the Duc de Broglie. Whether, when he first hears it, Dr. Lushington will be able to keep his countenance, is more than we can say. He also, however, is a grave man, and may therefore accomplish that achievement; but should the scheme ever so far succeed as to be laid before Parliament, we anticipate the most extraordinary outburst of merriment that ever shook the walls of St. Stephen's. M. Thiers, in speaking of the mixed commission, observed, that it could only transfer the centre of agitation from Paris to London, and give rise in our House of Commons to the most stormy debates. But if M. Guizot's plan were placed in all its naked deformity before Parliament, the in-

dignation of the House and of the country would be stifled in inextinguishable laughter. Whether or not the plan of twin cruisers has ever been seriously entertained by the French government, is more than we can say. All we know is, that it is by no means too ridiculous to be possible. M. Guizot is a strange man, and his head is filled with strange notions, and he takes of other statesmen and other nations the strangest views possible, bewildered probably by his experience of Lord Aberdeen and Sir Robert Peel.

But the Parisian journals appear to think that mischief would inevitably ensue from the endeavors to carry out such a system; because the seamen of the two countries being yoked as it were together, might, under circumstances quite conceivable, endeavor to pull different ways, and thus bring about a collision which might end in a war between the two countries. They have not yet fathomed, however, the power of endurance possessed by Lord Aberdeen and his colleagues, and are not aware of how great a weight of insult John Bull can bear on his shoulders when in the leading strings of a cowardly cabinet. It is quite true that, naturally, the officers and seamen of England are bold, rough, and ready; not prone, indeed, to trample on the weak, and therefore not at all likely to quarrel with the French, while in strength and numbers they are obviously inferior, on the coast of Africa. But were the circumstances of the case changed, and the French rendered equal to them in numerical strength, they might possibly be provoked by impertinence to perpetrate some act which would compromise the pacific relations of the two countries. If they did, however, it would of course be in contravention of Lord Aberdeen's instructions. He would have them be tame, and submissive, and gentle as sucking doves. He has no belligerent qualities in his composition. He relishes the ease of a peaceful office, in which there are few or no duties to be performed which transcend the abilities of Mr. Addington or Mr. Hammond. It was for this reason that he consented to consider the insulting proposition of M. Guizot to retrace our steps in philanthropic legislation, and undo the most honorable acts of the Melbourne cabinet. We say the most honorable; for although that administration, composed of the ablest men in Christendom, performed many great and glorious services for this country, none of

those services can transcend in honor or importance those which it rendered to the cause of humanity. Possibly—for there is no fathoming the jealousy of little men—Lord Aberdeen and his colleagues may be incited to abrogate the treaties on the Right of Search, because they were concluded by their predecessors, just as they abandoned Afghanistan and the advantageous position we had won in Central Asia, for the same reason. We have, however, no desire to be unjust towards them, and, therefore, omit to determine respecting the character of their motives. But their acts are before us; and these, in whatever views they originated, are to the last degree paltry and pettifogging as far as regards the Right of Search.

It is never too late to reconsider the direction of a course which has not yet been accomplished, and it is by no means dishonorable to yield in any matter to the force of reason and argument. Had it consequently been shown, that in our desire to put down the slave-trade, we were actuated by passion and prejudice, that justice was against us, that we were inflicting unnecessary suffering on humanity, and that we were alienating from us the affections of our best friends in the Christian world, it would have redounded infinitely to our credit to give way to such representations. The pure and good are ever ready to relinquish an enterprise in any respect inconsistent with the principles of equity and right feeling. But will any competent and dispassionate judge of what is fair and honorable in human transactions, maintain that it is the duty of reason to give way, when the happiness of millions is at stake, to the most vulgar of all prejudices; that it is the duty of common sense to yield to blind passion; that it is the duty of enlightened wisdom to quit the field before the onset of ignorance? Yet this is what M. Guizot and Lord Aberdeen are at this very moment endeavoring to compel Great Britain to do. They both admit, more or less frankly, that the French people are guided in their hostility to the Right of Search solely by prejudice; but M. Guizot pretends that this prejudice is unconquerable; and Lord Aberdeen apparently concedes, that to unconquerable prejudice, justice and reason, and whatever is more enlightened or sacred among mankind, ought to succumb. But in putting forward his countrymen's weakness and ignorance as a reason why we should

act indulgently towards them, M. Guizot cannot divest himself of his propensity to sophisticate and play the hypocrite. For, not satisfied with urging upon Lord Aberdeen's attention the reason we have above stated, he proceeds to say that he has latterly become convinced, that the Right of Search has lost its efficaciousness, and that it would be very possible to substitute in its place something quite as good, if not better. But if the Right of Search be itself good for nothing, which it must be if it be *inefficacious*, then it certainly would not be difficult to find a substitute for it, since any plan would be equal to that which was itself of no value.

But this is not precisely the point of view in which we consider M. Guizot's conduct most reprehensible. By admitting that the French are actuated by prejudice, M. Guizot, in effect, admits that they take a wrong view of the subject. Now the opinion which they put forward is, that the Right of Search, while it is injurious to the maritime interests of France, is likewise unproductive of benefit to the Africans for whose sake it is tolerated. In thinking thus, the French people, M. Guizot says, are guilty of prejudice; or, in other words, either do not understand the matter at all, or suffer their better knowledge to be overborne by their passion. This view of the matter is intelligible, and it is also quite conceivable that as a politician he should lament such a state of things, though he might not be able to improve it. But instead of taking up this position, which upon the whole would be a dignified one, M. Guizot professes himself to be a prey to the very prejudice and ignorance which he objects to in his countrymen; for, he says, he also thinks that the Right of Search has ceased to be efficacious! In what then consists the difference between M. Guizot's opinions and the opinions of the most ignorant brawler in Paris? It will be admitted, probably by both, that the suppression of the slave-trade is desirable, but it will likewise be admitted that the Right of Search is not calculated to effect that suppression. We can perceive, therefore, no distinction between the notions of M. Guizot, and the notions of that vain multitude which he affects to compassionate, while he shares its worst weaknesses. But, perhaps, it may be said M. Guizot does not candidly state his own opinions in his letter to the Count St. Aulaire, designed expressly for publication. Perhaps

that despatch may form part of the system so ingeniously described to the Chambers by M. de Morny, who observed, that if the government were constantly interfered with by the legislature, and compelled to publish its despatches, it would be under the necessity of framing *two different sets of diplomatic documents, one to be presented to the public, and the other to be really acted upon*. We dare say M. de Morny was not supposing a case, but describing a practice. We dare say, if he had thought proper, he could have given numerous examples of when and where the thing had been done, and we feel perfectly assured, that had he gone minutely into the subject, he must have mentioned the letter written by M. Guizot to M. St. Aulaire, on the subject of the mixed commission.

And it is all this political juggling that Lord Aberdeen and his colleagues undertake to countenance! It cannot, in their defence, be said that they do not comprehend the drift of the whole proceeding, that they do not correctly estimate the value of the sacrifice they are about to make to keep M. Guizot in office, because it is wholly impossible that on these points they should be ignorant. But we are quite ready to give them credit for not knowing, or not caring to believe the truth, that their concessions to M. Guizot are only calculated to precipitate his downfall. This is an idea which they will, of course, be slow to entertain, because it is deeply humiliating to their pride. Nevertheless, it will be beyond their power to sustain the man in office, because they cannot give him principle, or wisdom, or genius, or consistency with himself; and the persevering, though abortive attempts to accomplish this enterprise, will only relax still more their own hold on public opinion. It cannot, in fact, escape the country, that the Peel administration is making sacrifices of national honor to France. The same accusation, indeed, is preferred on the other side of the Channel against the Guizot cabinet; and the ministerial journalists in both countries bring forward this fact as a proof, that the charge originates in faction. But there is no force in this observation, unless it be maintained that it is wholly impossible that there should exist weak, and indolent, and profligate statesmen in France and England at the same time. For ourselves, we can discern no impossibility in the case; the breed of incapables is a prolific one, and we fear, iⁿ

not confined either to France or England.

At any rate, the anti-slavery party should be up and stirring. The Peel cabinet is a weak one, and if not kept in the right course by irresistible pressure from without, will inevitably fall into a wrong one. It has no sympathy with freedom, whether to be enjoyed by whites or blacks. It will babble about slave-grown sugar, because it has a sordid interest in the West Indies to protect; but it will wink at the kidnapping and enslavement of the negroes, who toil to produce that sugar, because it has an insolent and suspicious neighbor to conciliate. The Melbourne cabinet would have acted differently, would have constrained France to abide by the engagements into which she had entered, or accept the consequences. That cabinet would not have yielded in the smallest title to keep the Huguenot Jesuit in office, but would have forced him to avow like a man the honest convictions of his mind, or to retire like a man into honorable obscurity. As it is, shuffling and weakness on one side of the Channel beget shuffling and weakness on the other. M. Guizot dares not face the stubborn prejudices of France, because he has a back door by which he hopes to escape from the struggle; while Lord Aberdeen consents to trample on the enlightened convictions of England, because he beholds them accompanied by no energy or enthusiasm. We conjure the enemies of slavery to come forward and undeceive his lordship, and make him understand, that as a nation, we are ready, if need be, to engage in war to-morrow with France in behalf of that humanity, which, more than any other country, she has oppressed and persecuted.

SOURCES OF THE WHITE NILE.—The Augsburg Gazette speaks of a letter received in Cairo, from Mr. D'Abbadie, in which, according to that paper, the traveller says that he has discovered the source of the White Nile. It appears, however, that Mr. D'Abbadie's letter adds little to what was known before. According to the same Cairo correspondent, Mr. D'Abbadie was endeavoring to ascertain whether there were in the country of the Dokkis a people of dwarfs, with dwarf elephants and horses, as he had been assured;—and, failing to find these, had ascertained, however, the existence of an animal whose pa-

rents are the cow and the hippopotamus. Whether Mr. D'Abbadie's correspondent has been hoaxing the Augsburg Gazette—or mystifying himself—must be left to the inference of our readers. But we have ourselves letters from the traveller, dated respectively "Kork, libân (Gom) May 28th,"—Gondâr, September,"—and "Mû-zâw-wa, Nov. 1st," of last year: all just received, in one of which he speaks of four specimens of the Dokko nation whom he had seen—"all," he says, "black like negroes, but with a fine facial angle like the Mozambique natives, and rather small (what we call *traps* in France), but nothing like pigmies," adding "that their forms are the most perfect *mezzo termini* between Ethiopians and Negroes:"—and speaks of certain other reported monstrosities which lost their prodigious character as they came under his personal observation—and to which category the asserted progeny of the cow and the river-horse may probably be referred. "Wonders," he says, "cease when viewed closely: the men with dogs' heads, which all Ethiopians believe to exist near Kufa, vanished as I approached the mysterious spot; the Dokko pigmies grew up to the stature of five feet, when the eye and not the ear was called to bear witness."—We shall publish Mr. D'Abbadie's letters as soon as we can find room for them.—*Athenæum*.

RADIATION OF HEAT.—It is known from the experiments of Rumford and Leslie, that the surfaces of different bodies possess in very different degrees the faculty of giving out by radiation the heat of the substances which they envelope. It is also known that layers, more or less thick, of the same varnish, or other covering of this kind, considerably modify the radiating power of the surfaces over which they are laid. This fact showed that the rays of heat given out by a substance proceeded not merely from the surface, but also from points under it, and at a certain depth. What remained to do was to measure numerically the thickness of the superficial layer which assists the radiation; this is what M. Melloni has undertaken. He covered the faces of Leslie's cube with equal layers of a proper varnish, augmenting successively the number of layers, and measuring each time with his thermometrical apparatus the radiating powers of the surfaces. He found that the power went on gradually increasing up to the seventeenth layer of this varnish, when it became stationary. At this time the total thickness of the varnish, as ascertained with all possible minuteness, was about four hundredth parts of a millimètre (as the millimètre itself is only the thousandth part of about three feet, M. Melloni must have had great difficulty in coming to this minute calculation). In comparing the preceding results with those which attend the use of leaf gold, M. Melloni found that a much thinner coating of gold (*viz.* two thousandth parts of a millimètre) would produce the same amount of radiation. M. Melloni shows that this difference is not to be imputed to the greater or lesser transparency of the coating, for lamp black, which is very opaque, possesses, like varnish, the property of giving out the rays of heat from the layers on which it is placed.—*Athenæum*.

THE CHIMES, BY MR. DICKENS.

From the *Edinburg Review*.

The Chimes : A Goblin Story of some Bells that rang an Old Year out and a New Year in. By Charles Dickens. 12mo. London : 1845.

'PRAY, Mr. Betterton,' asked the good Archbishop Sancroft of the celebrated actor, 'can you inform me what is the reason you actors on the stage, speaking of things imaginary, affect your audience as if they were real; while we in the church speak of things real, which our congregations receive only as if they were imaginary?' 'Why, really, my lord,' answered Betterton, 'I don't know; unless it is that we actors speak of things imaginary as if they were real, while you in the pulpit speak of things real as if they were imaginary.' It is a clever answer; and as applicable now as when the archbishop put the question. Indifference makes sorry work of Truth, in half of what is going on around us; and what truthful and serious work may be made of Fiction, Mr. Dickens helps us to discern.

We do not know the earnestness to compare with his, for the power of its manifestation and its uses. It is delightful to see it in his hands, and observe by what tenure he secures the popularity it has given him. Generous sympathies and kindest thoughts, are the constant renewal of his fame; and in such wise fashion as the little book before us, he does homage for his title and his territory. A noble homage! Filling successive years with merciful charities; and giving to thousands of hearts new and just resolves.

This is the lesson of his *Chimes*, as of his delightful *Carol*; but urged with more intense purpose and a wider scope of application. What was there the individual lapse, is here the social wrong. Questions were handled there, to be settled with happy decision. Questions are here brought to view which cannot be dismissed when the book is laid aside. Condition of England questions; questions of starving laborer and struggling artisan; duties of the rich and pretences of the worldly; the cruelty of unequal laws; and the pressure of awful temptations on the unfriended, unassisted poor. Mighty theme for so slight an instrument! but the touch is exquisite, and the tone deeply true.

We write before the reception of the book
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is known; but the somewhat stern limitation of its sympathies will doubtless provoke remark. Viewed with what seems to be the writer's intention, we cannot object to it. Obtain, for the poor, the primary right of recognition. There cannot, for either rich or poor, be fair play till that is done. Let men be made to think, even day by day, and hour by hour, of the millions of starving wretches, heart-worn, isolated, unrelated, who are yet their fellow-travellers to eternity. We do not know that we should agree with Mr. Dickens' system of Political Economy, if he has one; but he teaches what before all economics it is needful to know, and bring all systems to the proof of—the at once solemn and hearty lesson of human brotherhood. It is often talked about, and has lately been much the theme; but in its proper and full significance is little understood. If it were, it would possibly be discovered along with it that life might be made easier, and economies less heartless, than we make them. Such, at any rate, appears to be the notion of Mr. Dickens, and, to test its worth, he would make the trial of beginning at the right end.

Begin, he would seem to say to us, with what the wretched have a right to claim as part of a lost possession. Acknowledge some spiritual needs, as well as many bodily ones, and let not your profession of raising the poor man be but another form of the cant that has kept him down. Pompous, purse-proud, pauper Charity will avail him little. Ground to the earth as he is, he may be even spared the further grinding of Justice, if, with a great, huge, dead, steam-engine indifference, it would but crush him to the shape of its own hard requirements. On the other hand, principles of the breed of *sans culottes* adjusted with the tie of a Brummell, Jack Cade progression in the West-end boots of Hoby, will make still scantier way in his behalf. And from that other extreme of sublimated sense in the city, which detects all kinds of sham but its own, and puts down distress and suicide as it would put down thieving, Heaven in its mercy help him!

Let us away, says Mr. Dickens in effect, with all these cants. If we cannot have a higher human purpose, let us have fewer selfish projects. Better for the poor man, if we cannot yield him some rightful claim to nature's kindly gifts, he should be wholly set aside as an intruder at her table. But better far for us, that we know his claims,

and take them to our hearts in time. That we understand how rich, in the common inheritance of man, even the poorest of the poor should be. That we clearly understand what Society has made, of what Nature meant to make. That we try in some sort to undo this, and begin by making our laws his security, which have been heretofore his enemy. That even in his guilt, with due regard to its temptations, we treat him as a brother rather than an outcast from brotherhood. For that, in the equal sight of the highest wisdom, the happiness of the worst of the species is as much an integrant part of the whole of human happiness as is that of the best.

In this spirit the little story before us is conceived. There is bitter satirical exposure of the quakeries of *quasi-benevolence*. There is patient, honest, tender-hearted poverty, forgetting its weary wants, in the zeal with which it ministers to wants even wretcheder than its own. There is the awful lesson, too little thought of by the most thoughtful men, of how close the union is between wants of the body and an utter destitution and madness of the soul. There is profound intimation of the evil that lies lurking in wait for all the innocent and all the good over all the earth. There is the strength and succor of Guilt Resisted, and deepest pity for Innocence Betrayed. And all this, gently and strongly woven into a web of ordinary human life, as it lies within the common experiences; woven into that woof of tears and laughter, of which all our lives are day by day composed, with incomparable art and vigor, and the most compassionate touching tenderness.

Could we note a distinction in the tale, from the general character of its author's writings, it would be that the impression of sadness predominates, when all is done. The comedy as well as tragedy seems to subserve that end; yet it must be taken along with the purpose in view. We have a hearty liking for the cheerful side of philosophy, and so it is certain has Mr. Dickens: but there are social scenes and experiences, through which only tragedy itself may work out its kinder opposite. Even the poet who named the most mournful and tragic composition in the world a Comedy, could possibly have justified himself by a better than technical reason. Name this little tale what we will, it is a tragedy in effect. Inextricably interwoven, of course, are both pleasure and pain, in all the conditions of life in this world: crossing with

not more vivid contrasts the obscure struggle of the weak and lowly, than with fierce alternations of light and dark traversing that little rule, that little away, which is all the great and mighty have between the cradle and the grave. But whereas, in the former stories of Mr. Dickens, even in the death of his little Nell, pleasure won the victory over pain, we may not flatter ourselves that it is so here. There is a gloom in the mind as we shut the book, which the last few happy pages have not cleared away; an uneasy sense of depression and oppression; a pitiful consciousness of human sin and sorrow; a feeling of some frightful extent of wrong, which we should somehow try to stay; as strong, but apparently as helpless, as that of the poor Frenchman at the bar of the Convention, who demanded of Robespierres and Henriots an immediate arrestment of the knaves and dastards of the world!

But then, says the wise and cheerful novelist to this, there *are* knaves and dastards of our own world to be arrested by all of us, even by individual exertion of us all, Henriots and Robespierres notwithstanding. It was for this my story was written. It was written, purposely to discontent you with what is hourly going on around you. Things so terrible that they should exist but in dreams, are here presented in a dream; and it is for the good and active heart to contribute to a more cheerful reality, whatsoever and howsoever it can. For ourselves, we will hope that this challenge may be taken. Those things are to be held possible, Lord Bacon thought, which are to be done by some person, though not by every one; and which may be done by many, though not by any one; and which may be done in succession of efforts, though not within the hour-glass of one man's effort. And we thus will think it possible that something may at last be done, even by hearts which this little book shall awaken to the sense of its necessity, in abatement of the long and dire conspiracy which has been carried on against poverty, by the world and the world's law.

In so far as there is the machinery of a dream, the plan of the *Carol* is repeated in the *Chimes*. But there is a different spiritual agency, very nicely and naturally derived from the simple, solitary, friendless life of the hero of the tale. He is a poor old ticket-porter of London; stands in his vocation by the corner of an old church; and has listened to the chiming of its Bells

so constantly, that, with nothing else to talk to or befriend him, he has made out for himself a kind of human, friendly, fellow voice in theirs, and is glad to think they speak to him, pity him, sympathize with him, encourage and help him. Nor, truly, have wiser men than Toby Veck been wise enough to dispel like fancies. There has been secret human harmony in Church-Bells always; life and death have sounded in their matin and vesper chime; with every thing grave or glad they have to do, prayer and festivity, marriage and burial; and there has never been a thoughtful man that heard them in the New-Year seasons, to whom their voice was not a warning of comfort or retrieval—telling him to date his time and count up what was left him, out of all he had done or suffered, neglected or performed. It is the New-Year season when they talk to Toby Veck; but poor Toby is not sufficiently thoughtful to avoid falling into some mistakes now and then respecting what they say.

He is a delightfully drawn character, this unrepining, patient, humble drudge—this honest, childish-hearted, shabby-coated, simple, kindly old man. There is not a touch of selfishness, even in the few complaints his hard lot wrings from him. Thus, when a pinching east wind has nigh wrenched off his miserable old nose at the opening of the story, he says he really could not blame it if it was to go. 'It has a precious hard service of it,' he remarks, 'in the bitter weather, and precious little to look forward to: *for I don't take snuff myself.*' But there is a wrong extreme even in unselfishness, and Toby is meant for its example. He has had such a hard life; has hope of so little to redeem the hardship; and has read in the newspapers so much about the crimes of people in his own condition—that it is gradually bringing him to the only conclusion his simple soul can understand, and he begins to think that, as the poor can neither go right nor do right, they must be born bad, and can have no business on the earth at all. But while he argues the point with himself, the bright eyes of his handsome little daughter look suddenly into his own, and he thinks again they *must* have business here, 'a little.' What follows, lets us into their humble history; and we learn that this pretty, hard-working girl, has been three years courted by a young blacksmith; and that Richard has at last prevailed with Meg to run the risk of poverty against the happiness of

love, and marry him on the morrow, New Year's Day. So, for further celebration of this coming joy, she has brought her father an unexpected dainty of a dinner of tripe; and as he eats it with infinite relish on the steps of an adjoining house, where they are joined by Meg's lover himself, the door opens and other personages step upon the scene.

Mr. Alderman Cute and his friend Mr. Filer. The Alderman, great in the city; shrewd, knowing, easy, affable; amazingly familiar with the working classes; a plain practical dealer in things; up to all the nonsense talked about 'want,' all the cant in vogue about 'starvation,' and resolved to put it down. Mr. Filer, a dolorous, dry, pepper-and-salt kind of a man; great in calculations of human averages; and for filing away all excesses in food and population. Thus he falls at once on poor Toby's tripe, which he shows to be so expensive a commodity, with such a deal of waste in it, that Toby finds himself on a sudden robbing the widow and orphan, and 'starving a garrison of five hundred men with his own hand.' The Alderman laughs at this mightily, takes up the matter in his livelier way, and gives it quite a cheerful aspect. 'There is not the least mystery or difficulty in dealing with this sort of people if you only understand 'em, and can talk to 'em in their own manner.' In their own manner, accordingly, the good justice talks to them. He proves to Toby in a trice that he has always enough to eat, and of the best. He chucks Meg under the chin, and shows her how indelicate it is to think of getting married; because she will have shoeless and stockingless children, whom he as a justice will find it necessary to put down; or she will be left to starve, or practice the fraud of suicide, and suicide and starvation he *must* put down. He banters the young smith with incessant urbanity as a dull dog and a milksop, to think of tying himself to one woman, a trim young fellow like him, with all the girls looking after him. And so the little party is broken up: poor Meg walking off in tears; Richard gloomy and down-looking; and the miserable Toby, in very depths of despair, receiving a sixpenny job of a letter from the alderman. He is now confirmed in his notion, that the poor have no business on the earth. The Bells chime as he goes off upon his errand, and there is nothing but the Cute and Filer cant in what they seem to say to him. 'Facts and fig-

ures; facts and figures!' 'Put 'em down; put 'em down!'

The letter is to a very great man, who flounders a little in the depth of his observations, but is a very wise man, Sir Joseph Bowley. It is about a discontented laborer of Sir Joseph's, one William Fern, whom the alderman has an idea of putting down; and Toby, in delivering it, has an opportunity of hearing *this* philosopher's views about the poor man, to whom he considers himself, by ordainment of Providence, a friend and father. The poor man is to provide entirely for himself, and depend entirely on Sir Joseph. The design of his creation is, not that he should associate his enjoyments, brutally, with food, but that he should feel the dignity of labor; 'go forth erect into the cheerful morning air, and—and stop there!' Toby is elevated by the friendly and fatherly sentiments, but as much depressed to hear they are repaid by black ingratitude. And his heart sinks lower as he listens to Sir Joseph's religious remarks on the necessity of balancing one's accounts at the beginning of a New Year, and feels how impossible it is to square his own small score at Mrs. Chickenstalker's. He leaves the house of this great man, more than ever convinced that his order have no earthly business with a New Year, and really are 'intruding.'

But on his way home, falling in with the very Will Fern whom the alderman and Sir Joseph are about to put down, he hears somewhat of the other side of the question. The destitute, weary countryman, jaded and soiled with travel, has come to London in search of a dead sister's friend; carries a little child in his arms, his sister's orphan Lillian; and sudden sympathy and fellowship start up between the two poor men. Fern denies none of the Bowley complaints, of his ingratitude. 'When work won't maintain me like a human creatur; when my living is so bad, that I am Hungry out of doors and in; when I see a whole working life begin that way, go on that way, and end that way, without a chance or change; then I say to the gentle folks, "*Keep away from me. Let my cottage be. My doors is dark enough without your darkening of 'em more. Don't look for me to come up into the park to help the show, when there's a birthday, or a fine speechmaking, or what not. Act your Plays and Games without me, and be welcome to 'em, and enjoy 'em. We've nought to do with one another. I'm best let alone!*"' Toby brings him to his sorry

home; secretly expends the sixpence he has just earned, for his entertainment; and half loses his wits with delight as he sees his dear Meg (whom he had found in tears; her proposed wedding broken off as he imagines) bring back cheerful warmth and comfort to the poor little half-starved Lillian. There is not a more quiet, & more simply unaffected, or a more deeply touching picture, in the whole of Mr. Dickens' writings; often as they have softened, in the light of a most tender genius, the rough and coarser edges of lowly life. His visitors gone to what indifferent rest he can provide for them, old Toby is again alone. He falls again into the thought of the morning; pulls out an old newspaper he had before been reading; and once more spelling out the crimes and offences of the poor, especially those whom Alderman Cute is going to put down, gives way to his old misgiving that they are bad, irredeemably bad; which turns to frightful certainty when he reads about a miserable mother who had attempted the murder of herself and her child. But at this point his friends the Bells clash in upon him, and he fancies they call him to come instantly up to them. He staggers out of the house, gropes his way up the old church stairs into the Tower, falls in a kind of swoon among the Bells, and the DREAM has begun.

The third quarter of the little book opens with the goblin scenes; done with a fertile fancy, and high fantastic art, which tax even the pencil of Mr. Maclise to follow them. The Bells are ringing; and innumerable spirits (the sound or vibration of the Bells) are flitting in and out the steeple, bearing missions and commissions, and reminders and reproaches, and punishments and comfortable recollections, to all conditions of people. It is the last night of the old year, and men are haunted as their deeds have been. Scourges and discord, music and flowers, mirrors with pleasant or with awful faces, gleam around. And the Bells themselves, with shadowy likeness to humanity in midst of their proper shapes, speak to Toby as these visions disappear, and sternly rebuke him for his momentary doubt of the right of the poor man to the inheritance which Time reserves for him. His ghost or shadow is then borne through the air to various scenes, attended by spirits of the Bells charged with this trust: That they show him how the poor and wretched, at the worst—yes, even in the crimes which aldermen put down, and he

has thought so horrible—have yet some deformed and hunchbacked goodness clinging to them, which preserves to them still their right, and all their share in Time.

He sees his daughter after a supposed lapse of nine years, her hopes and beauty faded, working miserable work with Lillian by her side; and sees, too, that her own brave and innocent patience is but scantily shared by her younger and prettier companion. He sees the Richard that should have his son-in-law, a slouching, moody, drunken sloven. He sees what the Bowley friends and fathers are; what grave accounts the punctual Sir Joseph leaves unlooked at; and what crawling, servile, mean-souled mudworms of the earth, are the Aldermen who put down misery. He sees what their false systems have brought his poor Will Fern to, and hears his solemn warning. 'Give us in mercy, better homes when we're a-lying in our cradles; give us better food when we're a-working for our lives; give us kinder laws to bring us back when we're a-going wrong; and don't set jail, jail, jail, afore us, every where we turn.'

More years pass, and his daughter is again before him; with the same sublime patience, in an even meaner garret, and with more exhausting labor. But there is no Lillian by her side. The worst temptation has availed, and those nineteen years of smiling radiant life have fallen withered into the ways of sin. We will not trust ourselves to say to what a height of delicate and lovely tenderness these sad passages are wrought, by the beauty of merciful thoughts. Most healthful are the tears that will be shed over them, and the considerate pity they will awaken for all human sin and sorrow. We see the fallen Richard, in sullen half-drunken dreams of the past, haunting Meg's miserable room; and there at Meg's feet, we see poor Lillian die. Her earthly sin falls from her as she prays to be forgiven, and the pure spirit soars away. 'Oh, Youth and Beauty, happy as ye should be, look at this! Oh, Youth and Beauty, blest and blessing all within your reach, and working out ends of your beneficent Creator, look at this!'

But for the old man is reserved an even more desperate trial. After lapse of further years, his daughter Meg is presented in another aspect. As the last chance of saving Richard, she has married him; on his death is left with an infant child; sinks to the lowest abyss of want; and at last into the clutches of despair. Seeing death not

distant from herself, and fearing for her child the fate of Lillian, she has resolved, in Toby's sight, her father's, to drown herself and the child together. Hogarth never painted a scene of mingled farce and tragedy with more appalling strength, than one which precedes this terrible resolve. But before she goes down to the water, Toby sees and acknowledges the lesson taught him thus bitterly. He sees that no evil spirit may yet prompt an act of evil. He observes Meg cover her baby with a part of her own wretched dress, adjust its squalid rags to make it pretty in its sleep, hang over it, smooth its little limbs, and love it with the dearest love that God has given to mortal creatures. And he screams to the Chimes to save her, and she is saved. And the moral of it all is, that he, the simple half-starved ticket-porter, has his portion in the New Year no less than any other man; that the poor require infinite beating out of shape before their human shape is gone; that, even in their frantic wickedness, there may be good in their hearts triumphantly asserting itself, though all the Aldermen alive say No; and that the truth of the feeling to be held towards them is Trustfulness, not Doubt, nor Putting them Down, nor Filing them away. 'I know,' cries the old man in an inspiration the Bells convey to him, 'that our inheritance is held in store for us by Time. I know there is a Sea of Time to rise one day, before which all who wrong us or oppress us will be swept away like leaves. I see it on the flow!'

And as the imaginative reader fancies he sees it too; as he listens for the rush that shall sweep down quacks and pretenders, Cutes, Filers, and Bowleys; peradventure, as his lively fancy may even see old Toby clambering safely to the rock that shall protect him from the sweeping wave, and may watch him still hearkening to his friends the Bells, as, fading from his sight, they peal out final music on the waters . . . Toby wakes up over his own fire. He finds the newspaper lying at his foot; sees Meg sitting at a table opposite, making up the ribands for her wedding the morrow; and hears the bells, in a noble peal, ringing the old year out and the new year in. And as he rushes to kiss Meg, Richard dashes in to get the first new-year's kiss before him—and gets it; and every body is happy; and neighbors press in with good wishes; and there is a small band among them, Toby being acquainted with a drum in pri-

vate, which strikes up gaily; and the sudden change, and the ringing of the Bells, and the lively music, so transport Toby, that he is, when last seen, leading off a country-dance in an entirely new step, consisting of that old familiar Trot in which he transacts the business of his calling.

May this wise little tale second the hearty wishes of its writer, and at the least contribute to the coming year that portion of happiness which waits always upon just intentions and kind thoughts.

PRINCE PUCKLER MUSKAU'S TRAVELS IN EGYPT.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

Egypt under Mehemet Ali. By Prince Puckler Muskau. 2 vols.

IN spite of his princely, as well as his personal peculiarities—or, it may be, in consequence of them—there is no denying that Prince Puckler Muskau is a pleasant writer in his way—"pleasant but wrong"—the "wrong," however, being decidedly the pleasanter, as well as the more instructive portion of his qualities as a writing traveller. The Prince evidently travels not merely for himself, but for other people—not merely to see and hear, but to tell the world what he sees and hears. He obtains, by the *prestige* of his name and rank, personal communications with all the celebrities of the countries he visits—communications which the ordinary customs and courtesies of life, mark "private and confidential;" by the *bonhomie* of his manner and bearing, he invites that full freedom of intercourse which nothing else can engender between comparative strangers, but which *that* never fails to induce in those minds which are worth the trouble of looking into; he treasures up the results for after use and study; and in due time puts them into a book for the benefit and amusement of mankind in general.

And who shall quarrel with this system of composition? Certainly not we who profit by it. And, if the truth were known, quite as little will those who are benevolently said by the rest of the world to be aggrieved by it. People now-a-days do not tell the secrets of their souls over their claret-

jug, as they did over the port-wine decanter, "when George III. was king;" and there is no little of cant in the outcry that has been raised about certain travellers—our jovial prince among the number—violating the sacred relationship of social intercourse. In any case, what the reader has to inquire on such occasions is—are the disclosures worth the paper and print which is employed in their record? And if the answer be in the affirmative—as in most instances it undoubtedly will be in the case of Prince Puckler, and especially so in the work before us—let those look to it who cannot keep their own counsel; let them remember that when they lionize this prince of literary gossips, if they will be so inconsiderate as to say or do any thing worth remembering, he is the man to remember it, for others' benefit as well as his own.

It must not, however, be supposed, from what has now been said, that there is much of mere gossip in this new work of Prince Puckler. It is in fact the most grave, steady, and well-considered of all his productions—that in which he has taken the longest time, and the most pains to weigh and ponder the political, social, and personal opinions, which the course of his wanderings calls on him to put forth, and consequently that which will best stand the test of time and of critical examination.

The title of the book—"Egypt under Mehemet Ali"—will speak its general scope and object—that of giving a comprehensive picture of the pasha's dominions, as they and their inhabitants have been moulded and modified by the efforts of his genius, and the results of his rule. But there is an individual feature of the work which we must regard not only as fraught with more of immediate interest, but with more of permanent value and importance than the result just named; we mean that personal portrait of Mehemet Ali himself, which has the air of being more true and trustworthy as a likeness than any other that has yet been given to the world. For the deeds of this extraordinary man, and their visible and tangible consequences on those immediately affected by them, and on the rest of the world, speak for themselves, and will continue to do so for ages to come. Whereas the personal character of the agent by whom these have been brought about will presently pass away from the scene, and none will be left to estimate or record it but those who can have no object in doing so, but personal ones, and no interests but

those which are less likely to elicit the truth than to distort their views of it.

It appears that Prince Puckler's work was written four years ago, when the pasha stood on a higher pinnacle of power and glory than he does at present, though one by no means so safe, or so likely to be permanently secured to his descendants. On the other hand, his position at that time was one much more calculated to draw out and illustrate the peculiar features of his personal character, and therefore to afford a better means for that historical portraiture of it which we hold to be far more worthy of present record, because more likely to escape such record from the fugitive nature of the materials, than any general or particular estimate of those results which have sprung from it.

It follows from what we have just said, that we hold in especial favor those chapters of the present work which relate personally to Mehemet Ali, and chiefly that which records the incidents and conversations occurring in a journey made together by the pasha and the prince into Upper Egypt, and during which they held together the most perfectly confidential conversations, all of which are recorded with the minuteness, and, to all appearance, the fidelity of an English Parliamentary reporter. There is no part of these conversations that might not be cited as a favorable specimen of the prince's skill and tact in this popular and interesting class of composition; and the sterling historical value of the record as a whole can scarcely be overrated—always supposing, as we do, that faith may be placed in the fidelity of the report. Here is a specimen of the more personal portion of it.

During supper he related many interesting details of the period when he, for the first time, definitely attained unlimited power over Egypt, of which I have already given a short sketch in another place. On my expressing my regret that he had not dictated these interesting memoirs to some European, in order that they might be preserved to history, he uttered these memorable words:—"Why should I do so? I do not love this period of my life; and what could the world profit by the recital of this interminable tissue of combat and misery, cunning and bloodshed, to which circumstances imperatively compelled me? Who could derive pleasure from such a disgusting detail? It is enough if posterity knows that all that Mehemet Ali has attained, he owes neither to birth nor interest—to no one but himself. My history, however, shall not commence till the period when, freed from all re-

straint, I could arouse this land, which I love as my own country, from the sleep of ages, and mould it to a new existence."

"How strange," he exclaimed, "that of seventeen children I should be the only one who survived. Nine of my brothers died in their infancy, and this induced my parents to bring me up like a gentleman. Hence I soon became effeminate and indolent; my young companions began to despise me, and used frequently to cry out, 'What will become of Mehemet Ali, who has nothing and is fit for nothing?'"

"This at length made a deep impression upon me, and at the age of fifteen I resolved to vanquish myself. I often fasted for days together, or compelled myself to refrain from sleep for a similar period, and never rested till I had outstripped all my companions in bodily exercises. I well recollect our laying a wager one very stormy day, to row over to a small island, which still remains in my possession. I was the only one who reached it; but although the skin came off my hands, I would not suffer the most intense pain to divert me from my purpose. In this manner I continued to invigorate both mind and body, till, as I have already told you, I afterwards found ample opportunity in a graver sphere of action, to prove my courage to myself and others during the petty warfare in our villages.

"After the death of my father, and when I had attained my nineteenth year, a still more favorable occasion presented itself. The Greek pirates began to commit various depredations, and my uncle, at the instigation of several of the wealthy Turkish landholders who were bent on his ruin, was appointed to the command of a small man-of-war belonging to the sultan, with orders to go in search of the pirates and destroy their trade. My uncle was forced to go; but he first waited on the pasha, and represented to him that his property and business must inevitably fall to ruin, should he be thus suddenly called upon to abandon them for an uncertain length of time, there being no one in his family to whom he could entrust their charge. At the same time he pleaded his own incapacity, and took the opportunity of proposing me, as an enterprising young man, and accustomed to war. He succeeded in persuading the pasha; nothing could be more to my wishes; and I had the good luck to give chase to the robbers, and after a short pursuit, to board their vessel and take the survivors prisoners. For this action I received the commission of a captain in the Turkish navy, in my twentieth year. My rapid promotion, however, excited the envy of many, and even of my uncle, who soon after, possibly not with the best intentions, sent me to Egypt. How little did I then anticipate the destinies which awaited me in this country!—but God's ways are wonderful."

"You may esteem yourself highly favored," said Artim Bey to me after I had taken leave, "to learn particulars like these from the lips

of this great man himself; I assure you that even we have not heard them before. Indeed, I have never seen Mehemet Ali so communicative with any one."

The following, relating to the son and successor of Mehemet Ali, is of scarcely less interest than the foregoing.

As soon as he was sufficiently recovered to pass the day upon the sofa of one of his summer-houses, he gave me permission to pay him a friendly visit, free from any ceremony. The hero of Konieh scarcely awakens less curiosity than even his illustrious father. Ibrahim also was unlike the idea I had formed of him from the representations of others. Yet all are agreed that his intercourse with Europeans has had considerable influence over him, and softened his former somewhat savage character.

He still bore traces of his recent tedious illness, yet every thing bespoke the simple, hardy soldier, who knows but few wants. He has a fine eye, full of character, and a pleasing cheerful manner: but though free from coarseness, he does not possess the polish and kingly bearing of his father, nor yet his marked and winning courtesy. It is said that he does not like Europeans, but that he most admires the English, for their distinguished solid qualities, which are more congenial to his own practical taste than mere outside appearances. In his public conduct he appeared to me to act as most befits the warrior of renown, observing a due sense of importance without vanity, and a manly modesty as regards his own achievements.

When I told him, that of the most recent military events, none had excited a more general topic of conversation in Europe than his last campaign in Syria against the locusts, he related the circumstances with much humor—how he had opened the attack in person by filling his tarbush with these formidable animals, and throwing the contents into the sea. The whole army, provided with sacks, followed his example, and by bivouacking for three days in the neighborhood under aggression, they completely attained their object in destroying them. In fact, the preservation of an entire province, which would have been desolated for years, is solely owing to this novel attack of Ibrahim. The accumulation of the locusts thus destroyed amounted to several ships' cargoes.

Ibrahim understands how to employ his soldiers in peace as well as in war; and notwithstanding considerable opposition in the first instance, on the part of the Turkish officers, he has ordered them to be employed upon roads, canals, and other public constructions. I have already alluded to Ibrahim's passion for agriculture and every species of cultivation, which he pursues with the utmost avidity upon all his own estates. He is also very liberal in helping others to carry on these plans, although he is, on the whole, far more

particular than his father, and is what we should call a good landlord. I have often heard him reproached, both in Europe and in Egypt, with being addicted to drinking. This was certainly true at an earlier period of his life, but he is entirely reformed in this respect; and I know from undoubted authority that, although he is fond of good wine, he is not more so than every wealthy Englishman, and that champagne is his favorite nectar; and in this respect his taste resembles that of the fair sex. He is at present restricted to the waters of the Nile, which I much lamented, as he is said to give capital European dinners, and to keep one of the most distinguished French *artistes* in his kitchen. I am not without the merit of rendering some service to his cellar, by furnishing, at his request, his factotum, M. Bonfort, with the addresses of the most famous house for procuring hock, Hungarian wines, champagne, and Bordeaux—an act which was not altogether without some little egotism on my part, as I hope to enjoy the benefit of it when I visit Syria next year.

Ibrahim was very anxious to understand the organization of the Prussian *Landwehr*, or militia, which is so erroneously represented by foreigners as a mere national guard; while in truth, the *Landwehr* constitutes our actual army, for which the lines, if I may so speak, only serve as the preparatory school; for to it are attached all the permanent teachers, as well as the ever-varying recruits, till the whole nation, after passing through this wholesome discipline, attains to the finished soldier.

He at once caught at my explanation, however imperfectly conveyed, and seemed to approve the system; but he clearly discerned that it was not adapted to oriental modes of government, and that its adoption, even in many European states, would be attended with risk. He expressed his surprise that notwithstanding this arrangement, the expense of our army amounted to nearly one half of the revenues of the state; but when I explained that we were thus enabled, in the event of a war, to take the field in a few weeks, with 300,000 to 400,000 men, whereas a standing army of this strength would cost infinitely more than could be raised by the whole country, he did not consider the result purchased at too dear a price; for it seems that Ibrahim Pasha is not one of those who look for an unbroken peace.

His description of the siege of Acre was animated and full of interest, and I was much struck with some of his remarks. Though six or seven of his Turkish generals and superior officers were present, he was exclusive in his commendation of the Arab soldiers, and said, "It is impossible for any troops in the world to display a spirit of more enduring bravery than mine, and whenever an instance of indecision or cowardice occurred in the army, it was invariably on the part of the Turkish officers; I know of no such example among the Arabs." These words are remarkable as indicating what I had previously heard assert-

ed, that Ibrahim inclines decidedly to the policy which regards the dominion and dynasty of Mehemet Ali as Arabian, a revival of the ancient caliphate; from which alone it expects permanence and greatness, and not in any way as a branch of the Turkish sovereignty.

This work may be regarded as the most complete hand-book that has yet been presented to the world by any European traveler, of all that demands notice and examination in the country to which it relates. It is unusually well translated from the German by Mr. H. Evans Lloyd.

BOKHARA AND SAMARCAND. *

From the Asiatic Journal.

Bokhara, its Amir and its People.—Translated from the Russian of Khanikoff, by the BARON CLEMENT A. DE BODE. London, 1845. Madden.

ALTHOUGH the cities of Samarcand and Bokhara must have lamentably fallen from their high estates since the time when Hafiz considered them the highest bribe he could offer to a Toorki fair, and the great Timur resented even such an imaginary alienation, their present state and that of the territories subject to the Amir of Bokhara are on many accounts objects of curiosity. Samarcand, the Marcanda of Alexander the Great's time, (a fact which attests its high antiquity,) called by the emperor Baber "one of the most delightful cities in the world," and which was described by Persian poets as a terrestrial paradise, has now become a dependency of Bokhara, and sunk into a provincial town, gardens and fields occupying the place of its streets and mosques. Bokhara, being the seat of government of a khanat, retains a portion of its ancient splendor. It is still large (eight miles in circumference), and contains many public buildings, particularly colleges. "If we look at the quantity of schools for education, and the number of educated persons, at Bokhara," says M. Khanikoff, who visited the place in 1842, "we cannot but admit that it ranks as the first place among the kingdoms of Central Asia for learning." Political and commercial considerations are gradually drawing this country into closer proximity to the states of Transoxiana, and incidents of a

painful character have attached a peculiar interest to the city of Bokhara.

The territories of the Khanat of Bokhara, like those of the neighboring states, have no fixed boundaries, sanctioned by time or treaties; they expand or contract according to the strength or weakness of the ruler. When Amír Seyid (or Hyder, as he is called by Burnes) ascended the throne of Bokhara, in 1802, nearly the whole of Mawuruhnahr (Transoxiana), including Balkh and Hissar on the south, and Ura-tube and Khojend on the north, was subject to his rule. In his reign, however, Balkh, Ura-tube, and Khojend revolted; Bokhara soon lost its political importance, and the disorders that followed the death of Amír Seyid, in 1825, still further circumscribed the limits of the Khanat. The present ruler, Nasr-Ullah, in the course of seventeen years, gradually recovered the former possessions of the state, and, by the recent conquest of Khokand, became the undisputed master of the whole of Mawuruhnahr. Burnes has given a very brief sketch of this ruler, whom he saw at Bokhara; we shall enlarge it from the very copious details furnished by M. Khanikoff.

Nasr-Ullah Bahadur Khan, Malik-el-Mumenin (his appropriate title), is the second son of Amír-Seyid, or the Pure, so called apparently from his devotion to the faith. Before the death of his father, he meditated the project of wresting the throne from his elder brother, Husein, and engaged in his views the Kush-beghí, or vizir, an Uzbek, and the Topsht-bashí, named Ayaz, an emancipated slave of the Amír. On the death of Seyid, the partisans of Husein succeeded in proclaiming him king; whereupon Nasr-Ullah at once declared open war. But the reign of Husein speedily closed; he died in two or three months, not without suspicion that he had been poisoned by the Kush-beghí. Nasr-Ullah now set all his engines in operation to secure the throne, which had been seized by his younger brother, Omar-Khan. He propitiated the clergy, sent embassies to the neighboring states, and, marching suddenly upon Samarcand, gained, by force or treachery, possession of that important city, where he was seated upon the "blue stone," and proclaimed Amír. A civil war now commenced; but the activity and previous arrangements of Nasr-Ullah gave him great advantages over his brother, who, surrounded by traitors, at length was constrained to shut himself up in Bokhara. Nasr-Ullah

laid siege to the city in February, 1826, and in forty-four days, the besiegers having cut off all supplies of food and water, it was surrendered by treachery. Omar-Khan, according to Burnes, was placed in confinement, but escaped, and died of cholera at Kokand.

The first acts of Nasr-Ullah evinced great art. In order to deceive the Kush-beghi, whose influence he dreaded, he surrendered the entire administration to him, and pretended to turn his own thoughts wholly to pleasure. Secretly, however, he made himself popular in the eyes of his subjects by acts emanating from himself. His next policy was to crush the power of the sipahis, which had become predominant in the weak reign of his father. This measure was difficult, because of the strong connection between the leaders of the sipahis and the Kush-beghi. At length, the Amir struck his grand blow at the minister, who was deposed and cast into prison. The Topshi-bashi was then exalted; he was made governor of Samarcand; riches were heaped upon him; he was invited to Bokhara, and treated with extraordinary distinction. When the plans of the Amir were complete, he cast off the mask, and this officer was likewise thrown into prison. Both he and the Kush-beghi were executed in 1840. Nasr-Ullah now let loose his fiery indignation upon the sipahis, as well as the relations of the late minister, numbers of whom were executed or banished. His agent in the process of exterminating the feudality of Bokhara was a Toorkoman, named Rahim-Birdi-Mazum, the Reis, who was allowed at his pleasure to butcher the sipahis, and beat the common people, on pretence of inducing them to say their prayers! The power of the Amir, however, was not established till he had introduced a regular army into Bokhara, which was brought about by the agency of another remarkable individual.

Abdul Samet, called Naib-Samet, a native of Tabriz, having been compelled to fly from his own country for a murder, entered into the service of a Persian refugee in British India, whom he robbed and killed. He was taken, and sentenced by one of our courts to be hanged; but he found means to escape, and, proceeding to Cabul, insinuated himself into the favor of Dost Mahomed Khan. His turbulent character soon appeared; he quarrelled with the well-known Mahomed Ukhbar Khan, whose career he nearly shortened by shooting him

with a pistol. The wound, however, was not mortal, and the would-be assassin was imprisoned, preparatory to his execution, when he again escaped, and fled to Bokhara, where he soon gained such an ascendancy over Nasr-Ullah, that, according to M. Khanikoff, "he is one of the most influential men in the Khanat." This man advised the Amir to introduce regular troops (sarbases) into the country, by which means he established his authority at home, on a firm basis.

The Amir now prepared for foreign conquests. In 1839, he had commenced hostilities with the Khan of Khokand, whom, after two smart campaigns, he reduced to the condition of a vassal. In 1841, however, the Khan threw off his dependence, upon which Nasr-Ullah marched from Bokhara, in April, 1842, captured Khokand, put Muhamed Ali, its ruler, to death, with most of his family, and in the end, as we have said, became sovereign of Mawurulnahr.

Of the tribes which inhabit the Khanat, the Tajiks are considered the most ancient. They are said to have been the first immigrants from the west, who settled on the banks of the Zer-Affshan, when the site of Bokhara was a reedy marsh, the haunt of wild animals. The Tajiks were subjugated by the Arabs, in the first century of the Hejira; the weak rule of the Samanides was superseded in the tenth century by that of the Uzbeks, who, in their turn, were conquered by the Moghul hordes in the twelfth century, though the Uzbeks subsequently recovered their superiority, and are still the predominant race in Bokhara. The oldest branch of the Uzbeks is that of Mangit, to which the Kush-beghi belonged, and the family of the reigning dynasty. Of the Tajiks, there is but a remnant left; they form the chief population of the city of Bokhara. The Uzbeks are of three classes,—settled, agricultural, and nomadic. Our author can say but little in favor of the morality of either Tajiks or Uzbeks, except that the former are more "straight-forward," and hence commit with less compunction rapine, plunder, and murder. "Out of thirty-five culprits, who were executed by order of the Amir, during our eight months' stay at Bokhara," says M. Khanikoff, "the majority were Uzbeks guilty of one of those crimes." Very few are taught to read or write, though they are zealous fanatics. The Arabs are somewhat more numerous than the Tajiks; be-

sides these, there are Persians (principally slaves), Jews, who have been long established at the Khanat, though subjected to great oppression and indignity; a race supposed by our author to be of Gipsy origin; Kirghiz and Karakalpaks. The population is thus formed of heterogeneous elements, which can never amalgamate, some being directly hostile to the existing government and ruling race.

The city of Bokhara has 360 streets and lanes, few of which are paved. The palace of the Amír is built on a mound, and within its area are the houses of the principal ministers, mosques, and prisons. Amongst the latter is the dreadful Kana-khaneh, so called from the swarms of ticks purposely nourished there to torture the wretched prisoners. This is the place called improperly the "Pit of Scorpions," into which our unhappy countrymen were plunged. The mosques are 360 in number. The medressehs, or colleges, of which there are 103, are not remarkable for their architecture; they contain from 9,000 to 10,000 students. There are 33 caravanseries, 16 principal baths, and 45 bazars, or rather collections of shops. The private dwellings are all built on the same plan, consisting of one or more courts, surrounded by mud buildings, generally one story high, and flat-roofed. The inner walls are sometimes plastered with stucco; the windows, which are unglazed, open generally into the inner court. The rooms of the most opulent are not decorated, except that the walls are covered with fretwork in alabaster. The ceiling generally consists of beams laid across, with an interval between, and joined by small longitudinal planks fixed to each other, and painted in gaudy colors, the beams being covered with gold paper, or clay painted with indigo. The floors are either paved, or coated with clay. The rooms of the less opulent are filthy, damp and unwholesome. The population of the city M. Khanikoff estimates at between 60,000 and 70,000.

The particulars he gives of the city of Samarcand, though very slight, are, perhaps, more interesting, since Burnes was unable to visit the place, which he describes only from report. It is a walled town, with six gates, forming a regular quadrangle, with citadel, towers, and embrasures, in good repair. The dimensions of the modern city are larger than those of Bokhara (though much of the inclosed space consists of gardens); but the ground covered by the city in former times was still

more considerable, as the ruins of the old wall are at some distance on the west, and on the north, the whole space between the town and the banks of Zer-Affshan is strewn with ruins. The citadel is very considerable; in it is the "blue stone" on which every new khan sits upon his inauguration. The tomb of Timur still remains. It is a high octagonal edifice, surmounted by an elevated dome; the interior consists of two apartments, in the first of which the sepulchral monument is placed. The floor is paved with white marble slabs; the walls are ornamented with inscriptions from the *Koran*, and some of the gilding is still in good preservation. In the centre of the second apartment stands, on a marble pedestal, surrounded by a grating, the monumental stone of Timur, of dark green, well-polished, having the form of a four-cornered truncated pyramid, three feet high, and five or six feet long, set upon its narrow end. There are three medressehs, or colleges in Samarcand, erected by Timur; one of them formed the observatory of Ulugbeghi. They were fine buildings, and had formerly high minars at the four corners; but are now nearly ruined. The porcelain walls are wrought in mosaic, and attract the eye by their variegated colors. The interior of the mosques which belong to the medressehs still retain vestiges of their former magnificence; the lapis lazuli and gilding are in some places bright, though the latter is chiefly gilt paper. A medresseh, with mosques, built by the wife of Timur, a daughter of an emperor of China, and a tomb of the Khanum still remain. The population of Samarcand, stated by Burnes to be 9,000, is estimated by M. Khanikoff at 25,000 or 30,000; but he gives no account of the dwellings, the general aspect of the city, or the habits and manners of the inhabitants.

Notwithstanding the great number of institutions for education in Bokhara, and of the works which are studied there (amounting to 137), real knowledge seems to be backward. Every medresseh has a fixed number of students, under the tuition of one or two professors, who give lectures. Each student purchases the right to reside at the medresseh from the person whose place he takes, and where he may live all his life, unless he marries, as women are excluded. The scholars prepare themselves for the lectures in their own apartments, and sometimes discuss the subject together in the porch, before they proceed to the lecture.

The professor makes one of them read a few sentences, and after expressing his own opinion, listens to the observations of his pupils, who dispute upon the subject, and finally the professor sums up the whole argument. The sciences taught at Bokhara are of three classes; legal or theological; philological, relating to the Arabic language; and the science of "worldly wisdom," which includes logic, natural philosophy, and metaphysics. But, though the cycle of sciences seems large, the want of a good primary education is a radical defect, which is never cured. "The mind, bound in chains, at the earliest period, by being forced to learn by heart without understanding any thing, is subsequently exercised on points of theology alone." Such education gives a man a limited ingenuity, without common sense or real knowledge, strengthening fanaticism and hardening error. "There is not one well-educated man in Bokhara," our author says, "if education or civilization consist in a certain development of mind and feeling."

M. Khanikoff has furnished full details respecting the government of the Khanat, its commerce and industry, as well as its topography and natural history; but there is an omission in his work for which we cannot satisfactorily account. Although he was at Bokhara during the captivity of Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly, and apparently at the time of their execution, and although (p. 98) he states that he corrected the latitude of the city, as reported by Sir A. Burnes, "with the assistance of Colonel Stoddart," he has not once alluded to the fate of these officers. The omission must be intentional; but the motive it is not easy to assign.

THE SPONGE A JET D'EAU.

From Tait's Magazine.

The Natural History of Animals; being the substance of Three Courses of Lectures delivered before the Royal Institution of Great Britain. By Thomas Rymer Jones, F. R. S., F. Z. S., Professor of Comparative Anatomy in King's College, London. Post octavo, volume one, pp. 372, with one hundred and five illustrations. London: John Van Voorst.

THIS is the first volume of a work, which, when concluded, will form one of

the best modern popular systems of Natural History; and it is brought forward with all the exterior elegance which distinguishes the publications of Van Voorst. The subject-matter of the published portion of the work is principally the very curious one of that family of the animal kingdom termed Zoophytes. How few are aware that the sponge which they daily apply to twenty familiar uses, has been an animal,—or has, at least, partaken of organic life? How few young ladies know that the filaments, or sea-weeds, as they deem them, which they pick up on the shore, and with great pains spread out into what resembles a beautiful tissue of crimson-colored foliage, has in fact possessed animal life! Yet this they will learn from these Lectures of Mr. Rymer Jones. The passages explaining these phenomena are full of interest.

THE SPONGE AN ANIMATED JET-D'EAU.

"The sponge of commerce is entirely composed of a most intricate interlacement of horny filaments, between which water passes freely through all parts of the spongy mass. When highly magnified, the manner in which these filaments unite in every direction with those around, is distinctly seen; and the annexed figure will give the reader a very correct idea of the appearance of a minute portion of horny sponge, thus exhibited under the microscope, and show that its entire substance is made up of countless minute intercommunicating cells circumscribed on all sides by the horny meshes.

"The horny network, above described, is, however, only the framework or skeleton upon which the living portion of the sponge is supported and spread out. Whilst the sponge is alive, or recently detached from the rock on which it grew, every filament is found to be coated over with a glairy albuminous film, almost as liquid as oil or as the white of an egg, and it is this semi-fluid film which constitutes the living portion of the creature; being endowed with the power of absorbing nourishment from the surrounding water; and, as it grows, of forming for itself a horny support, which it arranges in definite and beautiful forms, characteristic of the species to which it belongs.

"If the living sponge, thus constructed, be examined, while in its native element, it is seen to be possessed of faculties and capabilities of a most extraordinary and in-

explicable character. It was, I believe, Professor Bell who, many years ago, first announced in a paragraph in Nicholson's Journal, that, when the sponge is watched in its natural condition, its substance is seen to be permeated in all directions by strong currents, the course of which may be easily made apparent by diffusing a little powdered chalk, or other opaque particles, through the surrounding water.

"Professor Grant has more recently and more minutely examined this part of their economy; and it is, indeed, principally to his patient observations that we are indebted for such a history of sponges as induces modern zoologists to classify them as members of the animal creation.

"By a careful examination of living sponges, the last-mentioned observer ascertained that the water wherein the sponge is immersed is perpetually sucked into its substance through the countless minute pores that cover its outer surface, and as incessantly is again expelled through other and much larger orifices, that are placed at distant intervals upon prominent portions of the body of the sponge. In the accompanying figure, copied from Professor Grant's paper, the course and appearance of these currents are indicated. The water sucked in by the general porous surface is gradually collected by some inherent and vital power of the sponge into larger and still larger channels, and at length is forcibly ejected through the wide openings that are indicated in the figure by issuing arrows.

"The account given by Professor Grant of his first discovery of these entering and issuing currents, is extremely graphic. Having placed a portion of live sponge in a watch-glass with some sea-water, "I beheld," says he, "for the first time the splendid spectacle of this living fountain vomiting forth from a circular cavity an impetuous torrent of liquid matter, and hurling along in rapid succession opaque masses which it strewed every where around. The beauty and novelty of such a scene in the animal kingdom long arrested my attention; but after twenty-five minutes of constant observation I was obliged to withdraw my eye, from fatigue, without having seen the torrent for one instant change its direction or diminish the rapidity of its course."

Without the delicately-engraved figures it is impossible to convey an adequate idea of these extraordinary organizations; but those who pick up the things described,

may form some notion of their modes of being, from the descriptions of Mr. Jones. Of the *Sertularidæ* he says:

"We next come to the consideration of a numerous race of compound polyps having skeletons so branched and slender, that they easily might be mistaken for most elegant and delicate plants. Ladies collect them on the beach, and, having placed them in their albums, some are pleased to call them "sea-weed." Beautiful, certainly, are sea weeds of this kind when so collected and even when so placed; but, if a sea-weed such as this, instead of being dried as in the herbarium of a botanist, had been examined living, whilst immersed in the salt water where it grew, the spectacle had then, indeed, been worth contemplating. The least branch, the smallest twig, or most minute filament of one of these delicate structures—of the zoophyte, for example—presents a scene of wonder whilst it is alive and in its native element. One side (or oftener both) of every slender branch is fringed with little horny cups, arranged in different modes, in various forms of *Sertularidæ*; and in each one of all the thousand cups observed upon a coralline like this is placed an active, hungry polyp; thousands of mouths feeding one common body, which is placed *within* the horny branches of the skeleton.

"The stem, and every part derived therefrom—each thread, for such the branches sometimes seem viewed by the naked eye, is found, examined closely, to be tubular, and filled from end to end with a soft substance, in the same manner as the elder tree has every bough filled up with pith. The semi-fluid pith that thus passes through every portion of a *sertularia*, is, in fact, the living animal to which the active polyps, fishing from the external cups, minister food that afterwards becomes diffused, from stem to stem, to the remotest parts."

THE PRUSSIAN ORDER OF MERIT.—Our readers are acquainted with the institution of this new order, to be bestowed on men distinguished not merely in war or politics, but in literature and science, by the King of Prussia; and they will be gratified to learn that its decorations have been sent to England, wherewith to invest, as Knights or Chevaliers, our eminent countrymen Sir J. Herschel, Mr. Faraday, and Mr. Robert Brown.—*Literary Gazette*.

THE LATE MRS. JAMES GRAY,

From the Dublin University Magazine.

SUCH of our readers—and we believe they are very many—who from time to time have with ourselves welcomed Mrs. James Gray's contributions to our pages, will be concerned to hear that she is no longer with us. She died at Sunday's Well, Cork, on the morning of Tuesday, January 28th ult. She had scarcely entered on her thirty-third year, and with every hope of a maturity of powers, to which she was evidently fast attaining—it has been the mysterious will of God to remove her hence. Her death was, like her life, tranquil and happy, and full of peace; it was to a certain extent sudden, but by one, who lived as our friend lived, could hardly have been unexpected.

MARY ANNE BROWNE was born at The Elms, near Maidenhead, Berkshire, on the 24th of September, 1812. The genius for poetry which in after years distinguished her, she exhibited from her cradle; and we have heard her say she could not recollect when she was not clothing her thoughts in verse. Even when of such tender years that her parents thought it too early to have her instructed in writing, she invented a sort of alphabet of her own, of which the letters were grotesque imitations of the characters of print, united with such abbreviations, as necessity compelled her to resort to. This she did for the purpose of noting down her thoughts; which, with many other individuals of similar gifts, she felt a kind of burden until recorded.

One of these early poems we have chanced on, and we shall print it, not so much that it may be contrasted with later productions, as rather for the purpose of showing her quickness in mental development. Cowley wrote verses, we believe, at fifteen; and Pope and Chatterton even earlier. The lines following, composed at thirteen, and bearing their deficiencies on their head and front, may be listened to, even after theirs whom we have instanced. Sorrowful sentences they are to issue from a mere child's lips; and the words in the concluding stanza—

"My Sun too early risen, must set
Ere noon,"—

would now seem almost tinged with a prescient spirit. It *did* go down, "while it was yet day," yet not in clouds, but in majestic brightness:—

MYSELF—1845.

"There was a time—a happy time,
And 'tis not many years ago,
When grief I knew not, sin, nor crime,
Had never felt the touch of wo;
I was as other children then,
I ne'er shall be like them again.

"I am a child as yet in years,
But not like other children. Strange
That woman's hopes and woman's tears
Should come on me, and work such change
So soon. But gone is childhood's chain,
My heart shall ne'er be young again.

"I still enjoy some sportive hours,
But not with such an ardent breast;
I still can weave me fairy flowers,
But not with childhood's playful zest.
There is a something in my brain
That will not let it rest again.

"It is for youth to weep at wo,
For age to hoard it in the heart;
But not a tear of mine will flow,
Though I have had of grief my part.
Mine is a hidden secret pain,
Tears I shall never know again.

"I cannot look without regret
Upon the April morn of life;
My Sun, too early risen, must set
Ere noon, amidst dark clouds and strife;
Who Youth's sweet dream would not retain?
Who would not be a child again?"

With Miss. Browne the power of verse was not only an "accomplishment," as our great Wordsworth terms it; it was an inherent possession. It was born with her, and it lingered with her even through the gloom of a dying chamber. A child of such early promise, it is not surprising her parents, with much pride, sought to second her inclinations; and a selection of these juvenile efforts appeared in 1827, under the title of *Mont Blanc, and other Poems*. Next year was published *Ada*, and in the year after but one, *Repentance*; which were followed, in 1834, by the *Coral*; and in 1836 by the *Birthday Gift*.

About this time Mr. Browne's family removed from their secluded residence in Berkshire to the town of Liverpool, for the purpose of giving the only son of the house* a mercantile education, to which he had destined himself. Higher feelings, however, after a little while swayed him; and his hours of recreation were devoted to studying for our own University, where having received his education with considerable credit, he was afterwards ordained for a field of duty in England. The extended

* The Reverend Thomas Briarly Browne.

literary opportunities which Liverpool afforded, exercised a very beneficial influence on Miss Browne's mind; and the knowledge of foreign literature, and more especially of German, which she now acquired, opened out to her new domains in the world of thought. Her name, which had now spread itself, brought an easy introduction to the Chorley family, to Dr. Shelton Mackenzie, and other *literateurs*; and by Dr. Mackenzie's advice she was recommended to try her chances in our own magazine. Our number for June, 1839, opened with a *Midsummer Anthology*, the first flowers of which were twelve Sketches from the Antique, followed by "a Merchant's Musings," and a Sonnet to the late Adam Clarke"—and all by Miss Browne. In the same year, *Ignatia* was published by Hamilton, Adams and Co. of London; and in the year 1840 a tiny volume of *Sacred Poetry*, containing many exquisite pieces, was issued by the same publishers.

Nor, while thus engaged in the bright realms of fancy, was Miss Browne forgetful of the real duties of life. Her desires to do good were all of a practical nature. The poor were ever in her regard; but she deemed it insufficient to bestow on them mere feeling or sympathy. Acts were wanting, and she gave them these tangible evidences. Few thought on reading her poetry at this time, that much of it was penned in the intervals of the distressing duties of a District-visitor; or that the Miss Browne, whom many would have set down as a mere sentimental young lady, was day after day visiting the sick and infirm—strengthening the weak—cheering, with hopes of immortality, the dying.

In 1842 she was married to one in every respect capable of making her happy, a Scotch gentleman—Mr. James Gray. Himself the nephew and constant companion of the Ettrick Shepherd; his father before him had been the dear friend of Scotland's great poet, Burns—rarely have father and son enjoyed such honor! The Rev. James Gray was among the first and ablest vindicators of Burns' memory,* and he is yet

* "Mr. Gray," says Christopher North, "was the first who, independently of every other argument, proved the impossibility of such charges [drunkenness] by pointing to the almost daily effusions of Burns' clear and unclouded genius. For this, and for his otherwise triumphant vindication of the character of Burns from the worst obloquy it so long lay under, Scotland ought to be grateful to James Gray."—*Blackwood's Magazine*, May, 1828.

gratefully remembered by his countrymen for such service. He was also one of the earliest to acknowledge the claims of his kinsman, Hogg, and to aid him with literary counsel and encouragement. As one of the founders of *Blackwood's Magazine*, and among its earliest contributors, his name must be also honorably mentioned; and when the project of establishing *Maga* was first bruited, he was among those proposed for the office of editor. Mr. James Gray, the younger, spent much of his early life at Mount Benger—diversified by occasional visits to Edinburgh in Hogg's company, where he found himself at home with Wilson and Lockhart and the other knights of St Ambrose. "It was curious," our poor friend one day remarked to us, "that while my scribbling habits brought me in contact with much of the literary genius of England, my husband should have mixed so much, in his youthful years, with the great spirits of Scotland."

On Miss Browne's marriage, she came to reside in one of the picturesque outlets of the city of Cork, Sunday's Well; and here all her later poems were written. Her little home here was a truly happy one, and though comparatively humble, few roofs in the adjoining city had so little repining, and so much of tranquil joy beneath them. Here she collected the materials for her last volume, *Sketches from the Antique, and other Poems*, which our own publishers brought out last year, and which our readers will find reviewed in our number of June last. We shall not now add to the more obvious characteristics of her poetry, which we then took occasion to point out. There is an exquisite grave in her verse, and a rich melody flowing in sweetness like the music of the winding brook. There is no dash nor storm in her descriptions; but, on the other hand, neither have we to complain of what is tame and prosaic, and if we are not surprised, we are not at any time left disappointed. She did not essay high themes, in which failure is almost necessarily encountered; but she loved to delineate human griefs, and joys, and to paint all those finer feelings which dwell more especially in the female breast. In all these respects she closely resembled Mrs. Hemans; and the good public, not satisfied with this sisterhood in genius, sought to establish a similar family connection, which did not subsist. They were alike in art, but had no other connection, and had never met. If Mrs. Gray did not possess that proud joy

in chivalry, which brought to Mrs. Hemans so many heroes from the paladins and troubadours of the middle ages, it was because she had exchanged it for a reverential acquaintance with the old legends of Greece—its romantic history, and poetic religion. Her poems are the old *mythi*, finely told us by the pure lips of a woman. The concluding series, given in our number for January, is perhaps the best; and with a sad fitness, the last of the *Sketches* was a "Hymn to Mora." How little deemed we, in the review of these poems to which we have referred, when speaking of the progress the volume sufficiently indicated, and pointing to future triumphs for its author, that it was the last book which should appear from her hands, or that with the incoming year, that head should be pillowed in the silent grave!

The eight volumes, the names of which we have given, comprise the whole of Mrs. Gray's writings, which she gathered together; but scattered into various periodicals, and in the annuals, is to be found the *material*, both in prose and verse, of probably two or three more. As a prose writer, she was hardly known; because, until only very recently, in all such contributions, she sought the anonymous. Our own pages, however, contain many graceful specimens of her power in this respect; and we believe we violate no confidence in instancing the "Recollections of a Portrait Painter." They were from Mrs. Gray's pen; and with only the disguise of an assumed profession for the writer, were simple facts—things which had come under her own personal observation.

Of the many members of the *corps* of literature whom it has been our fortune—good or ill—to have mixed with, we knew none who realized to us so entirely the Italian gift of "improvisation." She wrote, she has told us, as though from another's dictation; or as if transcribing from an open volume. Her thoughts, in their overflowing richness, yielded abundant supply, and she was never at a loss for expression. The poem of "Leodine," for example, which contains a hundred and twenty stanzas of four lines each, was the work of a single evening, yet it abounds in felicitous words and thoughts, and is distinguished by the same sweep of melody which characterizes all her compositions. So *facile* was she in versifying, and so almost necessarily were her words linked to numbers, that when not over-weary by the drudgery of pen-work, she would

write her letters home in verse; and we believe the last thing she laid hand to, was the "Christmas Carol," addressed to her venerable parents, in which she sent them her filial congratulations and prayers for their good during the new year. "How my father's old eyes" she wrote in enclosing us a copy, "will fill with tears on seeing that though far away from him on that day, he is ever present to my thoughts!" And those aged eyes now can only rain down their weak torrents, that the daughter of such hopes is so soon laid low—"Gieb diesen," Schiller makes *Don Carlos* say, "Gieb diesen Todten mir heraus!"

Mrs. Gray's published writings we have enumerated; among her unpublished works, and which she herself destroyed, were some tragedies, also translations of many of Theodore Körner's finest lyrics, and of some of the impressive scenes in the *Faust* of Goethe. Twice she destroyed much of her literary labor—at her 'two great burnings,' as she termed them, lest in any way what she had done but for her private amusement, should be set forth in the glaring light of publicity. Once, a little while since, when her German translations, and studies in the language of the *Eichenland*, perished; and the former case was in earlier life, when the journals and jottings of youth, and the miscellaneous gatherings of "idle hours not idly spent," were all consigned to the flames. She no doubt exercised sound discretion with the latter; but we had wished her German studies had come down to us.

In furnishing our readers with this brief sketch of our gifted friend, we have purposely kept out of view allusion to that "inner life," into which the public may be excused penetrating. It is so difficult, besides, to observe the true limit in speaking of the departed, that we have spared ourselves in doing so. We regard with revolting shudder the "friend," who is not contented till the sacredness of domestic privacy be intruded on, and every half-spoken wish or word be stereotyped for the cold eye of the stranger. Suffice it, then, that Mrs. Gray's daily life was eminently beautiful. Her tastes were simple, pure, and womanly. The love of nature, which she acquired in the scenes of childhood, in riper years grew into a passion; and flowers, and trees, and the wild birds of heaven were companions of whose converse she could never weary. Her faith was true and unshrinking; and her piety was neither imaginary nor austere. She seemed ever happy, not because she

had no cares, but because she felt anxiety to be at once useless and sinful. There was in her disposition much to admire, much to sympathize in; little that one could wish to be altered, and still less that one could desire taken away. The child of impulse very often; her impulses, notwithstanding, were controlled by gentleness and truth; while, in all things, her unselfishness was such as to be regarded by her friends as very characteristic.

We have outlined no *perfect* character, nor was it our desire to do so; for we know nothing could, were it possible, pain the Dead more. She knew well the awful distance which divides the creature from the Creator, and she would have shrunk from appropriating, even in idea, what is the attribute of the Infinite alone. The feverish dreams of youth, with all their idle and passionate regrets, had given way to clearer light; and had Mrs. Gray lived, we might have looked for proud success for her. But it has pleased God to allot it otherwise, and we can only weave this tribute of our regret for her early departure:—

"These birds of Paradise but long to flee
Back to their native mansion."

And here is *Epidicium* more worthy of regard than any thing we have ourselves penned; bearing no unfamiliar name, but one sufficient of itself to commend it to our readers' kind attention:—

"TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. JAMES GRAY.

"The spring hath woke her woodland choir,
Of bird, and stream, and breeze,
And touched the sweet but viewless lyres,
That sound from quivering reeds and moss-grown
trees;
Deep in the old untrodden woods,
When early sunbeams greet
Their green forsaken solitudes,
Waking the first young leaves and violets sweet.

"But who shall wake for yearning love,
The voice whose echoes rise
From memory's haunted depths, above
All other pleasant sounds of earth and skies:
And who shall wake for us the chord,
That caught from classic strings,
The old world's dreamy music poured
In laurel groves, beside the Grecian springs.

"How hath the hush of silence come
Upon the lip of song!
Why is there sorrow in the home,
Where household love and gladness dwelt so
long?

Woe for the grave that closed so soon
On life's unshadowed light,
The glory of a summer's noon
That saw no sunset fading into night!

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"Thou art not of the common Dead,
Lost Sleeper! and we mourn
Thee not as they. No dews are shed
From the dark fount of Lethe on thine urn;
But, far along the wastes of time,
Each loving heart and ear
Will catch the song, as from that clime,
Where sounds the harp, hushed, but unbroken,
here.

FRANCES BROWNE.

Stranorlar, February, 1845.

THE EARL OF ROSSE'S REFLECTING TELESCOPES.

From the North British Review.

1. *Account of a New Reflecting Telescope. By the Right Honorable Lord Ozmantown, M. P., (now the Earl of Rosse.)* (Edinburgh Journal of Science, Vol. IX., No. XVII., p. 25. July 1828.)
2. *Account of Apparatus for Grinding and Polishing the Specula of Reflecting Telescopes. By the Right Honorable Lord Ozmantown.* (Do. do., Vol. IX., No. XVIII., p. 213. October 1828.)
3. *Account of a Series of Experiments on the Construction of Large Reflecting Telescopes. By the Right Honorable Lord Ozmantown, M. P.* (Do. do., New Series, Vol. II., p. 136. January 1830.)
4. *An Account of Experiments on the Reflecting Telescope. By the Right Honorable Lord Ozmantown, F. R. S.* (Philosophical Transactions, 1840. Part. II., p. 503-528.)
5. *Account of a Large Reflecting Telescope, lately constructed by Lord Ozmantown, and of the processes employed in forming its Specula. By the Rev. T. R. Robinson, D. D., M. R. I. A.* (Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy, No. 25, November 9, 1840.)
6. *Dr. Robinson's Address to the British Association at Cork, on the 24th August 1843, on the Earl of Rosse's Reflecting Telescope.* (Athenæum, September 23, 1843. No. 830, p. 866.)

ALTHOUGH all the physical sciences present to the contemplative mind phenomena of surpassing beauty, and truths of deep and varied interest, yet it is in the study of astronomy that minds of ordinary power find the best exercise for their intellectual faculties, and the noblest impulse to their moral and religious aspirations. The

magnitude of the heavenly bodies, and their almost infinite distance from us, and from each other, fill the mind with views at once magnificent and sublime, while our ideas of the Creator's power rise with the number and magnitude of his works, and expand with the ever-widening bounds which they occupy.

It is a difficult task, even for astronomers, to form any thing like an adequate conception of those gigantic features of magnitude and distance which are stamped upon the sidereal universe; and our conceptions but approximate their climax, when, by combining lapse of time with length of space, we ascend from conceivable to inconceivable velocities, and thus form higher and higher, though still imperfect, notions of sidereal extension.

When viewed from the highest peak of a mountainous region, our own globe is the largest magnitude we can perceive, and the circuit of its visible horizon the greatest distance we can scan; but vast as are these units in relation to the eyeball which takes cognizance of them, they are small when compared with the globe itself, or with its circular outline. The navigator, who has measured the earth's circuit by his hourly progress, or the astronomer who has paced a degree of the meridian, can alone form a clear idea of velocity when we tell him that light moves through a space equal to the circumference of the earth, in *the eighth part of a second*—in the twinkling of an eye.* Equipped with this unit of velocity, the mind soars on a bolder pinion to still higher conceptions. The light of the sun takes 160 minutes to move to the Georgium Sidus, the remotest planet of our own Solar System; and so vast is the unoccupied space between us and the nearest fixed star, that light would require *five years* to pass through it. But as the telescope has disclosed to us objects probably many thousand times more remote than such a star, the creation of a new star at so great a distance, could not become known to us for many thousand years, nor its dissolution recognized for the same length of time.

* Could an observer, placed in the centre of the earth, see this moving light as it describes the earth's circumference, it would appear a luminous ring; that is, the impression of the light at the commencement of its journey would continue on the retina till the light had completed its circuit. Nay, since the impression of light continues longer than the *fourth* part of a second, two luminous rings would be seen, provided the light made *two* rounds of the earth, and in paths not coincident.

Had the fleet messenger that was charged with the intelligence of its birth, or its death, started at the creation of our own world, he would, at the present time, be only nearing our own planetary system.

But after the straining mind has thus exhausted all its resources in attempting to fathom the distance of the smallest telescopic star, or the faintest nebula, it has reached only the visible confines of the sidereal creation. The universe of stars is but an atom in the universe of space;—above it, and beneath it, and around it, there is still infinity.

These interesting and humbling views of the absolute and relative extent of the solar and sidereal systems we owe entirely to the telescope—an instrument which has a higher claim to our admiration than it has yet received, and which, by the improvements of which it is susceptible, will present to astronomy much grander discoveries than the most sanguine of its students has ventured to anticipate. There is, indeed, no instrument or machine of human invention so recondite in its theory, and so startling in its results. All others embody ideas and principles with which we are familiar, and, however complex their construction, or vast their power, or valuable their products, they are all limited in their application to terrestrial and sublunary purposes. The mighty steam-engine has its germ in the simple boiler in which the peasant prepares his food. The huge ship is but the expansion of the floating leaf freighted with its cargo of atmospheric dust; and the flying-balloon is but the infant's soap bubble, lightly laden and overgrown. But the telescope, even in its most elementary form, embodies a novel and gigantic idea, without an analogue in nature, and without a prototype in experience. It enables us to see what would for ever be invisible. It displays to us the being and nature of bodies, which we can neither see, nor touch, nor taste, nor smell. It exhibits forms and combinations of matter whose final cause reason fails to discover, and whose very existence even the wildest imagination never ventured to conceive. Like all other instruments, it is applicable to terrestrial purposes; but, unlike them all, it has its noblest application to the grandest and the remotest works of creation. The telescope was never invented.* Is was a divine gift which

* A Dutch spectacle-maker stumbled upon it when accident threw two of his lenses into an influential position.

God gave to man, in the last era of his cycle, to place before him, and beside him, new worlds and systems of worlds—to fore-show the future sovereignties of his vast empire—the bright abodes of disembodied spirits—and the final dwellings of saints that have suffered, and of sages that have been truly wise. With such evidences of his power, and such manifestations of his glory, can we disavow his ambassador, disdain his message, or disobey his commands?

When Galileo, in 1609, first applied the telescope to the heavens, the true planetary system to which we belong had not yet been established. The systems of Ptolemy, Tycho, and Copernicus, were then rivals for public approbation. The system of Copernicus, in which the earth and all the planets are supposed to move round the sun at rest in the common centre of their orbits, opposed as it seemed to be by Scripture, and still more opposed by the testimony of the senses, was the subject of general ridicule. Galileo even, in his early life, viewed it as a piece of "solemn folly," and it was only to a few gifted spirits that this grand secret of nature was unveiled. Galileo was converted to the doctrines of Copernicus by a lecture of Christian Wurtisen, and was destined to enjoy the proud satisfaction of establishing beyond challenge the true system of the universe, and of supporting it by that kind of evidence which appeals most powerfully to ordinary minds.

Independently of the exaggerated estimate which man could not but form of his own globe, and of its pre-eminence over the other celestial bodies, the circumstance of the earth being alone provided with a moon to illuminate it by night, while the sun lighted it up by day, naturally gave rise to the idea that it was the only habitable world, and that the great fountain of light and heat was especially created for its use. This idea, however, sober and rational as it was, and Scriptural as it seemed to be, the strong light of truth was about to dispel. A rumor creeping through Europe, by the tardy messengers of former days, at last found its way to Venice, the city of enterprise and of knowledge, that a Dutchman possessed an instrument which had the miraculous property of making distant objects seem nearer to the observer. When on a visit at Venice, Galileo received this interesting intelligence, and received it, doubtless, with little faith. On his return to Padua, he found a letter from his cor-

respondent in Paris, containing the same information; and having set himself to the task, he succeeded, after much study and some labor, in constructing a leaden tube a few inches long, with a spectacle glass, one convex and one concave, at each of its extremities. This tiny combination—a telescope magnifying three times, which the observer held between his fingers, or hid in the hollow of his hand—was the mustard-seed of those mighty trunks which now rise majestically to the heavens, and on which the astronomer perches himself, like the eagle upon the lofty cedar, to obtain a nearer glance of the God of Day.

Thus equipped for a survey of the heavens, Galileo pursued his task with unwearied assiduity. When viewed through instruments of greater power, the moon displayed to him her mountain ranges and her glens, her continents and her highlands, now lying in darkness, now brilliant with sunshine, and undergoing all those variations of light and shadow which the surface of our own globe presents to the alpine traveller or to the aeronaut. The four satellites of Jupiter illuminating their planet, and suffering eclipses in his shadow like our moon; the spots on the sun's disc proving his rotation round his axis in 25 days; the crescent phases of Venus, and the triple form, or the imperfectly developed ring of Saturn, were the other discoveries in the Solar System, which rewarded the diligence of Galileo. In the starry heavens, too, thousands of new worlds were discovered by his telescope, and the Pleiades alone, which to the unassisted eye exhibits only *seven* stars, displayed to Galileo no fewer than *forty*.

The discoveries thus made with the instruments of the Professor of Padua, directed the attention of philosophers in various parts of Europe, to the improvements of the refracting telescope. One of the most distinguished of these was Christian Huygens, a celebrated Dutch philosopher, to whom both astronomy and optics owe the deepest obligations. Having studied in early life the theory of the telescope, and of telescopic eye-pieces, he became acquainted with the causes of their imperfections, and attempted to carry into practical execution the results at which he had arrived. With his own hands he constructed refracting telescopes of considerable size and power; and with instruments *twelve* and *twenty-four* Rhinland feet in focal length, he discovered in the year 1656 the

ring of Saturn, which, according to the fashion of the day, he announced to the world in an anagram, involving the following sentence, *annulo cingitur, tenui, plano, nusquam coherente, ad eclipticam inclinato*; that is, the planet is surrounded with a ring, thin, plane, nowhere adhering, and inclined to the ecliptic. In the year 1655, before he had made out the form and character of the ring, Huygens discovered a satellite of Saturn, which performed its revolution round the planet in nearly 16 days, at the distance of more than eight semi-diameters of the ring. Thus successful in the application of the refracting telescope to the heavens, Huygens labored with fresh ardor to execute still more powerful instruments; but in this attempt he met with new difficulties, which it required some ingenuity to surmount. When his object glass had a focal length of 100 feet, how was an inflexible tube to be constructed of such uncommon length? and when it was constructed, where was it to be placed, and how was it to be elevated with ease and expedition, and directed to the heavenly bodies? Huygens conceived the idea of dispensing with long tubes altogether. Having fixed his object glass in a short tube, he mounted it at the upper end of a very long pole like a mast, so that this little tube could be easily turned in every possible direction upon a ball and socket joint. This was effected by a long silk string attached to the tube, by means of which he could bring its axis into the same line with the axis of the eye tube, which he held in his hand. The ball and socket which carried the object glass tube was fixed upon a stage, which, by means of a pulley, could be raised or lowered in a groove cut out of the upright pole. By this contrivance Huygens was enabled to use telescopes more than 120 feet long, and the same method was successfully practised by the celebrated Dr. Bradley, and his uncle, Dr. Pound, with an object glass 122 feet in focal length, which, along with its eye-glass of six inches, and its other apparatus, Huygens had presented to the Royal Society of London.*

* Huygens informs us that he and his brother constructed excellent object glasses, whose focal lengths were 170 and 210 feet!—HUYGENS, *Cosmotheoricos*, lib. 11. *Opera Varia*, tom. ii., p. 698. Both these object glasses, and also a Venetian one of 90 feet in focal length, which belonged to Flamsteed, are now in the possession of the Royal Society.

While these important discoveries were making in Holland, several individuals in Italy were engaged in the construction of large refracting telescopes. Joseph Campani of Bologna executed refracting telescopes 34 and 86 feet long, by means of which Dominique Cassini discovered in October 1671 the outermost, and on the 23d December 1672, the middlemost satellite of Saturn, that is, the *first* and the *third*. Anxious to extend the fame of his observatory, Louis XIV. ordered larger telescopes from Campani, and the Italian artist accordingly executed four object glasses of great excellence, with which Cassini discovered in March 1684, the *first* and the *second*, or the two smallest of the satellites of Saturn. The largest of these telescopes was one hundred and forty feet long,* but although this instrument was required for the discovery of the two smaller satellites, yet Cassini was able afterwards to see all the five with a telescope 34 feet long. With these instruments Cassini discovered also that the broad surface of Saturn's ring was bisected by a dark elliptical line, dividing it, as it were, into two rings, the inner one of which appeared brighter than the outer, "with nearly the like difference of brightness as between that of silver polished and unpolished."† Cassini discovered also the rotation of the *first* satellite, and a belt upon Saturn, and he was the first who observed and measured the spheroidal figure of Jupiter.

Such were the discoveries made in the seventeenth century, with the ordinary refracting telescope. They were doubtless of great interest and importance; but though Hevelius called upon the nobles and princes of the land to supply the means of executing an instrument of 200 feet in length, and though he exhausted all his ingenuity in devising methods of constructing and directing rectilinear tubes of that extraordinary length, yet even if good glass could have been obtained of sufficient size, the unwieldiness of the apparatus necessary for using such telescopes, the deposition of moisture upon the object glass, and the un-

* Ecce enim dum hæc scribo, Cassini iteris certior fio, lentes quatuor, quarum maxima telescopio pedum centum quadraginta destinata sit, a Josepho Campano, easque prestantissimas Romæ esse perfectas, et ad magnum Galliarum regem missas. HUYGENS *Astroscopia Campendiarum*, *Opera Varia*, tom. i. p. 270.

† This discovery was also made in England in 1665, by Mr. William Ball, with a telescope of 38 feet long.

steadiness of the image when highly magnified, set a limit to their length. In the present day, when it is easy to construct plane metallic reflectors, ordinary refracting telescopes, of any length—a thousand feet for example—might be brought into use by using a dry ditch for their tube, and reflecting the rays of the celestial body along its axis. In this way the most perfect steadiness would be obtained; the object glass would be accessible for the purpose of cleaning it, and the air in the tube and every part of the instrument might be preserved at an uniform temperature.

In the year 1663, when Huygens was occupied with the improvement of refracting telescopes, our countryman James Gregory published an account of the reflecting telescope, to which his name has since that time been attached. It consisted of a concave speculum of a parabolic form, perforated at its centre. In front of it was placed a small concave speculum of an elliptical form, the distance of the two being a little greater than the sum of their focal lengths. The image of a distant object was formed behind the larger speculum, and there magnified by an eye-piece. In 1666, Sir Isaac Newton made a change in the construction of this telescope, by "placing the eye-glass at the side of the tube, rather than at the middle;" and in this way he dispensed with the aperture in the larger speculum. Mr. Gregory failed in the construction of his instrument, probably from the want of the eye-stop, and hence Newton had the honor of being the first person who made a reflecting telescope. It was only *six inches* long, with a speculum of *an inch* in aperture. It magnified 40 times, and performed as well as a *six foot* refractor, showing the satellites of Jupiter and the phases of Venus. In 1671, Newton completed an instrument with a speculum 23 1/8 of an inch in diameter, which was exhibited to the King and to the Royal Society in 1672, and which is now in the library of that Institution, with the inscription—

"*The First Reflecting Telescope, invented by Sir Isaac Newton, and made with his own hands.*"

Newton's time was too valuable to be spent in mechanical labor, and he therefore never resumed the construction of reflecting telescopes.* The Royal Society,

* He employed a London optician to grind a glass speculum for a reflector, four feet long, but the glass was bad, and the experiment failed.

however, doubtless at his instigation, employed a London optician, of the name of Cox,* to execute a reflector like Newton's, *four feet* long, but he failed in polishing the mirror, and no further attempt was made to construct reflecting telescopes, till John Hadley, a country gentleman in Essex, and the inventor of Hadley's Quadrant, directed his attention to the subject. This ingenious individual completed one of these instruments in 1719, and presented it to the Royal Society, whose journals for January 12, 1721, contain the following notice of it. "Mr. Hadley was pleased to show the Society his reflecting telescope, made according to our President (Newton's) directions in his optics, but curiously executed by his own hand, the force of which was such as to enlarge an object near *two hundred times*, though the length thereof scarce exceeds *six feet*; and having shown it he made a present thereof to the Society, who ordered their hearty thanks to be recorded for so valuable a gift." By means of this telescope, Hadley saw the transit of Jupiter's satellites, and their shadows on the disc of the planet; the division in Saturn's ring, and the shade of the planet cast upon it; but he was not able to distinguish more than three of the satellites. Dr. Pound and Dr. Bradley, who repeatedly observed with it, found that it represented objects "as distinct, though not altogether so clear and bright" as the telescope of Huygens.†

The celebrated Samuel Molyneux and Dr. Bradley, were instructed in the art of grinding and polishing metallic specula, by Mr. Hadley. They wrought together at Kew, and in May 1724, they finished a telescope 26 inches in focal length,‡ and afterwards another of 8 feet, the largest that had yet been made. Encouraged by their success, Mr. Hawksbee made one of 31.4 feet, which bore a magnifying power of 220 times, and showed the *black list*, as it is called, or the division in Saturn's ring; and

* He was probably the member of the firm of Reeves and Cox, celebrated glass grinders of that day, who failed in executing the speculum of a six feet Gregorian reflector, which James Gregory had employed him to make for him.—BREWSTER'S *Life of Newton*, p. 28.

† Mr. Hadley executed another telescope of the Newtonian form, of the same focal length, and in 1726 he completed a Gregorian one.

‡ This instrument was elegantly fitted up by Mr. Molyneux, and presented to his Majesty John V., King of Portugal.—SMITH'S *Optics*, vol. ii., p. 363.

other opticians now began to manufacture reflecting telescopes of various sizes, for sale.

One of the most distinguished makers of reflecting telescopes, was our countryman, James Short, whose telescopes greatly surpassed those of all the English opticians.

He began his career in 1732, and having found out a method of giving his specula the true parabolic figure, he executed one *fifteen inches* in focal length, which exhibited all the *five* satellites of Saturn, a feat which Cassini could perform only with a refractor *seventeen* feet long. Mr. Short executed several reflecting telescopes, with glass specula quicksilvered on the back, and Colin Maclaurin informs us that they were excellent instruments. After Short had established himself in London in 1742, he received £630 for a 12 foot reflector, which he executed for Lord Thomas Spencer, and in 1752 he finished another for the King of Spain for £1200.

Notwithstanding the rapid progress which was thus made in the improvement of the reflecting telescope, and the undoubted excellence of many of the instruments which had been executed, no discovery of the slightest importance had yet been achieved by them. The last discovery in the heavens had been made in 1636, by Cassini, with the refracting telescopes of Campani, and nearly three quarters of a century had elapsed without any extension of our knowledge of the solar and sidereal systems. This long interval, however, was one of those breathing times which often precede grand intellectual movements. The power of the refracting telescope had been strained to the utmost, and the reflectors, vigorous and promising in their infancy, were about to attain a power and magnitude which no astronomer had ventured to anticipate. It was reserved for Sir William Herschel to accomplish this great task, and by telescopes of gigantic size to extend the boundaries of the solar system, and lay open the hitherto unexplored recesses of the sidereal world.

Having acquired a taste for astronomy, and a general knowledge of the science from the popular writings of Ferguson, this eminent individual was anxious to see with his own eyes, the wonders of the planetary system. Fortunately for science the acquisition of a telescope sufficient for such a purpose was beyond his means, and he resolved on the bold attempt to construct one with his own hands. From his knowledge

of optics and mechanics he encountered fewer difficulties than might have been expected, and he at length succeeded in completing Newtonian telescopes of various sizes, from *two* feet to *twenty* feet in focal length, and Gregorian ones from *eight inches* to *ten* feet in focal length. At this time he had not discovered the direct method which he subsequently possessed of giving to specula the figure of any of the conic sections, and in order to secure a good instrument, he finished a number of specula, and selected the best of them for his telescopes. With this view he underwent the enormous labor, which none but those who have made such instruments can appreciate, of casting, grinding, and polishing *two hundred* specula of *seven* feet focus, *one hundred and fifty* of *ten* feet, and above *eighty* of *twenty* feet, besides several of the Gregorian form, and a great number on the same principle as Dr. Smith of Cambridge's reflecting microscope. The earliest of these instruments was completed in 1774, and was a five feet Newtonian reflector, with which he observed the ring of Saturn, and the satellites of Jupiter. In order to make use of specula of so great a focal length, he was driven to the invention and construction of a great variety of stands, and to these labors we owe his seven feet Newtonian telescope stand, a piece of mechanism of great ingenuity, which he perfected in 1778.

When we recollect the fine discoveries which were made by increasing the apertures and focal lengths of the refracting telescope, we cannot fail to anticipate analogous effects from the increased magnitude which Dr. Herschel thus gave to the apertures and focal lengths of his specula. When he directed these instruments to the heavens in 1776, almost every night which he devoted to observation presented him with some new and interesting phenomenon. His first observations, which appeared in the Philosophical Transactions, were made on the periodical star in the neck of the Whale, and on the Lunar Mountains; but interesting though these were, they sunk into insignificance when compared with his discovery on the 13th March 1781, of a New Planet, having its diameter four and a half times larger than our own earth, or 35,112 English miles. At first he described it as a comet, but a more careful study of its motions proved it to be a planet of our own system, which revolved round the sun in 83 1-2 years, in a path far beyond

the orbit of Saturn, and at the distance of 1,800,000,000 miles from the sun, which is twice as far as the planet Saturn. Europe rung with this great discovery. Astronomers of all nations anticipated with delight the future labors of the discoverer; and the name of Herschel, destined to receive new laurels in a succeeding generation, became known in every part of the civilized world. To the new planet which he had discovered he gave the name of the *Georgium Sidus*, in honor of George III., who, with the true munificence of a king, enabled Dr. Herschel to devote the rest of his life to the study of the heavens. He accordingly took up his residence at Datchet, in the neighborhood of Windsor, and entered upon a career of discovery unparalleled in the history of science.

Our limits will not permit us to give even a general sketch of these important researches;—but viewed as the rich harvest which was reaped by the introduction of large reflecting telescopes, we must take a rapid glance of the most prominent of his discoveries. One of the most valuable properties of large reflectors was the power which they gave the observer of viewing the image formed by the large speculum, directly by the eye-glass, without using a small reflector. This method, called the *Front view*, was nearly equivalent to doubling the area of the speculum, as one half of the incident light is lost by reflection. Upon viewing the *Georgium Sidus* in this manner, Sir W. Herschel discovered on the 11th January 1787, the *second* and *fourth* of its satellites, and in 1790 and 1794, the *first*, *third*, *fifth*, and *sixth*, all of which revolved in a *retrograde* direction round their primary, in orbits very nearly in the same plane, and almost perpendicular to the plane of the ecliptic.

When we consider the many thousand stars which present themselves to the astronomer's eye while applying a telescope to the heavens, and their almost perfect similarity, differing from each other chiefly in their size and brightness, we can scarcely conceive it within the limits of human genius to do any thing more than count and name them, group them into constellations, and determine their relative places in the heavens. This, indeed, was all that had been done before Dr. Herschel's time; but no sooner did he discover the power of his own instruments than he undertook the Herculean task of *gauging the heavens*, and ascertaining their construction. With

a twenty feet Newtonian telescope, having a speculum nearly *nineteen inches* in diameter, he found that all the nebulae and clusters of stars which had been published by Messier and Mechain, could be resolved *into an infinite number of small stars*; and in examining the portion of the Milky Way which passes through Orion's hand and club, he looked with amazement at the "glorious multitude of stars, of all possible sizes, that presented themselves to his view," and he made the calculation that a belt 15° long and 2° broad, contained no fewer than 50,000 stars, capable of being distinctly counted. During these observations he discovered 466 new nebulae or luminous clouds, composed of stars, and he was led to a *theory of the Milky Way*, one of the boldest and most remarkable, and yet probable, conceptions which human genius has ventured to form. He considered our solar system, and all the stars which we can see with the eye, as placed within, and constituting a part of the nebula of the Milky Way, a congeries of many millions of stars, so that the projection of these stars must form a luminous track on the concavity of the sky; and by estimating or counting the number of stars in different directions, he was able to form a rude judgment of the probable form of the nebula, and of the probable position of the solar system within it.

These views were still farther extended in a subsequent memoir, entitled *Remarks on the Construction of the Heavens*. He regarded the starry firmament as composed of twelve different classes of bodies. Insulated stars;—binary sidereal systems or double stars;—more complex systems, or treble, quadruple, quintuple, or multiple stars;—clustering stars, and the milky way;—clusters of stars;—nebulae;—stars with burrs or stellar nebulae;—milky nebulosity;—nebulous stars;—planetary nebulae;—and planetary nebulae with centres. In reasoning upon these combinations of sidereal matter, Dr. Herschel supposes that double and multiple stars have a motion of rotation round their common centre of gravity; that the various nebulosities above mentioned are condensed by attraction, and converted into stars; that stars previously formed attract nebulous matter, and increase in size, and that neighboring stars slowly advance towards each other, and constitute globular clusters.

Theoretical as these views doubtless are, they are in entire harmony with the laws of

the material world, and some of them have been actually demonstrated by the subsequent discoveries of Sir W. Herschel and other astronomers. In more than fifty of the double stars, he found that in the space of a quarter of a century a change had taken place either in the distance of the stars, or in their *angle of position*, that is, in the angle which a line joining the stars forms with the direction of their daily motion, and that in some stars both their distance and their angle of position had changed. From a comparison of his earliest with his latest observations, he concluded that the smaller of the two stars revolved round the greater, in periods given in the following table:

	Period of Revolution.
Castor,	342 years.
δ Serpente,	375
γ Virginis,	708
γ Leonis,	1200
ϵ Bootes,	1681

In the double star ζ Hercules, the two stars had approached so near that five-eighths of the apparent diameter of the small star were actually eclipsed by the larger one, so that the two together resembled a single lengthened or wedge-formed star. In the double star ξ Ursæ Majoris, Sir William discovered an unusually rapid change of place, and it appears from the more recent observations of Struve, Sir John Herschel, and Sir James South, that its motion is very unequal, varying from about 5° to probably 20° or 30° per annum, so that the rotation of the one star round the other must be accomplished in *about forty years!*

The last great discovery made by Sir William Herschel is the direction and magnitude of the proper motion of the fixed stars. This motion was discovered by Halley, and explained by Tobias Mayer, who ascribed it to a motion of the whole solar system. Sir W. Herschel ascertained that our solar system is advancing towards the constellation Hercules, or, more accurately, to a point in space whose right ascension is $245^\circ 52'$, $30''$, and north polar distance $40^\circ 22'$, and that the quantity of this motion is such, that to an astronomer placed in Sirius, our sun would appear to describe an arch of a little more than a second every year.

Ambitious of gaining a still farther insight into the bosom of space, Sir W. Herschel resolved to attempt the construction of larger telescopes. He began a 30 feet aerial

reflector in 1781, but the speculum, which was *three feet* in diameter, having cracked in the act of annealing, and another of the same size having been lost in the fire from a failure in the furnace, his scheme was unexpectedly retarded. In ardent minds, however, disappointment is often a stimulus to higher achievements, and the double accident which we have mentioned suggested, no doubt, the idea of making a larger instrument. He accordingly intimated the plan of such a telescope to the King, through Sir Joseph Banks, that liberal and unwearied patron of science, and his Majesty, with that munificent spirit which he had previously displayed, instantly offered to defray the whole expense of it. Encouraged by this noble act of liberality, which has never been imitated by any other British sovereign, Sir W. Herschel, towards the close of the year 1783, began the Herculean task of constructing a reflecting telescope *forty feet in length*, and having a speculum fully *four feet in diameter*. The metallic surface of the great speculum is $49\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter, but upon the rim there is an offset one inch deep and three-fourths of an inch broad, which reduces the polished or effective surface to 48 inches. The thickness of the speculum, which is uniform in every part, is $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and its weight nearly 2118 pounds. The metal "was composed of pure copper and pure tin, in the proportion of 430 lb. of copper to 2441 lb. of a higher speculum metal, whose proportions were 1496 copper and 812 tin,"—a quantity which Sir John Herschel considers too low to resist tarnish. The composition used by Mudge was 32 copper and $14\frac{1}{2}$ grain tin. Sir W. Herschel's, when reduced to this standard, was 32 copper, and 10.7 of tin. In his first attempt to cast the speculum, Sir William used an inferior metal, which it is not easy to identify, from his description of it. It was, however, a failure, and so was his second attempt, with probably a higher alloy. In casting the third, which we have just described, he met with entire success. We had the pleasure of seeing this speculum forty years ago, which was freely shown to us by its distinguished maker; and having been familiar with the aspect of the compositions of Mudge and Edwards, we distinctly recollect that the four feet speculum had the look of a good ordinary speculum, made of the usual proportion of copper and tin, but of course did not possess that peculiar color which this composition received

from the addition of arsenic and silver. The speculum, when not in use, was preserved from damp by a tin cover, which fitted upon a rim of close grained cloth, cemented on the circumference of the speculum. The tube of the telescope was 39 feet 4 inches long, and its width 4 feet 10 inches. It was made of iron, and was 3000 lbs. lighter than if it had been made of wood. The observer was seated in a suspended moveable seat at the mouth of the tube, and viewed the image of the object with a magnifying lens or eye-piece. The focus of the speculum, or the place of the image, was within 4 inches of the lower side of the mouth of the tube, and came forward into the air, so that there was space for the part of the head above the eye, to prevent it from intercepting many of the rays that go from the object to the mirror. The eye-piece moved in a tube carried by a slider directed to the centre of the speculum, and fixed on an adjustable foundation at the mouth of the tube.*

This magnificent structure, which used to be an object of wonder to all travellers who passed Slough, was completed on the 27th August, 1789; and the *very first moment* it was directed to the heavens, a new body was added to the solar system. This discovery was recorded in the following memorable words:—"In hopes of great success with my 40 feet speculum, I deferred the attack upon Saturn till that should be finished; and having taken an early opportunity of directing it upon Saturn, the very first moment that I saw the planet I was presented with a view of *six* of its satellites, in such a situation, and so

* In a correspondence which the author of this article had with Sir William Herschel between 1802 and 1806—a correspondence marked with that kindness and condescension which a great mind never fails to show to its inferiors in age and knowledge—he mentioned his having composed a work on the subject of casting, grinding, and polishing "mirrors for telescopes of all sizes, in which the method of giving them not only the parabolic form, but any other of the conic sections that may be required, is explained with perfect clearness, and supported by several thousands of facts." Sir William mentioned also, that Sir Joseph Banks, the President of the Royal Society, was acquainted with his intention of giving this work to the public, and that he was, in a few days, (Jan. 1805,) going to London to consult him on the subject. We regret much that other, and doubtless more important pursuits, have interfered with the publication of a work which could not fail to have possessed the highest interest, and to have contributed to the perfection of the reflecting telescope, and to the advancement of astronomy.

bright, as rendered it impossible to mistake or not to see them." In less than a month, Sir William discovered, with the same instrument, the *seventh* satellite of Saturn,—“an object,” says Sir John Herschel, “of a far higher order of difficulty.” Though discovered, however, by this noble instrument, both these satellites, which are nearer the planet than the *five* old ones, and revolve round their primary in 23½ and 32½ hours, were afterwards distinctly recognized by Sir William Herschel with the *twenty* feet reflector. Both the *sixth* and *seventh* have been seen by Sir James South with his great Achromatic of *thirteen* inches aperture, and M. Lamont of Munich has seen the *sixth*, with an Achromatic of *eleven* inches aperture.

As a maker of large reflecting telescopes, Sir W. Herschel was followed by Mr. John Ramage, a merchant in Aberdeen, who, so early as 1806, had succeeded in making reflectors with specula six inches in diameter. In 1810 he constructed an instrument whose focal length was eight feet, and the diameter of its mirror 9 inches. In 1817 he executed a still larger one of 20 feet focal length, and with a speculum of 13½ inches in diameter, now in the possession of Thomas Gordon, Esquire, of Buthlaw, in Aberdeenshire. Since that time, he completed *three* telescopes, each 25 feet in focal length, and with mirrors 15 inches in diameter. One of them was sold to Captain Ross, R. N., the celebrated Arctic navigator, and another has been erected at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich.* This instrument, which was for some time in our possession, was an excellent telescope, and showed the double stars with great distinctness. Mr. Ramage's greatest effort was made in 1823, when he cast and polished a speculum 21 inches in diameter, and 54 feet in focal length. It was not erected on a stand at the end of 1825, and we believe it has been purchased by Professor Nichol, for the Observatory of Glasgow.

Notwithstanding Mr. Ramage's success in producing good instruments, yet no discovery whatever was made by any of them, and we must therefore consider the reflecting telescope as having reached its climax in the hands of Sir W. Herschel. It seemed in vain to aim at greater results without royal or national support, and still more

* This instrument is described, and a drawing of it, as erected upon its stand, given in the *Transactions of the Astronomical Society*, vol. ii., p. 413.

vain would have been the expectation that an individual should be found who combined the wealth, the enterprise, and the genius which were required to rival or to exceed the labors of Sir William Herschel. The current of invention, therefore, thus checked in its accustomed course, took a new but a valuable direction, and the improvement of the *Achromatic Telescope* now became an object of general pursuit.

Most of our readers are doubtless aware, that all convex lenses of glass with spherical surfaces, form images of objects in their focus behind the lens. The central parts of the lens, however, form the image nearer the lens than the parts at its circumference, and hence there is a confusion in the picture which is called *spherical aberration*. When the image is formed by *white* light, consisting of *red*, *yellow*, and *blue* rays, there is another imperfection in the image called *chromatic aberration*. The image formed by the *blue* rays is formed nearer the lens than that formed by the *red* rays, while that formed by the *yellow* rays is placed between the other two images. Owing to these two causes, of which the last is the most influential and injurious, the image of any object formed by a spherical lens consists of a mass of images of different colors, and not coincident with each other. Sir Isaac Newton had rashly pronounced these imperfections to be incurable; but in this, as in other cases, the authority even of Newton's name was unable to check the enterprise or paralyze the energy of genius. A humble yet ardent neophyte in the temple of science had the boldness to hope when the high-priest himself had despaired, and the goddess was propitiated by the courage of her worshipper. Mr. Chester More Hall, a country gentleman in Essex, a name unknown to fame, had, in imitation of the organ of sight, combined media of different refractive powers, and had, so early as 1733, constructed object glasses of flint and crown glass, which corrected the *chromatic* and diminished the *spherical aberration* of the object glass. The telescopes which he thus made, and which afterwards received the name of *Achromatic* from Dr. Bliss, were neither exhibited nor sold, and no account of their construction was given to the world. Pursuing the same object, John Dolland arrived, in 1758, at the same result. He re-invented the achromatic telescope, manufactured the instrument for sale, and for more than half a century, supplied all Europe with this in-

valuable instrument. The difficulty of procuring flint and glass free of flaws and imperfections, prevented him from constructing telescopes which could at all rival reflectors such as those of Herschel, but they were peculiarly adapted for transit instruments and mural circles, and by giving an accuracy to astronomical observation previously unknown, they have perhaps contributed as powerfully to the progress of astronomy as those mighty instruments which were applicable chiefly to the discovery and observation of phenomena.

The monopoly of these valuable telescopes soon passed into foreign states. The manufacture of flint glass had been so severely taxed by the British Government, that the philosopher who made a pound of it exposed himself to the highest penalties; and as if the rapacious Exchequer had resolved to put down the achromatic telescope by statute, they enacted that *a single pound of glass melted fifty times should pay the duty upon fifty pounds!* After the mischief had been done, the Government were made to understand their ignorance of British interests, and a committee of the Royal Society was permitted to erect an experimental glass-house, and to enjoy the high privilege of compounding a pot of glass without the presence and supervision of an exciseman. The act of grace, as in many other cases had been too long delayed: We ourselves predicted sixteen years ago, that the committee neither would nor could accomplish the object for which they were associated, and we can now record the melancholy truth, that the experimental glass house has been long closed, and that the experimenters have disappeared.

But though we have thus lost the monopoly of the achromatic telescope, and are now obliged to import the instrument from rival states, there is nevertheless a law of progression in practical science, with which neither ignorant governments, nor slumbering institutions, nor individual torpor can interfere. What a conclave of English legislators and philosophers attempted in vain, was accomplished by a humble peasant in the gorges of the Jura, where no patron encouraged, and no exciseman disturbed him. M. Guinand, a maker of clock cases in the village of Brenetz, in the canton of Neuchâtel, had been obliged by defective vision to grind spectacle glasses for his own use. Thus practically versed in the optics of lenses, he amused himself with making small refracting telescopes, which he mounted in

pasteboard tubes. He might have advanced a step farther in these interesting occupations, but he would soon have found himself in the same course in which Huygens and Campani had reached the goal. An achromatic telescope of English manufacture had come into the possession of his master, Jacquet Droz. He was permitted to examine it—to separate its lenses—and to measure its curves;—and after studying its properties, he was seized with the desire of imitating the wondrous combination. Flint Glass was to be had only in England, and he and his friend M. Reordon, who went to England to take out a patent for his self-winding watches, purchased as much of it for him as enabled him to make several achromatic telescopes. The glass, however, was bad; and the bold peasant, seeing no way of getting it of a better quality, resolved upon making good flint glass for his own use. "We are confident, as we have elsewhere had occasion to remark, that no chemist in England or in France would have ventured on such a task;—but *ignorance was in this case power*, and glass, fortunately for science, was not an exciseable commodity in the village of Brenetz. Studying the chemistry of fusion, he made daily experiments in his blast furnace, between 1784 and 1790, with meltings of three or four pounds each, and carefully noted down the circumstances, and the results of each experiment. Marked success invigorated his ever-failing efforts, and the intelligence that learned academicians had offered prizes for the object at which he strained, animated him with fresh and glowing excitements. Having abandoned his profession for the more lucrative one of making bells for repeaters, his means became more ample, and his leisure hours more numerous. He purchased a piece of ground on the banks of the Doubs, where he constructed a furnace capable of fusing *two hundred weight* of glass. The failure of his crucibles, the bursting of his furnaces, and a thousand untoward accidents, which would have disconcerted less ardent minds, served only to invigorate him. The disappointments of one day were the pedestal on which the resolutions of the preceding one reached a higher level; and in the renewed energy of his spirit, and the increasing brightness of his hopes, the unlettered peasant seems to have been assured that fate had destined him to triumph. The threads, and specks, and globules which destroyed the homogeneity of his glass,

were the subjects of his constant study; and he at last succeeded in obtaining considerable pieces of uniform transparency and refractive power, sometimes *twelve*, and in one case *eighteen inches* in diameter! He at last acquired the art of soldering two or more pieces of good glass, and though the line of junction was often marked with globules of air or particles of sand, yet by grinding out these imperfections on an emiered wheel, and by replacing the mass in a furnace, so that the vitreous matter might expand and fill up the excavations, he succeeded in effacing every trace of junction, and was consequently able to produce with certainty the finest discs of flint glass."

After the Achromatic telescope had been banished from England as it were by Act of Parliament, it found a hospitable reception in the optical establishment of Fraunhofer, at Benedict Baiern, near Munich. This illustrious individual, who united the highest scientific attainments with great mechanical and practical knowledge, having heard of Guinand's success in the manufacture of flint glass, repaired to Brenetz in 1804, and induced the village optician to settle at Munich, where, from 1805 to 1814, he practised his art, and taught it to his employers. Fraunhofer was an apt and willing scholar, and possessing a thorough knowledge of chemistry and physics, he speedily learned the processes of his teacher, and discovered the theory of manipulation, of which Guinand knew only the results. Experience added daily to his knowledge. He detected imperfections even in the crown glass, which had hitherto been considered faultless, and reconstructing his furnaces, and directing his whole mind to the work, he succeeded in bringing the manufacture of flint and crown glass to the highest perfection. Thus supplied with the finest materials of his art, he studied their refractive and dispersive powers, and by his grand discovery of the fixed lines in the spectrum, he arrived at methods of constructing achromatic telescopes which no other artist had possessed. In these laborious researches he was patronized by Maximilian Joseph, king of Bavaria, and had not an insidious disease, aggravated in its amount, and accelerated in its course, by corporeal and mental labor, carried him off in the prime of life, he would long before this have astonished Europe with the production of Achromatic object glasses of *eighteen inches* in diameter.

The practical results of these discoveries and improvements we shall now briefly detail. In 1820, several years after Guinand had returned to his native village, he was honored with a visit from M. Lerebours, a celebrated Parisian optician, who had heard of the success of his processes. Lerebours purchased all his glass, and left orders for more, and M. Cauchoix, another skilful Parisian artist, procured from him large discs of glass. With the glass obtained from Guinand, M. Cauchoix executed two object glasses, one nearly *twelve* inches in diameter, with a focal length of *twenty* feet, and the other *thirteen* and a third inches in diameter, with a focal length of *twenty-five* feet *three* inches. The first of these object glasses was mounted at the Royal Observatory in Paris; but though the French government had prepared a stand for it at the expense of £500, they grudged the sum that was necessary to acquire the object glass. Sir James South, who happened to be in Paris, and whose liberality and scientific acquirements are well known to our readers, saw the value of this object glass, and purchased it for his observatory at Kensington. The other object glass, thirteen and a third inches in diameter, was purchased by a young Irish gentleman, then in Paris, Mr. Edward Cooper, M. P., and the telescope to which it belongs has been erected at Marckreea Castle, in the county of Sligo, with an equatorial mounting by Mr. Grubb of Dublin. This splendid instrument has been recently removed to Nice, where, we regret to say, Mr. Cooper has been obliged to reside for the benefit of his health.

The telescopes executed by Fraunhofer, and by his successors at Munich, have been especially distinguished not only by their excellence as optical instruments for the purposes of general observation, but for the ingenuity and value of the micrometers and other appendages, which are indispensable in astronomical investigations. Before his death, Fraunhofer executed two fine instruments, one with an achromatic object glass nearly 10 inches ($9\frac{1}{2}$) in diameter, and another 12 inches in diameter. The first of these was ordered by the Emperor of Russia, for the observatory at Dorpat in Livonia, and is the instrument with which M. Struve has made his fine observations on double stars. Its focal length is 13½ feet. It has four eye-glasses, with magnifying powers, varying from 175 to 700, and its price was £1300, though it was lib-

erally sold at prime cost for £950. The other telescope, 18 feet in focal length, was made for the King of Bavaria, at the price of £2720. Messrs. Merz and Mahler, of Munich, have more recently executed, for the Russian Observatory of Pulkova, an Achromatic Telescope, whose object glass has 15 inches of effective aperture, and a focal length of 22 feet. Fraunhofer was willing to undertake an achromatic telescope, with an object-glass 18 inches in diameter, and which, according to his own estimate, would have cost about £9200; but no wealthy amateur of science, and no sovereign, desirous of immortalizing his own name, and extending this branch of knowledge, has been induced to give an order for such an instrument. If the Achromatic Telescope, therefore, has reached its climax, it is because the power of art has outstripped the liberality of wealth, and because the intellectual desires of our species have ceased to be commensurate with their intellectual capacity. If astronomy, then, is to be advanced by means of this class of instruments, some new mode must be devised of constructing them in a cheaper and more effective form. Regarding it therefore as impracticable to construct an achromatic object glass more than 15 inches in diameter, for such a sum as we can reasonably expect to command, may we not effect this object by composing the lens of different portions of glass made out of the same pot, and therefore having the same refractive and dispersive powers. This idea, which we suggested many years ago, may be effected in two ways, either by grinding or polishing the different portions of the lens separately, and fixing them in their proper place by mechanical means, or by uniting them together with a cement of the same expansibility by heat as the glass itself. Or we may unite into one telescope two or more object glasses, either of the same or of different focal lengths;—the superposition of the images being effected by reflectors, and in the case of object glasses of unequal focal lengths, the equality in the images being produced by a second and smaller object glass, convex or concave as the case requires.*

* Since this article was written, we have learned that M. Bontemps of Paris has acquired M. Guinand's art of making large discs of flint glass, and that he has actually offered to produce perfect discs *three feet* in diameter! Messrs. Chance and Co. of Birmingham have taken out a patent for M. Bontemps' process, and are prepared to

But whether the Achromatic Telescope be destined or not to attain greater magnitude and perfection, it has, in its present state, done vast service to astronomical science. To two achromatic telescopes, mounted equatorially, the one *five* feet long, with an object glass $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter, executed by Dollond, and the other *seven* feet long, with an object glass *five* inches in diameter, and executed by Tully, we owe the splendid series of observations made in 1821, 22, 23, by Sir John Herschel and Sir James South, on the apparent distances and positions of 380 double and triple stars; and it was by the same instruments that Sir James South, in 1823, 24, 25, determined the distances and positions of no fewer than 458 double and triple stars, a task of herculean magnitude, which, had he done nothing else for science, would have immortalized him. His observations were made in a foreign country, at Passy, near Paris, and include about 160 double and triple stars previously undiscovered.*

While the astronomy of Binary and Tertiary systems were thus rapidly advancing in England, the liberality of the Emperor of Russia was providing for his observatory of Dorpat the magnificent achromatic telescope of Fraunhofer, which we have already mentioned. This fine instrument was, in 1824, placed in the hands of M. Struve, who has pre-eminently distinguished himself in this branch of astronomical inquiry; and in 1837, the Academy of Sciences at Petersburg published† his micrometrical measures of all the double and multiple stars which he had observed during *thirteen* years, from 1823 to 1837, with the great telescope of Fraunhofer. In order to give these results their full value, Struve undertook the determination of the absolute mean places of these stars, that is, of the principal star of each group, by fixed meridional instruments and repeated observations. This great work was begun in 1822, when the great meridian circle of Reichenbach arrived at Dorpat, and was continued till 1838, when Struve changed

his residence from Dorpat to Pulkova; and the catalogue, containing upwards of 3000 double stars, is now about to be published by the Imperial Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg.*

As we have no knowledge of the relative distances of the fixed stars, our readers will doubtless wish to know on what grounds astronomers assume that two stars which may be only accidentally in the same line, or near each other, form a binary system, *physically* and not merely *optically*, connected. Double stars are found in every part of the heavens; but in general, they are less numerous in those places where there are fewer stars, diminishing about the Great Bear, the Dragon, and under the *Canes Venaticæ*, and increasing proportionally as we approach the Milky Way. They are very numerous about Lyra, in the Goose, the Fox, and the Arrow, in Perseus, and in Aries. In Struve's Catalogue of 3063 double stars, the double stars in the different classes, or with different degrees of closeness, are as follows:

1st Class, or 4" distant,	2d Class, 8" distant,	3d Class, 16" distant,
987	675	659
4th Class, 32" distant,	Total in all the classes,	
736	3063	

Now, if these stars were only *optically* double, those of the 4th class ought to be the most numerous. For as the surfaces of spheres, as Struve justly reasons, whose radii are 4, 8, 16, 32 seconds (the distances of the stars in the different classes) are as the squares of 1, 2, 4, 8, or as 1, 4, 16, 64, the doctrine of probabilities teaches us that the number of optically double stars of various classes will be as the differences, 1, 3, 12, 48, between the last numbers, and therefore it follows, that *out of sixty-four stars optically double, there should be only one of the 1st class*, whereas there are 987! Again, assuming that the 736 double stars of the *fourth class* are *optically double*, it will follow, from the preceding ratios, that

manufacture discs of all sizes, either of crown or flint glass up to *three feet*.

* Sir John Herschel had, previous to 1829, published, in the Memoirs of the Astronomical Society, three series of observations on double and multiple stars, completing the first thousand of these objects detected with the twenty-foot reflecting telescope.

† Stellarum duplicium et multiplicium mensuræ micrometricæ, auctore F. G. W. STRUVE. 1837. Fol.

* Under the title of "Stellarum inerrantium, imprimis compositarum, quæ in Catalogis Dorpatensibus annorum 1820 et 1827 continentur, positiones mediæ ex 22 annorum et 1822 ad 1843 observationibus, in specula Dorpatensi institutis deducunt." *Astronomische Nachrichten*, Altona, 1844, Juli 6. The number of stars which passed in review through Struve's telescope was estimated at 120,000, though his survey extended only to 106° from the pole, or to stars whose meridian altitude exceeded 160½°.

the different classes should contain the following numbers of optically double stars, viz.

1st Class,	2d Class,	3d Class,
16	47	184
In all these three Classes,		
247		

Whereas they contain of double stars,

1st Class,	2d Class,	3d Class,
987	675	654
In all these three Classes,		
2316		

Hence we may conclude with our author, that almost all the stars of the first class are *physically double, and likewise those of the second class, and a very great part of the third class*. M. Struve goes farther, and maintains that the stars even of the fourth class ought to be considered as physically double, and he establishes or rather confirms this opinion in the following manner:—

"In the celestial maps of Harding, which may be considered as perfect, as far as regards stars of the *seventh* magnitude, we reckon 10,229 stars of the first to the seventh magnitude, even to the distance of 15° south of the equator. If we apply to this number the doctrine of probabilities, we shall obtain the very remarkable result that we ought to find in this space but one pair of stars 32 seconds distant from each other. If, then, it be possible that some one of the double bright stars of the third and fourth classes are in a manner optically double, all the double stars of the first class, and a great part of those of the fourth ought to be considered physically double, or as forming a particular system of two stars joined together."—*Struve's Report on Double Stars, addressed to Prince Lieven.*

Notwithstanding the number and accuracy of the observations which have been made on these double stars, which really form binary systems, it is very difficult to deduce from them any general results in which the mind can rest with satisfaction. Sir John Herschel, and Savary, and Encke, have attempted to determine the laws which regulate the revolution of the lesser star, and to obtain some information respecting the distance of these bodies from the earth. By employing only the position of the line joining the two stars, Sir John Herschel has arrived at the conclusion that the smaller star describes an ellipse round the greater star, supposed to be at rest in one of the foci of that ellipse, and therefore that the law of gravity, varying inversely as the

square of the distance, is extended to the sidereal systems. M. Savary has gone still farther, and has pointed out a singularly ingenious method of obtaining an approximate determination of the distances of some of the double stars from our earth or sun. This method, which we cannot pretend to explain without diagrams, consists in determining the difference between the duration of the two halves of the revolution of the lesser star, in an orbit much inclined to the visual ray drawn from the earth to the star, arising from the velocity of light. The semi-revolution performed by the star in describing the half of its orbit, in which it advances towards us, must, owing to the velocity of light, appear to be performed in less time than it is in reality, while the duration of its semi-revolution in the other half, while moving from us, must appear to be augmented. In applying this method, we must of course assume, that the orbit of the star is symmetrical in relation to its major axis, and that there are two points in the orbit equidistant from the greater star, at which the lesser star moves with the same velocity. When the inclination of the orbit, therefore, and its angular extent have been otherwise previously determined, the difference of time between the two semi-revolutions, will afford a basis for approximating to the linear dimensions of the orbit, and the star's true distance from the earth.

Such, we were about to say, is all the knowledge of the binary sidereal systems which we have to communicate; but a notice has just appeared* of an important discovery by that distinguished astronomer, Professor Bessel of Königsberg, which promises to us the development of new mysteries, the exhibition of sidereal bodies, which, though invisible to the eye of man, stands revealed to his reason—just as the concealed loadstone is detected by its attractions when the magician happens to have a philosopher among his audience. Hitherto it had appeared that the proper motions of the fixed stars were uniform, arising, as was supposed, from the advancement of the solar system to the constellation Hercules; but more accurate observations were still required to give plausibility to this bold hypothesis. The fine observations now made in our observatories with fixed meridional instruments, have enabled Professor Bessel to investigate the nature

* *Athenæum*, August 31st, 1844.

of these motions with an accuracy previously unattainable; and, with this view, he has discussed by a laborious process, his own observations and those of different astronomers since 1753, the epoch of Bradley's observations. In this inquiry, he has found that the proper motion of *Sirius* in right ascension, and that of *Procyon* in declination, deviate very sensibly from uniformity. Hence it follows, that these stars must describe orbits in space under the influence of central forces; and following out these principles, he has arrived at the conclusion, that the apparent motions of these two stars are such as might be produced by their revolution about *non-luminous* central bodies not very remote from the star itself. Hence they will prove *binary* systems, like those of double stars, and differing from them only in this, that they have dark in place of bright partners, to which they perform the functions of revolving suns. *Sirius* and *Procyon* are, therefore, double stars; and we may indulge the hope that this remarkable fact, deduced only from their motions, may yet be rendered visible by their being more or less eclipsed by the dark planet which controls them. In this case the visible partners will exhibit the phenomena of variable stars, and the law of their variation may enable us to form some conclusion respecting the form and position of their orbits. The phenomena of variable stars have been hitherto ascribed to the rotation of the star about its axis, which may bring into view portions of its disc more or less luminous; but may we not now suppose that stars are rendered variable by the interposition of their non-luminous partners? In like manner we may ascribe the appearance of new stars to their emerging from behind their dark partners, and the disappearance of others to their undergoing a lengthened eclipse from the same non-luminous bodies. There is an obvious difficulty, however, to which the existence of non-luminous bodies is exposed. The revolution of *Sirius* or *Procyon*, as suns, round their dark companions, must have the effect of illuminating them, and though their light may not be sufficiently great to become visible with our present telescopes, yet we may hope that the huge instruments which will yet be directed to the heavens may render them visible, and thus add to our knowledge of these remarkable sidereal systems.

After these preliminary details respecting the construction of gigantic telescopes,

and the principal discoveries which they have enabled astronomers to make, our readers will be the better able to appreciate the genius, the talent, the patience, and the liberality with which an Irish nobleman has constructed telescopes far transcending in magnitude and power all previous instruments, whether they were the result of private wealth, or of royal or national munificence. That nobleman is Lord Oxmantown, now the Earl of Rosse, one of a distinguished group of Irish philosophers, who, educated in the same academical institution, now adorn it with their genius, and sustain it by their labors. In the records of modern science there are few brighter names than those of Robinson, Hamilton, Lloyd, and Maccullagh, and in the persons of the Earl of Rosse and Lord Enniskillen, the aristocracy of Ireland have contributed their contingent to her intellectual chivalry. But to us in a sister land, the land of sober judgment and of serious faith, genius, however bright, is shorn of its purest rays, when it seeks and finds but the bubble reputation among the wonders which it unfolds; and when in search of the richest gems, it has missed the pearl of the greatest price. It is, therefore, a matter of no ordinary satisfaction, that the intellectual energy of Ireland is concentrated in men of like faith with ourselves, who will be found girt for the same contest when the wisdom of this world shall be arrayed against the faith once delivered to the saints. If, in an eloquent address to the British Association at Cork, Dr. Robinson has given expression to his delight, "that so high a problem as the construction of a *six feet* speculum should have been mastered by one of his countrymen—by one whose attainments are an honor to his rank—an example to his equals—and an instance of the perfect compatibility of the highest intellectual pursuits with the most perfect discharge of the duties of domestic and social life;"—we also may indulge in the pleasing recollection that Lord Oxmantown's earliest plans for improving the reflecting telescope were first given to the world in three communications which were published in a *Scottish Journal of Science*, and that some of us were the first to recognize their value, and to see looming in the distance that mighty instrument with which we are about to make our readers acquainted.

As the surfaces of all lense and specula are necessarily of a spherical form, they

are subject to what is called *spherical aberration*, that is, the edge both of specula and lenses has a shorter focus than the centre. In lenses this may be diminished or even removed by the opposite aberration of a concave lens; but this remedy cannot be applied to specula. It therefore occurred to Lord Rosse, that the first step towards the improvement of the reflecting telescope, was to *diminish the spherical aberration*. With this view he formed the speculum of *three parts*, a central speculum, a ring, inclosing the central speculum, and an outer ring. These three portions were cemented together, and ground and polished as one speculum. They were then combined by an ingenious piece of mechanism, so that the first and second rings could be *advanced* each a small fraction of an inch, in order that their foci should accurately coincide with the focus of the central speculum. Lord Rosse's first attempt did not succeed to his wishes, owing to a defect in the mechanism, which required frequent adjustments, as the smallest shock displaced the images. He then tried to combine one ring only, 1 inch thick, with a central metal $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches thick, the two together forming a speculum of six inches aperture, and two feet focal length. This combination was more successful, as it "remained in perfect adjustment even after very violent shocks." In these combinations Lord Rosse did not perceive the ill effects which he had apprehended from contraction and expansion; and it remained to be seen, from future trials, if they did appear, whether or not they could be removed. "On my return from Parliament, (June 1828,) says Lord Rosse, "if other avocations do not interfere, I propose to construct a speculum in three parts, of 18 inches aperture, and *twelve feet* focal length;—this will be giving the experiment a fair trial on a large scale." This proposal was accordingly executed, and he found the speculum superior to a solid one of the same dimensions.

In order to grind and polish large specula, Lord Rosse soon perceived that a *steam-engine* and appropriate machinery were necessary. He accordingly invented a machine of this kind, and transmitted an account of it to the writer of this article, who published it in the *Edinburgh Journal of Science* for October, 1828. The engine which his Lordship actually constructed and used was one of two horse power, though from some rude trials with it he inferred

that a one-horse power would be fully sufficient for executing at the same time *three or four* specula six inches in diameter. For such sizes Lord Rosse conceived that a day would suffice for completing the process, and that a machine on the scale shown in his drawing, "would be sufficiently large to grind and polish a speculum of *three feet diameter*, or perhaps larger." In this interesting communication Lord Rosse suggests what he afterwards accomplished, that the motion for producing a *parabolic curve*, "might be imitated by means of the eccentric guides, and the slow circular motion of the speculum, and with this advantage, that, were it found really successful, the same result would probably be always afterwards obtained."

Before the year 1830, Lord Rosse had made still further advances towards the great object he had in view. He found from many experiments that he could not cast a speculum of the moderate dimensions of 15 inches, without reducing the composition considerably below the highest standard, that is without using so much copper as to produce a soft and yellowish metal. All the specula cracked in annealing when the proper composition was employed. In order to get over this difficulty, he tried to cast the specula in different pieces, and to unite them by tinning their surfaces; but though this was practicable, he abandoned it for the following plan. He found that an alloy of copper 2·75 parts, with 1 of zinc, expanded and contracted with a change of temperature in the same degree as speculum metal, and was an alloy malleable, ductile, and easily worked. With this alloy he cast a speculum 15 inches in diameter, with a rim and ribs behind. It was turned smooth and flat on one side, and tinned. Six pieces of the highest speculum metal, $1\frac{1}{2}$ th of an inch thick, were then placed on the flat tinned surface, so as to complete a circular disc 15 inches in diameter, and when soldered to it, composed a *plated speculum*. When ground and polished, it formed an excellent telescope of twelve feet focal length. Upon the same plan Lord Rosse constructed a speculum *two feet* in diameter, for a telescope *twenty-six feet* long. Hitherto it had been believed by opticians, that a fine polish could not be given to specula, unless when the polisher became dry and hot; but Lord Rosse at this stage of his researches found out a method of polishing a cold metal upon a moist polisher, an object of very

great importance, as a speculum should be polished at the same temperature at which it is to be used.

The next step in Lord Rosse's progress was to make a plated speculum, *three feet* in diameter. The proportions of copper and tin, which he found to be best, were the *definite* ones of *four* atoms of copper to *one* of tin, or 126·4 parts of copper to 58·9 of tin, or 32 of the one to 14·91 of the other. After preparing the alloy speculum, which was to be plated, and turning it to a radius of 54 feet, Lord Rosse proceeded to cast the small plates of speculum metal, about 9 inches square. In doing this he encountered great difficulties, owing to their extreme brittleness, arising, no doubt, from the too rapid cooling of their edges, and the consequent state of tension. In order to remove this evil, he sawed the plates with a circular sawing disc of iron, immersed in emery and water, and he so far succeeded that he obtained plates with which he composed a *two feet* speculum. He also used the same plates originally for the *three feet* one, but before the combination was completed, he discovered the true process of casting specula of all sizes. In order to produce uniformity of cooling, he tried two ways of constructing the mould. The *first* was to make the lower surface of the mould, containing the liquid speculum, absorb the heat rapidly, and the upper retain it; and the *second* was to cool the lower surface, while the heat of the upper surface was undiminished. The first plan did not succeed; but the second did, by making the lower surface of the mould of iron, and the upper of sand; but though the castings were sound, there was this defect, that bubbles of air were entangled between the iron disc and the speculum metal, producing cavities which it was troublesome to grind out. Hence he was led to replace the iron disc, by one made of pieces of hoop iron, placed side by side with their edges up, tightly packed in an iron frame, the surface, thus composed of edges, being smoothed to the proper curvature, by filing or turning. By this most ingenious process he constructed a metallic surface every where open, as the closest plates allowed the air to pass freely between them.

"So successful was this expedient," says Lord Rosse, "that of *sixteen* plates cast for the *three feet* speculum, not one was defective. The following particulars require to be attended to. The disc of hoop iron should be as thick as the speculum to be cast upon it, so as to

cool it with sufficient rapidity; it requires to be warm, so that there may be no moisture deposited upon it from the sand; it may be heated to 212°, without materially lessening its cooling power. The metal should enter the mould by the side, as is usual in iron founding, but much quicker, almost instantaneously; one second is sufficient for filling the mould of a nine inch plate or speculum. As to the temperature of the metal, this can best be ascertained by stirring it with a wooden pole occasionally, after it has become perfectly fluid: when the carbon of the pole reduces the oxide on the surface of the metal, rendering it brilliant like quicksilver, the heat is sufficient. When the metal has become solid in the ingate or hole through which it enters the mould, the plate is to be removed quickly to an oven heated a little below redness, to remain till cold, which, where the plates are nine inches in diameter, should be *three or four days* at least."—*Phil. Trans.*, 1840, p. 511.

When the nine inch plates are properly scraped and cleaned, much attention is necessary in soldering them upon the tinned surface of the alloy speculum. Care must be taken that until the tin on the speculum is fused, the melted resin must not be poured in between the plates.

The great success which attended this new method of casting these nine inch specula, induced Lord Rosse to try it on a large scale, and he accordingly proceeded with one *twenty* inches, and another *three feet*, which on the first trial were cast perfect. The crucibles which he employed were made of cast iron, and cast with their mouth upwards; and the fuel used was peat or wood, which are both preferable to coke.

A perfect speculum being thus obtained, the next object to be accomplished is to work it, by grinding and polishing, to a perfect spherical figure. The machine for this purpose, which we have already described, was improved and enlarged so as to work a speculum *three feet* in diameter, and after several years' experience, during which specula have been ground and polished with it many hundred times, it has been found to work large surfaces with a degree of precision unattainable by the hand. The peculiarity in this process, introduced by Lord Rosse, and as we conceive essential to success, is, that the polisher works *above* and upon the face of the speculum to be polished, and one singular advantage of this arrangement is, that the figure of the speculum can be examined as the operation proceeds, without removing the speculum, which, when a ton weight, is

no easy matter. The contrivance for doing this is so beautiful, and has proved so useful, that we must briefly explain it. The machine is placed in a room at the bottom of a high tower, in the successive floors of which trap-doors can be opened. A mast is elevated on the top of the tower, so that its summit is about 90 *feet* above the speculum. A dial-plate is attached to the top of the mast, and a small plane speculum and eye-piece, with proper adjustments, are so placed that the combination becomes a Newtonian telescope, and the dial-plate the object.

During the operation of polishing the larger specula, a variety of difficulties occurred, but they were all surmounted by the ingenuity and patience of Lord Rosse. At first, in order to allow a lateral expansion of the pitch, it appeared necessary to increase the thickness of the bed of pitch as the diameter of the speculum was increased. This proved a failure, and the lateral expansion was provided for by making grooves in the pitch; but these grooves, though there were two sets at right angles to each other, and only two inches distant, were with difficulty kept open, and the polisher lost its figure. All these evils, however, were removed by furrowing the polisher itself, so as to divide it into definite and insulated portions. The effect of this improvement was so great, that the plated or divided *three feet* speculum defined better with a power of 1200 than it had previously done with a power of 300. In place of pitch, Lord Rosse used, as his polishing surface, a mixture of common resin and turpentine, and this composition was laid on in two strata of different degrees of hardness, the outer one being the harder, the subjacent softer layer expanding laterally, so as to preserve the figure of the polisher. The speculum being placed in a cistern of water, the polishing process is then effected by using peroxide of iron and water, of about the consistence of thin cream.

The last and the most important part of the process of working the speculum, is to give it a *true parabolic figure*, that is, such a figure that each portion of it should reflect the incident ray to the same focus. This grand difficulty has been completely mastered by Lord Rosse. The operations for this purpose consist, 1st. Of a stroke of the first eccentric, which carries the polisher along *one-third* of the diameter of the speculum. 2d. A transverse

stroke 21 times slower, and equal to 0.27 of the same diameter, measured on the edge of the tank, or 1.7 beyond the centre of the polisher. 3d. A rotation of the speculum performed in the same time as 37 of the first strokes; and 4th. A rotation of the polisher in the same direction about sixteen times slower. If these rules are attended to, the machine will give the true parabolic figure to the speculum, whether it be *six inches* or *three feet* in diameter. In the three-feet speculum, the figure is so true, with the whole aperture, that it is thrown out of focus by a motion of less than the *thirtieth of an inch*, "and even with a single lens of one-eighth of an inch focus, giving a power of 2592, the dots on a watch dial are still in some degree defined.

The *twenty-six feet* telescope thus executed, has a general resemblance to that of Ramage, but the tube, gallery, and vertical axis of the stand are counterpoised. It is used as a Newtonian telescope, with a small plane speculum, to prevent the image being deformed by oblique reflection, which is the effect of the front view. When the specula are not used they are preserved from moisture and acid vapors by connecting their boxes with chambers containing quick lime, an arrangement which Dr. Robinson had applied for several years to the Armagh reflector.

When this telescope was completed, it became an object of high interest to ascertain its performance. In doing this, Dr. Robinson had, as he remarks, "the advantage of the assistance of one of the most celebrated of British astronomers, Sir James South;" but the weather, the state of the air, and the light of the moon, between the 29th October and 8th November 1840, were unfavorable. The following is the substance of Dr. Robinson's report:—

"Both specula, the divided and the solid, seem exactly parabolic, there being no sensible difference in the focal adjustment of the eye-piece with the whole aperture of 36 inches, or one of twelve; in the former case there is more flutter, but apparently no difference in definition, and the eye-piece comes to its place of adjustment very sharply.

"The solid speculum showed a Lyre round and well-defined, with powers up to 1000 inclusive, and at moments even with 1600; but the air was not fit for so high a power on any telescope. Rigel, two hours from the meridian, with 600, was round, the field quite dark, the companion separated by more than a diameter of the star from its light, and so brilliant that it would certainly be visible long before sunset.

poised, and Lord Rosse's arrangements for this purpose are most ingeniously contrived. When in the zenith, the tendency of the telescope to fall is nothing, but on each side it gradually increases, and is a maximum at the horizon. The first plan of a counterpoise was this. A chain attached to the upper end of the tube passes over a pulley, and carries the counterpoise which rolls on a curved railway, which can be so formed that the telescope may be in equilibrium through its whole range. The arrangements for this contrivance are already made, but Lord Rosse intends to try a much simpler method, in which the weight, in place of rolling, is kept attached to a fixed point by a guy, so that when the tube is low the weight acts to great mechanical advantage, and when high with less advantage.

Such is a brief description of the noble telescope completed by the Earl of Rosse—a telescope gigantic even among the giant instruments which preceded it. In order to form an idea of its effective magnitude, we must compare it with other instruments, as in the following table, which contains the number of square inches in each speculum, on the supposition that they were square in place of round.

Names of Makers.	Diameter of Speculum.	Area of Surface
Newton	1 inch	1 sq. in.
	2.37	5.6
Hadley	4½	20
	5	25
Hawksbee	9	81
Ramage	15	225
	21	441
Lord Rosse	2 feet	576
	3	1296
Herschel	4	2304
Lord Rosse	6	5184
To be executed	8.4	10000
	10	14400
Lord Rosse's two 6 ft. specula combined		10368

In glancing over the preceding table, and marking the rapid strides of the reflecting telescope, it is impossible to restrain the mind from anticipating still grander achievements. If Sir William Herschel made such a start ahead of his predecessors, and if Lord Rosse has taken such a flight beyond his first high position, may we not expect that he, or at least his successor in discovery, will execute the two instruments which we have placed below his own? But it is not merely in the course which has been already pursued,

that we are to look for an extension of our astronomical knowledge. We have yet to try what can be effected by specula of moderate apertures and extremely long foci, in which the spherical aberration will almost disappear, for there can be no doubt that a true spherical figure can be more perfectly attained than a parabolic one. The value of fixed telescopes, too, kept in dry vaults of uniform temperature, into which the rays are to be admitted by plain reflectors, remains to be tried; and we venture to propose as practicable, *the combination of two or more specula in a single telescope*. If a six feet spherical speculum has its circular diaphragm of six feet converted into two of three feet each, the effect will be exactly the same as that produced by the combinations of two three feet spherical reflectors. Lord Rosse may, therefore, by the fine adjustments which he has already executed, unite his two six feet mirrors, and thus produce a speculum with a proportional area of 10368 square inches, exceeding in surface our hypothetical speculum of 8 1-3 feet!

But our views must not be confined to the principle of reflexion. The Achromatic Telescope may yet take the start of reflectors, as it once did; and when we consider the successive steps of Lord Rosse's progress, we can scarcely doubt, that with his hands so skilful, and his head so stored with the chemistry of fusion, and the physics of annealing, lenses of flint and crown glass may yet be executed of gigantic magnitude, or even meniscuses of plate glass to hold gallons of fluid for the construction of aplanatic object-glasses.

In cherishing these high expectations, we have not forgotten that the state of our atmosphere must put some limit to the magnifying power of our telescopes. In our variable climate, indeed, the vapors, and local changes of temperature, and consequent inequalities of refraction, offer various obstructions to the extension of astronomical discovery. But we must meet the difficulty in the only way in which it can be met. The astronomer cannot command a thunder-storm to cleanse the atmosphere, and he must therefore undertake a pilgrimage to better climates—to Egypt or to India, in search of a purer and more homogeneous medium; or even to the flanks of the Himalaya and the Andes, that he may erect his watch-tower above the grosser regions of the atmosphere. In some of those brief yet lucid intervals

resolved nebulae into stars, and has destroyed that symmetry of form in globular nebulae, upon which was founded the hypothesis of the gradual condensation of nebulous matter into suns and planets.

Such is a brief account of the construction and performance of a telescope which Dr. Robinson characterizes as the most powerful that has ever been made. Its superiority to all other instruments must have been very gratifying to Lord Rosse, and might have justified him in resting from his labors, and enjoying the honor of having triumphed in so noble an undertaking: but the instrument was scarcely out of his hands before he resolved upon attempting the construction of another reflector, with a speculum *six feet* in diameter, and *fifty feet* long! This magnificent instrument was accordingly undertaken, and within the last month has been brought to a successful termination. The speculum has *six feet* of clear aperture, and therefore an area *four* times greater than that of the *three-feet* speculum, and it weighs nearly *four tons*! The focal length is *53 feet*. It was polished in *six hours*, in the same time as a small speculum, and with the same facility; and no particular care was taken in preparing the polisher, as Lord Rosse intended to repolish it as soon as the focal length was ascertained to be correct; but upon directing it to a nebula, the performance was better than he expected, and he therefore has suffered it to remain in the tube for the present. The second or duplicate speculum, not yet finished, is in every respect the same in size. It was only three weeks in the annealing oven, and is reckoned very good.

The casting of a speculum of nearly four tons must have been an object of great interest, as well as of difficulty; but every difficulty was foreseen and provided against. In order to ensure uniformity of metal, the blocks from the first melting, which was effected in three furnaces, were broken up, and the pieces from each of the furnaces were placed in three separate casks, A, B, and C. Then in charging the crucibles for the final melting of the speculum, successive portions from cask A were put into furnaces *a, b, and c*, from B into *b, c, d*, and so on.

In order to prevent the metal from bending or changing its form, Lord Rosse has introduced a very ingenious and effective support. The speculum rests upon a surface of twenty-seven pieces of cast iron, of

equal area, and strongly framed so as to be stiff and light. There are twelve of these in the outer rim, nine in the next, and six sectors at the centre. Each of these pieces is supported at its centre of gravity on a hemispheric bearing, at the angle of a triangle of cast iron, these triangles being in their turn similarly supported at the angles of three primary triangles, which, again, are supported at their centres of gravity by three screws which work in a strong iron frame, and serve for adjusting the mirrors. This frame carries also levers to give lateral support to the speculum, in the same diffused manner. This frame, which contains the speculum, is attached to an immense joint, like that of a pair of compasses moving round a pin, in order to give the transverse motion for following the star in right ascension. This pin is fixed to the centre piece between two trunnions, like those of an enormous mortar, lying east and west, and upon which the telescope has its motion in altitude. To the frame there is fastened a large cubical wooden box, about eight feet a side, in which there is a door through which two men go in to remove, or to replace the cover of the mirror. To this box is fastened the tube, which is made of deal staves, hooped like a huge cask. It is about 40 feet long, and 8 feet diameter in the middle, and is furnished with internal diaphragms, about $6\frac{1}{2}$ feet in aperture. The Dean of Ely walked through the tube with an umbrella up!

This enormous tube is established between two lofty piers or walls of castellated architecture, about sixty feet high, one of which carries an iron semicircle, against which the tube bears when in the meridian. The declinations will, therefore, be given in this case by a circle and level, as in Troughton's Transit Instruments. The celestial object is followed in right ascension by drawing the telescope from this plane through a range of fourteen feet, with a long screw, moved either by hand or by a clock, with a rate variable with the declination. The hour angle will, in such cases, be obtained by another circle and level. The other pier carries the galleries for the observers, which, for fear of producing tremor, Lord Rosse was unwilling to attach to the tube. The galleries will consist of three stages, with some help from ladders, each stage being pushed forward in succession from the top of the piers.

This immense mass of matter weighing about twelve tons, requires to be counter-

poised, and Lord Rosse's arrangements for this purpose are most ingeniously contrived. When in the zenith, the tendency of the telescope to fall is nothing, but on each side it gradually increases, and is a maximum at the horizon. The first plan of a counterpoise was this. A chain attached to the upper end of the tube passes over a pulley, and carries the counterpoise which rolls on a curved railway, which can be so formed that the telescope may be in equilibrium through its whole range. The arrangements for this contrivance are already made, but Lord Rosse intends to try a much simpler method, in which the weight, in place of rolling, is kept attached to a fixed point by a guy, so that when the tube is low the weight acts to great mechanical advantage, and when high with less advantage.

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But our views must not be confined to the principle of reflexion. The Achromatic Telescope may yet take the start of reflectors, as it once did; and when we consider the successive steps of Lord Rosse's progress, we can scarcely doubt, that with his hands so skilful, and his head so stored with the chemistry of fusion, and the physics of annealing, lenses of flint and crown glass may yet be executed of gigantic magnitude, or even meniscuses of plate glass to hold gallons of fluid for the construction of aplanatic object-glasses.

In cherishing these high expectations, we have not forgotten that the state of our atmosphere must put some limit to the magnifying power of our telescopes. In our variable climate, indeed, the vapors, and local changes of temperature, and consequent inequalities of refraction, offer various obstructions to the extension of astronomical discovery. But we must meet the difficulty in the only way in which it can be met. The astronomer cannot command a thunder-storm to cleave the atmosphere, and he must therefore undertake a pilgrimage to better climates—to Egypt or to India, in search of a purer and more homogeneous medium; or even to the flanks of the Himalaya and the Andes, that he may erect his watch-tower above the grosser regions of the atmosphere. In some of those brief yet lucid intervals

which precede or follow rain, when the remotest objects present themselves in sharp outline and minute detail, discoveries of the highest value might be grasped by the lynx-eyed astronomer. The resolution of a nebula—the bisection of a double star—the details of a planet's ring—the evanescent markings on its disc—or perhaps the display of some of the dark worlds of Bessel—might be the revelations of a moment, and would amply repay the transportation of a huge telescope to the shoulder or to the summit of a lofty mountain.

In looking back upon what the telescope has accomplished;—in reckoning the thousands of celestial bodies which have been detected and surveyed;—in reflecting on the vast depths of ether which have been sounded, and on the extensive fields of sidereal matter out of which worlds and systems of worlds are forming, and to be formed—can we doubt it to be the Divine plan that man shall yet discover the whole scheme of the visible universe, and that it is his individual duty, as well as the high prerogative of his order, to expound its mysteries, and to develop its laws? Over the invisible world he has received no commission to reign, and into its secrets he has no authority to pry. It is over the material and the visible that he has to sway the intellectual sceptre—it is among the structures of organic and inorganic life that his functions of combination and analysis are to be chiefly exercised. Nor is this a task unworthy of his genius, or unconnected with his destiny. Placed upon a globe already formed, and constituting part of a system already complete, he can scarcely trace either in the solid masses around him, or in the forms and movements of the planets, any of those secondary causes by which these bodies have been shaped and launched on their journey. But in the distant heavens, where creation seems to be ever active, where vast distance gives us the vision of huge magnitudes, and where extended operations are actually going on, we may study the cosmogony of our own system, and mark, even during the brief span of human life, the formation of a planet in the consolidation of the nebulous mass which surrounds it.

Such is the knowledge which man has yet to acquire—such the lesson which he has to teach his species. How much to be prized is the intellectual faculty by which such a work is to be performed;—how

wonderful the process by which the human brain, in its casket of bone, can alone establish such remote and transcendental truths. A soul so capacious, and ordained for such an enterprise, cannot be otherwise than immortal.

But even when all these mysteries shall be revealed, the mind will still wrestle with eager curiosity to learn the final destiny of such glorious creations. The past and the present furnish some grounds of anticipation. Revelation throws in some faint touches of its light;—but it is in the indications of science chiefly—in the results of mechanical laws—that we are likely to find any sure elements for our judgment. In the creations around and near us all is change and decomposition. The solid globe, once incandescent and scarcely cooled, has been the theatre of recurring convulsions, by which every thing has been destroyed, and after which every thing has been renewed. Animal life in its varied organizations has perished, and written its epitaph upon imperishable monuments. Man, too, though never extinct as a race, returns one by one to his clay, and his intellectual functions are perpetuated in the reproduction of his fellow. In the solar system we see fragments of planets—asteroids, as they have been called—occupying, in almost interlacing orbits, the place of a larger body; and in the direction and amount of the annual and diurnal motions of the primary and secondary planets, we recognize the result of a grand creative movement, by which the sun, with its widely extended atmosphere, or a revolving atmosphere itself, has cast off, by successive throes, the various bodies of the system, at first circling in gaseous zones, but subsequently contracted into planets and a sun.

This system, so wonderfully formed, is again enchained with another more distant by an assemblage of comets—a class of bodies which doubtless carry on some reciprocal intercourse for the benefit of both. Composed of nebulous matter, they may yet be consolidated into habitable globes; and resembling in aspect the vast nebulae which fill the sidereal spaces, and forming a part of our own system, they countenance the theory, that the nebulae which the telescope cannot resolve may be the pabulum out of which heat and motion are to form new systems, where planets, thrown off from a central nucleus, will form new abodes of life and intelligence.

But while all the phenomena in the heav-

ens indicate a law of progressive creation, in which revolving matter is distributed into suns and planets, there are indications in our own system, that a period has been assigned for its duration, which, sooner or later, it must reach. The medium which fills universal space—whether it be a luminiferous ether, or arise from the indefinite expansion of planetary atmospheres—must retard the bodies which move in it, even though it were 360,000 millions of times more rare than atmospheric air; and, with its time of revolution gradually shortening, the satellite must return to its planet, the planet to its sun, and the sun to its primeval nebula. The fate of our system, thus deduced from mechanical laws, must be the fate of all others. Motion cannot be perpetuated in a resisting medium; and where there exist disturbing forces, there must be primarily derangement, and ultimately ruin. From the great central mass, heat may again be summoned to exhale nebulous matter;—chemical forces may again produce motion, and motion may again generate systems; but—as in the recurring catastrophes which have desolated our earth, the great First Cause must preside at the dawn of each cosmical cycle—and, as in the animal races which were successively reproduced, new celestial creations, of a nobler form of beauty, and of a higher order of permanence, may yet appear in the sidereal universe. “Behold, I create new heavens and a new earth, and the former shall not be remembered.” “The new heavens and the new earth shall remain before me.” “Let us look, then, according to his promise, for the new heavens and the new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness.”

THE ROBERTSES ON THEIR TRAVELS.

BY MRS. TROLLOPE.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

HAVING reached the farthest, or upper end of the large and handsome room in which the *table d'hôte* was spread, Lord Lynberry and Maria, who had marched on in front of the party, turned round, both because they could go no farther, and because they wished to reconnoitre the scene of action from the commanding point they had gained. A very long but rather narrow

table, capable of accommodating above fifty guests, stretched down the middle of the room. A long line of gaudily-colored oil-cloth, with a number of little plates arranged symmetrically upon it, was spread down the middle of the table from the top to the bottom. The little plates contained, for the most part, pink and white sugar-plums, small Savoy biscuits, and walnuts, placed in a circle of six, round a seventh by way of a centre.

The three couples who had followed Lord Lynberry and his fair companion to this point, turned as they turned, and the following words were spoken between the respective couples. Lord Lynberry, on whose left arm Maria's right clung timidly, laid his right hand upon it with a friendly and familiar pressure, which made her quiver from head to foot with inexpressible delight, and said, “How very un-English it all looks, doesn't it? I hope you will like it. Do you think you shall?” To which she replied in accents which did justice to her words, “Oh! as for me, I never care where I am, so that those I like are with me!” It was a pretty and a gentle speech, and she was rewarded by feeling her arm very kindly pressed against the grateful heart of his young lordship. *How* this apparently slight action affected her feelings, the intelligent reader need not be told.

Mr. Roberts and his lady made the second couple.

“What a queer way they have of laying their tables, to be sure!” exclaimed Mr. Roberts. “It does not look very comfortable, my dear, does it?”

“Comfortable? Good gracious, Mr. Roberts! who but you would ever think about being comfortable in such delightful society as we have got into here!” replied his wife. “Just observe his lordship and Maria, that's all, and raise up your thoughts, if you can, to what it must be to have a countess for a daughter.”

These last words were uttered in a low whisper very close to the gentleman's ear, which suggested the necessity of caution so successfully to him, that the only rejoinder was a close pressure of the arm.

“It is an amusing scene,” said the elegant Montgomery, looking, as his magnificent stature permitted, over the heads of the company; “but how impossible it is to find,” he added, looking down very fully into the upturned eyes of his attentive companion—“how perfectly impossible it is to

find a single one of all the native faces which can bear comparison with that of an Englishwoman."

Of course Agatha smiled, and having sustained the glance for half a moment, cast down her eyes, and by a trifling movement of her head, easily managed to make her super-abundant ringlets do the office of a veil, to hide the conscious blush to which the compliment had given birth.

"Well? what d'ye think of it?" said Edward to Miss Harrington. "I delight in it, of all things, myself, it is so devilish amusing. And they say the champagne is capital. But of course I shan't like it at all unless you do."

This was by far the tenderest speech which Bertha's intended bridegroom had ever yet addressed to her, and she made the most direct reply to it that she had ever yet uttered in return to any of his small attempts at conversation—for she not only appeared to have heard what he said, but distinctly answered, by pronouncing the monosyllable "Why?"

But before the young gentleman could sufficiently rally his spirits to profit by this admirable opportunity of explaining himself, a movement of the party behind obliged them to move on.

"Those are our chairs!" exclaimed Lord Lynberry, pushing forward rather eagerly. "Montgomery and I turned them down ourselves. We must not let those fellows get possession of them."

The party accordingly moved on, *en masse*, to the point indicated, and a waiter having already established their prior claim to the bespoken chairs, they immediately took possession of their places, although the company in general were still amusing themselves by walking up and down the room.

"I am afraid we must not expect to find very elegant company—I mean the sort of people that we have been used to—at such a place as this," said Mrs. Roberts, taking this opportunity of beginning the system of precaution, by which she intended to guard the family dignity from any injury that a *table d'hôte* might bring upon it. "But where there are a party of gay young people together," she added, "it signifies very little who may chance to be at the same table with them, provided they take care, you know, to keep themselves to themselves."

"Oh, dear, no, certainly, not the least in the world," replied Mr. Montgomery, to

whom, from the circumstance of his sitting opposite to her, this speech was particularly addressed. "But why do you suspect the company of being particularly objectionable to-day?" he added, fixing his eyes upon two very simply-dressed females, who at that moment were placing themselves at the table, while two middle-aged men, who accompanied them, instead of sitting down beside them, stood behind their chairs.

"Yes, yes, you have hit the mark," said Mrs. Roberts, laughing, and nodding her head very expressively up and down. "Not quite in our way, that, is it?" she added, as her eyes fixed themselves very uncereemoniously upon the group Mr. Montgomery had been looking at. The handsome Englishman smiled slightly, but said nothing.

"Mercy on me!" resumed Mrs. Roberts, her eyes still fixed upon the same party, "I hope it won't be too bad to bear! Do you think it will, my dear sir? If you do, we had really better take the girls away at once, you know."

This sudden anxiety on the part of Mrs. Roberts was occasioned by the two females above mentioned, first one and then the other deliberately taking off their bonnets, and giving them to the two whiskered male individuals who stood behind. The smooth little heads thus uncovered, had not a single hair arranged in a style which appeared fit, in the judgment of Mrs. Roberts, to be displayed at a table where "first-rate ladies and gentlemen," as she said, condescended to sit down to dinner; and this fact, together with that of their smiling very familiarly with the two whiskered gentlemen, as they indicated the pegs against the wall, upon which it was their pleasure to have their bonnets hung, suggested some very painful ideas to her mind, not only respecting their rank and fortune, but their respectability also.

"You know we are perfectly strangers here, my dear Mr. Montgomery," she said, throwing her ample person as far as she could across the table in order to speak to him in a whisper, "and I do not scruple to say that I trust entirely to you, as to the propriety of our remaining at the table. For myself I really should look on, for once and a way, with perfect indifference, quite certain that nothing of the sort could really injure *me*. But for my darling girls!—need I express to you what my feelings are on their account? Dear young creatures!—so innocent, so trusting! Do you think that for their sakes, and for that of Mr.

Roberts' ward, dear little Bertha Harrington, we ought to leave the society of those dreadfully suspicious-looking people? Answer me as if you were their brother, my dear sir."

"I feel of course inexpressibly flattered by your reference, my dear madam," replied the young man; and to the best of my knowledge and belief, your charming daughters will run no risk whatever in remaining at table with the persons who have just taken their seats at the upper end of it."

There was a curling sort of smile about the handsome mouth of Mr. Montgomery as he said this, which puzzled Mrs. Roberts. It was impossible for her to suppose he was laughing at her anxiety—that was too severe an idea to conceive of any man; but still she strongly suspected he *was* joking in some way or other, and her dignity took the alarm. She looked steadily at him with an air of very grave scrutiny for a minute or two, and then said, "I am quite sure, Mr. Montgomery, that nobody appearing so perfectly a person of fashion as you do, could possibly jest upon such a subject with such a person as myself; and yet, forgive me! I cannot help fancying that you know something about those strange-looking women which you do not choose to mention to me, and that the recollection of it, let it be what it may, makes you feel inclined to laugh. Perhaps, however, it is only something about their being so particularly ignorant as to dress! But if that is all, I don't care for it in the least. So that my own dear girls are elegantly dressed, and look as young ladies of fashion ought to do, I don't care a farthing how other people look. Why should I? But I am sure you *do* know something about those women, Mr. Montgomery; and to tell you the truth, I really think that if you do not choose to tell me what it is, I must communicate my suspicions to Mr. Roberts, and desire him without further ceremony to lead us all out again. I must say that I think you are wrong to be so very mysterious." And Mrs. Roberts made a movement, as if she were about to rise from the chair on which she had deposited herself.

"What is mamma going to do?" whispered Agatha to Mr. Montgomery. "The room is getting so full, that if she moves she will never get back to her place. What is it you have been saying to her?"

"I have been saying nothing, I assure you. I believe she has taken fright about those two ladies who are sitting without

their bonnets at the top of the table. She is afraid that they are not respectable."

"Mercy on me, what can it signify!" replied Agatha, knitting her brows with a look of great annoyance.

"Certainly nothing, my fair friend!" replied her elegant neighbor; "besides, I never in my life heard a syllable against their respectability. Do get your mother to sit still, will you?"

"Do you know any thing against them?" said Agatha, remarking as her mother had done, something about the curling lips of Mr. Montgomery, which she could not quite understand.

"All I know," he replied, raising his eyebrows with a look of weariness at the prolonged discussion, "all I know about them is, that the tallest is the Princess of D * * * *, and the other, who is her sister-in-law, is married to the crown Prince of P * * * *."

"Good heavens! Why did you not say so at first!" said Agatha, and then she bent across the table in her turn, and communicated the important intelligence in a whisper to her mother; then again turning to her neighbor, with a reproachful smile, she repeated, "why did you not say so at first?"

"Good heavens! what did it signify?" he replied. "Which soup do you take? white or brown?"

The business of dining had now begun, and whatever the younger part of the company might think of it, Mrs. Roberts felt this to be one of those matters of which increasing years and improving wisdom ought to teach the real value; she therefore only gave one stare of rather incredulous wonder to the words of Agatha, and began to devote her most serious attention to the business of the hour.

Just about the moment when the soup had completed its round, Mr. Vincent entered the room, and paused for a moment within the doorway, to discover whereabouts the party might be of whom he came in search, for he had learned at the Balcony House that the family were gone to dine at the ——. The first eye amidst the party which descried him, was Bertha Harrington's and she immediately stood up, and made him a sign to approach, indicating that there was room near them. He promptly obeyed, and found at the distance of two places from that of Bertha, there was a vacant chair. He gave her a desponding look, and appeared preparing him-

self to take it, when she turned to Edward Roberts who was seated next to her, and said with equal promptitude and decision, "Be so good, Mr. Roberts, as to take that vacant chair. I wish to have my cousin, Mr. Harrington Vincent, seated next me."

It would not be easy, perhaps, to decide which of the two gentlemen was the most surprised by this unexpected command, and however much their feelings upon it might differ in other respects, there was one upon which they were in unison, namely, that under the circumstances, they had nothing to do but obey. A very few seconds sufficed to make Mr. Vincent forget his surprise, and feel nothing but pleasure at finding himself in the place he had thus unexpectedly obtained, and any body who had overheard the conversation of the two cousins, would have concluded that they had been brought up together in the greatest intimacy, and that they both considered themselves as belonging to each other, as much by necessity as by inclination. He told her how he had called at the Balcony House in the morning, and how dreadfully disappointed he had been at not finding her at home; and she told him that if he had only come half an hour before, she should have been so glad, for that then they might have walked together. And then she communicated all her hopes and wishes about exploring the secret passage between the two castles; and in short, amidst the whole of the gay throng assembled round that very festive board, among all the jestings and flirtings which animated it from one end to the other, there was not one who was so conscious of so cheering and delightful a harmony of spirits as the lately silent and sad Bertha Harrington. No longer feeling desolate and alone in the world, the presence of her "cousin William," of that dear noble-spirited son of an unhappy mother, whose name and whose idea were so familiar to her ear and to her heart, seemed to have converted her situation from one of almost unmingled suffering, into every thing that was the reverse of it.

Edward Roberts meanwhile had found such effectual consolation from the conversation of the lady next whom his new position placed him, that he speedily forgot the affront he had received, and never for an instant mixing up his purpose of obtaining Bertha's hand and fortune with any observations he felt disposed to make upon her exceedingly disagreeable manners, he as usual soon forgot that any thing so un-

congenial was in existence, while he gave himself wholly up to the delight of falling in love with a new charmer. He had speedily the great satisfaction of discovering that his fair neighbor was a married woman, which circumstance had become, in his opinion, absolutely necessary to render a tender attachment worth forming, and it more than compensated in his eyes for the dozen or so of years by which she was his senior. What her country might be he could not very accurately decide, nor did this signify a farthing, as on the one fact needful, namely, that she was not English, he could feel no doubt. Perhaps the fact of her speaking English fluently, though rather imperfectly at times, might contribute not a little to make her amiable familiarity of manner the more captivating to him, for notwithstanding his own firm conviction that he spoke French like a native, he was conscious that though quite easy it was very fatiguing. Whether it were that he felt a captivation in her broken English, which he thought might by imitation be added to his own attractions, or that it arose from the habit of imitation so often met with in persons of his order of intellect, whatever were the cause, he had not conversed with her ten minutes before his idiom became wonderfully assimilated to her own.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, looking at him with much kindness, "I perceive, dat is I mean I see, dat you not one English."

"Alas!" sighed Edward in reply, and returning her flattering glance with one which seemed to deprecate her scorn when she should know the truth, "alas! would, madam!—dat is, I should much great deal be thankful to *de bon dieu* if I could say your *aimable soupçon* was correct. But no! I am not so appy. Yes, I am English!"

There was a melancholly pathos in the tone with which he made this avowal that must have touched any heart not absolutely made of stone, and his new acquaintance, who could not with justice be accused of any hardness in that region, replied with the most soothing gentleness, "*Mais n'importe donc!* Dose who do know to make demselves aimables, have a countri common to dem own selves superior to al de oders in de world!"

"Ah den!" exclaimed Edward in a fervent whisper, "no need I to ask vat countri boasts your birth. You are of de countri *des aimables!*"

Before the dialogue had reached this

point the young Lord Lynberry had caused the champagne to flow very abundantly amongst his party, and when by his lordship's commands the sparkling flask reached Edward, he transferred the tall glass that came with it, generously filled to the brim, to the hand of his enchanting neighbor, contenting himself for the nonce with the tumbler that stood beside him. Most readers are probably aware that nothing tends to render the act of dining so gay as abundance of tolerably good champagne. The room was getting warm too, and the bright beverage had been so well *frappé* by the attentive waiter, bribed to the task an hour or two before by his thoughtful young lordship, that it was next to impossible to refuse the oft-pledged draft, and the consequence was that Mrs. Roberts, who really, poor woman, did always suffer, as she said, more than any body from heat, had for the fourth time made the foot of her glass point to the heavens before she recollected what she was about. But then she did, for she began to feel rather giddy, though, as she whispered to Mr. Roberts, she was not in the least uncomfortable; only she thought she ought to have eaten rather a more solid dinner before she began, and the want of *that* made her head feel as light as a feather.

"However," she added, "it is never too late to mend, they say, and if that is not as nice a couple of ducks that they have been cutting up there as ever was bought in Leadenhall-market, I am a Dutchwoman. If I don't manage to get a limb or two of 'em for my share, say that I am a greater fool than you took me for."

"The worthy Mr. Roberts, who had seen the last of the four glasses of champagne disposed of with some uneasiness, exerted himself to procure for his lady such a substantial portion of her favorite dish as might at least for some time keep her silently employed. Nor was he disappointed. Mrs. Roberts, altogether, never felt better in her life, and eat what her attentive husband set before her with great relish; but when she had concluded this part of the entertainment she said to one of the waiters, rather louder perhaps than was necessary, "*Apportez une peu de eau de vie, mon bon homme. Je ne suis pas tout à fait bien.*"

"Gracious Heaven, ma'am!" exclaimed the greatly shocked Agatha, "what are you thinking of?"

"Thinking of, child! thinking of my stomach to be sure! What do I care for

all these people compared to my own health? I promise you that I will not make myself ill for all the *parlez-vous* upon earth."^{*}

This "*delightful dinner-party*" at the — Hof, produced a considerable effect upon the position of the Roberts party at Baden-Baden. Amidst the class of persons, not a very small one, (for all the civilized nations of the earth contribute more or less to compose it,) who find themselves able, and hold themselves privileged, to devote their existence here below to the search for amusement, there may generally be found a considerable portion who, let them be of what nation they will, may perhaps be better described by one little English word than by any name, phrase, title, or epithet, which can be found elsewhere. This unpretending little English word is "*FAST*."

To the initiated this word requires no explanation, being so pregnant with meaning as almost to defy any possible paraphrase to render it more expressive, more clear, more intelligible; but for the sake of such readers as may chance to live too much in the shade for the light of such meteor-like phrases to reach them, I will endeavor to explain what it means. A fast man is one who is endowed with sufficient energy (or audacity) to do every thing that he thinks will amuse him, without permitting himself to be restrained by any consideration whatever. The advantages obtained by this sort of energetic character are somewhat analogous to what Shenstone declares belongs to the man who has contrived to obtain the character of an *oddity*. "It sets him in an easy chair for life," says the pastoral poet, who, notwithstanding his pipe and his crook, knew how to listen to the "busy hum of men" as well as of bees. But the easy chair of the *fast* man is a much more luxurious sort of machine than that of the *oddity*; for whereas the sole hope and aim of the *oddity* is to be permitted to sit in peace, without being pestered by any friendly inquiries as to *why* he does

^{*} This anecdote is correctly given from the life, and proceeds from one of the very numerous class who have contrived, in many places on the continent, to be considered as a fair specimen of an order of persons among whom they assuredly would not be admitted at home, either as equals or associates in any way.

this, or *why* he does not do that, the cushioned ease of the fast man not only enables him to do and to say what he likes himself, but to insist with most powerful and mysterious authority, that all admitted to the honor of his intimacy should do so too; that is to say, not what *they* like best, but what *he* likes best.

Moreover, for the most part, the oddity contents himself by being permitted to utter sundry queer notions, in quaint phrase; or he may perhaps claim the privilege of being clothed in his own fashion, and not in that of his tailor. But far greater are the demands of the fast man upon the toleration of his friends. In all sincerity and truth he expects permission to transgress every law in the decalogue without incurring any worse penalty than being called "*FAST*." Yet this, in truth, instead of punishment, is the very greatest reward which it is in the power of his fellow-creatures to bestow upon him; for he would greatly prefer knowing that it *was* bestowed, than be assured that all who knew of his existence agreed in proclaiming him the most virtuous man alive. Yet *at home*, excepting to their papas, mammas, uncles, aunts, brothers, sisters, and cousins, this class is of no very great importance; and even these close relatives, though often nearly worried to death perhaps by their superabundant vivacity, are generally disposed to pass a lenient judgment on their fooleries, and to let them off with observing that their "*Virtue* hath a license in it which seems a little fouler than it is."

Should a wife, indeed, be in the case, the social relations of the parties are likely to be more painfully affected, for the *fast* husband is rather apt to keep the fancy dress with which he adorns his irregularities for company, putting it off without ceremony, on coming home to his wife, who is therefore forced, sometimes a good deal against her inclination, to contemplate him under a very much worse aspect than any other individual of his acquaintance. This is unfortunate; yet still the fast class are, on their native soil, of little importance to us compared to the injurious effect they produce on the reputation of their countrymen abroad. There is not a capital in Europe, to say nothing of spas, baths, wells, and so forth, where a knot of these frolicking, rollicking Englishmen may not be found, not only doing pretty nearly every thing that they ought not to do, but doing it with such audacity of display, as of neces-

sity brings all eyes upon them; while by thus thrusting themselves and their noisy impertinence perpetually on the foreground, they contrive very effectually to keep the better class of English travellers comparatively out of sight, leaving their own precious sayings and doings to be quoted by all the nations of the earth, as the moral and intellectual type of the British people.

This is a pity, and cannot fail to be much lamented by the patriotic English both at home and abroad; for the class is perfectly well known at home, and the effect they produce when on their travels is guessed at without much difficulty. But although the class of men denominated *fast men* may be perfectly well known in England, and sufficiently studied without leaving it, there is another class sent forth by our overflowing population, which can only be seen in perfection abroad, namely, that awful portion of the travelling tribe, properly denominated "*fast ladies*." Of this class, the women of England who remain at home, have, I really hope and believe, no idea whatever; and were it not that these too, from the noisy audacity with which they bring themselves forward, are frequently pointed out as specimens of *English women of fashion*, it would be desirable to leave them in the shade in which their insignificance at home would naturally place them; but as it is, it may be useful to raise a voice, however feeble, just to tell all whom it may concern, that the *fast young ladies* who are led about by their papas and mammas, from kingdom to kingdom, and from city to city, flirting and frolicking in a style peculiarly their own, and with such freedom from all ordinary young lady-like restraint as entitles them to the said epithet of *fast*, are NOT SPECIMENS OF THE GENTLEMEN'S DAUGHTERS OF ENGLAND.

It may, perhaps, be thought, that none whose good opinion is worth conciliating for my beautiful countrywomen can possibly require such an assurance; but, unfortunately, those who try to make themselves the most conspicuous, are always the most observed, and while hundreds of delicate young creatures, brought to the continent for the purpose of completing their highly-finished and careful education, come and go as noiselessly and as quietly as spirits, permitted to look out upon other worlds than their own, leaving no renown behind them save that of sharing their national boon of superior loveliness, half-a-dozen low-bred, bold, spirited young women, intoxicated by

finding themselves admitted among persons of station greatly superior to their own, leave as they go a track as conspicuous, and not greatly more refined, than that of a steamboat, while thousands of eyes look after them, thousands of shoulders are shrugged, and the phrase, "Is not that perfectly English?" may be heard muttered in more languages than one.

We laugh at our French neighbors for the blunders they make with our titles; but the Sir Bulwer and the Sir Scott, does greatly less discredit to their quickness, than the judgments which they pass so freely upon the deficiency of grace in English manners. Not only the French, however, but all the other nations of Europe, before they can justly appropriate to themselves the merit of discernment while passing this judgment, must rouse their acuteness to the task of not mistaking a bad specimen for a good one.

This dissertation on fast gentlemen and ladies must, however, come to a close, or I shall get retaliated upon by the epithet of "*slow*." The delightful dinner party at the — Hof, produced, as I have said, a considerable effect upon the position of the Roberts family at Baden-Baden. The tones of their voices, except when indulging in the tender whisperings of flirtation, had been so loud, and their indignation at the vulgarity of the company in general, and at their contriving to live without salt-spoons in particular, expressed both in French and English, with so much energy, that they had soon become by far the most conspicuous party in the room. In addition to this glory, of which they were fully conscious, they enjoyed, as we know, the unspeakable delight of having in Mr. Montgomery, the handsomest and most fashionable man at the baths, and in Lord Lynberry, the heir to the highest title. Can it be matter of wonder that this, together with as many glasses of champagne as could be well offered to young ladies, should have made them very lively indeed? Lively they certainly were, and not only the young ladies, but the father, the mother, and the son also. In their different ways, they were all lively, and then and there it was, that for the first time a voice of sufficient authority to bestow a lasting denomination, namely, the voice of Mr. Montgomery himself, pronounced that "the Robertses were regular fast girls, just the right sort of thing to meet abroad, and to make Black-Forest larking, pleasant."

The evening of this important day was passed partly at the rooms, and partly in the half-lighted drawing-room of the Balcony House. But, half-lighted as it was, Mrs. Roberts felt that it was an exceedingly good drawing-room, and could only be taken at a watering-place like Baden, by people of condition. As to its being only half-lighted, nobody seemed inclined to complain of that. There was a fine moon, both the French windows were opened upon the balcony which gave its name to the domain, and before the end of the evening there were two chairs put out at each window. It was Mr. Montgomery who did this, in his usual gay and lively manner, declaring that "it was a sin to the Lady Moon, not to consecrate their pretty balcony to her as a sort of temple, where all the family might, in turn, repair to perform their orisons to her beauty."

Some of the family, however, appeared to think that this duty might be performed vicariously; for though Mrs. Roberts did step out for half a minute, and seat herself there, while she turned a broad smiling face of approbation upon Mr. Montgomery, the ceremony did not become general.— Mr. Roberts, good man, had eaten a particularly hearty dinner, and this, together with his having taken about treble his usual quantity of wine, made him feel, as he told his wife in a whisper, as soon as the tea-things disappeared, that he "could not keep out of his bed five minutes longer if he was to die for it." So he walked off, without thinking it necessary to describe his sensations to any one else.

Mr. Vincent, who had accompanied the party from the dinner-table to the rooms, and thence to the Balcony House, had wholly, and without any affectation of reserve on either side, assumed towards Bertha the manner of a near and privileged relation, and soon after the disappearance of Mr. Roberts, he whispered something in her ear, to which she only replied by an inclination of the head. But if the whisper expressed his opinion that she would do well to follow her nominal guardian's example, she received it with very marked obedience, for in the next moment she rose from her chair, and lighting a little taper, which stood ready on a side table, she glided out of the room, her only farewell being confined to a glance of the eye bestowed on her cousin as she passed.

Mr. Montgomery and Agatha at one window, and Maria and Lord Lynberry at

the other, had already begun to offer their lunar orisons; but they had not yet taken possession of the chairs, and Mr. Vincent for a moment put himself *en tiers* with his young pupil and the pensive fair one who stood sighing at his side.

"It is a beautiful night, Miss Roberts," said the tutor; "but are you not fearful of taking cold?"

"Cold!" reiterated Maria, in an accent, which seemed in that one syllable to express both astonishment and scorn.—
"Cold! Oh, Heavens! no."

"I am going to the theatre, Lynberry," said Mr. Vincent, without attempting any contest on the state of the atmosphere, and that of the young lady's shoulders; "will you come with me?"

"No, by heaven, will I not!" replied the young man, with great energy.

"Well then, good night," said the tutor, and repeating the good night with the accompaniment of a bow to Maria, he stepped back into the room, shook hands with the well-pleased Mrs. Roberts, who thought his going the most fortunate thing in the world, and departed, Mr. Montgomery and Agatha being already too deep in their devotions, to permit his offering any farewell, without indiscretion.

Mrs. Roberts then settled herself in the most comfortable arm-chair the apartment contained, and drew towards her a book that lay upon the table, and which she placed in a proper position for being read, and then opened it. It chanced that the book was in German, being the property of Bertha, and left there by her the day before. But Mrs. Roberts's perusal of the volume went not so far as to make her aware of this, and it therefore answered her purpose quite as well as any other could have done. For a few delightful moments, the happy and triumphant mother indulged herself by glancing first at one window and then at the other, inwardly soliloquizing upon her gratitude to heaven for having given her sufficient strength of mind to persevere in doing all she had done.

"How long would it have been, I wonder," thought she, "before I should have seen my girls talking in England with two such men as those. If nothing more was to come of it, nothing whatever, the advantage to them must be great and important. The very talking of Lord Lynberry in the manner that my dear darling Maria has now undoubtedly a right to do, would be enough to make her fortune among our own set at

home. Not that my hopes stop there. Goodness forbid! I know how to manage a little better than that, I hope. Dear girl! I shall live to see—I hope and trust I shall—"

Mrs. Roberts was growing very sleepy; her eyes closed and opened, and closed again. She did not intend to go to sleep, quite the contrary, but somehow or other, the last night's ball, the excellent champagne, the easy chair, were altogether too much for her, and she did at length fall fast asleep, her last waking thought easily ripening into a glorious dream, in which she not only saw Maria with a coronet on her brow, but two aunts of the noble bride, seven cousins, and one sour-faced old uncle, all looking as if they were falling into atrophy from envy, as they looked at her.

It is to be hoped that my readers feel sufficient interest in all the Roberts family to have remarked that Mr. Edward has not been mentioned as forming one of the party that went from the rooms to the Balcony House, for the purpose of taking tea, and passing the last hours of that delightful day. No. He went with them from the dinner-table to the rooms, but did not go thence in their company.

Before making his parting bow to his fascinating neighbor at the dinner-table, he had learned from her that her husband was called Monsieur le Comte de Marquemont, that he was a man of very high family in Normandy, that she had on this account been compelled by a tyrannical father to marry him at a frightfully early age, that she was herself the most unhappy of women, and that she was still a great deal younger than she looked, having pined for ten miserable years under that winter of the heart which must inevitably fall upon a warm-hearted young creature like herself under such circumstances. All this was uttered in a way to make Edward quite aware that the charming, but unhappy Madame de Marquemont had already read something of gentle sympathy in his eyes, which had beguiled her into being more confidential in her disclosures than she had ever been in all her life before. And he answered to it all as he thought it became a young man of fashion and tender feelings to answer. She farther informed him that in the absence of every thing like domestic happiness, she

sometimes sought a temporary relief from the amusing stimulation of *rouge-et-noir*.

"Of course," she added, "I never play for any stake, the loss of which could give me a moment's uneasiness. But even at small stakes, it really is a delicious amusement."

"I can easily believe that," replied Edward, with vivacity. "I have never tried my luck yet, but I think I shall be tempted to do it some day."

"Let us try our luck together to-night!" exclaimed Madame de Marquemont, throwing a broadside of eyebeams upon him, which seemed to promise every species of success. He answered quite as she expected he would do, and the engagement was ratified by their gently knocking their glasses together before drinking the third glass of Lord Lynberry's champagne.

On leaving the table, however, the lady with a gentle glance of almost tender rebuke, declined his offered arm.

"Sortez comme vous êtes entré, mon ami," she said, "et puis—on vous attends—au revoir!"

Thus schooled, Edward joined himself with his party as they made their exit, but he might really be excused for feeling, under the present circumstances, that he would rather have been elsewhere; for his father was taking care of his mother, his two sisters very evidently wished for nothing more than they already possessed in the way of escort; and as for his future wife, Miss Bertha Harrington, she who had hitherto appeared of so shy and retiring a temper as to suggest the idea of an intellect too imbecile to permit her entering into conversation with any one, *she* was hanging on the arm of Mr. Vincent, with a degree of affectionate familiarity which made her look as if she decidedly belonged to him, chatting away, moreover, all the while, with a sort of happy eagerness, that seemed to show her foregone silence to have been any thing but natural to her.

The rest of the party, as thus grouped, were disposed of, very much to Mr. Edward's satisfaction, but towards *this* couple he looked with a sort of a sneer that was about half-and-half made up of ridicule and menace.

"Lynberry would do well to kick his hypocritical tutor down stairs," thought he; "and so I shall most assuredly tell him. And as for that detestable brat of a girl, who has no more idea how to conduct herself in well-bred society than an idiot, I

will have her money, if I am obliged to lock her up for life afterwards. Nor do I care one single farthing what she does, or who she flirts with. My method with her will be a very summary one."

In short, Mr. Edward's exit from the banqueting-room formed rather a contrast to the very delightful two hours he had passed in it; but he in some degree relieved the painful condition of his temper, by indulging in that sort of elbowing himself through the crowd, which many Englishmen of his class have recourse to, when seized with a fit of ill-humor, accompanied by a sudden wish of proclaiming their national rights and high personal distinction.

This little cloud upon his felicity, however, soon passed away; for the interval between leaving the *table d'hôte*, and again beholding the fascinating woman who had made that table so delightful, did not last long. The majority of the happy idlers at Baden-Baden, generally permit themselves after dinner to enjoy the *al fresco* recreation to which the beauty of the scenery and the bright summer sun of Germany gives so much attraction, taking their coffee and ice at one of the little tables placed in the shade, yet so as to completely overlook the bright and sunny scene that spreads beyond. The Roberts ladies, and the gentlemen who were in attendance upon them, had agreed that the carriage should be dismissed, and that they should walk after dinner to the rooms.

"It is so pleasant to walk with an agreeable companion! Not all the carriages in the world can be half so delightful, in my opinion!" exclaimed Maria, when the subject was discussed; and as every body seemed to agree with her, the walking was decided on, though Mrs. Roberts certainly did think it was rather a pity not to drive up in good style to the portico, when it was sure to be so very full. Walk, however, they did, four very well pleased pairs of ladies and gentlemen, while the carefully decorated, slight young figure of the well-favored, but frowning Edward, sauntered onward alone. But his solitude and his sulkiness did not, as I have before observed, endure long. The party reached the portico, where the Miss Robertses had the delight of perceiving with a degree of certainty which left no room for doubt, that a multitude of eyes were turned upon them and their distinguished friends; while the heart of their brother was once more awakened to pleasure, as animated as their

space of time which intervened between his quitting his chair beside the little marble table, and entering the brilliant saloon in the middle of which was placed a magnificent table, around which at least a score of persons were already seated, whose hearts and souls were every instant becoming more tumultuously agitated by the vicissitudes of *rouge et noir*.

"Ah, *par exemple!*" exclaimed the countess, "you and I have engaged, you know, to try our luck together at the table; now let me see how *habile* you are in obtaining two good seats for us. I will be close to you, *ami*. Get the chairs, and they shall not be lost by any awkwardness of mine; *je m'y connais*."

Trembling to his fingers' ends under the influence of a variety of emotions, yet most prodigiously delighted in the midst of them, the obedient young man exerted himself as strenuously as if his life depended on his success, to find space at the table for the two chairs which he had seized upon, and was rewarded by success, by the aid of a trifling look or word of interference from the croupier, who probably saw something in the unmitigated eagerness of the young man's glance, which indicated such a state of mind as he desired to see in the guests that surrounded his master's table. The countess kept her promise, and was ready to drop, without embarrassment of any kind, into the seat thus ably prepared for her.

"*Eh bien!* How shall we start?" said she. "You shall choose the color first. Let us begin *tout doucement*. Put down five francs for each of us on whichever color you prefer."

Edward, who was exerting all his powers of mind to their very utmost extent, in order to prevent himself from being totally overpowered by all the various agitations which assailed him, thrust his hand into his pocket and drew thence the two pieces, which he pushed forward as boldly as he could, upon the point nearest to him on which he perceived that money had been placed by others. It was done with a faltering hand, however, and the lady, who had already provided herself with a *rateau*, gave the coins a little push farther, saying, as she looked into the face of her companion with a bewitching smile, "*Soyez confiant, mon ami*."

Edward attempted to return the smile, but did not succeed, for at that moment he was deep in meditation as to what he should do, and what he should say, if he

should in a few minutes find himself without the power of depositing the stake his lovely friend might call for. He had still four five-franc pieces in his pocket, and that was all!

"*Gagné!*" exclaimed Madame de Marquemont, raking out with a pretty languid movement, intended to display her total indifference to the result, the four pieces which belonged to the partnership. The heart of Edward seemed to leap into his throat. Here was his stake doubled, and the horrible exposure upon which he had been meditating postponed for—perhaps forever! With eyes sparkling with love and joy the happy youth snatched up two of the pieces, and dropped them into his pocket, while with the other hand he pushed the remaining two towards the lady, saying, "Now it is your turn to choose."

"*Mais non, mon ami, non*. You must push your success. But where are the other pieces? *Mon ami!* what are you thinking of? You must double the stake this time at the very least. Ah! I see you are a novice; but you shall be my pupil, and you will soon understand the thing better."

Edward felt rather sick. He had thought himself safe for such a long time! And now he might be plunged into all the misery he so deeply dreaded within the space of a moment. But there was no help for it, and once more struggling to render his hand respectably steady, he pushed four pieces to precisely the same spot on which he had deposited his first venture.

"The little *coup de rateau* from me must be added, I see," said Madame de Marquemont, "or the charm will not be complete, I suppose."

At that moment Edward could not speak. He had the wisdom not to attempt it, for he felt that he could not articulate a syllable; but in the next, the enchanting voice of his fair friend murmured in his ear, "*Enchore, cher Fitzherbert. Que tu sais bien choisir!*"

Too much agitated to appreciate the fascinating familiarity of the pronoun thus addressed to him, or even to see the tender smile with which it was accompanied, Edward only replied by exclaiming, "God bless my soul! how very lucky!"

If the charming Madame de Marquemont's mental soliloquy at this moment consisted of the exclamation, "What an idiot!" it mattered little, for not only did the happy Edward hear it not, but his

spirits were in such a state of exaltation that he would scarcely have cared for it if he had. It is not necessary to follow the interesting heir of the Roberts family through all the vicissitudes of that sometimes varying, but, on the whole, most happy evening. Now and then a few pieces were lost, but when they left the table for the purpose of repairing to the lodgings of the lady, where Edward was invited to sup on "lettuce and a glass of Rhine wine," the joint stock amounted to thirty pieces, which Madame de Marquemont divided between them in the prettiest and most playful manner imaginable. And who in Edward's predicament could have been so churlish as to remember that she forgot to reimburse him for her share of the original stake?

THE 'FRENCH LAKE.'

From the London Quarterly Review.

The Crescent and the Cross; or, Romance and Realities of Eastern Travel. By Eliot Warburton, Esq. London. 2 vols. 12mo. 1845.

WHEN the Persian ambassador in London saw Storr and Mortimer's shop, encumbered with its piles of jewelry, and gold and silver, he declared at once and decisively that the King of England was a mere nominal sovereign—a phantom—an empty pageant; for, said he, 'if your Shah had in him a vestige of royal power, would he not naturally seize the immense treasures so coolly displayed before him in open day by these two insolent merchants?' And now it would seem that if England, on the death of Mehemet Ali, should be so inert, or so squeamish, as not to seize and occupy the famous land of Egypt, her virtuous abstinence will be viewed by Mr. Warburton very much in the same light as that in which the Persian ambassador regarded King George for sparing the silversmiths' shop. We shall presently endeavor towards showing that our national honesty, in leaving the possession of Egypt to its misbelieving owners, may possibly be justified even upon the humble and popular ground of expediency: but first we must speak of Mr. Warburton's book. It is an account of a tour in the Levant, including Egypt, Palestine, Syria, Constantinople, and Greece. The author frankly calls his

work the 'Romance and Realities of Eastern Travel;' and, to say the truth, the Romance is so well imagined, and the Reality so well told, that we can hardly affect to distinguish the one from the other. The book is vastly superior to the common run of narratives, and is indeed remarkable for the coloring power, and the play of fancy with which its descriptions are enlivened. The writing is of a kind that indicates abilities likely to command success in the higher departments of literature. Almost every page teems with good feeling; and although that 'catholic-heartedness' for which the author takes credit, permits him to view Mahometan doctrines and usages with a little too much of indifferentism, yet, arriving in Palestine, he willingly becomes the good pilgrim, and at once gives in his adherence to the 'religion of the place' with all the zeal of a pious, though much hurried, Christian. The book, independently of its value as an original narrative, comprises much useful and interesting information, derived from the labors of others, and collated in a manner the very reverse of pedantic. Amongst these materials, and strongly contrasted with the graver and more learned portion of them, is a clever and charmingly madcap letter from Mr. Walpole: it is just what a midshipman's writing should be.

Mr. Warburton's views upon various subjects are thrown out somewhat lightly; but in these portions of his book we do not read him as if he were solemnly conducting a discussion with a view of persuading his readers: it strikes us rather that he uses the seeming argument as a mere vehicle for lively and sparkling composition. Amongst the views thus hazarded, is the one to which we have referred respecting the occupation of Egypt:—

'Is the Porte,' asks our author, 'once more to extend its hateful authority over this unhappy country, with all the withering influence which it never ceases to exercise? Shall we replace the ignorant and fanatical followers of the Crescent in the province which became a kingdom through their imbecility, in order that they may interrupt our commerce here, as they have been allowed to arrest the building of our church at Jerusalem?

'Heaven forbid! When the old man who has bravely won this fertile province ceases to exist, let his selfish power perish with him. Let England not prostitute her influence to restore emancipated Egypt to the imbecile tyranny of the Porte; but endeavor to infuse into the country of her adoption the principles,

own, by seeing the very well-dressed little figure of the *piquante* Madame de Marquemont gracefully reclining on a chair, with her tolerably pretty feet sustained by the bar of another, and her parasol in possession of a third. Her wigged and whiskered husband, who, as an experienced eye might easily perceive, belonged to a class of men as distinct from what we mean by *fast men*, as a hawk from a pigeon, stood beside her with great politeness, but looking, nevertheless, as if he were rather anxiously waiting for an opportunity to take wing. Edward was at her other side in a moment.

"Give me leave, Mr. Roberts—" Edward had told her his name, and she had not forgotten it—"Give me leave, Mr. Roberts," she said, "to present you to *mon mari, le comte de Marquemont. Mon ami*, permit me to make you acquainted with my amiable young English acquaintance, Monsieur Roberts."

"Fitzherbert Roberts," said Edward, smiling, and bowing with a vast deal of Parisian grace.

"*Enchanté, Monsieur!*" replied the comte. "The Fitzherbert is a known name—to *nous autres*—persons of condition—Sir Fitzherbert sounds like the name of a brother!"

The young Edward smiled, blushed, and bowed, pressed his hand upon his heart, and declared himself "*bien frère, et bien touché*," at hearing such a phrase from such lips.

"*Ah ça!*" exclaimed the comte in reply, "*rien de plus à propos* than my making your acquaintance at this moment. Madame, though you would never guess it, is your countrywoman; but being of *haute naissance*, it was thought desirable to bring her up in France, where she has, in effect, acquired that last grace to which such a person as yourself, Sir Fitzherbert, cannot be insensible. But together with this Parisian charm, *ma bonne petite mignonne de femme* retains all the charming reserve of your island, and when, as at the present moment, I am under the *désolante nécessité* of leaving her, it is only to the care of a compatriot that I could venture to confide her. She is too reserved!—certainly too reserved. It is often a pain to me! She will make no acquaintance! Ah! she is so English at heart! But with you, Sir Fitzherbert, I have no scruple—your name is enough!" And with these words he bowed himself off, leaving our happy juvenile in possession of the lady, the three

chairs, and the little round marble-table that stood beside them. Madame de Marquemont raised her eyes to his face with a very sweet, shy, melancholy smile, but before venturing to speak, she breathed a gentle sigh.

"Why should you sigh, madame, at what makes me so supremely happy?" exclaimed Edward, with great animation. She smiled again, and for *toute réponse* removed her parasol from the chair it occupied. Edward obeyed the command thus bewitchingly conveyed, and a little altering the position of the chair, so as to bring himself pretty nearly face to face with his enchanting companion, he bent forward, and murmured with a vast deal of feeling, a repetition of the question, "Why should you sigh?"

"Alas! *cher ami*," she replied, "the heart of a woman is a strange mystery! Most surely I do not sigh for the absence of my husband, who, from the very hour at which, as a mere child, I took his name, has been an object of the most unmitigated aversion to me. Ah, no! It is not for his absence that I sigh, Fitzherbert!"

"Oh, wherefore, then?" returned the young gentleman, causing his chair to take an angle of ninety-five degrees in advance towards her, and thereby bringing his face very particularly near to hers.

"*Ah! de grace!*" she exclaimed, turning her head slightly on one side. "I trust wholly to your discretion. Let me find you worthy of it!"

"Angel!" he replied, in a very soft whisper, and looking at her with an air of admiration, which proved that he uttered the epithet in all sincerity. She returned the look, and then both remained silent for a few seconds, during which the memory of Edward ran back to Paris, and to Madame de Soissonac, and the superiority of his present idol struck him forcibly. "Ah!" thought he, recalling the slight sketch which his new friend, Monsieur le Comte de Marquemont, had given of the birth and education of his fascinating wife, "ah! the real fact is, that a woman made by heaven exactly to suit me, must be born in England, but bred in France."

Scarcely had this short soliloquy passed across "his hurried thought," than the silence was broken by Madame de Marquemont, who playfully extending her parasol to rouse him from his fit of abstraction, by touching his arm, said, "*Cher ami!* this will never do! For mercy's sake, order

something, or we shall have every eye upon us, waiters included, who will be sure to tell us in a minute or two, that this dear little table is wanted—and then we shall have no longer an excuse for continuing to sit in this enchanting spot—*comprenez vous, mon ami ?*”

“What shall I order?” exclaimed Edward, starting as if just awakened from sleep. “Only tell me what you wish, and it shall be here in a moment.”

“Nay—I know not—*cela m'est égal*—coffee and ice, I think—*café noir, avec petit verre* first, you know—and then *glace à la vanille*.”

Edward struck upon the marble table with a little key which he took from his pocket for the purpose; making assurance doubly sure, as he did so, that he had sundry broad silver pieces in the said pocket, a bit of good fortune which he owed, as usual, to the indulgence of his mother, who had listened to his declaration that he was absolutely without a decent pair of boots in the world, and had provided him that morning with the sum which he had told her was necessary for the purchase of this highly necessary commodity. Great, certainly, was his comfort and satisfaction as his fingers noiselessly but firmly grasped the assurance that he had the power of gratifying the wishes of the charming countess, without endangering the Fitzherbert fraternity which had been established between them by having to tell the waiter in her hearing that he would call again.

Nothing could exceed the pretty graceful playfulness with which this charming woman permitted herself first to imbibe the contents of the *petit verre*, through the innocent medium of her cup of coffee, and then to take two ices, which she confessed was rather more than she liked so immediately after dinner, though later in the evening she often took two or three, because they so particularly agreed with her, but now she did it only because it afforded such a perfect excuse for sitting still, and talking.

And now, by gentle degrees, the twilight was fast sinking into darkness; and then, by degrees less gentle, the windows of the great saloon assumed a brilliance that, to many eyes, much more than rivalled that of the departed sun.

“What a delicious scene! is it not?” said Madame de Marquemont, suddenly rising, and passing her arm under that of Edward, who of course rose also.

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“Delicious indeed!” he replied, tenderly pressing the arm which had been so frankly intrusted to him. “Shall we not wander away a little under those trees?” he added, “nobody will notice us! See! how many are doing the same thing.”

“Oh! heavens, no!” replied the lady, “you know not what you propose! No, my friend, the only way in which we can enjoy each other's conversation here is by appearing to *seek* the public eye, instead of *shunning* it. The time may come, perhaps. It is just possible that some day or other the friendship with which Heaven seems to have inspired our hearts, may be permitted to gild some of the hours of melancholy solitude which I am doomed to pass in my own apartments. But for this we must watch long perhaps! though I trust it may not always be in vain. But now, dear friend, let us enter the *salle de jeu*; every body there will be too much occupied by their own concerns to take any notice of us;—*allons !*” and so saying, she drew him towards the entrance.

Edward felt that he had indeed made acquaintance with an angel, and that to oppose her gentle and benignant wishes in any way would be destroying a brighter perspective of future happiness and future fashion than had ever yet opened before him. In the midst of a multitude of tender and impassioned feelings he remembered that his sweet companion was a countess, and he swore in his secret heart that nothing should interfere to check the progress of the invaluable friendship with which she was so evidently disposed to honor him. True it was, as he knew, alas! only too well, that from some unaccountable difficulty about getting ready money, which must of course arise from some abominably bad management on the part of his father, it was considerably more than likely that he should find himself embarrassed in the prosecution of this most flattering friendship, by the want of what it was utterly impossible that any young man of fashion could do without. Money he must have, and money he would have, or, instead of persevering in his good resolutions, and consenting to marry the detestable Bertha, he would make both father and mother understand that it was his immutable resolution to shoot himself before their eyes. These were great thoughts, and might have taken a good while to ripen in an ordinary mind, but in that of Edward Roberts they had reached maturity within the short

space of time which intervened between his quitting his chair beside the little marble table, and entering the brilliant saloon in the middle of which was placed a magnificent table, around which at least a score of persons were already seated, whose hearts and souls were every instant becoming more tumultuously agitated by the vicissitudes of *rouge et noir*.

"Ah, *par exemple!*" exclaimed the countess, "you and I have engaged, you know, to try our luck together at the table; now let me see how *habile* you are in obtaining two good seats for us. I will be close to you, *ami*. Get the chairs, and they shall not be lost by any awkwardness of mine; *je m'y connais*."

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Edward attempted to return the smile, but did not succeed, for at that moment he was deep in meditation as to what he should do, and what he should say, if he

should in a few minutes find himself without the power of depositing the stake his lovely friend might call for. He had still four five-franc pieces in his pocket, and that was all!

"*Gagné!*" exclaimed Madame de Marquemont, raking out with a pretty languid movement, intended to display her total indifference to the result, the four pieces which belonged to the partnership. The heart of Edward seemed to leap into his throat. Here was his stake doubled, and the horrible exposure upon which he had been meditating postponed for—perhaps forever! With eyes sparkling with love and joy the happy youth snatched up two of the pieces, and dropped them into his pocket, while with the other hand he pushed the remaining two towards the lady, saying, "Now it is your turn to choose."

"*Mais non, non ami, non*. You must push your success. But where are the other pieces? *Mon ami!* what are you thinking of? You must double the stake this time at the very least. Ah! I see you are a novice; but you shall be my pupil, and you will soon understand the thing better."

Edward felt rather sick. He had thought himself safe for such a long time! And now he might be plunged into all the misery he so deeply dreaded within the space of a moment. But there was no help for it, and once more struggling to render his hand respectably steady, he pushed four pieces to precisely the same spot on which he had deposited his first venture.

"The little *coup de rateau* from me must be added, I see," said Madame de Marquemont, "or the charm will not be complete, I suppose."

At that moment Edward could not speak. He had the wisdom not to attempt it, for he felt that he could not articulate a syllable; but in the next, the enchanting voice of his fair friend murmured in his ear, "*Enchore, cher Fitzherbert. Que tu sais bien choisir!*"

Too much agitated to appreciate the fascinating familiarity of the pronoun thus addressed to him, or even to see the tender smile with which it was accompanied, Edward only replied by exclaiming, "God bless my soul! how very lucky!"

If the charming Madame de Marquemont's mental soliloquy at this moment consisted of the exclamation, "What an idiot!" it mattered little, for not only did the happy Edward hear it not, but his

spirits were in such a state of exaltation that he would scarcely have cared for it if he had. It is not necessary to follow the interesting heir of the Roberts family through all the vicissitudes of that sometimes varying, but, on the whole, most happy evening. Now and then a few pieces were lost, but when they left the table for the purpose of repairing to the lodgings of the lady, where Edward was invited to sup on "lettuce and a glass of Rhine wine," the joint stock amounted to thirty pieces, which Madame de Marquemont divided between them in the prettiest and most playful manner imaginable. And who in Edward's predicament could have been so churlish as to remember that he forgot to reimburse him for her share of the original stake?

THE 'FRENCH LAKE.'

From the London Quarterly Review.

The Crescent and the Cross; or, Romance and Realities of Eastern Travel. By Eliot Warburton, Esq. London. 2 vols. 12mo. 1845.

WHEN the Persian ambassador in London saw Storr and Mortimer's shop, encumbered with its piles of jewelry, and gold and silver, he declared at once and decisively that the King of England was a mere nominal sovereign—a phantom—an empty pageant; for, said he, 'if your Shah had in him a vestige of royal power, would he not naturally seize the immense treasures so coolly displayed before him in open day by these two insolent merchants?' And now it would seem that if England, on the death of Mehemet Ali, should be so inert, or so squeamish, as not to seize and occupy the famous land of Egypt, her virtuous abstinence will be viewed by Mr. Warburton very much in the same light as that in which the Persian ambassador regarded King George for sparing the silversmiths' shop. We shall presently endeavor towards showing that our national honesty, in leaving the possession of Egypt to its misbelieving owners, may possibly be justified even upon the humble and popular ground of expediency: but first we must speak of Mr. Warburton's book. It is an account of a tour in the Levant, including Egypt, Palestine, Syria, Constantinople, and Greece. The author frankly calls his

work the 'Romance and Realities of Eastern Travel;' and, to say the truth, the Romance is so well imagined, and the Reality so well told, that we can hardly affect to distinguish the one from the other. The book is vastly superior to the common run of narratives, and is indeed remarkable for the coloring power, and the play of fancy with which its descriptions are enlivened. The writing is of a kind that indicates abilities likely to command success in the higher departments of literature. Almost every page teems with good feeling; and although that 'catholic-heartedness' for which the author takes credit, permits him to view Mahometan doctrines and usages with a little too much of indifference, yet, arriving in Palestine, he willingly becomes the good pilgrim, and at once gives in his adherence to the 'religion of the place' with all the zeal of a pious, though much hurried, Christian. The book, independently of its value as an original narrative, comprises much useful and interesting information, derived from the labors of others, and collated in a manner the very reverse of pedantic. Amongst these materials, and strongly contrasted with the graver and more learned portion of them, is a clever and charmingly madcap letter from Mr. Walpole: it is just what a midshipman's writing should be.

Mr. Warburton's views upon various subjects are thrown out somewhat lightly; but in these portions of his book we do not read him as if he were solemnly conducting a discussion with a view of persuading his readers: it strikes us rather that he uses the seeming argument as a mere vehicle for lively and sparkling composition. Amongst the views thus hazarded, is the one to which we have referred respecting the occupation of Egypt:—

'Is the Porte,' asks our author, 'once more to extend its hateful authority over this unhappy country, with all the withering influence which it never ceases to exercise? Shall we replace the ignorant and fanatical followers of the Crescent in the province which became a kingdom through their imbecility, in order that they may interrupt our commerce here, as they have been allowed to arrest the building of our church at Jerusalem?'

'Heaven forbid! When the old man who has bravely won this fertile province ceases to exist, let his selfish power perish with him. Let England not prostitute her influence to restore emancipated Egypt to the imbecile tyranny of the Porte; but endeavor to infuse into the country of her adoption the principles;

together with the privileges, of freedom. Let her lay aside all double-dealing and mock-modesty—as disreputable in the case of nations as of individuals—and boldly assert her “right of way” through Egypt to India, while she leaves unquestioned that of France through Algiers to Timbuctoo.

‘English capital and industry would make Egypt a garden; English rule would make the fellah a free man; English principles would teach him honesty and truth: and as to the comparative advantage of Turkish or English politics, let the world be the judge between Asia Minor and North America, between the influences of the Crescent and the Cross.’—vol. ii. p. 46.

We will not seriously inveigh against a suggestion put forward as a mere piece of chat in the course of a traveller’s narrative, but, thinking that the indulgence of national covetousness at the expense of friendly states is of itself an evil though never actually fulfilled, we would willingly chill this ardor for the spoliation of a Mahometan prince; and in order to inculcate moderation and good faith towards the Sultan, we know no better lesson than that which is to be taught by inviting a glance at the modern history, and the actual results, of French ambition in the Levant. Of course, this partial example of the difficulties and misfortunes that have frustrated the attempts of a particular nation will not of itself be conclusive against the adoption of a similar policy by other states. It will be auxiliary only, and not all-sufficient.

The old policy of Versailles, in reference to the affairs of the Levant, was conservative in its character, and so generally coincided with the views of England, that events occurring on the further shores of the Mediterranean rarely furnished the two great rival kingdoms of the West with elements of discord. But all was suddenly changed when Buonaparte invaded Egypt, and coined a new phrase: the invasion failed—but the phrase still exerts its terrible energy; and as long as the relative strength of the great European powers shall remain divided in its present proportions, so long our navy estimates in every year to come will owe a great part of their bulk to the discovery of the ‘French Lake.’ It is to the eastern shores of this famous water, and to their relations with France, that we now are turning our eyes. We will not look back to those remote and simple ages when the ‘Lake’ was distinguished by the barbarous appellation of the ‘Mediterranean,’ but will begin with the

spring, ‘year six’ of ‘the one and indivisible Republic,’—a time superstitiously described in our almanacs as ‘1798.’

By the intermittent warfare from time to time recurring on the Hungarian frontier and the Lower Danube, the Ottoman empire, though harassed, and now and then thrust back to the foot of the Balcan, had not been made to feel the utmost prowess of even that half-foppish, half-warlike age which ended with the Brunswick Proclamation—still less of the mightier Europe that stood up braced and armed for the exigencies of the French Revolution. The originally small, but daring, minority of men who resolved to create a republic for France, and maintain it against all foes at home or abroad, thought themselves constrained by the fierce necessity of self-defence to throw away all the old fetters that interfered with the full development of their energies. War had hitherto been a pastime, just dangerous enough to furnish excitement, but rarely menacing the actual existence of great states. Princes moving their armies had found themselves perpetually embarrassed by the supposed necessity of collecting great stores, and establishing magazines and hospitals on the line of march, for the sustenance and care of their soldiery; these troublesome and expensive duties were at once repudiated by revolutionary France; she furnished enthusiasm, heroes, and bayonets—all else was to come from her neighbors—from her foes, if possible; if not from neutrals and friends.

In order to give full effect to the impetuous forces thus called into action, a commander was wanting who could direct without partaking of the national enthusiasm. Frenchmen were too essentially a portion of the torrent to have the power of guiding it. France wanted a chief who could stand aloof from her in feeling, and yet give the nation full swing. Buonaparte had shown that he was the man. Associated with Robespierre’s party, and even venturing a pamphlet in its support, he had never shared its fanaticism. At a subsequent period indeed he had so far lent himself to the government as to do it the favor of mowing down the insurgent Parisians with great completeness and skill; but his powerful intellect, and his inbred contempt of the French race, had saved him from becoming the obstinate partizan of any faction. Intrusted at length with the command of an immense gang, without jackets or shoes, but ready to fight for both, he had been

able to make it into an army; and soon the briskness with which he discomfited the periwigged lieutenants of the Aulic Council, no less than his unflinching firmness in plundering neutrals and allies, had raised his reputation to an intolerable height,—to a height so great that the overshadowed Directory was glad enough to catch at any feasible plan for ridding itself of a too powerful servant. France at this time was at peace with continental Europe. England was the enemy of the young republic, and some persons conceived therefore that England should be the country to be attacked; but this scheme was quickly abandoned, as utterly wanting in originality, besides being dreadfully dangerous.

Now it happened that the youthful conqueror of Italy, fired by a history of Alexander the Great, had been poring over his maps, and had formed what the French gravely call 'some gigantic ideas.' The Americans say of a piece of news that it is 'important if true;' in a like spirit we English habitually comment upon these schemes for wide conquest, and are ready to call them 'gigantic,' if only we can see that they are practicable. But in France this condition of possibility is less rigorously insisted upon; and when Buonaparte fell to dreaming, there was no one at hand both able and willing to wake him. It seemed to him in these visions that his strength was cramped by the narrow bounds of Europe. He would be an Oriental conqueror; and, accordingly, he went to the Directory, and asked if he might give 'a sure blow' to England by attacking Asia and Africa? Yes, he might. The further he went the better the Directory would be pleased; and whether he formed a junction with Tippoo Sahib or with the Prince of Darkness they did not much care. He seems to have really had *carte blanche* to attack almost any defenceless state. Might he invade the Ottoman empire on the side of Egypt? Certainly; for the friendly relations subsisting between the Porte and the French government rendered it likely that the attack would be wholly unexpected, and therefore, of course, the more sure to succeed. Might he *en passant*, take Malta? The Directory faintly objected, that Malta had not only done no wrong, but had shown peculiar favor to the French, by succoring their cruisers and merchantmen, and giving them opportunities for refitting; the scruple was soon overruled.

From the first conception of the Egyptian

expedition up to the time of his failure before Acre, Buonaparte seems to have wavered between two very distinct plans: one was to use the Eastern enterprise as a mere *coup d'éclat* for the augmentation of his personal fame, and to return to France after a few months with the view of pushing his fortunes in Europe; the other plan to which he looked was that of allowing himself six years to become an Alexander the Great *à la Français*. The concentrated selfishness of his views, and the ludicrously French contrivances by which he proposed to compass his ends, are well characterized by his own words. When asked how long he should remain in Egypt, his answer was—'Either a few months, or six years: all depends on events. I shall colonize the country, and import thither artistes, workmen of all sorts, women, comedians, &c. I am only now twenty-nine; I shall then be thirty-five; that is no great age; if all succeeds, six years will enable me to reach India.' It seems, we think, clear that before the preparations for the expedition were complete, the strong sense of the possible Alexander had begun to disperse his illusory hopes of becoming an Oriental conqueror; and only a short time before the day of departure arrived he made another (his second) bold push for a seat in the Directory. The intrigue, however, failed; and with a somewhat ill grace, 'Buonaparte, member of the Institute' was fain to set sail for the East with a well manned fleet, and a cloud of transports, carrying on board some 36,000 of infantry and unmounted cavalry, besides cooks, actors, dressmakers, and a small brigade of brother-savans.

Malta was seized. In due time the fleet reached the shores of Egypt; a disembarkation was effected without opposition, and in a few hours the French troops were conciliating the natives by killing their wives in the streets of Alexandria. The slaughter was stopped at last by the interference of an Osmanlee (probably a bachelor), who negotiated a convention for putting the French in quiet occupation of the city. The main body of the army now crossed the intervening tract of sand by a painful march, reached the Nile, and ascended its left bank to within a short distance of the Ghizeh Pyramids. Here Mourad had hastily collected his resources. He had dragged to the ground some artillery, but without carriages; and in order, therefore, to neutralize the effect of guns, thus 'sitting in permanence,' nothing more was ne-

cessary than to keep a little out of their range: the Bey had also a vast rabble of thoroughly useless pedestrians: the only real force which he possessed was a mass of some 9000 well mounted Mamelukes—men with no pretension to the qualities of regular cavalry, but agile and bold in their stirrups. With these he bore down on his foe. The French infantry, however, formed in squares, with the artillery at the angles, and the savans in the centre, were not to be broken and crushed by a throng of irregular horse: on the contrary, they mowed down the Mamelukes like grass, and the whole remaining crowd of Egyptians was easily dissipated. Buonaparte adroitly called this affair 'The battle of the Pyramids;' and a few days afterwards he crossed the Nile, established himself at Cairo, and wrote to Tippoo Sahib (then nearly succumbing under the Wellesleys) to say he was coming to help him with a countless host of warriors.

A people continually subjected to oppression will generally accept a change of tyrants with a good deal of pleasure in the first instance. It appears certain that until the yoke of the invader began to be felt, the French were not unwelcome in Egypt. Their rapacity, however, soon forced the Egyptians to sigh for even a Mameluke government. All the old machinery of extortion employed by the Beys was seized and adopted by Buonaparte, and was worked with a severity more sure and methodical than that which characterizes the procedure of an Eastern oppressor. The people were vexed, and ground down. In that there was nothing new; but it seemed to them hard to lie under the heels of those odd-looking and seemingly frivolous infidels, instead of the stately and high-mettled tyrants to whom they had long been accustomed.

The success of an Eastern conqueror must depend upon his power of influencing opinion beyond the sphere of his actual military operation. The tracts over which he must carry his dominion are so vast in proportion to the space physically clutched by an army, that unless its commander can make great conquests by the mere weight of his character, he can make no conquest at all. Buonaparte felt this; and he tried very hard to gain a hold upon the Oriental mind. He failed; partly no doubt by reason of the naval and military reverses which his forces sustained, but partly, too, from a want of the requisite high-mindedness, and

from a defective knowledge of the Eastern character.

First and chief amongst the reverses to which we allude was the destruction of the French fleet in the Bay of Aboukir: the force with which this event operated against the fortunes of the invader, both by cutting off his resources and destroying the idea of his complete ascendancy, is too obvious to require illustration. But the event itself is told by Mr. Warburton with so much life and spirit, that we pause to extract his description:

'Having landed Buonaparte and his army, Brueys lay moored in the form of a crescent, close along the shore. His vastly superior force and the strength of his position (protected towards the northward by dangerous shoals, and towards the westward by the castle and batteries) made him consider that position impregnable. He wrote, on the strength of this conviction, to Paris, to say that Nelson purposely avoided him. Was he undeceived when Hood, in the *Zealous*, making signal that the enemy was in sight, a cheer of anticipated triumph burst from every ship in the British fleet—that fleet which had swept the seas with bursting sails for six long weeks in search of its formidable foe, and now pressed to the battle as eagerly as if nothing but a rich and easy prize awaited them?

'Nelson had long been sailing in battle-order, and he now only lay to in the offing till the rearward ships should come up. The soundings of that dangerous Bay were unknown to him, but he knew that where there was room for a Frenchman to lie at anchor [to swing], 'there must be room for an English ship to lie along side' [on either side] 'of him, and the closer the better. As his proud and fearless fleet came on, he hailed Hood, to ask his opinion as to whether he thought it would be advisable to commence the attack that night; and receiving the answer that he longed for, the signal for "close battle" flew from his mast-head. The delay thus caused to the *Zealous* gave Foley the lead, who showed the example of leading *inside* the enemy's line, and anchored by the stern alongside the second ship, thus leaving to Hood the first. The latter exclaimed to my informant, "Thank God, he has generously left to his old friend still to lead the van." Slowly and majestically, as the evening fell, the remainder of the fleet came on beneath a cloud of sail, receiving the fire of the castle and the batteries in portentous silence, only broken by the crash of spars and the boatswain's whistle, as each ship furling her sails calmly—as a sea-bird might fold its wings—and glided tranquilly onward till she found her destined foe. Then her anchor dropped astern, and her fire burst from her bloody decks with a vehemence that showed how sternly it had been repressed till then.

'The leading ships passed between the enemy and the shore, but when the admiral came up he led the remainder of the fleet along the seaward side—thus doubling on the Frenchman's line, and placing it in a defile of fire. The sun went down after Nelson anchored; and his rearward ships were only guided through the darkness and the dangers of that formidable Bay by the Frenchman's fire flashing fierce welcome as each enemy arrived, and hovered along the line, coolly scrutinizing where he could draw most of that fire on himself. The *Bellerophon*, with gallant recklessness, fastened on the gigantic *Orient*, and was soon crushed and scorched into a wreck by the terrible artillery of batteries more than double the number of her own. But, before she drifted helplessly to leeward, *she had done her work*—the French admiral's ship was on fire; and, through the roar of battle, a whisper went that for a moment paralyzed every eager heart and hand. During that dread pause the fight was suspended—the very wounded ceased to groan—yet the burning ship continued to fire broadsides from her flaming decks, her gallant crew alone unawed by their approaching fate, and shouting their own brave requiem. At length—with the concentrated roar of a thousand battles—the explosion came; and the column of flame that shot upward into the very sky for a moment rendered visible the whole surrounding scene,—from the red flags aloft to the reddened decks below—the wide shore, with all its swarthy crowds—and the far-off glittering sea, with the torn and dismantled fleets. Then darkness and silence came again, only broken by the shower of blazing fragments in which that brave ship fell upon the waters. Till that moment Nelson was ignorant how the battle went. He knew that every man was doing his duty, but he knew not how successfully; he had been wounded in the forehead, and found his way unnoticed to the deck in the suspense of the coming explosion. Its light was a fitting lamp for eye like his to read by. He saw his own proud flag still floating everywhere, and at the same moment his crew recognized their wounded chief. The wild cheer with which they welcomed him was drowned in the renewed roar of the artillery, and the fight continued until near the dawn.

'Morning rose upon an altered scene. The sun had set upon as proud a fleet as ever sailed from the gay shores of France: torn and blackened hulls now only marked the position they had then occupied; and where their admiral's ship *had been*, the blank sea sparkled in the sunshine. Two ships of the line and two frigates escaped, to be captured soon afterwards; but within the Bay the tri-color was flying on board the *Tonnant* alone. As the *Theseus* approached to attack her, attempting to capitulate, she hoisted a flag of truce. "Your battle-flag or none," was the stern reply, as her enemy rounded-to, and the matches glimmered over her line of guns.

Slowly and reluctantly—like an expiring hope—that pale flag fluttered down from her lofty spars, and the next that floated there was the banner of Old England.'—vol. i. p. 45.

After the battle, Nelson, heroically trustful in the honor of a valiant enemy, restored to the French prisoners all their property, and sent them ashore, to the number of some thousands, upon their word of honor not to bear arms until regularly exchanged: he thus gave to the French commander an opportunity of soiling his name, and lowering (among strangers) the character of the Republic. The opportunity was not neglected, for Buonaparte at once set honor aside, and drafted into his regiments the men set free from parole.

Admitting the vast effect necessarily produced upon the mind of the Orientals by the destruction of the French fleet, we still think that Buonaparte's failure (we speak always of his failure to win over public opinion) arose, in great measure, from his own errors of conduct. This is a salutary and pleasant deduction to make. It is delightful to see failure resulting from crime—to see that the guilty being who has just been condemned by all good men on account of his delinquencies must afterwards stand to be sneered at by the mere politician, because those very delinquencies were blunders in a temporal sense. If we try Buonaparte by the most worldly of all moral standards—namely, by the canon which tests—not the virtue, but the mere personal dignity of a man—we shall find him wanting even there; for not to him belonged those qualities which spring from a high self-respect. All his life long he boasted and lied. That he was callous to the sin of falsehood, we have hardly a right to wonder: that he never shrank from the *meanness* of the vice is a fact fatal to the completeness of his character as a hero—fatal, even, as we believe, in the end, to his temporal success. The biographers of Napoleon love to tell how with the imperial diadem there came to him a taste for imperial pastimes—how he, who in his youth had spurned all sorts of recreation, could afterwards delight in the royal chasse, and listen to palatial music. But he never became too proud to soil his lips with falsehood. The General, the First Consul, the Emperor, and the 'Exile Sublime,' (as M. Thiers calls him,) were fair rivals the one to the other in the craft and mystery of lying. In all commanders, no doubt, war-

like feints, and even some sorts of political stratagem are fairly admissible; but it was in far humbler kinds of deception that Buonaparte indulged; and it is our conviction that by thus debasing himself before the Orientals he forfeited the power to rule them.

A sufficient acquaintance with the people of the East would have taught the Corsican Alexander that, in one who seeks to gain an influence over their minds, the most fatal of all possible mistakes would be that of exhibiting symptoms supposed to indicate fear, or doing any act of real or apparent self-humiliation. Now Buonaparte had scarcely set his foot upon the shore of Egypt when he committed both these errors. In his letters to the Grand Signor he contented himself with saying that the French had always been friends of the Sultan 'even before they renounced the Messiah;' but immediately upon possessing himself of Alexandria, and even before he could get at the day of the month according to the Mahometan calendar, he dictated his famous proclamation under date of the blank day of the month Muharrem, in the year of the Hegira 1215. This precious appeal to the Oriental mind contained the following passages:—'People of Egypt! they will tell you that I come to destroy your religion. Believe it not! Answer that I come to restore your rights, to punish the usurpers, and that I respect more than the Mamelukes do, God, his Prophet, and the Koran. Cadis, sheiks, imaums, schorbadgis, tell the people that *we are true Mussulmans*.* Is it not we who have destroyed the Pope, who said it was necessary to make war with Mussulmans? Is it not we who have destroyed the Knights of Malta, because those madmen pretended it was the will of God that they should make war against Mussulmans?' And again—'All the Egyptians shall be called on to fill all the offices of state. The wisest, the most instructed, the most vir-

tuous shall govern,—and the people shall be happy!'

The ill effect of this proclamation must have been greatly increased when Buonaparte submitted to the personal humiliation of joining in the Mahometan worship. He denied at St. Helena that he had ever gone so far, but upon this point he failed to win belief even from his apologists. Thiers says expressly, that 'Buonaparte went to the great mosque, seated himself on cushions, crossed-legged; like the sheiks, and repeated with them the litanies of the Prophet, rocking the upper part of his body to and fro, and shaking his head. All the members of the holy College were edified by his piety.'

It would have been hardly possible to devise a line of conduct better fitted to inspire the natives with a contempt for their invaders. Frenchmen were understood in the East to be really Christians: the effect produced by the Encyclopædists and the revolutionary ferment upon the once religious mind of France was not of course understood or even heard of on the banks of the Nile; and certainly the whole population of Egypt (especially the Mahometans, who so closely associate apostacy and defeat) must have felt disdainfully towards the invader, when they saw him thus faltering in his reliance upon bayonets, seeking a base safety in the renouncement of his father's creed, and pretending a humble respect for Mahomet and his rigmarole volume.

Then the promise to commit the government of the country to 'the most wise, most learned, and most virtuous of the Egyptians!' Why, the attempt to fill one's game-bag by promising the partridges a representative government would be equally successful. As to Buonaparte's schemes for gaining an influence over the natives by interesting and amusing them, these were all of a kind so thoroughly and exclusively French that their failure would have appeared at once absolutely certain to any one conversant with the East. Sometimes a fête would be given (as, for instance, on the first day of the Republic year VII.,) at which the 'Mussulman flag was made to float along with the tricolor; the Crescent figured by the side of the Cap of Liberty; the Koran served as a pendant to the Rights of Man.' 'The Turks,' says Bourrienne, whom we are quoting, and who really seems to have had some insight into the Oriental character, 'were very in-

* Thus the words are given by Thiers and other historians. According to Bourrienne, however, the words 'des vrais Mussulmans' were preceded by 'amis—' 'We are friends of the true Mussulmans.' The interpolation of this word would of course totally alter the purport of the sentence. It seems probable either that Bourrienne (the private secretary of the General) relied on his rough draught of the proclamation, or else that Buonaparte introduced the word 'amis' in the French copies merely, with the view of concealing from Europe this shameful profession of faith.

sensible to these things.' On another occasion Buonaparte called the *savans* to his aid, and endeavored to impress the people by a display of chemical experiments, which M. Berthollet was to perform in the presence of the assembled sheiks. The General waited to enjoy their astonishment; but the simple instinct of the Egyptians disconcerted all his attempts upon their marvelling faculties. The miracles of the Institute—the transformation of liquids—electrical shocks—galvanic batteries—all failed to produce the slightest symptom of surprise. The sheiks looked on with imperturbable coolness and indifference. When M. Berthollet had concluded, the sheik El Bekry said to him, through the interpreter—"All this is very well; but can you so order it as that I may be here and at Morocco in the same instant?" Berthollet answered (of course) with a shrug of the shoulders (*en haussant les épaules*). 'Ah! then,' said the sheik, 'you are not a complete magician.'

So slight was Buonaparte's influence over the minds of the Egyptians, that not many days after the Battle of the Pyramids, parties of Arab horsemen were boldly careering and cutting down French soldiers under the very windows of the Commander-in-chief. Some few weeks afterwards the imaums from the top of the minarets, instead of calling the people as usual to their prayers, invited them to rise up and destroy the 'infidel dogs.' This call was heard; and the revolt of Cairo soon showed that the military successes of the Republican General had brought with them none of that spirit-quelling respect by which they are usually followed in the Eastern world. Buonaparte (whose military genius never perhaps showed itself more decisively than in the perplexing trial of a street battle) put down the insurrection most skilfully, and punished it with unrelenting ferocity. The wholesale massacre by grape and round shot, after continuing for two days and killing 5000 persons, was succeeded by the work of the executioner; and it is curious that in his mode of conducting these in-door operations Buonaparte followed the plan of his old patrons the Terrorists, whom he afterwards abused so industriously. In both cases the common and every-day orders were, not for the immolation of such and such victims, but for such and such a *number* of them: the head destroyer in both cases gave in his requisition fixing the quantity of human sheep

that he wanted slain, and the task of selection was left to the mere working butchers. Several chiefs were killed daily, but it was not only Hadgi This, or Mustapha That, whom Buonaparte condemned to death; for besides the leaders, 'thirty head' (*'une trentaine'*) were executed every night. Many women were thus coldly slaughtered. The exact number of the merely obscure victims (the *trentaine*) is expressly stated by Buonaparte in his letter written to General Reynier, six days after the re-establishment of tranquillity. The executions are there spoken of as still continuing. It appears to us that Buonaparte's written account of the numbers thus put to death must be accepted as good proof; but it is fair to say that Bourrienne (deeming it almost impossible for his grandiloquent patron to make *any* unexaggerated statement) suspected that the General displayed some little ostentation in the account of his performances (*qu'il y mettait du luge*).

Now and then, of course, opportunities for smaller massacres would occur. On one occasion a Frenchman had been destroyed near a village at some distance from Cairo. Buonaparte, still mimicking Eastern conquerors, would have his revenge, not simply on the guilty person, but on the unfortunate village to which he belonged. Its men were to be all killed; its women and children to be driven away like cattle. Of the women, some sank on the road in the pains of childbirth: some dying by grief, by terror, by weariness. Many children, too, fell down and died. The extirpating force returned; and at four o'clock in the sunny afternoon a string of donkeys that formed part of its train wound along into the principal square of Cairo. There the party stopped—the beasts were unladen—the sacks, when detached from the pack-saddles, were untied—and out were rolled whole scores of ghastly heads: some with beards thickly matted in gore—some youthfully smooth.

It is, we fear, but too true that the Oriental mind is deeply impressible by this kind of wholesale slaughter. Buonaparte then had fulfilled two of the great conditions by which Eastern dominion is attainable; he had achieved splendid and decisive military success—he had perpetrated the requisite amount of atrocities with unshrinking perseverance. Yet his fame was barren—his cruelty wasted. No masses of men declared for him—no fortified places surrendered to the magic of his name. His power stood

always limited within the range of his guns.

Now to all who understand the character of the Orientals—who know that strange facility with which they bend under successful violence—the bare fact of a man's winning battles, and yet lacking influence, must seem a most rare phenomenon, well deserving to be explained and accounted for. Upon some of the causes to which this strange result is attributable we have already remarked; but of all the General's errors (with the single exception of his apostasy) there was none perhaps so fatal to his influence in the East as his practice of vain-boasting. He was grossly deceived when he supposed that he would find in the East a credulity comparable to that of the French. The Oriental possesses a quality easily confounded with credulity, but totally distinct from it. The weakness to which we point is a liability to be extravagantly impressed by a fact, and to deduce from it a greater brood of corollaries and consequences than the cooler judgment of the European would admit. The Orientals, for instance, see (a trifling matter may serve to illustrate national character)—they see an English traveller crossing the wilderness with his handful of ill-armed attendants; they see him maintaining his coolness, his wilful habits, and even perhaps enforcing compliance with many an odd silly whim—and all this in the midst of strange and armed tribes who are the terror of the peaceable natives: instantly they infer far more than the bare fact would warrant; they will not believe that a mere firman from a sultan, or a mere safe-conduct from a chief, could warrant all this assurance—and they therefore impute to the self-protected stranger either some infernal aid, or else the possession of unknown temporal resources that guard him completely from danger. So, again, they see a man sprung from small beginnings become, they know not how, the commander of an army; they see him so wielding his force as to confound his enemies, and bring down to the dust some ancient dynasty of kings—dazzled and stupified, they bow their pliant necks before all this exhibited strength, and acknowledge in the conqueror a being whom none can resist—a 'Man of Destiny'—a 'King of Kings'—a 'shadow of God upon earth.'

But in neither of these instances is the effect produced by talking. In both it is the witnessed *fact* that lays hold of the Oriental mind. If either the traveller or

the conqueror were to say of himself that which the natives would otherwise be ready enough to say of him—if the traveller were to bawl out that he is powerfully protected,* or the conqueror that he is an irresistible hero—the spell, so far from being thus worked effectually, would be utterly broken. Buonaparte's false nature, and his habit of lying to Frenchmen, carried him headlong into this error. He knew that the Orientals in all ages had been played upon, and he thought that false words (as in France) were the proper tools for deceiving. He accordingly maintained and enlarged his accustomed system of misrepresentation respecting military matters. He did more. He wanted to be thought an invincible hero; a man specially marked out by Providence and Fate for the conquest of the East, and therefore with a *natveté* vastly amusing—he began to say of himself just that which he was so anxious for the wondering nations to say of him. Gravely, therefore, and pompously he announced himself to the assembled sheiks of Cairo as the 'Man of Destiny,' to whom was plainly committed the empire of the East. No one saw the sheiks smile: their beards and moustachios would veil any little play of countenance to which they may have yielded—but, in truth, the Oriental is little prone to the indulgence of humorous scorn. He looks upon weakness and folly as qualities to be freely taken advantage of rather than to be laughed at. So, then, with serious delight, rather than in a spirit of ridicule, the sheiks must have heard this announcement. From such vaporing they would rapidly infer that the commander thus pressing vain words into his service could not stand, serenely relying upon his military resources; and, moreover, that he was wanting in that pride and sense of personal dignity which they associate with the character of a predestined conqueror. Freely, therefore, and gladly enough they would now pretend to honor him with the flattering nick-name of Sultan Kebeer (Sultan Fire), because they could presently go off to the baths, and there delight their friends with sly and quiet allusions to the weakness of 'Sultan Smoke.'

No vain-boaster like this is the true Eastern conqueror: he hears his praises sung—not from his own proud lips, but by

* Sagacious and experienced dragomen attending upon travellers in the Ottoman empire will never display the firman except in a case of extreme necessity.

the voice of prostrate nations. His words are few, ambiguous, pregnant with fate, as the words of an oracle. Of his very frown he is so sparing that, when it comes, its import is death, the razing of a city, the devastation of a province. Not to save half his army, nor all his stores, would he endure to be an utterer of bootless threats, lest men begin to whisper, and say that there are bounds to his power. When this sort of hero advances in Eastern lands, the terror of his name stalks darkly before him—the strong places fall as he comes—the armies of his foe break and crumble—Panic sweeps them away in its blast; and whole tribes of warfaring men desert their ancient chiefs that they may follow in the train of a conqueror. No wonder-working renown of this kind was achieved by Buonaparte. When he had passed the Desert at the head of all his disposable forces, he found that he could no more procure undisputed occupation of the miserable fortresses lying on the southern frontier of Syria than if he had commanded a mere corporal's guard. He was absolutely forced to 'besiege' that wretched El Arish, and gravely 'sit down' before Jaffa.

The bare name of Jaffa recalls to every mind the fate of the prisoners there taken. The massacre of those men was at first believed—was afterwards treated as a mere equestrian story, incredible except to minds confounded by the din of war, and stupified by country air. Its truth is now beyond doubt, and the grounds suggested as excusing its perpetration have failed. For the crime there is no palliation: for the chief criminal it is only to be said that his guilt was shared amongst the members of the council of war, who all joined with him in an unanimous vote for the massacre. We advert to this frightful act, not on account of its mere atrocity, but because it was perpetrated under circumstances which bring it within the scope of our observations on Buonaparte's want of faith in dealing with Orientals. The facts stand thus:—When the assault had succeeded, and the town was in the hands of the French soldiery, Buonaparte sent his own aides-de-camp, Eugène Beauharnois and Croisier, into the town, with orders to 'appease the fury of the soldiery'—(or, as they stated in the presence of Buonaparte, and with his assent, to 'appease the carnage')—'to see what was going on, and come back and give him an account.' These officers found that a large portion of the garrison, con-

sisting chiefly of Albanians, had taken refuge in a mass of buildings formerly used as caravanseras: they therefore went thither, each carrying on the arm his aide-de-camp's scarf. The Albanians cried out from the windows, and said that they would surrender if their lives were guaranteed them; if not, they would defend themselves to the utmost, and would shoot the two aides-de-camp. Beauharnois and Croisier, thus menaced, acceded to the terms offered, and brought back the Albanians, to the number of 4000, as prisoners of war. In two days these men felt in its bitterness the folly that they had committed in trusting to the word of Buonaparte's aides-de-camp. They were brought out in mass upon the beach, with their hands tied behind them,—and into this living and human heap the French troops poured their volleys. All were slain except some few, who in the agony of coming death, contrived to burst the cords that bound them. These rushed down into the sea, and swam out to the coral rocks which rose above the water at some distance from the beach. The French soldiers—hitherto the mere instruments of their leader's crime—now personally took upon themselves the guilt of fresh treachery and innocent blood. They called out to the prisoners on the rocks, and made them a sign well known in the country, implying peace and forgiveness. The wretches, thus enticed, returned to the shore,—then were shot.

False men are strangely slow to learn that they have forfeited the privilege of creating belief by word of mouth. Buonaparte still thought that he might promise and vow with success. Some few hours after committing the hateful treachery just related, he repeated his solicitations and promises to Djézzar Pasha, then commanding at Acre. Buonaparte had written to this man before he quitted Egypt, but the fierce old 'butcher' (for that is his interpreted name) had met his advances with insult and utter disdain. Yet the mock Alexander—thus scorned and defied—had so scanty a knowledge of the Oriental character, and had so little of the heroic pride and self-respect which might have served him instead of knowledge, that now, at Jaffa, and on the 10th of March, he wrote to the old Turk a sort of begging letter, pressing him to become his 'friend.' It is, perhaps, almost necessary to know the Oriental character in order to appreciate the exultation with which this proof of weakness must have

been received by the Pasha. Djezzar may, probably, have had some difficulty in making his people believe that a letter, involving a political blunder so enormous, was actually genuine; but, supposing that he could succeed in getting the authenticity of the document well credited, its influence in inspiring the garrison with resolution must have been immense. Buonaparte's application was treated, of course, with towering disdain. The unfortunate Frenchman who bore the letter was decapitated—his body given to the fishes—his head kept for amusement; and the fraternizing General now found that, in order to get a glimpse of his long-sought 'friend' Djezzar, he must condescend to sit down before Acre, and patiently open his trenches.

There was much slovenliness, ill-management, and want of vigor in the conduct of the siege. Just at first, too, Buonaparte had nothing but field artillery; but such of the heavy guns as had escaped the English cruisers at length arrived, and a breach was effected. Meantime, however, an event had occurred which, under ordinary circumstances, would have insured the fall of the place without an assault. The Turks, collecting an army of some 15,000 cavalry, and a like number of foot, had crossed the Jordan. With a single division Kleber encountered this force, and, throwing his troops into squares, he found himself able to baffle and shatter the masses of cavalry that came down, pouring round him for six successive hours. At the end of that time Buonaparte came up with fresh divisions, and attacked the Turkish reserves, as well as their front and one of their flanks. Kleber deploying took the offensive, and a brilliant victory was gained—a victory rendered decisive and bloody by Murat's seizure of the only bridge which opened a way for retreat to the eastern side of the Jordan. Now it is a maxim in war that, when a besieging force encounters a relieving army and defeats it, the strong place, however great its resources, will almost certainly fall. But Buonaparte's vain boasting—his display of mean spirit in the application to Djezzar, and other like indications of weakness,—had so entirely deprived him of the hero's prestige, that not even victory, splendid though it were, could now carry power along with it.

At this time the French commander, though displaying less than his usual vigor and ability in the conduct of the siege, was fertile enough of 'gigantic projects' for

taking advantage of the expected capture when effected. 'I shall find in the town,' said he, 'the treasures of the pasha, and arms for three hundred thousand men. I'll raise and arm all Syria, so indignant at the ferocity of Djezzar. I'll march on Damascus and Aleppo. I'll swell my army as I advance in the country with all the malcontents. I'll announce to the people the abolition of slavery and the tyrannical government of the pashas. I shall arrive at Constantinople with armed masses. I'll upset the Turkish empire. I'll found in the East a new and grand empire which shall fix my place in posterity; and perhaps I shall return to Paris by Adrianople and Vienna, after having annihilated *en passant* the House of Austria.' Now we believe it would be difficult to assign any limit to the capabilities of a well-disciplined French army rapidly marched through countries without any other defence than that which Asiatic hordes can furnish; but the most superficial acquaintance with the subject would enable any man to see that Buonaparte's prospects of gaining a moral influence over the people were completely illusory. His notion, for instance, of advancing his cause by the abolition of slavery was ludicrous. The measure of course would have been viewed as confiscation by the owners of the slaves; and who would have been the people to profit by the proposed manumission? Why, a number of black domestics, more fat than pugnacious, and thoroughly unused to arms as well as to freedom, besides a few women from Georgia and Circassia, already rooted to the harems of their owners by all the ties that can make home dear to wives and mothers. It is amusing, too, to see that at this period Buonaparte, having failed to win the respect of the Mahometans, showed some little hankering after the before despised Christians; but chiefly he seems to have relied upon the Druses, for he fancied that their ambiguous religious position, as men neither good Christians nor good Mahometans, must dispose them to fraternize affectionately with his armed philosophers. Fancy the sympathy between a portly Druse of the Lebanon and a grimacing member of the Institute! And here we may remark (for the topic is not so trivial as it sounds) that the manner and personal appearance of the Frenchman must always obstruct him seriously in his attempts to gain an influence over the Orientals. All Europeans, no doubt (we of course treat Turkey as Asiatic), labor to some extent

under this inconvenience; their ugly prim dresses, their quick anxious movements, their comparatively awkward gait and humble bearing, are fitted to draw upon them the contempt of a people who habitually display their self-respect by the external signs of decorous dress, and calm dignified manner. But a Frenchman is the superlative of all this uncomeliness. As we should show to a child a convict at work in his gaol dress, and say, 'that it is to be wicked'—so a bigoted Mussulman, if he wished to inspire his boy with an early hatred and contempt of Europe and Christianity, would pick out the smartest Frenchman he could find in the streets of Pera and say, 'My child, look there!—if ever you were to forget your God and the Prophet, you might come to look like that!' But even supposing that there were no antipathies of this sort to conquer, still nothing could be more vain than to suppose that because Buonaparte's loose conscience enabled him to sham any form of worship he chose, he could therefore procure a religious following either from the Mahometans, or the Christians, or the Druses. It is a phrenzy, and not a cold lie, that gathers together an army of fanatics.

A more immediate prospect, which cheered the Republican General whilst waiting for the result of his siege, was the ready surrender of Damascus. He was to have the keys of that place the moment he had hoisted the French flag on the citadel of Acre. Of course he was. It is a proverb in Syria, founded upon the constant result of the many tussels for that country, that whoever wins Acre, wins not only Damascus, but all the cities and all the plains of Syria and Palestine. But Buonaparte's vanity, and limited knowledge of the people with whom he was dealing, quite blinded him to the emptiness or waggery of the offer.

A sufficient breach was at last effected, and now the result of the siege would chiefly depend upon the valor and obstinacy of the contending forces. Buonaparte, therefore, in his despatches to Egypt, treated the capture of the place as certain, and even named the day on which it was to receive the republican flag. He was ignorant of the staunch courage which the Ottoman soldier displays when fighting hand-to-hand in the breach. The truth is, that in such situations a brave man for once enjoys those opportunities of displaying individual heroism, from which in the open field he is

so often and so provokingly debarred by the European system of discipline. Then too the besieged had their energies directed with admirable skill and judgment by Philippeaux; and, moreover, they found a good comforter in Sir Sydney Smith, who, landing a number of his officers and men, inspired the whole garrison with something of the cheery spirit and boldness that belong to the English seaman. Seven assaults were made, and all failed: at the eighth assault, so many as two hundred Frenchmen gained a footing within the works, and reached the pasha's garden, but not being supported with that vigor and promptitude which could alone bring about success, they were cut to pieces. This was Buonaparte's last attempt. 'That man,' said he at St. Helena, speaking of Sir Sydney, 'made me miss my destiny.' However, there was no help for it: the General could not afford to lose more men, and must perforce renounce the Empire of the East. He retreated; and his discomfiture, in the judgment of the natives, brought heavy disgrace upon the French arms. Many a man in Syria, to this day, who never heard of Napoleon the Emperor, yet remembers the vanquished foe of old Djeddar Pasha. However, the General's power of falsifying rose with the occasion; the disgrace sustained was so great, that triumphant indeed must be the tone of the address to the army:—

'Soldiers!' said this document, 'you have accomplished your destiny: after having, with a handful of men, maintained the war in Syria, taken forty pieces of cannon, fifty standards, and six thousand prisoners, razed the fortifications of Gaza, Jaffa, Caffa, and Acre (!), we are about to re-enter Egypt: the season of disembarkation commands it. A few days more, and you would have taken the pasha in the midst of his palace; but at this moment such a prize is not worth a few days' combat.'

So the soldiers were to believe that, by having perforated a small aperture in the walls of Acre, they had 'razed' its fortifications, and that they had really achieved the grand object of the siege, though they failed to carry the breach! One of the French chroniclers, however, pretends that there were several men in the army so highly gifted in point of good sense and sagacity that they actually detected the falseness, and even the absurdity, of this address.

The elaborate lying of the bulletin was

not the only consolation of the retreating General. Before the retrograde movement commenced, Buonaparte had imagined a new atrocity: following up the now familiar line of policy adopted by the French, he determined that if he could not hurt his enemies, he would at all events hurt neutrals or friends. It does not appear that the people of the country along the coast from Acre to the Desert had ever seriously harassed or vexed the march of the French troops. The garrisons, indeed, manned by Osmanlis and Arnauts, had held out, and the warlike and bigoted population in the neighborhood of Naplouse had given some trouble—but it was not on these that the vengeance was to fall. 'I'll destroy every thing,' said Buonaparte, 'home to the commencement of the Desert.' I'll make it impossible for an army to pass in this direction for the next two years. It (i. e. an army) does not live in the midst of ruins.' The season of the year (for it was May, the time of ripe grain immediately preceding the harvest) but too well favored this campaign against the fruits of the earth. Destroying parties were organized with as much regularity and system as if they had been formed for foraging: they were armed with torches. Every village—nay, every poor laborer's hut lying upon the condemned tract of country—was destroyed; and across the whole belt of fertile soil that runs parallel with the sea-shore the yellow fields blazed. And day by day this vast conflagration moved steadily on upon the left of the retreating columns; so that when Buonaparte once more set foot upon the verge of the Desert, he left the fair province that had fed his army for the last three months now smoking far and near with ruined homes, and black with the ashes of corn.

But whilst Devastation thus flanked the march of the French troops, the Plague stole into their ranks. This calamity is one that always develops a new source of difference between the Oriental and the European. The former meets the risk of infection with serene composure: the latter, believing plague to be propagated by contact, is perpetually seeking to shun the peril, and is therefore regarded by the Moslem as a poor fugitive, miserably hoping to baffle the will of God by human shifts and contrivances. The habitual materialism of the Frenchman seems to render him even more alive than other Europeans to the importance of avoiding contact in time of plague. Upon

the retreat from Acre this anxiety of the troops to avoid the touch of infected substances grew to such a height as to destroy the bonds of good comradeship. Many a poor fellow, as he lay writhing to death upon the ground, would cry out, piteously—'I am not a *pestifère*—I am only wounded;' and to convince his comrades of this, he would re-open his gashes, or even inflict upon himself fresh wounds. 'No one believed him. The men said—"He is done for" (*son affaire est faite*)—then passed on, felt to know if their own glands were free from the fatal swelling, and all was forgotten.' This abandonment of the sick and wounded must have been viewed with great scorn by the pursuing Turks.

Buonaparte's biographers make much of their hero's resigning his horse to the sick and wounded, and marching on foot. It is almost provoking to see that even this small piece of self-sacrificing heroism was a mere *coup de théâtre*. It was during the halt at Tentoura, on the 20th of May, that the order requiring all beasts of burden to be given up for the sick and wounded was issued. When the General was about to move on, one of his grooms asked which horse he would ride: he answered by giving the poor servant a violent slash across the face with his whip, swore a fierce oath, and said that he should march on foot. He no doubt did so—perhaps for half an hour, perhaps for a day; but during the night-march of the 22nd (when the want of beasts of burthen must have been just as pressing as it had been on the 20th, and in all probability much more so) Buonaparte was fired at by a peasant. This event incidentally brings out the fact that the pretended magnanimity of marching on foot had not been persevered in, for we are expressly told that when the shot was fired the General was asleep on his horse.

Another favorite story of Buonaparte's biographers was that of his touching the swellings of the plague-stricken patients in the hospital of Jaffa. This is a fable. The General, indeed, entered the hospital; walked rapidly through the rooms, switching his boot-top with his riding-whip, and desiring that those who were strong enough would get up and march, as the place would soon be occupied by the enemy. The plague-stricken patients were all too far gone to take the least notice of the speech addressed to them. There were not, it seems, more than sixty of them. An order was issued (it is hardly now mat-

ter of doubt) for administering to these patients 'a potion adapted to accelerate death.' A draught of this sort in the terse idiom of England would be called simply 'poison.' We, however, will not undertake to say that Buonaparte, in giving this direction, was not influenced by a motive which he thought humane. Moreover, it seems highly probable that his order was never complied with, and that the patients were left to their fate. There is much weight in the suggestion of Savary, who observes that the sick were all too far gone to take the potion voluntarily, and that *no Frenchman would have incurred the risk of infection by administering it.*

The remains of the army passed the Desert, and returned in miserable plight to Cairo. Buonaparte heralded his arrival by a bulletin so transcendent in its falseness that for a moment his very secretary refused the leap, and hesitated to write the dictated words. 'I shall bring with me,' said the discomfited General in this address—'I shall bring with me a quantity of prisoners, and of flags. I have razed the palace of Djeddar, the ramparts of Acre; there no longer remains one stone upon another; all the inhabitants have evacuated the town by sea. Djeddar is severely wounded.' Now every man in Egypt would know in a week that Acre was safe and sound; and every Oriental, comparing the words with the fact, would infer that the father of the lie was Fear.

In the following month the Osmanlis, encouraged by the failure of the French before Acre, landed at Aboukir under cover of the English guns, to the number of 15,000 or 16,000 men. They threw up intrenchments, and prepared to make war in their old-fashioned way. Buonaparte came down and destroyed the whole force.

Here was really a great and decisive victory: but the moment for the great adventurer's departure was now at hand. Mr. Warburton, after a few weeks of sailing and tracking on the Nile, owns to the irresistible longing which he felt for the blessed face of a newspaper. Yet compare the meagre news of the present era with the events of the period we speak of. In these days the deprivation would keep us painfully doubting whether the Rev. Mr. Ward was, or was not, to be dressed as a freshman—would even condemn us to ignorance respecting the exact state of the great surplice controversy at Little Lower Churchington—but if a man were without recent

tidings in 1799, he knew not to whom belonged the ancient kingdoms of Europe. For ten months the French had lived without certain news from their country; but Sir Sydney Smith (the most courteous of foes) now presented to Buonaparte a file of the 'Frankfort Journal.' Italy lost! 'Les misérables!' cries Buonaparte (alluding to the Directory); and instantly sees how welcome now to humbled France must be the return of her most fortunate General. He secretly prepares the requisite means—issues false announcements of his purpose in descending the Nile—makes a false appointment with Kleber—leaves behind him a false promise to return—and slips away for ever from the shores of Egypt.

Kleber, disgusted at the cool escape of Buonaparte, and angry to find himself saddled with the duty of making the best of a very bad matter, commenced his administration by signing the Convention of El Arish, and provided for the deportation of the French troops to the shores of France, in French or Turkish vessels. The circumstances of this transaction so closely touch the subject with which we are dealing—namely, the good faith of nations—and are, in our view, so clearly stated by Mr. Alison, that we will give them in his words:—

'This convention was not signed by the British Admiral, Sir Sydney Smith; nor was he vested either with express authority to conclude such a treaty, nor with such a command as necessarily implied such a power. It was, however, entered into with his concurrence and approbation; and, like a man of honor, he felt himself as much bound to see it carried into effect, as if his signature had been affixed to the instrument. But the British Government had, three months before, sent out orders to Lord Keith, commanding the English fleet in the Mediterranean, not to consent to any treaty in which it was not stipulated that the French army were to be prisoners of war; and Lord Keith, on the 8th January, a fortnight before the Convention of El Arish was signed, had sent a letter from Minorca to Kleber, warning him that any vessels having on board French troops, returning home in virtue of a capitulation other than an unconditional surrender, would be made prisoners of war. The continental historians of every description are loud in their abuse of the English Government for what they call their bad faith in refusing to ratify the Convention of El Arish. The smallest attention to dates must be sufficient to prove that these censures are totally destitute of foundation. The Convention was signed at El Arish on January

24th, 1800, and Lord Keith's letter, announcing that the British Government would agree to no capitulation, was dated Minorca, January 8th, 1800, or *sixteen days before the signature of the treaty*. This letter was founded on instructions sent out by the English Cabinet to Lord Keith, dated December 17th, in consequence of the intercepted letters of Kleber, which had fallen into their hands immediately after Napoleon's return. Kleber no sooner received Lord Keith's letter than he resumed hostilities, and fought the battle of Heliopolis with his wonted precipitance, without once reflecting on the fact that the letter on which he founded so much was written not only long before intelligence of the treaty had reached England, but from Minorca, *sixteen days before the treaty itself was signed*. "No sooner, however," said Mr. Pitt in his place in Parliament, "was it known in England that the French general had the faith of a British officer pledged to him, and was disposed to act upon it, than instructions were sent out to have the Convention executed, though the officer in question had, in fact, no authority to sign it." Orders accordingly were sent out to execute the treaty, and they arrived in May, 1800, long after the battle of Heliopolis; and Kleber had consented to a renewal of the treaty, when it was interrupted by his assassination at Grand Cairo on June 14th, 1800. Sir Sydney Smith had no authority to agree to the convention, nor was he the commanding officer on the station, in whom that power necessarily resided, but a mere commodore in command of a ship of the line and two frigates, Lord Keith being the head of the squadron in the Mediterranean. This conduct—in agreeing, contrary to their obvious interests, to restore the French a powerful veteran army, irrecoverably separated from the Republic at the very time when it most stood in need of its assistance, in consequence of a convention acceded to without authority by a subordinate officer—is the strongest instance of the good faith of the English Cabinet; and affords a striking contrast to the conduct of Napoleon soon after, in refusing to ratify the armistice of Treviso, concluded with full powers by his general, Brune, a proceeding which the French historians mention, not only without disapprobation, but manifest satisfaction. —*Alison's History of Europe*, 5th edit. vol. iv. p. 561.

Lord Keith's instructions not to act upon the Convention signed by the French and Turkish commanders were instantly communicated to Kleber by his high-minded foe, Sir Sydney Smith.

'The spirit,' says Mr. Warburton, 'which dictated the British sailor's act was understood in the deserts—a voice went forth among the tents of the Bedouins and the palaces of the despot, that England preferred honor to advantage. Battles, since then, have been

fought, and been forgotten—nations have come and gone, and left no trace behind them—but the memory of that noble truthfulness remained, and expanded into a national characteristic; and our countrymen may, at this hour, in the streets of Cairo, hear the Arabs swear "by the honor of an Englishman."—vol. i. p. 55.

We do not distinctly understand whether Mr. Warburton means that the Arabs still remember and speak of this transaction, or whether he merely uses a form of speech indicating that an impression was produced upon their minds strongly favorable to the English character for honor. The latter view would probably be the correct one; for we confess we have not been so sanguine as to suppose that facts manifesting the honor and good faith of nations, are specifically understood and treasured up by the masses of the people in any country. Our steady hope of the reward properly belonging to national honesty is not founded upon a belief that any signal act of good faith will be long or accurately remembered by the multitude, but rather upon this firm belief, namely, that a long series of treaties performed and promises fulfilled, in spite of temptation to break them, will always be vaguely summed up in the minds of the nations, until in the end a corresponding amount of confidence is engendered.

It has been seen that Lord Keith's instructions forbade all capitulation, except upon the terms of the French surrendering as prisoners of war. 'To such insults,' said the heroic and fiery Kleber, 'we will answer with battles and victories.' And he made good his speech. An army of 40,000 Ottomans had passed the Desert, and hung on the eastern frontier of Egypt. The French commander was obliged, therefore, to concentrate his troops; and as he did so, the futility of Buonaparte's attempts to influence the Egyptians was made manifest. Cairo rose, and forced its small garrison of Frenchmen to take refuge in the citadel. Other places followed the example; but meanwhile, on a fair moonlight night, the armies met near the ruins of Heliopolis, and Kleber gained by far the most brilliant victory that had been hitherto achieved by the French arms against the rude masses of the East. The victorious general followed up his military successes by an able civil administration; and a hard, yet steady and judicious pressure upon the resources of the country, soon enabled him

to retrieve the financial condition of his army. Now, however, arrived instructions from England, based upon that high sense of honor which induced Pitt to ratify the merely implied approval of an English officer, even although that officer was wholly unauthorized to act. Kleber again signed the convention; but before he could give effect to its stipulations he was assassinated by a fanatical Mussulman.

Menou, the new French commander, repudiated the convention, and prepared to measure his strength with a foe more troublesome than any whom the Republicans had hitherto encountered in the land of Egypt. The battle of Aboukir is vividly described by Mr. Warburton; but neither upon this nor upon the subsequent successes of the English arms can we now afford time to dwell. It is more within our purpose to remark that the prestige of French superiority, even over mere Orientals, was at length shaken; for a Turkish general was persuaded to act in the field with such an astonishing amount of common sense, that he absolutely gained a kind of victory over Belliard, and compelled a French general, with 6000 prime troops, to retreat before scimitars, shouts, and yataghans.

At length a final capitulation was signed. The French (more tenderly used in treaty than in battle) were allowed to depart in peace; troops, artists, savans, and all, taking with them their arms and accoutrements, their collections of antiquities, and their famous drawings of Egyptian monuments.* The guns which they were forced to abandon amounted in number to several hundreds; but in order that, on arriving at Toulon, they might have the air of bringing back their artillery with them, they stipulated for the right of carrying off ten field-pieces. Thus, in almost all the acts of the invaders, from the day when the expedition sailed from France under the name of 'The Left Wing of the Army of England,' up to the final capitulation of Alexandria, we detect the principle of deception.

* All these curiosities and objects of art were to have been delivered up to the English by the terms of the Convention. The savans, however, stoutly rebelled against this provision. They declared that, if it were insisted upon, they would destroy all the articles in question, and would throw upon Lord Hutchinson the infamy of becoming a 'second Amrou;' and the English commander was so much alarmed or mystified by this threat that he actually surrendered the claim.

The Convention of Alexandria must have counteracted, in great measure, the effect produced by our victories upon the public opinion of the East. Orientals habitually distrust the existence of a power which is exerted with any thing like charitable, or even politic forbearance; and seeing that the Englishman had been induced to let his old foe escape so easily, they would hardly believe it possible that the latter could have been utterly beaten. If we had erected a handsome pyramid with the skulls of the French soldiers, and had sold all the savans as slaves, we should have conciliated more effectually the love and esteem of the Turks. Still, although our prowess had thus fallen short of perfection, we had done a good deal. The forced evacuation of Egypt by a French army, so lately holding it in military possession, was a fact for men's minds to dwell on. In time of profound peace and professed amity between the governments of the invading and invaded countries, a vast armament had landed on the shores of Egypt—the clear superiority of European discipline and European tactics had been displayed to the full—the invaders had shrunk from no sort or amount of expedient cruelty—they had spared no act of treachery—no form of falsehood, if only it seemed advantageous—they had debased themselves by renouncing their religion (or, if not their own, at least the religion of their forefathers) for the nonsensical forms of mere Orientals—their savans, too, had tried their little arts. And now—with their numbers diminished by nearly one-half, their artillery reduced to ten pieces, their character for invincibility and good faith reduced to nothing at all—they passed away to the West like a plague, and, as though in compliance with the prayer of the Mussulmans, to 'infest the cities of Christians.'

The Ottoman empire now rested from French visitation; but before six years were over, the late General of the Republican army in Egypt had become the Emperor of the West; and when Sebastiani presented his credentials as ambassador at the Porte, he represented, to all seeming, the greatest of earthly potentates. His power, therefore, was great, and he knew how to make it tell. The diplomatist who represents a powerful European state at an Eastern court, must be something more than a mere rounder of periods and softener of phrases. Geographical distance is only one of the many causes which make it im-

possible to set down in London or Paris minute instructions that can be treated as strictly binding at the Sublime Gate of the Seraglio, or the Heavenly Ark of Tehraun; and where the Foreign Office is impotent to instruct, the ambassador must have power to choose. State events in the East, too, are sudden in their coming—grand in their consequences. By the test of a great emergency Sebastiani was tried, and he showed himself sagacious, decisive, intrepid—intrepid as though he were handling troops against some old-fashioned general, who issued his orders, like Cuesta, from out of a coach and six. The influence of Napoleon (we speak merely of his influence upon the court and councils of the Turks) was raised to a height that absolutely excluded the enemies of France from the friendship of the Sultan. The English ultimatum was therefore imperious, requiring the Porte to come to an immediate rupture with France, and to join the Anglo-Russian alliance. The Divan replied by a declaration of war; and Admiral Duckworth, with seven ships of the line and two frigates, boldly forced the Dardanelles, sailed through the Marmora, and brought up within sight of the Seraglio point. The city was at this moment defenceless, and the ships of the Sultan lay, tempting and easy of capture, in the Golden Horn. The Divan, feeling itself, as it were, in a glass-house, was vastly anxious to avoid being smashed, and fully disposed to give way. But Sebastiani, bold and sanguine, saw grounds of hope in the possible simplicity of the British commander. The full extent of a brave sailor's innocence in diplomacy could never be known until it was fairly tested; and 'good Sir John' might perhaps be amused by pretended negotiations until the preparations necessary for resisting an attack could be perfected. At all events the Turks might be persuaded to try the experiment. They tried it. In seven days the defences of the city and the duping of the Devonshire admiral were complete. An attack was no longer practicable. The fleet, returning through the Dardanelles, once more ran the gauntlet of the monster-guns; and before the British commander anchored again off Tenedos, his losses were 250 men killed or wounded; an opportunity of bursting the Franco-Ottoman alliance thrown away; and his character for common sense missing. This brilliant achievement of course raised Sebastiani to the very zenith of diplomatic glory, and

proportionately attenuated the resources of British negotiators throughout all Europe. Sir Robert Adair's highly interesting Memoir of his Embassy shows how keenly the check was felt by him at Vienna.

Pretty closely upon this capital blunder there followed our ill-advised descent (March 1807) upon the coast of Egypt. The British force successfully established itself in Damietta and Alexandria; but a disaster sustained at Rosetta by a strong detachment of our troops so discouraged those in command that they were glad to sign an honorable convention providing for the restoration of prisoners and the evacuation of the country. Now, considering that at the time of planning the enterprise we were engaged in deadly struggle with an European potentate then fully a match for our strength, we are bound to conclude that, in the conception of this scheme for the invasion of Egypt, there was something of the frivolity which had characterized the French expedition of 1798. We had this, however, to say for ourselves, as honorably contradistinguishing us from the French—namely, that we were at war with the sovereign of the country which we chose to invade.

At this time the alliance between France and the Porte appeared to be firm as the hills. An ambassador was accredited by the Sultan to Napoleon, and he found him where best an 'emperor' befits the purple—he found him in arms on the Vistula, in all the pride and strength that is implied by a line of operations as safe as the Champs Elysées, yet more than a thousand miles long. Napoleon, recurring to his favorite Oriental style, told the Ottoman, that sooner should his right arm quarrel with his left than he the Emperor of France with his brother the great Padiashah. There is every reason to believe that at this moment Napoleon was sincere; but he thought no more of breaking inconvenient engagements with a Turkish ambassador than if he had spoken his promises to a mere turban and bundle of shawls, without a man in the midst of them. This was soon proved; and we shall presently see that, in a very few months from the utterance of the vow just quoted, the 'right arm' quietly agreed to the dismemberment and partition of the unfortunate 'left.'

In the character of a gifted, high-spirited parvenu (and our remark applies to the small social ambitions, no less than to the broad arena of public affairs), a readiness

to insult or deal sternly with the older and more feeble-minded rulers of the earth is often found strangely united with a susceptibility of being cajoled by them. The power and the weakness—the poison and its antidote—grow up together. Of this seeming anomaly in the human character Napoleon stands an example. Until after the battle of Friedland he had been the conqueror—the humbler of princes; now he mounted the raft on the Niemen; and lo! great joy for the wily Alexander—great joy by and by for Europe—he showed his weakness, that weakness which afterwards reduced him from a self-trusting soldier to the mere son-in-law* of a German sovereign. The Great Captain, in short, was cajoleable, and he who had been trampling so fiercely on the House of Brandenburg could at once be flattered and talked into meanness by the imperial craft of a Romanoff. Alexander affected to be irresistibly charmed, and even subdued by Napoleon's style of talking—a style (so Count Munster described it) 'half lapidary, half quack-advertisement.' By thus seeming to be wheedled himself, the Czar absolutely wheedled Napoleon into engagements for the partition of the Ottoman empire. Contrive that your enemy shall betray his friends, and you gain a long march on him. And this march Alexander gained over Napoleon by persuading him to betray the Sultan. No obscurity now veils the secret arrangements of Tilsitt. Bignon, the appointed defender and diplomatic historian of Napoleon, seems to have thought it necessary to begin by wrapping up his hero's treason in a slightly nebulous phrase, and therefore, instead of saying at once that the dismemberment of the Grand Signor's dominions was decided upon, he tells us that the French Emperor was induced to extend towards the czar 'a certain tolerance in the direction of Turkey.' He is afterwards, however, compelled to give the eighth written article, which formally provided for the partition of the Ottoman empire, in the event of the sultan's refusing or delaying to accept Napoleon's mediation: and finally, he admits that the emperors did in fact come to an unconditional agreement for di-

viding between them the whole of European Turkey, except the city of Constantinople and the promontory on which it is situate. In short, the fair provinces of the sultan, to whose government Napoleon had been swearing eternal friendship, were treated as diamond snuff-boxes, and quietly presented by emperor to czar, and czar to emperor, with assurances of 'high consideration.'

Instantly (that is, even before he departed from Tilsitt,) Napoleon despatched eager instructions to Marmont, in Illyria, and to Sebastiani, at Constantinople, preparatory to the seizure and enjoyment of the Western Pashalics. But an arrangement for the partition of the Turkish empire, without providing for the appropriation of Constantinople, was illusory. The sultan, retaining only the city itself and the promontory on which it stands, could not have preserved the envied site against the imperial holder of Bulgaria. The amity of the emperors had some duration, and seemed to be prolonged for a while by the conference of Erfurth; but Napoleon, finding at last that he had been duped (for 'tolerance in the direction of Spain' was no fair exchange for 'tolerance in the direction of Turkey,') gradually receded from his engagements. This was usual with him. When he made a blunder in war, he denied it; when he blundered in the making of a treaty, he broke it. No partition took place, and the sultan still held his own.

It might seem that because the magnificent gifts offered to the czar by the French emperor consisted of another man's provinces, and because, too, those gifts were never actually handed over, therefore the concessions of Napoleon cost him but little. They cost him dear indeed. If the engagements of Tilsitt had never been entered into, of course the irritation occasioned by Napoleon's breach of them would never have been engendered. And this very irritation was the true virus of that protracted altercation that brought about in due season the fatal invasion of Russia. But Napoleon's ill faith in making the arrangements of Tilsitt, no less than his ill faith in evading them, was to the French emperor, an element of destruction. The betrayal of the sultan brought its separate punishment upon the faithless ally. And thus it was that retribution came. When Napoleon was preparing for the invasion of Russia, that power, then at war with the Porte, was engaged with a vast portion of her military force on the Lower Danube.

* The fatuity with which Napoleon in 1813 and '14 relied upon the aid of his 'beaupère, is made to appear very plainly in Caulaincourt's memoirs. But the most melancholy trait is that told by Bourrienne of the Emperor's coolly alluding to some room in the Tuileries as having been decorated in the time 'du Roi, mon oncle'—Louis XVI—husband of poor Maria-Louisa's aunt.

Her successes had been slow and insignificant, her failures mortifying, the loss of men occasioned by the insalubrity of the climate very great; and now that she was to be attacked in the heart of her empire by the great Napoleon in person, at the head of the whole western continent, her hitherto ineffectual efforts on the Danube would necessarily be paralyzed, and the Ottoman, with a very little more of vigor in the conduct of the war, might seriously humble his ancient enemy, recover lost ground, and retrieve the disgraces of half a century.—Moreover, the vast seeming greatness of the French emperor at this period must have tended strongly to fascinate the Oriental mind. How then, and by what earthly means, could the Divan be persuaded to resist these attractive forces?—By reminding it of Tilsitt. There was nothing to set against the greatness of Napoleon's power, except the greatness of his treachery. The true tenor of the secret arrangements was carefully manifested and explained to the simple Turks; and these men, understanding how coolly their supposed ally had prepared to dismember their empire, were fired with an indignation so strong as actually to supersede the desire of gratifying national selfishness and old national hates. The Porte not only refrained from taking advantage of Russia's predicament by pushing the war with alacrity, but was actually induced to conclude a peace with the Czar. Thus Russia was enabled to concentrate all her resources against the French invader. Troops from the Ottoman borders were rapidly drafted northward; and when Napoleon, retreating from Moscow, approached the banks of the Beresina, Tchitchagoff, with a force of some forty thousand men, now freely spared from the Danube, completed that terrible circle which turned the failure and embarrassment of the 'grand army' to absolute destruction.

The last great era of ambitious interference by France in the affairs of the Levant is that of 1840. The diplomatic strife of that and the preceding year was waged in two acts: first, the French abandoned the sultan for the sake of madly abetting Mehemet Ali against the four powers; and, secondly, they abandoned Mehemet Ali in order to return to their senses. The history of act the first long since received full noon-day light from Lord Palmerston's admirable despatch of the 31st of August, 1840; but the second phase of the business, and the coolness with which the promises

of France to the Pasha of Egypt were made and broken, can never be so plainly made manifest as by quoting the very words of the two Frenchmen who, in 1840, successively held the portfolio for foreign affairs. The four powers had been holding stern language to Mehemet Ali, and had plainly warned him that, if he delayed the surrender of Northern Syria beyond the period fixed upon, they would wrest from him not only that territory, but Acre and Palestine too; and that, if he delayed yet further, they would put a period to his rule even in Egypt. The crafty old Pasha, thus menaced, naturally turned to his volatile protector, and wanted to know how far he might rely upon French aid. M. Thiers instantly despatched M. Walewski (a reputed son of Napoleon, and therefore hereditarily entitled to watch the state of the 'French Lake') with instructions to promise great things in the name of France—armed and arming. On the 25th of November, 1840, M. Thiers stood in his place in the Chamber of Deputies, and spoke these words:—'I proposed to the King, therefore, to arm not 400,000 but 630,000 men, of the line, and 300,000 of mobilized national guards.'

'This was what I said to the Pasha—"Do not pass the Taurus; cover well St. Jean d'Acre and Alexandria; demand the mediation of France, and if you can make the war last out—if you can prolong it till the spring—France will then, at the head of all her forces, negotiate for you, and will do so with advantage." . . . We thought it necessary to add a physical effect to a moral effect—that is to say, to send the French fleet to Alexandria [this was never done], and to make the French flag float on the walls of that town [nor this].' 'Yes, gentlemen,' said the same statesman, on the 28th, 'I would have demanded the modification of the treaty [the treaty of the 15th July], and if it had been refused, although, as a statesman, I know perfectly well how terrible the word *war* is for a country, I would have cried war!—and I should have found an echo in France.'

These were not the words of a mere sub-editor of a war-crying journal, but of a man who had just delivered up the portfolio of foreign affairs, and who, not two months before, had power to engage for a mighty nation. But whilst M. Thiers was promising, the four powers were performing: they let slip the dashing Commodore Napier upon the coast of Syria. Thiers continued to promise, but he withdrew his fleet—lest

(according to the authority of the Prince de Joinville) it should gain a 'deplorable victory' over the English, and left the four powers to have their own way on the 'Lake:' these, accordingly, proceeded to execute their treaty with what the French called a 'brutal' exactness. Sidon fell—Caiffa too, and Tyre—Beyrout fell. Acre—famous once more—received for two hours the fire of the allied fleet; but, at four o'clock, sudden darkness burst up through the sunshine—then hung aloft in the air, and canopied all the town. The armed vessels heaved and shook, for the bed of the sea was tremulously lifted beneath them. The principal magazine and the whole arsenal had blown up. 'By the explosion,' says Sir Charles Smith, in his despatch, 'two entire regiments, formed in position on the ramparts, were annihilated, and every living creature within the area of 60,000 square yards ceased to exist.' Our seamen, they say, for a while stood silent, respectful in their demeanor,—as though this end of man's defences had been wrought from on High, or by the chaotic energies of Nature. The firing immediately languished—then ceased altogether;—and 'cruel, cold, formal man' was shocked into such forgetfulness of his old punctilios, that parleying, and frays of truce, and the down-hauling of colors were neglected. No formal surrender took place; but the gates of the town stood open, and the allies were free when they chose to go in among the corpses and ruins.

Thus, whilst Mehemet Ali was listening to M. Walewski's account of the numerous wonders which France could, or should, or would, or might have wrought in his favor, he found himself driven from out of all Syria by a series of those impressive phenomena which our neighbors so quaintly describe by the name of 'accomplished acts.' Meanwhile, France had found a sane minister, and she now coolly repudiated her engagements with the Pasha—as mere lover's vows made in the summer-time, and properly broken in autumn. 'France,' said M. Guizot, 'that did not go to war in order to hinder Poland from falling into the hands of Russia, cannot now do so in order that Syria may remain in the hands of the Pasha.' And again in the Chamber of Peers, on the 18th of November,— 'We have done all for the Pasha, all that our influence could effect, and now we are asked to go to war for him, as if he were a near neighbor whose fate was connected

with our own. Gentlemen, this is asking too much—this is impossible. We have, I repeat, done for him all that our influence could do; we were not bound to do more for him, and we cannot undertake to do more for an ally so distant and so uncertain. . . . Gentlemen, do not talk now to France of conquests, of glory, of combat. Let her live in peace, rich, prosperous, and in the bosom of liberty.' And these prudent counsels were followed; but is it to be wondered at that, by a course of conduct such as that which we have described, the influence of France in the Levant should be grievously weakened? There are two distinct shafts, one after the other, down which human frailty may fall. A man may fall from innocence to crime, and may then find a lower depth by betraying his guilty comrade. France effected both these descents. She abandoned her ally the Sultan to make common cause with his rebellious vassal, and then in his direst need she abandoned her hoary accomplice. Every statesman knew that France, in breaking with the Sultan, had not only swerved from her formal engagements, but from the old course of policy which, in times of national sanity, she had always adopted. It was thoroughly necessary for her to retrace her steps; but unhappily the levity with which her minister had been pledging her in the opposite direction made it impossible for her to do so, and yet retain her fair fame. For men number these things—vaguely, indeed, yet with enough of tenacity to preclude a new growth of confidence. It is in vain to talk and say to a shrewd old soldier like Mehemet Ali that 'the ministry of the 1st of March' was displaced by 'the ministry of the 29th of October.' Mehemet Ali treated not with this or that administration—he treated with France: he was to have the support of a nation that promised to negotiate for him at the head of 930,000 soldiers: he resists accordingly; and then he is told that second thoughts are best, and that his ally can do no more for him, because she is determined to 'live in peace, rich, prosperous, and in the bosom of liberty!' This abandonment of an ally—even although the engagements made with him had been lawlessly and rashly contracted—could not of course take place without bringing discredit on France. The moral damage which she sustained by throwing over the Pasha is thus set forth by the very man who had been pledging her:— 'Do you know,' said M. Thiers, on the

25th of November, 1840, in the Chamber of Deputies, 'what will result from such a settlement? *France has lost all her influence in the Mediterranean*,—and this is not only a physical loss, but it is also a moral one; whereas if you had been willing, you might have got rid of the treaties of 1815. *Our influence in Europe is lost for ever.*'

After glancing at a passage of history like this, it is most gratifying to see and feel assured that, under the practice of our constitution, the honor of England in her dealings with foreign nations is not liable to be thus compromised by changes of administration, or stress of party politics. The admirable working of our political system in this respect may be well illustrated by the events of the very period to which we have been adverting. Rarely since the Revolution has there existed in this country a Government so wanting in Parliamentary support as that of 1840—never was a Government so powerless at home;—yet at that very period England was enabled to take a bold, decisive, and brilliantly successful lead in the affairs of Europe. This she did to the utter confusion of Thiers, who had all along fondly reckoned that the general weakness of the British Government must include a paralysis of the Foreign Office. The secret of England's strength, and of her then immense influence, lay in the perfect unanimity of all such of her statesmen as were really conversant with the affairs of Europe, and the high-minded patriotism which enabled them to keep their judgments upon the great concerns of the nation unworped by party contests. The Duke of Wellington, on the 26th of January, 1841, reviewing in Parliament the events of the preceding year, 'expressed his approval of the course of foreign policy which had been adopted. He had long viewed with anxiety the dangers that were likely to result from the state of affairs in the Levant, and he rejoiced to think that those dangers would now be averted. . . . As to the late negotiations, he had attended carefully to the whole course of proceeding, but he could discover nothing which France could construe into a cause of offence—he saw nothing on which a difference with France could be grounded; nor could he discover any fault which had been committed on our part.' Not at all forgetting how much may be owing to the well-directed abilities of the late Secretary for Foreign Affairs, we repeat that this unanimity of our chief

statesman was the main secret of the high and brilliant position occupied by England in 1840. But whence this unanimity among men opposed to each other in party strife? Was it fortuitous? No; it resulted from this—that the policy adopted by the minister of the day was not founded on the personal whim or newly-conceived opinion of any mere individual, but was, in fact, the old time-sanctioned policy of England. New events may, from time to time, necessitate variations in our system of foreign policy; whenever this happens there will probably arise divergences of opinion amongst our statesmen, and the usually consequent symptoms of national indecision; but we are happy to believe that whenever the traditions of the Foreign Office and the course of policy thence deducible can be closely followed, the minister of the day, working out that policy with zeal and ability, may reckon upon the support of all those British statesmen, no matter what their party, who are really initiated in the state-affairs of Europe. Foreign nations, too, know this: that engagements entered into by a British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, however strongly disapproved by his successor, will yet be honorably performed. The Duke of Wellington was no strong approver of the Quadrupartite Treaty; yet when he accepted the seals of the Foreign Office, in 1834, he proceeded to execute its stipulations with ready promptitude and zeal.

Addressing ourselves, as we do in this article, merely to the relations of the Grand Nation with Eastern potentates, we cannot advert to the system followed by France on the more western coasts of the Mediterranean, except for the mere purpose of remarking that her exertions to gain influence in these quarters have been in some measure like to those which she has made in the Levant. How sounds the French name in Spain? The Peninsular War—the Trocadero—the unexcused evasion of France from the Quadrupartite Treaty, and her subsequent alliance with mere factions of the State—these are the headings under which modern history chronicles the obligations conferred on Spain by her magnanimous neighbor.

If we look to the Italian shores of the 'Lake,' we are instantly reminded of the unfortunate Ligurian, Roman, Cisalpine, and Parthenopean Republics—of Venice betrayed to Austria at the peace of Campo Formio—of pictures and statues seized by

Napoleon, and restored by Wellington—of the enthusiastic insurgents of late years, men perpetually abetted, and never protected, by France. Again, turning to the African coast, we see how successfully the 'Grand Nation' with her vaudevilles and her razzias has ingratiated herself with the Algerines—how faithfully she has observed her engagement to abstain from territorial acquisitions.

Meanwhile, and concurrently with all this uneasy ambition, France has been losing the almost exclusive trade which she formerly enjoyed on the coast of Syria. The amount of her commerce in the Mediterranean is now surprisingly small, when considered with reference to her geographical position, and the industry and skill of her people.

And now, by all the blood shed—by all the treasure expended—by all the alliances repudiated—by all the treaties broken—by all the commerce lost for the sake of this coveted influence in the Mediterranean—what amount of solid power has been really acquired by France? In order to answer this question, we cannot have recourse to a much better authority than 'La Presse,'—a paper understood to receive part of its wisdom from M. Lamartine, who has bestowed great attention upon all questions affecting the relations of France with the Levant. And thus it is that this journal, so lately as the 14th of last February, described and deplored the position of France upon the shores of her favorite sea;—'There is one phrase of Napoleon's which has often been repeated, but which is nevertheless true [how naive!], and it is this—"The Mediterranean is a French lake." Assuredly this expression was just; and we may be allowed to believe, that if Napoleon had been allowed to remain longer on the throne, and had not been absorbed by inevitable diversions, he would have established it as a truth. Unfortunately he possessed neither the leisure nor the means; and since the fall of the Empire this legitimate wish has not only been realized, but our influence is daily diminishing in the Mediterranean.'

We hope that our retrospect of those failures which have attended both French and English encroachments upon the territories of the Sultan may induce a belief that the non-seizure of Egypt by the British Government is an excusable piece of remissness. We are far from blinding ourselves to the absolute necessity of main-

taining unquestioned and uninterrupted our right of passage to India by way of the Isthmus; but it is precisely because we recognize the importance of this privilege that we would repudiate all notions of territorial aggrandizement in the direction of Egypt. It is in Paris, and not here, that the idea of England's permanently enjoying a free transit by Suez has been perpetually associated with that of her seizing Egypt.

There is really no ground at all for supposing that unjust aggression upon the territories of the Sultan is a condition necessary to our maintaining the right of way. Happily for England, this privilege of free passage across every part of the Sultan's dominions has been granted and confirmed to her by a long series of treaties. The first of these was made so early as in the reign of our Queen Elizabeth; and its provisions have been formally ratified and liberally enlarged by numerous later treaties and conventions coming down to our own time. The articles entered into between the Sultan and Queen Elizabeth are recited verbatim in the subsequent treaty of 1675.* By the first of these the shores and ports of all the territories under the dominion of the Sultan are opened to vessels bearing the English flag. The second article provides 'that the said nation' (England) 'shall likewise safely and freely go and come by land within the limits of our imperial dominions' (the Sultan's territories) 'without any injury, molestation, or impediment to the persons, cattle, estates, or effects of the said nation.' Both the treaty just quoted (that of Elizabeth) and the treaty of 1675 contain many anxious and carefully framed provisions for giving force and substantial value to the conceded privileges; and by the last-mentioned act it is formally stipulated that all future imperial mandates under the seal of the Sultan shall be absolutely void in such of their provisions as may clash with the words or spirit of the treaties. And these solemn engagements are not vain words, but have been acted upon with remarkable fidelity by the Ottoman Government and those in authority under it. We most of us remem-

* The style and titles of our merry King Charles II. are thus oddly set forth in the treaty:—'To the Glorious among the Princes of Jesus, revered by the High Potentates of the People of the Messiah, sole Director of the important Affairs of the Nazarene Nation, Lord of the Limits of Decency, and the Honor of Grandeur and Renown, Charles II., King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland.'

ber the wise forbearance of Mehemet Ali, who, at the very time of our wresting Syria from his military occupation, was safely transmitting our India mails across the Isthmus of Suez. This instance, no less than the probabilities fairly deducible from an abstract view of the matter, justify us in inferring that any satrap of the Porte holding the government of Egypt—and whether independent or not—would find it vitally for his interest to keep us unmolested in our passage. His interference with that privilege, or even his failure to secure us from the interruption of others, would speedily work his ruin.

By constant and uninterrupted usage, therefore, no less than by strictly legal ownership, a privilege of free passage through all the Sultan's territories belongs to England. Our claim to go unmolested across the Isthmus of Suez is as clear by public law as our right to cross the West Riding; and whoever interfered with the enjoyment of it would take upon himself those responsibilities which attach to an invader of the British dominions.

On the other hand, an invasion and seizure of Egypt, whether by England or by any other of the Great Powers, involves an European war, and this we are invited to brave for the sake of a privilege which we already enjoy unmolested! But, then, it is said that a state of confusion may arise upon the death of Mehemet Ali, and that therefore we must shape our policy with a view to the probable dismemberment of the Ottoman empire—that in short we must take time by the forelock, and begin to burn down our house at once in order to exclude the possibility of its being burnt down accidentally! This would be carrying precaution too far. The course which it behoves this country to take lies as clear to the sight of the practical statesman as to that of the political moralist: always in the long run is good faith expedient; but brought to bear upon our Eastern policy it is no less plainly advantageous in its immediate and early results than in its ultimate consequences. We stand deeply pledged to maintain unpartitioned the territories of that very state under which we possess by treaty, and enjoy, in fact, the now precious right of free passage. Our duty, therefore, and our interest are one, and are simply this:—to avoid encroachment ourselves, and to prevent encroachment by others. We can be honest, and yet prosper. We can hold our own—not

by snatching a province from our ancient ally, but by keeping his dominions entire.

Perhaps it is well for our country that the weight of France, necessarily so great by reason of her martial prowess and her immense military resources, has not been aggravated by the accession of that vast moral power which she would have inevitably gathered about her, if during the last half century she had respected neutral states—had pursued her foes with steady enmity, and had lent to her friends and allies a constant and faithful support. At all events, we can draw from the experience of our great neighbor a new confirmation of the ancient truth that honesty is the best policy; and when, whether it be in the Levant, or on the banks of the Indus, we are tempted to break faith with men because they are weak in the hour of battle—because they wear turbans, or turn their faces to Mecca—we may strengthen our old love of truth by a glance at the 'French Lake,' for there and on its shores there broods a history most apt for teaching how halt, lame, and blind is the march of a nation that rests her ambitious hopes on violence and ill-faith.

MRS. BUTLER'S POEMS.

From the London Quarterly Review.

Poems. By Frances Anne Butler (late Fanny Kemble). London. 12mo. 1844. pp. 144.

THIS collection, having been published simultaneously by two different London booksellers, it is no doubt reprinted from an American edition. Whether the original title-page had the '(late Fanny Kemble)' on it, we cannot tell. After reading through the little book, that parenthesis seems like a mournful ejaculation.

More than once we have had occasion to express admiration of Mrs. Butler's various and vigorous ability; but we own that the present volume, though including no piece of considerable length or in any ambitious form, has raised our estimate of her as a poetess. She has never before written so simply or so strongly. Never before has she dealt so boldly with the realities of life, and yet never before in our judgment did she display an equal richness of imaginative power.

It is very rarely that a woman's poetry—real poetry—does not betray its source in

her personal experience and emotions. With whatever art she may endeavor to envelope it, the self peeps through wherever the inspiration reaches its height. But here there is no attempt at concealment. It is impossible not to feel that we have before us the fragments of an autobiography in verse. Of the few articles that do not fall under this category, almost all appear cold and elaborate beside her staple. She may introduce here and there what nymphs, fairies, even angels she pleases—we turn the page the moment we perceive that it does not belong wholly to 'Frances Butler—late Fanny Kemble.' Nor has the lady any reason to shrink from the sort of criticism which she has thus forced on her reader.

We quote first the following sonnet, very graceful on the whole—though the last line is tautologous—and additionally interesting because, it seems, we have here, on a subject of which most of our readers must be competent judges, the results of the self-observation of two persons of rare genius.

'SONNET.

'Suggested by Sir Thomas Lawrence observing that we never dream of ourselves younger than we are.

*'Not in our dreams, not even in our dreams,
May we return to that sweet land of youth,
That home of hope, of innocence, and truth,
Which as we farther roam but fairer seems.
In that dim shadowy world, where the soul strays
When she has laid her mortal charge to rest,
We oft behold far future hours and days,
But ne'er live o'er the past, the happiest.
How oft will Fancy's wild imaginings
Bear us in sleep to times and worlds unseen:
But ah! not e'en unfetter'd Fancy's wings
Can lead us back to aught that we have been,
Or waft us to that smiling, sunny shore,
Which e'en in slumber we may tread no more.'*

—p. 78.

We confess it astonished us to find this 'physiological fact' so firmly attested. Assuredly, if literature 'may be in aught believed,' we are not alone in our dissent. Are we wrong, then, in believing that nothing is more common than to live over in dreams, the sights, the sounds, the feelings, of even a very early period of our existence? Is it not true that many a gray-haired man, who perhaps has been watching the play of his children before he fell asleep, finds himself flung back, as soon as his eyes close, to the home of his own childhood? Is it not true that the parent whose death, when it occurred, was rather a mystery than a sorrow, is not dead to the dreaming sense—but that her sunlit beams as freshly as ever it did on the curled darling at her

knee? Is there any man for whom the dead that he loved in life are not still alive in his dreams? Sir Thomas should have confined his statement to merest infancy—the Life of the Cradle. When the human being has once passed that age of utter feebleness, we believe no sensation, no thought whatever fails to imprint itself indelibly. We may have put the impression away in an obscure corner—so obscure that no voluntary effort of ours can bring it up; but there it is. A trivial accident shall be sufficient to touch the spring of the repository—and experience teaches that these hidden springs are more accessible to such influence during the general relaxation and wandering wildness of sleep than at any other season. A Danish poet beautifully compares the detached images of long-past existence thus resuscitated by 'unfettered Fancy,' to the 'brilliant mosaics of a buried city;'—but this is only half the story—it leaves out 'the written troubles of the brain.' It is probable that Mrs. Butler has the good fortune to be a sound sleeper. The dreams that she recollects are in that case those of the light morning slumber, when we are acted upon, every moment more and more, by the external circumstances of the actual place, and of course by associations of the actual time. If ever she should have feeble health, and be liable to start from the visions of midnight—'when deep sleep falleth upon men,'—she would, we suspect, desert the theory of our late amiable painter. But there is in this very volume more than one page to which we may appeal for much of what we have been saying. For example:—

'TO THE PICTURE OF A LADY.

*'Lady, sweet lady, I behold thee yet,
With thy pale brow, brown eyes, and solemn air,
And billowy tresses of thy golden hair,
Which once to see is never to forget!
But for short space I gazed with soul intent
Upon thee; and the limner's art divine,
Meantime, poured all thy spirit into mine.
But once I gazed, then on my way I went:
And thou art still before me. Like a dream
Of what our soul has loved, and lost for ever,
Thy vision dwells with me, and though I never
May be so blest as to behold thee more,
That one short look has stamped thee in my heart:
Of my intensest life a living part,
Which time, and death, shall never triumph o'er.'*

—p. 18.

* See Anderson's 'Improvisatore, or Life in Italy,' an exquisite romance, very elegantly translated by Mrs. Howitt—by far the most valuable work she has as yet introduced to us from the literature of the Scandinavian nations.

To the romantic prime belong as of right
the sweetest realities of these pages; and
here, too, we have dreams beautifully dealt
with.

'Is it a sin, to wish that I may meet thee
In that dim world whither our spirits stray,
When sleep and darkness follow life and day?
Is it a sin, that there my voice should greet thee
With all that love that I must die concealing?
Will my tear-laden eyes sin in revealing
The agony that preys upon my soul?
Is't not enough through the long, loathsome day,
To hold each look and word in stern control?
May I not wish the staring sunlight gone,
Day and its thousand torturing moments done,
And prying sights and sounds of men away?
Oh, still and silent Night! when all things sleep,
Look'd in thy swarthy breast my secret keep:
Come, with thy vision'd hopes and blessings now!
I dream the only happiness I know.'—p. 84.

'SONNET.

'I would I knew the lady of thy heart:
She whom thou lov'st perchance, as I love thee.
She unto whom thy thoughts and wishes flee;
Those thoughts in which, alas! I bear no part.
Oh, I have sat and sighed, thinking how fair,
How passing beautiful, thy love must be;
Of mind how high, of modesty how rare;
And then I've wept—I've wept in agony.
Oh, that I might but once behold those eyes
That to thy enamour'd gaze alone seem fair;
Once hear that voice, whose music still replies
To the fond vows thy passionate accents swear;
Oh, that I might but know the truth and die,
Nor live in this long dream of misery!'—p. 46.

'SONNET.

'Lady, whom my beloved loves so well:
When on his clasping arm thy head reclineth,
When on thy lips his ardent kisses dwell,
And the bright flood of burning light, that shineth
In his dark eyes, is poured into thine;
When thou shalt lie enfolded to his heart,
In all the trusting helplessness of love;
If in such joy sorrow can find a part,
Oh, give one sigh unto a doom like mine!
Which I would have thee pity, but not prove.
One cold, calm, careless, wintry look, that fell
Haply by chance on me, is all that he
E'er gave my love; round that, my wild thoughts
dwell

In one eternal pang of memory.'—p. 75.

'TO —.

'Oh! turn those eyes away from me!
Though sweet yet fearful are their rays;
And though they beam so tenderly,
I feel, I tremble 'neath their gaze.
Oh, turn those eyes away! for though
To meet their glance I may not dare,
I know their light is on my brow,
By the warm blood that mantles there.'—p. 32.

'There's not a fibre in my trembling frame
That does not vibrate when thy step draws near,
There's not a pulse that throbs not when I hear
Thy voice, thy breathing, nay, thy very name.

When thou art with me every sense seems dull,
And all I am, or know, or feel, is thee;
My soul grows faint, my veins run liquid flame,
And my bewildered spirit seems to swim
In eddying whirls of passion, dizzily.
When thou art gone, there creeps into my heart
A cold and bitter consciousness of pain:
The light, the warmth of life, with thee depart,
And I sit dreaming o'er and o'er again
Thy greeting clasp, thy parting look, and tone;
And suddenly I wake—and am alone.'—p. 93.

'AN INVITATION.

'Come where the white waves dance along the
shore
Of some lone isle, lost in the unknown seas;
Whose golden sands by mortal foot before
Were never printed,—where the fragrant breeze,
That never swept o'er land or flood that man
Could call his own, th' unearthly breeze shall fan
Our mingled tresses with its odorous sighs;
Where the eternal heaven's blue sunny eyes
Did ne'er look down on human shapes of earth,
Or aught of mortal mould and death-doom'd
birth;
Come there with me; and when we are alone
In that enchanted desert, where the tone
Of earthly voice, or language, yet did ne'er
With its strange music startle the still air,
When clasp'd in thy upholding arms I stand
Upon that bright world's coral-cradled strand,
When I can hide my face upon thy breast,
While thy heart answers mine together pressed,
Then fold me closer, bend thy head above me,
Listen—and I will tell thee how I love thee.'
—p. 102.

'SONNET.

'Whene'er I recollect the happy time
When you and I held converse dear together,
There come a thousand thoughts of sunny wea-
ther,
Of early blossoms, and the fresh year's prime;
Your memory lives for ever in my mind
With all the fragrant beauties of the spring,
With od'rous lime and silver hawthorn twin'd,
And many a noonday woodland wandering.
There's not a thought of you, but brings along
Some sunny dream of river, field and sky;
'Tis wafted on the blackbird's sunset song,
Or some wild snatch of ancient melody.
And as I date it still, our love arose
'Twixt the last violet and the earliest rose.'—p. 72.

It is a long time since we have met with
any love-verses equal to these. We pity
the oldest who does not feel young again
as he reads—who does not also feel 'the
warm blood mantle.'

The following seem to us to have the
heroic in them—Montrose might have been
proud of such a response to his famous
'Lines':—

'ABSENCE.

'What shall I do with all the days and hours
That must be counted ere I see thy face?
How shall I charm the interval that low'rs
Between this time and that sweet time of grace?

Shall I in slumber steep each weary sense,
Weary with longing?—shall I flee away
Into past days, and with some fond pretence
Cheat myself to forget the present day?

Shall love for thee lay on my soul the sin
Of casting from me God's great gift of time;
Shall I these mists of memory lock'd within,
Leave, and forget, life's purposes sublime?

Oh! how, or by what means, may I contrive
To bring the hour that brings thee back more
near—

How may I teach my drooping hope to live
Until that blessed time, and thou art here?

I'll tell thee: for thy sake, I will lay hold
Of all good aims, and consecrate to thee,
In worthy deeds, each moment that is told,
While thou, beloved one! art far from me.

For thee, I will arouse my thoughts to try
All heavenward flights, all high and holy
strains;

For thy dear sake I will walk patiently
Through these long hours, nor call their min-
utes pains.

I will this dreary blank of absence make
A noble task-time, and will therein strive
To follow excellence, and to o'ertake
More good than I have won, since yet I live.

So may this doomed time build up in me
A thousand graces which shall thus be thine;
So may my love and longing hallowed be,
And thy dear thought an influence divine.
—pp. 99, 100.

Some at least of those we are about to
extract, cannot be supposed to come under
the autobiographical category—and we
must therefore *pro tanto* modify what we
said on the superiority of that class of the
lady's verses at the outset.

‘SONG.

‘Never, oh never more! shall I behold
Thy form so fair:
Or loosen from its braids the rippling gold
Of thy long hair.

Never, oh never more! shall I be blest
Be thy voice low;
Or kiss, while thou art sleeping on my breast,
Thy marble brow.

Never, oh never more! shall I inhale
Thy fragrant sighs,
Or gaze, with fainting soul, upon the veil
Of thy bright eyes.’—p. 103.

‘TO A STAR.

‘Thou little star, that in the purple clouds
Hang'st, like a dew-drop in a violet bed;
First gem of evening, glittering on the shrouds
Mid whose dark folds the day lies pale and
dead;

As through my tears my soul looks up to thee,
Loathing the heavy chains that bind it here,
There comes a fearful thought that misery
Perhaps is found even in thy distant sphere.

Art thou a world of sorrow and of sin,
The heritage of death, disease, decay;
A wilderness, like that we wander in,
Where all things fairest, soonest pass away?
And are there graves in thee, thou radiant world,
Round which life's sweetest buds fall withered,
Where hope's bright wings in the dark earth lie
furled,
And living hearts are mouldering with the
dead?

Perchance they do not die, that dwell in thee—
Perchance theirs is a darker doom than ours;
Unchanging woe and endless misery,
And mourning that hath neither days nor hours.
Horrible dream!—Oh dark and dismal path,
Where I now weeping walk, I will not leave
thee.

Earth has one boon for all her children—death:
Open thy arms, oh mother! and receive me!
Take off the bitter burthen from the slave,
Give me my birth-right! give—the grave, the
grave!’—p. 58.

Consider this again, in reference to the
Lawrence doctrine of dreams:

‘A PROMISE.

‘In the dark, lonely night,
When sleep and silence keep their watch o'er
men;

False love! in thy despite,
I will be with thee then.
When in the world of dreams thy spirit strays,
Seeking, in vain, the peace it finds not here,
Thou shalt be led back to thine early days
Of life and love, and I will meet thee there.

I'll come to thee with the bright sunny brow
That was hope's throne before I met with thee;
And then I'll show thee how 'tis furrowed now,
By the untimely age of misery.
I'll speak to thee in the fond, joyous tone,
That wooed thee still with love's impassioned
spell;

And then I'll teach thee how I've learnt to moan,
Since last upon thine ear its accents fell.
I'll come to thee in all youth's brightest power,
As on the day thy faith to mine was plighted,
And then I'll tell thee weary hour by hour,
How that spring's early promise has been blight-
ed.

I'll tell thee of the long, long, dreary years,
That have passed o'er me, hopeless, objectless;
My loathsome days, my nights of burning tears,
My wild despair, my utter loneliness,
My heart-sick dreams upon my feverish bed,
My fearful longing to be with the dead.—

In the dark lonely night,
When sleep and silence keep their watch o'er
men;

False love! in thy despite,
We two shall meet again!’—p. 50.

‘SONNET.

‘But to be still! oh, but to cease awhile
The panting breath and hurrying steps of life,
The sights, the sounds, the struggle, and the strife
Of hourly being; the sharp biting file
Of action fretting on the tightened chain
Of rough existence; all that is not pain,

But utter weariness; oh! to be free
 But for a while from conscious entity!
 To shut the banging doors and windows wide,
 Of restless sense, and let the soul abide
 Darkly and stilly, for a little space,
 Gathering its strength up to pursue the race;
 Oh, heavens! to rest a moment, but to rest
 From this quick, gasping life, were to be blest.'
 —p. 118.

There are in this volume a great number of pieces expressing feelings of the profoundest melancholy, dejection of heart and spirit, weariness of life, almost despair. The best and most richly endowed of human beings have their share of sorrow—but we are never in a hurry to accept effusions of this sort for correct evidence of the prevailing mood of a poet's mind. On the contrary, they contradict themselves. However deep a wound may have been, it must be well skinned over before one begins to beat time upon it. Are we wrong in guessing that there is a self-rebuke in this sonnet?

'Blasphe'me not thou the sacred life, nor turn
 O'er joys that God hath for a season lent,
 Perchance to try thy spirit, and its bent,
 Effeminate soul and base—weakly to mourn.
 There lies no desert in the land of life,
 For e'en that tract that barrenest doth seem,
 Labored of thee in faith and hope, shall teem
 With heavenly harvests and rich gatherings, rise.
 Haply no more, music, and mirth, and love,
 And glorious things of old and younger art,
 Shall of thy days make one perpetual feast:
 But when these bright companions all depart,
 Lay thou thy head upon the ample breast
 Of stupor, and thou shalt hear the angels sing
 above.'—p. 16.

The noblest verses in the book are—like these, the 'Absence,' and the 'Wish'—conceived and written in a brave high tone and style—a style that reminds us—we are sure Mrs. Butler will be pleased with the comparison—of the still smaller collection put forth a few years ago under the signature of V.—a spirit such as men call masculine.

'A WISH.'

'Let me not die for ever! when I'm gone
 To the cold earth; but let my memory
 Live like the gorgeous western light that shone
 Over the clouds where sank day's majesty.
 Let me not be forgotten! though the grave
 Has clasped its hideous arms around my brow;
 Let me not be forgotten! though the wave
 Of time's dark current rolls above me now;
 Yet not in tears remembered be my name.
 Weep over those ye loved; for me, for me,
 Give me the wreath of glory, and let fame
 Over my tomb spread immortality.'—p. 28.

We shall not print a conjecture—though we think we could give a shrewd one—as

to who the lady is that Mrs. Butler addresses at p. 52; but we hope we may be forgiven for taking leave of our poetess on the present occasion in her own words:—

'TO MRS. —.'

'I never shall forget thee—'tis a word
 Thou oft must hear, for surely there be none
 On whom thy wondrous eyes have ever shone
 But for a moment, or who e'er have heard
 Thy voice's deep impassioned melody,
 Can lose the memory of that look or tone.
 But, not as these, do I say unto thee,
 I never shall forget thee:—in thine eyes,
 Whose light, like sunshine, makes the world re-
 joice,
 A stream of sad and solemn splendor lies;
 And there is sorrow in thy gentle voice.
 Thou art not like the scenes in which I found
 thee,
 Thou art not like the beings that surround thee;
 To me, thou art a dream of hope and fear;
 Yet why of fear?—oh sure! the Power that lent
 Such gifts, to make thee fair, and excellent;
 Still watches one whom it has deigned to bless
 With such a dower of grace and loveliness;
 Over the dangerous waves 'twill surely steer
 The richly freighted bark, thro' storm and blast,
 And guide it safely to the port at last.
 Such is my prayer; 'tis warm as ever fell
 From off my lips: accept it, and farewell!
 And though in this strange world where first I
 met thee,
 We meet no more—I never shall forget thee.'
 —p. 52.

WHAT WE'RE DOING AND WHAT WE'RE COMING TO.

BY ANGUS B. REACH.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

SOMEBODY once remarked, that the day was coming when the most extraordinary natural phenomenon we could behold—the most singular deviation from the ordinary laws of nature we could witness—would be a man who had not written a book. If, however, matters go on much longer as they are now doing, we shall have a fair chance of seeing an eighth wonder added to the world in the shape of a man who actually, and *bonâ fide*, possesses not a single railway share!

Doctors may go mad about Mesmerism, and parsons about Puseyism, Young England may be smitten with temporary insanity, touching may-poles and cricket-balls—but old England has become a perfect monomaniac in the matter of rails and locomotives. We are all railway mad—the steam-whistle drowns every other sound—we hardly think, but of rival lines—we

hardly dream but of contending gradients. There is a conspiracy hatching to clap a huge gridiron over England—town is to be bound to town by iron bands—termini will spring up as thick as taverns—stations as pumps—the whole country will be one railroad city—the lines crossing and recrossing, and intertwining like streets—so that if you ask the way to some place a hundred miles off, the direction will be, “Down the Little Peddlington line first, then the second railroad to the right, turn off at the third to the left, opposite to Mudfog Terminus, and go on to No. 4 Station—you can’t go wrong—ask any of the railway police.”

You hear some slow coaches talking about what we have done in the way of speed, but all that has yet been accomplished, is but a faint inkling of what we shall do. The idea of thinking it a feat to breakfast in Newcastle and dine in London! antiquated and absurd—not a bit better than the old stage waggons—comparatively! We look forward to quicker going than that. Dine three hundred miles from the place we breakfasted at! why not finish dinner three hundred miles from the place we began it at? Make the transit—not between the meals, but between the courses. Fly for every change of dish to the places most celebrated for the production of the savory morsel. Thus you might have your soup in town—dash down to the banks of the Tweed for a cut of salmon fresh from the water—find yourself in five minutes from the date of its consumption luxuriating upon Welsh mutton in Carmarthen—hurry up to Dorking for the breast of a fowl—and have your cheese either in Cheshire or Gloucester, as you happen to fancy.

Really this seems to be what we are coming to. Time and space are rapidly getting obsolete. The electric telegraph laughs at them both. Our posterity will regard the species of deference we paid to them as a curious popular delusion, extensively current in the dark ages. And the charm to work these miracles is vapor. Rails are the magic wands our modern sorcerers use, and, as they lay them down, their object is accomplished. Time and space vanish, and every body dwells next door to every body else!

The next census will probably show the whole population divided into two grand classes—railway officers, officials, and constructors on the one hand, and railway

shareholders on the other. A man without a share will be rarer than a man without a nose. Every body is rushing to the market for “scrip” and “stock”—sinking his ordinary avocation in his new career of railway speculator.

Our cheesemonger is an extensive holder in home schemes—our tailor rather inclines to foreign speculations. The dog’s-meat man, who comes into our street, talks of a buoyancy in the nor-east-and-by-north lines; and the man who sweeps the crossing at the corner informed us in confidence, that he feared he should be taken in extensively by the decisions of the Board of Trade.

Wherever we go we hear of railroads—whenever we open a newspaper we see columns of railroad meetings—estimates, gradients, gauges, passenger traffic, branch lines, competing lines, are for ever rung in our ears. As Brindley opined that Providence intended rivers to feed canals—so do half of our friends seem to imagine that flat countries were created for the convenience of railroads, and that men and women were formed merely to be first, second, and third-class passengers.

In days of yore, the dabbler in railway stock was a creature *sui generis*. His thoughts were limited by the sphere of ‘Change—he haunted Bartholomew-lane—he lounged at the entrance of Capel-court, noisily discussing a bull speculation or a bear scheme—he was to be found in obscure City coffee-rooms, known only to the denizens of Cornhill and Threadneedle-street, where he lay in wait to catch the first glimpse of second editions of newspapers—hinting a shadow of variation in the *Rentes* at Paris, or the *Activés* at Madrid—he was a well-known, understood, definite kind of animal—a Stock Exchange man. But now there are nothing but Stock Exchange men. A few have no longer the blessed monopoly. London is all one big Capel-court—Britain only one big Bartholomew-lane.

Formerly, with the exception of the few who managed, without capital, to play at the game of commercial *rouge et noir*, those only invested money in railroads or other schemes who had money to invest. But we have got far beyond such childish narrow-minded courses of proceeding now. Gentlemen with dilapidated gossamers—kept in countenance by seedy coats—supported in turn by boots which would be admirable ventilators, if they did not let in

water as well as air, are all large railway proprietors—that is, proprietors *in posse* of railways in *posse*. Decent tradesmen, who would once never have thought of any investment, other than the savings' bank, empty the till to buy "nor-by-west" stock, and "Little Peddlington, with Mudfog Branch, Grand Union Central Junction Railroad" shares—a report having suddenly got abroad that they have risen 200 per cent. in ten minutes. City clerks, who formerly laid out all their pocket money in the theatres at half-price, and the Cider Cellars at full, knowingly invest it in Down-Easterns, or Up-Westerns, or Through the Middle-Southerns. West-end men think of cutting Tattersall's for 'Change—country gentlemen write to town agents to be on the look out for a good promising line to plunge into—people with money invest it in new schemes, which are at a premium, trusting they will rise higher—people without money invest their wits in shares at a discount, trusting they will soar to a premium. For the convenience of those who have no pounds—we hear of shares sold by shillings—and probably they will come in time to be retailed for pence. Children will be sent out by their parents for two-pennyworth of "Reduced Direct Northerns," or a three-farthing "York and London."

What an utterly unimaginable place a town without a railroad will soon be. He will have no small powers of fancy who can conceive such an isolated collection of houses. A town without a railway! as well talk of a town without a shop—a borough without a mayor—a mayor without a mace—"Hamlet" with *Hamlet* cut out. Who would go and live in such a place? The backwoods would be civilization to it—the savages of New Zealand polished in comparison to its degraded denizens—roads leading to it would be a sort of *cul-de-sacs*, leading nowhere in particular—people would forget all about it—its name would only be found in antique maps—its description in mouldy gazetteers.

But there will be no such thing. Surely there is not a village in the land but is destined to be broken in upon by the thousand and one schemes every day springing up like gourds (or mushrooms—which are more familiar plants) around us. In fact we hear ever and anon of the existence of some place—some, to the world, nameless collection of tiles and slates and bricks—of the whereabouts—nay, the very being of

which we should have been in a state of blessed ignorance—were it not dragged into day—lugged into notoriety at the end of a new line of railroad. Vales and villages, rivers and ravines, brooks and bridges, every day make their blushing appearance in the advertising columns of the newspapers—new to every body except gentlemen devoted to map-making, or domestic Humboldts in geography.

Every body knows the story of the plaintiff in Westminster Hall blubbering aloud as his advocate told the story of his woes, and declaring in a voice inarticulate with sobs, that he never knew before—never—that he was half so ill-used a man. So is it with a range of country. Suddenly there appears an advertisement headed "The Muddledub, Marshy Vale and Squashton Railway, capital 1,000,000*l.*, in 1*l.* shares, with an immediate call for ninepence per share." And then comes the most eloquent of expositions touching the extraordinary and unequalled advantages of the proposed scheme. Never was there such an opportunity for investment. No engineering difficulties whatever. (By the way, it is perfectly astonishing how free projected lines are from such disagreeables—until they come to be actually entered upon.) Well, it is proved that twenty per cent. is the least the projectors think of giving you for your money, which will of course be much safer than in the three per cents., considering the general circumstances of Europe and the warlike longings of the Prince de Joinville. You read with amazement of the extraordinary district through which the new line is to wend its iron way, a cross between an Arcadia and an El Dorado, containing—that is so far as can be judged from the geological features of the country—unbounded mineral riches—(mines are to be of course dug hereafter,—producing every species of produce, agricultural and manufactured—that is to say when the railroad develops its resources—and peopled with a most enterprising and restless class of inhabitants, who will always be sure to keep moving—that is to say whenever the railroad gives them an opportunity. The projectors go on to hint that the Birmingham Railway, or the Great Western, will be comparative failures to the new line. They are perfectly certain of getting a bill—though they have not asked yet. Nature seemed to have intended Marshy Valley for a railway—to have planned it with a special re-

gard to gradients, and to have disposed every swell and sweep of land with an eye to the proper curves. In consequence of this there will be very few miles of deep cutting—not more than half-a-dozen tunnels, and as many viaducts, while the bridges which will have to be constructed are quite trifling comparatively. Then the landed proprietors along the line are perfectly frantic in their support of it. Not one in opposition—except those whose dissent will in point of fact be a recommendation; and as for the land, it is to be sold—that is indeed to be given away for nothing—or at all events a mere nothing—which comes to the same thing—almost. Indeed, what surprises the provisional committee the most is how the Marshy Vale Railroad could possibly have been overlooked so long. Reasoning *à fortiori*, it ought to have been the first commenced in England, but this is of course only an argument for its more speedy construction now. Yes, the Marshy Vale line is to be the true line—the no-mistake line—the money-making line—in fact, the line *par excellence* of all new lines; an early application for shares is therefore quite indispensable. It is to be feared indeed that they will all have been allotted ere any answer can have been made to this advertisement; but that is not the committee's fault, but the public's, for not coming forward sooner. However there is still a chance by applying to Mr. Dooman, the Hon. Sec., at the offices of the Muddledub, Marshy Vale, and Squashton Railway.

Now is the time to make your fortune—all prizes and no blanks. To be a sharer in a new line is evidently just the same thing as being a *millionaire*. How could Marshy Vale have been hitherto overlooked! Astounding! And Muddledub and Squashton! Monstrous! Two such thriving towns—or rather cities—of (as the advertisement says) “such high agricultural, commercial, and manufacturing importance,” to have been left pining without a rail—unenlivened by termini—the only vehicle of communication between them an old coach running twice a week, and drawn by a blind horse and a spavined pony, and never full. Think of all this—does not the blood boil? Heavens! where are we? In England—in the nineteenth century! There and then can such things be? No. Let us wipe away the disgrace, and fill our pockets by a railroad union of the cities of Muddledub and Squashton. Look at these

offices—are not they a guarantee for the stability of the concern? Such a splendid wire-wove announcement on the window-blinds—such flourishing letters upon the brass-plate on the door—such awfully high stools for the clerks inside, and such softly carpeted, nicely furnished rooms for the future directors. The essence of commercial respectability surrounds the fane as with a halo. Enter the shrine of Plutus, and for small moneys buy bank notes, or scrip, which is of course the same thing. Here may you go in poor and come out rich. It is through the Marshy Vale office that the road lies from a New Cut garret to a Belgrave-square drawing-room.

And why should you doubt it? Hear you not, every day, of men getting rich as fast as in that olden time—when fairies were upon the earth, and when hidden treasures were as plentiful in the world of fact, as they now are in the world of fiction? Is there not a new alchemy revived—a new plan for the projection of metals made manifest—a new scheme for the conversion of iron into gold? The alchemist of yore brooded with bleared eyes and skinny hands over blazing furnaces, and traced cabalistic marks. Fools! they should have stirred up the fires of adventurous speculation, and drawn out railway prospectuses. They made their iron into wedges, and placed it in crucibles. Dunces! they should have beat it into rails and laid it upon sleepers!

With the new version of the old world alchemy, too, we have a curious version of the old world feuds. We have the wars of the Rails for the wars of the Roses. The Houses of York and Lancaster may have no partisans now, but are the Railways of York and Lancaster left equally unbefriended? Our population is being split into hostile railway tribes; prospectuses are their weapons, newspapers their battle-field. The “Direct Northern” clan is in state of deadly feud with the “London and York” tribe. No border raid was so well contested as the courses of border railways. We have the people of the East pitted against the people of the West; and the midland people, instead of being neutral, making fierce war on both. Society is almost as much cut up by the railways, as the fields through which they run. Railway politics threaten to usurp the place of genuine politics. People ask not whether you are a Whig or a Tory, but whether you are a Great Western man, or a South-Eastern

man? No one cares to know the opinion you hold, they are anxious only to ascertain the shares. Shares usurp far more than their just share in conversation; they are talked of at the West End, as well as in the city, in the kitchen as well as the drawing-room; at the Pall Mall club as well as the Ratcliff Highway taproom. Resting or travelling, standing or sitting, you are still doomed to hear of shares, schemes, scrip, and premiums.

The other day we hailed an omnibus; two elderly gentlemen, each with spectacles, a snuffy white neckerchief, and an umbrella, sat opposite to each other. They leaned back for a moment to let us pass, and then resumed a conversation they appeared to have been carrying on, with great vigor.

"It's a delusion," said the first old gentleman.

"No; but your hopeful plan is a delusion, and worse," rapped out the second.

"All your shareholders will be ruined," reiterated number one.

"You won't have any," retorted number two.

"Your gradients are absurd," screamed he on the right.

"Your tunnels are impracticable," shouted he on the left.

"We're at a premium," bawled the one.

"We're at a higher," roared the second.

"The Board of Trade's with us," vociferated our neighbor on the one hand.

"That for the Board of Trade," replied he on the other, snapping his fingers.

"It's no go with you."

"It's all up with you."

"I say yes!"

"I say no!"

"You're a humbug."

"You're another."

"Now then, who's for Bartholomew-lane?" interposed the conductor, from his station.

"Here you are," shouted both gentlemen at once, shuffling out to continue the "argument" in the street.

"Mr. Snubbins, and Mr. Snobbins, sir," observed a smiling fellow-passenger, in answer to our look of inquiry; "both most respectable gentlemen, on the most intimate terms, too, only they happen to have shares in rival companies."

We should not be a bit surprised to hear of duels between contending shareholders—simple possessors of shares might be content with a single change of shots—directors

would have naturally two or three fires, and secretaries of course would combat à l'outrance. Indeed, for the sake of simplicity and uniformity, as well as to save time and trouble, it would be probably advisable to marshal companies wholesale against each other. The directors and engineers would be the natural leaders, and the share-holders of the "London and York," or "Direct North," could do sturdy battle—on Salisbury Plain for example—as the clans Kay and Chattan settled their differences of yore, to the clash of dirks and claymores, upon the North Inch of Perth!

For some years back we have heard doleful Jeremiades on the decline and fall of the stage-coaches, but hitherto the race has not become absolutely extinct. Every now and then was to be seen, among the cabs and omnibuses which people the London streets, a well splashed four-horse drag, clustered over with the great-coated and umbrellaed passengers, rattling on its way to some old city coach hostelry, now left forlorn and almost deserted, amid back streets and tortuous passages. But even these last roses of summer must go the way of most of their compeers. Not even the most rural of rural districts, the most out of the way nooks of the world, but are getting their railways, building their termini, wriggling themselves into the meshes of the iron net in which the whole country is being enveloped. The stage-coach will speedily be as antique as Pharaoh's chariots, which "drove heavily." A flying stage-coachman on the land will be deemed as preposterous as a flying Dutchman on the water. All their stages are but stages of decay, and their progress but a galloping consumption. The last of the stage-coachmen is probably alive; but a few years, and the Tony Wellers will be as the *preux chevaliers*—men to read of, write of, dream of—but not to see, to shake hands with, to nod to. If any of them survive the generation, it will be as railway policemen, or engine stokers; fallen from their high estate—gone from the sprightly team and the rattling drag, to the panting engine and the speeding train!

But we are not satisfied with mere railway speed; we have heard passengers in a mail-train grumble excessively, and look upon themselves as the most ill-used of mortals, because the speed was not more than thirty miles an hour. "Did they call that railway going? Pahaw! a regular

imposition—nothing like the rate they might run at, if they pleased."

But steam may do its best, fly its quickest—electricity will beat it still. A steam express may hurry at a mile a minute through the land, but an electricity-conveyed message, will shoot to its destination speedy as the sunbeams. We have seen the accused hurry from the scene of his guilt at the rate of forty miles an hour, hugging himself probably in the idea that the vaporous agency he used was speeding him on, far faster than the art of man could devise means of following. Vain thought! a quicker railroad was by his side. A series of extended wires ran from pole to pole beside him, and it might be even as he looked upon the metal cords, that, unseen as a spirit's passage, quick as imagination's flight, the tidings of the murder were glancing past to meet and confront him at his journey's end. And men have perhaps deemed, that for rusty wires no higher mission could be conceived than clasping some piece of mechanical handicraft; but we have seen them made as living things—as tell-tales and moving tongues—to speak men's thoughts—to enable beings hundreds of miles apart to whisper in each other's ears. To what uses may not this wonderful power, this spell of the electro-telegraph be applied? It will bind town to town, province to province, with even closer bonds than steam has yet drawn round them. Time and space by it are literally and actually annihilated. The wish of the *Lovers* in the "Critic" could now be gratified, and were *Don Whiskerandos* confined within the walls of Portsmouth, the gentle *Tilburina* might hold loving conversation with him, seated where once the Nine Elms grew. Ere we are many years older, we hope to see the Land's End no further from John o'Groat's House, for all the purposes of speaking and listening, than one end of your dining-room table is from the other.

We began this paper sportively, and have continued in the vein in which we began. Nevertheless, the subject has a serious and an awful side. What are we coming to? Who shall answer the question? Who shall set bounds to man's invention? Who shall say what powers of nature he may not bend to his purpose—make the vassals of his will? A feeble and a passing creature, whom a brook may drown—yet who can triumph over the fury of the ocean—whom a flame may scorch to a calcined cinder, and yet who tells the fierce fire to

do his bidding—whom a flash of lightning may blast—but who makes the essence of that lightning his messenger—a creature subject each moment to death in a thousand forms—whom a tainted breath of air may poison—whom a darkling step may fling upon his fate—whom a false movement in the thousand complicated details of his being may consign to the clay which he treads on—yet who, in the midst of all this, and in spite of all this, lives and moves, and thinks and works—accumulates and hands down, from generation to generation, the treasures of his knowledge, and, naturally subject to every physical influence as a slave—yet contrives by thought to rule it as a sovereign!

Yes, science is the true magic! The wildest of man's supernatural dreams equals not the feats which he has accomplished. If a sprite could put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes, man may do yet more in yet shorter space. Every year that passes—every power added to man's thought-won arsenal, demonstrates the great, the eternal truth of that maxim so trite, but charged with such deep meaning: Fact is stranger than Fiction. A hundred years ago the wildest dreamer would not have dared to think of the Atlantic certainly crossed in ten days—of England certainly traversed in almost as few hours. But what poets have not dared to anticipate—man has dared to do. What was deemed too extravagant for fancy has not been found too strange for fact: the dealer in the pliable wares of imagination has been outstripped by the dealer in the stubborn wares of actuality—greater castles have been reared on the earth than ever were built in the air—man's deeds have outdone man's speculations; his day tasks, his night dreams.

And our progress is onward. By what we have done, we may judge of what we shall do. A matter then to be deeply pondered over—to be considered with curiosity, and interest, and awe, is that of
WHAT WE ARE DOING AND WHAT WE ARE
COMING TO.

INDIAN RAILROADS.—A railroad from Bombay to Tamah is about to be undertaken under the most favorable auspices; and will begin a system, the prodigious importance and effects of which on our Indian empire are almost too great for the imagination to contemplate.—*Lit. Gaz.*

THE IMPROVISATORE; OR, LIFE IN ITALY.

From the London Quarterly Review.

The Improvisatore; or, Life in Italy. From the Danish of Hans Christian Andersen. Translated by Mary Howitt. 2 vols. 12mo. London. 1845.

TEN years ago, all the counters in all the circulating libraries in England were littered with trash known under the general title of Fashionable Novels. They came out in shoals, like the herring or mackerel in a plentiful season; they swarmed like the frogs in Pharaoh's palace; nothing else was written, nothing else was published; and if any thing else was read, it was by secluded persons who lived a hermit-life under the shadow of their own book-shelves, and who were rarely in the habit of 'interchanging ideas' with the outward world. The volumes produced during the continuance of this great plague of London, were of very various degrees of merit: some were tolerable; some excited curiosity; some were so foolish, that they appeared written as a hoax upon the reader—April-fool books for the whole season; while in some few the warm bright rays of genius shone, wasted, like a sunbeam in a coal-cellar. After a while the supply exceeded the demand; a rising spirit of discontent manifested itself; the flame of love for the fashionable novel began to flicker; and publishers showed alarm. At length there arose a general clamor of rebellion. The world refused to be fed any longer on rout-cakes and supper-wafers, or to sit in 'boudoirs,' attending to what Lord A. said to Lady L., especially as it appeared that fashionable conversation (like the crater of Vesuvius in 'L'Homme Blasé') had 'nothing in it.' Every one was dissatisfied; but no one knew what to read instead, and like a starved silkworm on a dried mulberry-leaf, the world 'moved its head to and fro' in pitiful uncertainty. Then people did, what discontented people are very apt to do: they talked of 'old times.' Gentlemen spoke of works of merit popular in *their* day, and ladies (cautious even in their sorrow) mentioned interesting books they thought they recollected seeing when they were children (quite little children), in their parents' hands. There was an hour of sluggishness and indecision even among publishers; after which, that estimable body of men rallied, and following strictly the Scriptural injunction of standing in the way and considering 'which were the old paths,' they

brought out 'Thomson's Seasons' as a new book, in a cover as blue as the sky of the lazy poet's Summer; and the 'Vicar of Wakefield,' rendered, if possible, more charming than ever by the addition of Mulready's perfect drawings, including his memorable frontispiece of 'Choosing the Wedding Gown.'

The stream, once turned, flowed back strongly into its natural channel. A tacit acknowledgment was made of the obvious truth, that books which treat only of the manners of classes and the surface of society, must be as fugitive as their subject-matter, while works which rest their interest on the passions of the human heart, are books for all time;—weeds lying on the waves, and pearls lying under, we dive for the treasure, and the trash floats by.

Among the divers, to whose skill we owe the acquisition of many pearls of price, must be classed the translators of the present day. Frederica Bremer's Swedish novels, full of nature, and of that strong quiet feeling which reminds us of our own Miss Austen, were eagerly welcomed by the expectant public—one half of whom were dying of famine, and the other half of ennui or satiety. We ourselves laid down the new copies of 'Paul and Virginia,' and 'Robinson Crusoe,' (which we had bought in a fit of despairing thirst for a little light literature,) to smile over the charming 'Bear,' and delight in his uncouthness. The quaint, striking, semi-real 'Amber Witch,' ('the most interesting trial for witchcraft ever known,') rose like a star out of darkness; translated by a young writer, whose hereditary claim to distinction in the path of German literature, all England will gratefully acknowledge; and waking up forgotten dreams of a persecution, which, luckily for the mesmerists of our own time, is completely out of fashion. God forbid that Miss Martineau and Lord Morpeth's 'Jane' should be cut short in the onward struggle towards mysterious knowledge, by condemnation to the stake and faggot; or that the Rev. Chauncy Hare Townshend should march to execution in either a gown or a surplice painted over with flames not reversed!

These translations, which are daily increasing in number, have had the effect eloquently attributed by Canning to steam-power—that of 'creating unexpected neighborhoods, and new combinations of social relation.' Foreign languages are no longer a bar to our knowledge of foreign works:

the patience of the translator, like the magician's spell, flings wide the pages hitherto sealed from our eyes; interpreters have risen up between us and our fellow-workmen in the world's great Tower of Babel. Amongst the rest, the world certainly owes much gratitude to Mary Howitt, for giving us a written interpretation of 'The Improvisatore,' by Hans Christian Andersen; a work originally composed in the Danish language: the language in which Hamlet spoke and thought—that melancholy 'Prince of Denmark,' whose doubtful existence Shakspeare's glorious dream has taught us to look upon as a familiar reality.

In a very learned preface to a very charming book, ('Poems in the Dorset Dialect, by Mr. W. Barnes') we are told, that 'the modern Danish and Swedish are so much like English, that some sentences of those languages, as uttered by a Dane or Swede, would be intelligible to an Englishman who might not have learnt them: and two examples are given:—

*'Hans mad var græshopper og vild honning—
His meat was locusts and wild honey;
Han sagde til dem, følger efter mig—
He said to them, follow after me.'*

But no language so closely resembles another, either in vocabulary or in construction, as not to require considerable skill and judgment in rendering the sense as the author intended it should be taken—without any appearance of constraint—any leaning to that patchwork style, arising out of the use of words unfamiliar in our own language, but which assimilate themselves to expressions used in the tongue we are translating, and which more especially force on the mind the fact that it is a translation we are reading.

That skill and that judgment Mary Howitt has shown. The 'Improvisatore' speaks no 'broken English':—the stream of translated eloquence comes fresh from Chaucer's 'pure well of English undefiled' We feel that we are introduced to the real thoughts and sentiments of a new genius—on that point there can be no mistake; yet the English book might be read through as an original—and no greater praise can be given to a translation.

The scene of the 'Improvisatore' is laid in Italy: * like Mad. de Staël's 'Corinne,'

* It is a pity that so many of the Italian names are mangled; but at whose door this should be laid we cannot tell.

it combines with a thread of personal adventure, descriptions of scenery, observations on art, explanations of what we have no term for, unless we call it *artist-feeling*, and of the struggle so often unsuccessfully made by genius to overcome the external accidents of worldly position. A friend of ours, an old dabbler in literary genealogy, told us that 'Corinne' was grandmother to the 'Improvisatore;' perhaps she was; there is, at all events, a starched high-flown grandmotherliness in her pages, when compared with her descendant, which makes the Italian grandson (to our fancy) a much pleasanter companion. There is not, in all the book, one sentence that wears such an owlish face of false wisdom as this:—
'Quand la passion se rend maîtresse d'un esprit supérieur, elle sépare entièrement le raisonnement de l'action, et pour égarer l'une, elle n'a pas besoin de troubler l'autre.' Nor any of the doleful self-possession which makes Corinne exclaim—'Dans ce moment même où je me conduis comme une personne si passionnée, j'aperçois cependant les ombres du déclin dans l'éloignement.' Nor is there (a fact for which we heartily thank Heaven) any character like that French abstract-idea-of-an-Englishman, the moody Oswald. The rose in the garden, by the artificial rose in a fine lady's hair—the gushing of the forest-spring, by the tutored fall in an ornamental pleasure-ground—such is the difference between our old French chaperon and our young Danish companion. It is impossible to read 'Corinne' without admiring the talents of the woman who invented, composed, and published it. It is impossible to read the 'Improvisatore' without wondering how much, or how little of that warp and woof of fancy and reality is 'an ow're true tale.'

That the author was at least well able to put himself, in all respects, in the place of his imaginary hero, is shown by the Preface to Mrs. Howitt's translation, where his own romantic history is given at some length. One single sentence (the first) will serve as an abridgment of the whole account, and contains in itself, as it were, the seed of the book before us:—

'Hans Christian Andersen is one of those men who, from their earliest youth, have had to keep a warfare with circumstances; a man like Burns and Hogg, who seemed destined by Fate to end their lives unnoticed in a village, and yet, through an instinctive sense of their destined pre-eminence in the beautiful regions

of art and literature, and sustained by an irrepressible will, have made themselves a part of the great world.'—vol. i. p. 1.

So much for the Author: of his authorship we shall only say, that for vividness and reality of detail, for breadth and boldness, too, in the description of scenery, and for skill in conveying the impression, made on a fine mind and earnest heart by all that is beautiful in nature, and true in art—he stands without a rival among recent writers of romance. Extracts can give but a very imperfect notion of his skill and power—but we must do what we can—and we shall begin with a scene in the catacombs, which occurs in the childhood of the *Roman* hero, (the future 'Improvvisatore'), and in company with a young *Danish* artist, who lodges at the house of little Antonio's poor and widowed mother:—

'Our lodger, the young painter, took me with him sometimes on his little rambles beyond the gates. I did not disturb him whilst he was making now and then a sketch; and when he had finished he amused himself with my prattle, for he now understood the language.

'Once before, I had been with him to the *Curia Hostilia*, deep down into the dark caves where, in ancient days, wild beasts were kept for the games, and where innocent captives were thrown to ferocious hyenas and lions. The dark passages; the monk who conducted us in, and continually struck the red torch against the walls; the deep cistern in which the water stood as clear as a mirror—yes, so clear that one was obliged to move it with the torch to convince one's self that it was up to the brim, and that there was no empty space, as by its clearness there seemed to be: all this excited my imagination. Fear I felt none, for I was unconscious of danger.

"Are we going to the caverns?" I inquired from him, as I saw at the end of the street the higher part of the Coliseum.

"No, to something much greater," replied he; "where thou shalt see something! and I will paint thee, also, my fine fellow!"

'Thus wandered we farther, and even farther, between the white walls, the inclosed vineyards, and the old ruins of the baths, till we were out of Rome. The sun burned hotly, and the peasants had made for their wagons roofs of green branches, under which they slept, while the horses, left to themselves, went at a foot's pace, and ate from the bundle of hay which hung beside them for this purpose. At length we reached the grotto of Egeria, in which we took our breakfast, and mixed our wine with the fresh water that streamed out from between the blocks of stone. The walls and vault of the whole grotto were inside covered over with the

finest green, as of tapestry woven of silks and velvet, and round about the great entrance hung the thickest ivy, fresh and luxuriant as the vine foliage in the valleys of Calabria.

'Not many paces from the grotto stands—or rather stood, for there are now only a few remains of it left—a little and wholly desolate house, built above one of the descents to the catacombs. These were, as is well known, in ancient times, connecting links between Rome and the surrounding cities; in later times, however, they have in part fallen in, and in part been built up, because they served as concealment for robbers and smugglers. The entrance through the burial-vaults in St. Sebastian's Church, and this one through the desolate house, were then the only two in existence; and I almost think that we were the last who descended by this, for shortly after our adventure it also was shut up; and only the one through the church, under the conduct of a monk, remains now open to strangers.

'Deep below, hollowed out of the soft puzolan earth, the one passage crosses another. Their multitude, their similarity one to another, are sufficient to bewilder even him who knows the principal direction. I had formed no idea of the whole, and the painter felt so confident, that he had no hesitation in taking me, a little boy, down with him. He lighted his candle, and took another with him in his pocket, fastened a ball of twine to the opening where we descended, and our wandering commenced. Anon the passages were so low that I could not go upright; anon they elevated themselves to lofty vaults, and, where the one crossed the other, expanded themselves into great quadrangles. We passed through the Rotunda with the small stone altar in the middle, where the early Christians, persecuted by the Pagans, secretly performed their worship. Federigo told me of the fourteen popes, and the many thousand martyrs, who here lie buried; we held the light against the great cracks in the tombs, and saw the yellow bones within. We advanced yet some steps onward, and then came to a stand, because we were at the end of the twine. The end of this Federigo fastened to his button-hole, stuck the candle among some stones, and then began to sketch the deep passage. I sat close beside him upon one of the stones; he had desired me to fold my hands and to look upwards. The light was nearly burned out, but a whole one lay hard by; besides which he had brought a tinder-box, by the aid of which he could light the other, in case this suddenly went out.

'My imagination fashioned to itself a thousand wonderful objects in the infinite passages which opened themselves, and revealed to us an impenetrable darkness. All was quite still—the falling waterdrops alone sent forth a monotonous sound. As I thus sat, wrapped in my own thoughts, I was suddenly terrified by my friend the painter, who heaved a strange sigh, and sprang about, but always in

the same spot. Every moment he stooped down to the ground, as if he would snatch up something—then he lighted the larger candle and sought about. I became so terrified at his singular behavior that I got up and began to cry.

"For God's sake, sit still, child!" said he—"for God in heaven's sake!" And again he began staring on the ground.

"I will go up again!" I exclaimed—"I will not stop down here!" I then took him by the hand and strove to draw him with me.

"Child! child! thou art a noble fellow!" said he; "I will give thee pictures and cakes—there, thou hast money!" and he took his purses out of his pocket and gave me all that was in it: but I felt that his hand was ice-cold, and that he trembled. On this I grew more uneasy, and called my mother: but now he seized me firmly by the shoulder, and shaking me violently, said, "I will beat thee if thou art not quiet!" Then he bound his pocket-handkerchief round my arm, and held me fast, but bent himself down to me the next moment, kissed me vehemently, called me his dear little Antonio, and whispered, "Do thou also pray to the Madonna!"

"Is the string lost," I asked.

"We will find it—we will find it!" he replied; and began searching again. In the meantime the lesser light was quite burnt out, and the larger one, from its continual agitation, melted and burnt his hand, which only increased his distress. It would have been quite impossible to have found our way back without the string—every step would only have led us deeper down, where no one could save us.

"After vainly searching, he threw himself upon the ground, cast his arm around my neck, and sighed, "Thou poor child!" I then wept bitterly, for it seemed to me that I never more should reach my home. He clasped me so closely to him as he lay on the ground that my hand slid under him. I involuntarily grasped the sand, and found the string between my fingers.

"Here it is!" I exclaimed.

"He seized my hand, and became, as it were, frantic for joy; for our life actually hung upon this single thread. We were saved."—vol. i. pp. 52-58.

The following wonderfully real description leads us on to the peculiar turn displayed by the obscure little chrysalis of a poet:—

"When, after the visit, we returned home, it was somewhat late, but the moon shone gloriously, the air was fresh and blue, and the cypresses and pines stood with wonderfully sharp outlines upon the neighboring heights. *It was one of those evenings which occur but once in a person's life, which, without signaling itself by any great life-adventure, yet stamps itself in its whole coloring upon the Psyche-wings.* Since that moment, whenever

my mind goes back to the Tiber, I see it ever before me as upon this evening;—the thick yellow water lit up by the moonbeams—the black stone pillars of the old ruinous bridge, which, with strong shadow, lifted itself out of the stream where the great mill-wheel rushed round—nay, even the merry girls who skipped past with the tambourine and danced the saltarello.

"In the streets around Santa Maria della Rotonda, all was yet life and motion; butchers and fruit-women sat before their tables, on which lay their wares among garlands of laurel, and with lights burning in the open air. The fire flickered under the chestnut-pans, and the conversation was carried on with so much screaming and noise that a stranger, who did not understand a word, might have imagined it to be some contention of life and death. An old friend, whom my mother met in the fish-market, kept us talking so long that people were beginning to put out their lights before we set off again, and as my mother accompanied her friend to her door, it had now become as silent as death in the streets, even in the Corso; but when we came into the square di Trevi, where there is a beautiful cascade, it seemed, on the contrary, quite cheerful again.

"The moonlight fell exactly upon the old palace, where the water streams out between the masses of foundation-rock which seem loosely thrown together. Neptune's heavy stone mantle floated in the wind, as he looked out above the great waterfall; on each side of which blooming Tritons guided sea-horses. Beneath these the great basin spread itself out, and upon the turf around it rested a crowd of peasants, stretching themselves in the moonlight. Large, quartered melons, from which streamed the red juice, lay around them. A little square-built fellow, whose whole dress consisted of a shirt and short leather breeches, which hung loose and unbuttoned at the knees, sat with a guitar, and twanged the strings merrily. Now he sang a song, now he played, and all the peasants clapped their hands. My mother remained standing; and I now listened to a song which seized upon me quite in an extraordinary way, for it was not a song like any other which I had heard. No! he sang to us of what we saw and heard, we were ourselves in the song, and that in verse, and with melody. . . .

"Upon the steps of the little church we discovered, in the meantime, an acquaintance—our Federigo, who stood with a pencil and sketched the whole merry moonlight piece. As we went home he and my mother joked about the brisk Improvisatore—for so I heard them call the peasant who sung so charmingly.

"Antonio," said Federigo to me, "thou, also, shouldst improvise; thou art truly, also, a little poet! Thou must learn to put thy pieces into verse."

'I now understood what a poet was: namely, one who could sing beautifully that which he saw and felt. That must indeed be charming, thought I; and easy, if I had but a guitar. . . .

'From this time forth every thing was sung. I lived entirely in fancies and dreams. In the church, when I swung the censer, in the streets amid the rolling carriages and screaming traders, as well as in my little bed beneath the image of the Virgin and the holy-water vessel. In the winter-time, I could sit for whole hours before our house, and look into the great fire in the street, where the smith heated his iron and the peasants warmed themselves. I saw in the red fire a world glowing as my own imagination. I shouted for joy, when in the winter the snow of the mountains sent down to us such severe cold that icicles hung down from the Triton in the square: pity that it was so seldom. Then, also were the peasants glad, for it was to them a sign of a fertile year: they took hold of each other's hands, and danced in their great woollen cloaks round about the Triton, whilst a rainbow played in the high-springing water. . . .

'I will now hasten on to the circumstance which placed the first hedge of thorns between me and the paradise of home—which led me among strangers, and which contained the germ of my whole future.'—vol. 1, pp. 66-72.

This was a projected visit, in the month of June, to the famous Feast of Flowers. On his journey with his mother he encounters one of those old women so dear to all novelists, and so entirely belonging to them; for, whereas old women in real life are feeble in body, and often not very strong in mind—this is a race of imaginary old women, fleet, powerful, majestic, gaunt, rulers of destinies; and, above all, prophetesses of great things. Fulvia, the particular old woman in question, prophesies that—

"That broad hat will not shadow his brow when he stands before the people, when his speeches sound like music, sweeter than the song of nuns behind the grating, and more powerful than thunder in the mountains of Albano. The seat of Fortune is higher than Monte Cavi, where the clouds repose upon the mountains among the flocks of sheep."—vol. i. p. 81.

Then follows this most picturesque passage, of 'Wild Sports in the South':—

"And may not I, too, mount with him into the chariot of Fortune?" asked my mother, half in jest, but uttered at the same moment a loud cry, for a large eagle flew so near us down into the lake that the water at the same moment splashed into our faces from the force with which he struck it with his great wings.

High up in the air his keen glance had discovered a large fish, which lay immoveable as a reed upon the surface of the lake; with the swiftness of an arrow he seized upon his prey, struck his sharp talons into the back of it, and was about to raise himself again, when the fish, which by the agitation of the waters we could see was of great size and almost of equal power to his enemy, sought, on the contrary, to drag him below with him. The talons of the bird were so firmly fixed into the back of the fish that he could not release himself from his prey, and there now, therefore, began between the two such a contest that the quiet lake trembled in wide circles. Now appeared the glittering back of the fish, now the bird struck the water with his broad wings, and seemed to yield. The combat lasted for some minutes. The two wings lay for a moment still, outspread upon the water, as if they rested themselves; then they were rapidly struck together, a crack was heard, the one wing sank down, whilst the other lashed the water to foam, and then vanished. The fish sunk beneath the waves with his enemy, where a moment afterwards they must both die.'—vol. i. pp. 82, 83.

Such of our readers as never saw the Feast of Flowers will be able to conjure up a vision of it when they read the book. The gay scene, however, ends darkly.

'The sun burnt hotly, all the bells rang, and the procession moved along the beautiful flower-carpet; the most charming music and singing announced its approach. Choristers swung the censer before the host, the most beautiful girls of the country followed, with garlands of flowers in their hands, and poor children, with wings to their naked shoulders, sang hymns, as of angels whilst awaiting the arrival of the procession at the high altar. Young fellows wore fluttering ribands around their pointed hats, upon which a picture of the Madonna was fastened; silver and gold rings hung to a chain around their necks, and handsome bright-colored scarfs looked splendidly upon their black velvet jackets. The girls of Albano and Frascati came, with their thin veils elegantly thrown over their black plaited hair, in which was stuck the silver arrow; those from Velletri, on the contrary, wore garlands around their hair, and the smart neckerchief, fastened so low down in the dress as to leave visible the beautiful shoulder and the round bosom. From the Abruzzi, from the Marshes, from every other neighboring district, came all in their peculiar national costume, and produced altogether the most brilliant effect. Cardinals, in their mantles woven with silver, advanced under canopies adorned with flowers; monks of various orders followed, all bearing burning tapers. When the procession came out of the church an immense crowd followed. We were carried along with it,—my mother held me firmly by the shoulder,

that I might not be separated from her. Thus I went on, shot in by the crowd; I could see nothing but the blue sky above my head. All at once there was sent forth a piercing cry—it rang forth on all sides; a pair of unmanageable horses rushed through—more I did not perceive: I was thrown to the earth, it was all black before my eyes, and it seemed to me as if a waterfall dashed over me.

'Oh! Mother of God, what a grief! a thrill of horror passes through me whenever I think of it. When I again returned to consciousness, I lay with my head in Mariuccia's lap; she sobbed and cried: beside us lay my mother stretched out, and there stood around a little circle of strange people. The wild horses had gone over us, the wheel had gone over my mother's breast, blood gushed out of her mouth—she was dead.'—vol. i. pp. 87, 88.

After some doubt and discussion among the few friends of the helpless child, and an attempt on the part of a lame beggar (who is unfortunately his uncle) to claim him, together with a purse of twenty scudi bestowed by the nobleman whose carriage-wheel had crushed the unfortunate mother, he is sent to the Campagna under the care of a herdsman and his wife. This sad phase of his life is closed; and it closes with one of those sentences so simple and so prosaic, which yet bring sudden tears to one's eyes:—

'As we went across the Piazza Berberini, I could not help looking up to my mother's house; all the windows stood open, the rooms had new inmates.'—vol. i. p. 106.

In the dull life of the Campagna—where the kind herds-people, his hosts, inhabit a patched-up antique tomb at no great distance from the Tiber—the little dreamer struggles vainly against the weariness which oppresses him.

'When the rainy season was over, the heavens showed for whole months their unchangeable blue. I then obtained leave to go out, but not too far, nor too near to the river, because the soft ground might so easily fall in with me, said Domenica; many buffaloes also grazed there, which were wild and dangerous, but nevertheless, those had for me a peculiar and strange interest. The something demon-like in the look of the buffalo—the strange red fire which gleamed in its eyeballs, awoke in me a feeling like that which drives the bird into the fangs of the snake. Their wild running, swifter than the speed of a horse, their mutual combats, where force meets with force, attracted my whole attention. I scrawled figures in the sand to represent what I had seen, and, to make this the more intelligible, I sang it all in its own peculiar words to its own

peculiar melody, to the great delight of old Domenica, who said that I was a wise child, and sang as sweetly as the angels in heaven.

'The sun burnt hotter day by day; its beams were like a sea of fire which streamed over the Campagna. The stagnant water infected the air; we could only go out in the morning and evening; such heat as this I had not known in Rome upon the airy Monte Pincio, although I well remembered then the hot time when the beggars prayed for a small coin, not for bread, but for a glass of iced water. I thought in particular about the delicious green water-melons which lay one on another, divided in halves, and showed the purple-red flesh with the black seeds; my lips were doubly parched with thinking of these! The sun burned perpendicularly; my shadow seemed as if it would vanish under my feet. The buffaloes lay like dead masses upon the burnt-up grass, or, excited to madness, flew, with the speed of arrows, round in great circles. Thus my soul conceived an idea of the traveller's suffering in the burning deserts of Africa.

'During two months we lay there like a wreck in the world's sea. Not a single living creature visited us. All business was done in the night or else in the early hours of morning; the unhealthy atmosphere and the scorching heat excited fever-fire in my blood; not a single drop of anything cold could be had for refreshment; every marsh was dried up; warm, yellow water, flowed sleepily in the bed of the Tiber; the juice of the melon was warm; even wine, although it lay hidden among stones and rubbish, tasted sour and half boiled; and not a cloud, not a single cloud, was to be seen on the horizon,—day and night always the everlasting, never-changing blue. Every evening and morning we prayed for rain, or else a fresh breeze; every evening and morning Domenica looked to the mountains to see if no cloud raised itself, but night alone brought shade—the sultry shade of night; the sirocco alone blew through the hot atmosphere for two long, long months.

'At the sun's rise and setting alone was there a breath of fresh air; but a dullness, a deathlike lethargy produced by the heat, and the frightful weariness which it occasioned, oppressed my whole being. This and all kind of tormenting insects, which seemed destroyed by the heat, awoke at the first breath of air to redoubled life; they fell upon us in myriads with their poison-stings; the buffaloes often looked as if they were covered over with this buzzing swarm, which beset them as if they were carrion, until, tormented to madness, they betook themselves to the Tiber, and rolled themselves in the yellow water. The Roman who, in the hot summer days, groans in the almost expiring streets, and crawls along by the house-sides, as if he would drink up the shadow which is cast down from the walls, has still no idea of the sufferings in the Campagna, where every

breath which he draws is sulphurous, poisonous fire; where insects and crawling things, like demons, torment him who is condemned to live in this sea of flame.

'September brought with it milder days; it sent out also Federigo one evening to make sketches of the burned-up landscape. He drew our singular house, the gallows, and the wild buffaloes. He gave me paper and pencils, that I might also draw pictures, and promised that when he came next time he would take me with him for a day to Rome, that I should visit all my friends who seemed really to have quite forgotten me;—but Federigo forgot me also.

'It was now November, and the most beautiful time which I had yet spent here. Cool airs were wafted from the mountains, and every evening I saw in the clouds that rich coloring which is only found in the south, and which the painter cannot and dare not give to his pictures. The singular, olive-green clouds, on a gray ground, were to me floating islands from the garden of paradise; the dark-blue, on the contrary, those which hung like crowns of fir-trees in the glowing fire of the evening heaven, seemed to me mountains of felicity, in whose valleys the beautiful angels played and fanned cool breezes with their white wings.'—vol. i. pp. 113-117.

From this stagnant existence he is by and by rescued by an accident which occurs to the nobleman already mentioned. The Prince, who is a bit of a savant, loses his way when botanizing, and is pursued by a buffalo to the ruinous tomb in the Campagna; and the *Eccellenza*, with his daughter Francesca and her bridegroom Fabiani, undertakes eventually to educate and patronize little Antonio. It is impossible to omit the discourse of the herdsman's wife at her parting with the boy:—

"It is now for the last time," said the old mother, "that we two, whilst my eyes are yet open, shall go together over the Campagna! Thy feet will tread on polished floors, and on gay carpets; these old Domenica has not; but thou hast been a good child; thou wilt remain so, and never forget me and poor Benedetto! Oh, God, yet can a dish of roasted chestnuts make thee happy? Thou shalt sit and blow up the reeds, and I will see God's angel in thy eyes, when the reeds burn, and the poor chestnuts roast; so glad wilt thou never more be with so small a gift! The thistles of the Campagna bear yet red flowers; upon the polished floors of the rich there grow no straws, and the ground is smooth, one falls so easily there! Never forget that thou wast a poor child, my little Antonio. Remember that thou must see and not see, hear and not hear; then thou wilt get through the world. Some day, when

our Lord has called away me and Benedetto, when the little child which thou hast rocked goes creeping through life with a poor partner in the Campagna, thou wilt, perhaps, then go past in thy own chariot, or on a fine horse; halt thou before the old tomb-chamber where thou hast slept, played, and lived with us, and and thou wilt see strangers living there, who will bow themselves deeply before thee. Haughty thou wilt not be, but think upon old times, think upon old Domenica! Look in at the place where the chestnuts were cooked, and where thou rockedst the little child. Thou wilt think upon thine own poor childhood, thou heart's darling child!" With this she kissed me, and clasped me closely to her breast and wept: it seemed to me as if my heart would break.

'Our return home and her words were to me far more distressing than our parting even somewhat later; then she said nothing, but only wept; and when we were outside the door she ran back, and took down the old half-blackened picture of the Madonna, which was pasted behind the door, and gave it to me; I had kissed it so often—it was the only thing which she had to give me.'—vol. i. pp. 135, 136.

And so closes the second phase of the eventful life!

We cannot approve of the license which the Danish romancer allows himself in making his little hero's patron no other than the head of the great house of Borghese—*eo nomine*. Andersen could not have done this, if he had foreseen the European success of his book—on which it is a most unfortunate blot. The Prince, however, places Antonio in a sort of monastic seminary, under a tutor whose names are, we dare say, purely fictitious—*Habbas Dadha*: and in the course of the pupil's criticism on the pedagogue, we find many most amusing things—for instance, the following:—

'In later years I have often reflected on poetry, that singular divine inspiration. It appears to me like the rich gold ore in the mountains; refinement and education are the wise workmen who know how to purify it. Sometimes purely unmixed ore-dust is met with, the lyrical improvisation of the poet by nature. One vein yields gold, another silver; but there are also tin, and even more ordinary metals found, which are not to be despised, and which sometimes can, with polishing and adorning, be made to look like gold and silver. According to these various metals I now rank my poets, as golden, silver, copper, and iron men. But after these comes a new class, who only work in simple potter's clay—the poetasters—yet who desire as much to be admitted to the true guild.'—vol. i. p. 139.

The time and the opportunity were now come for that first passion of the youthful heart—friendship, and the young Improvisatore, like others, attaches himself to one who seems drawn as his exact contrast.

‘Among all the scholars no one stood higher, either by abilities or birth, than Bernardo, the life-rejoicing, almost dissolute Bernardo. It was his daily jest to ride upon the projecting spout high above the fourth story, and to balance himself upon a board between the two corner windows under the roof. All the uproars in our little school kingdom were attributed to him, and that mostly with justice.

‘Bernardo had his determined opinion in everything; and when, among his school companions, he could not make his word effective, his hands came to his service, in order to inoculate his sap-green ideas upon the back of the refractory; he was always, therefore, the dominant spirit.’—vol. i. pp. 148, 149.

Their friendship, nevertheless, progresses steadily, till Bernardo—having gained a prize for speaking a poem, which, in fact, was Antonio’s—leaves college in a fit of disgust, and, being well connected, becomes a brilliant subaltern in the Papal Guard.

They after a time become rivals in the affection of Annunziata, a beautiful singer, and the supposed daughter of an old Jew in the *Ghetto*; the result is a sort of forced duel, half an accident; and Antonio, supposing he has killed his former friend, without being preferred by the lady, flies in anguish from Rome.

Here the love-passages of the book begin—and here we leave them. The fairy Galante, who appeared to Alcidonis in *Les Quatre Flacons*, has said all that can be said on the subject of variety.

‘Il y a trois sortes d’amour, la passion, le goût, et la fantaisie. Tout l’art d’être heureux consiste à bien placer ces trois nuances. Pour cela, voici quatre flacons dont vous seul pouvez faire usage. Ils sont différens de couleur. Vous boirez du flacon pourpre, pour aimer éperdument; du couleur de rose, pour effleurer le sentiment et le plaisir; du bleu, pour le goûter sans inquiétude et sans ivresse; et du blanc, pour revenir à votre naturel.’—*Marmontel, Contes Moraux*, tome i. pp. 175, 176.

The least original portion of the work is necessarily that which carries our poor Antonio through these adventures. In love, as in death, there is equality: many a man’s heart has been broken—and woman’s too—who had no eloquent words to

describe their life-struggle; and the love that is prefaced by intellectual dreaming can be *but* love, when all is said. These episodes, however, partake of the picturesque freshness and truth which constitute the principal charm of the book. Annunziata with her gifts of melody and beauty; Flaminia, the young Abbess, with the ‘pious gentle countenance;’ Santa (who, we regret to think, is, as the Irish express it, ‘called out of her name;’)—Maria-Lara, that ‘union in partition,’ seen twice in his life under such different circumstances, that to the last her identity is doubtful: all pass before us, not as shadows, but realities; and if in one instance a startling picture be drawn of temptation, at least there are none of the confused notions of morality common in the *novellettes* of our gayer neighbors, the French: there is no excuse or palliation: Santa stands before us confessed ‘the beautiful daughter of Sin.’

After a very striking picture of the Pontine Marshes, we stumble once more on Federigo—the Artist of the Catacombs—the Dane had been for some years in his native regions—but had returned under that heart-sickness for Italy, which so many foreign artists never get the better of.

‘He knew perfectly how to seize upon the poetically beautiful in every thing; he became doubly dear and interesting to me, and was the best angel of consolation for my afflicted heart.

“There lies my dirty Itri!” exclaimed he, and pointed to the city before us. “You would hardly credit it, Antonio, but in the north, where all the streets are so clean, and so regular, and so precise, I have longed for a dirty Italian town, where there is something characteristic, something just for a painter. These narrow, dirty streets, these grey, grimy stone balconies, full of stockings and shirts; windows without regularity, one up, one down, some great, some small; here steps four or five ells wide leading up to a door, where the mother sits with her hand-spindle; and there a lemon-tree, with great yellow fruit, hanging over the wall.

“Yes, that does make a picture! But those cultivated streets, where the houses stand like soldiers, where steps and balconies are shorn away, one can make nothing at all of!”—vol. ii. pp. 13, 14.

Antonio, encouraged by the Dane, and really obliged to find some means of livelihood for himself, presently reaches Naples, and there determines to ‘come out’ as an Improvisatore. Before taking this decided step, however, he writes to his princely

ron at Rome to announce his intention ; and after some pause he receives a reply ;—

‘I recognized the Borghese arms and the old Eccellenza’s hand-writing. I hardly dared to open it.

“Eternal mother of God !” I prayed, “be gracious to me ! Thy will directs all things for the best !”

‘I opened the letter and read :—

“Signore,—Whilst I believed that you were availing yourself of the opportunity which I afforded to you of learning something, and of becoming a useful member of society, all is going on quiet otherwise ; quite differently to my intentions regarding you. As the innocent occasion of your mother’s death, have I done this for you. We are quits.

“Make your *début* as improvisatore, as poet, when and how you will ;—but give me this one proof of your so-much-talked-of gratitude, never to connect my name, my solicitude for you, with your public life. The *very great* service which you might have rendered me by learning something, you would not render ; the *very small* one of calling me benefactor is so repugnant to me, that you cannot do any thing more offensive to me than to do that !”—

“The blood stagnated at my heart ; my hands dropped powerless on my knees ; but I could not weep ; that would have relieved my soul.

“Jesus Maria !” stammered I ; my head sank down on the table. Deaf, without thought, without pain even, I lay immovably in this position. I had not a word with which to pray to God and the saints ; they, also, like the world, seemed to have forsaken me.”—vol. ii. pp. 43, 44.

He appears, however, and succeeds—succeeds splendidly—on the great stage of Naples. His account of his own inspirations may be of service to those who affirm that the best poetry is all imagination, without foundation on real events and feelings. As well might they disbelieve in the existence of the seeds from which the flowers spring, because the stalk, leaves, and blossoms only appear above ground !

‘The subject which was given furnished recollections out of my own life, which it was only needful for me to relate. I was to improvise of Tasso. *He was myself ; Leonora was Annunciata* ; we saw each other at the court of Ferrara. I suffered with him in captivity ; breathed again freedom with death in my heart, as I looked from Sorrento over the billowy sea towards Naples ; sat with him under the oak at the Convent of St. Onophrio ; the bell of the Capitol sounded for his coronation feast, but the angel of death came and first placed upon his head the crown of immortality.

‘My heart beat violently ; I was engrossed, was carried away by the flight of my thoughts.

Yet was one more subject given to me—it was “The Death of Sappho.” *The pangs of jealousy I had felt—I remembered Bernardo ; Annunciata’s kiss upon his brow burned into my soul. Sappho’s beauty was that of Annunciata ; but the sufferings of her love were my own. The ocean waters closed over Sappho !*

‘My poem had called forth tears ; the most extraordinary applause resounded from all sides, and after the curtain had fallen I was twice called for. A happiness, a nameless joy, filled my soul—and yet seemed to oppress my heart till it was ready to break ; and when I had left the stage, amid the embraces and congratulations of my friends and acquaintance I burst into tears, into violent convulsive sobs.’—vol. ii. pp. 86, 87.

It is, indeed, obvious throughout, that wherever Andersen excites our admiration highly, he is only reviving fragments of his own past life.

Antonio is presently taken into favor again, and returns to Rome to live with his noble patrons : nothing can be more ably described than his residence under that splendid roof : it is not too much to say that this chapter equals the picture in Crabbe’s ‘Patron.’

‘The Pallazzo Borghese was now my home. I was treated with much more mildness and kindness. Sometimes, however, the old teaching tone, the wounding, depreciating mode of treating me, returned ; but I knew that it was intended for my good. . . .

‘I was considered as an excellent young man of talent, out of whom something might be made ; and, therefore, every one took upon himself my education. My dependence permitted it to those with whom I stood connected ; my good nature permitted it to all the rest. Livingly and deeply did I feel the bitterness of my position, and yet I endured it. That was an education.

‘Eccellenza lamented over my want of the fundamental principles of knowledge : it mattered not how much soever I might read : it was nothing but the sweet honey, which was to serve for my trade, which I sucked out of books. The friends of the house as well as my patrons kept comparing me with the ideal in their own minds, and thus I could not do other than fall short. The mathematician said that I had too much imagination and too little reflection ; the pedant, that I had not sufficiently occupied myself with the Latin language. The politician always asked me, in the social circle, about the political news, in which I was not at home, and inquired only to show my want of knowledge. A young nobleman, who only lived for his stud, lamented over my small experience in horse-flesh, and united with others in a *Miserere* over me, because I had more interest in myself than

in his horse. . . . The first dancer in the city despised me because I could not make a figure in the ball-room; the grammarian, because I made use of a full stop where he placed a semicolon; and Francesca said, *that I was quite spoiled, because people made so much of me*; and for that reason she must be severe, and give me the benefit of her instruction. Every one cast his poison-drop upon my heart: I felt that it must either bleed, or become callous. . . .

'No beast is, however, so cruel as man! Had I been rich and independent, the colors of every thing would soon have changed. Every one of *them* was more prudent, more deeply grounded, more rational, than I. I learned to smile obligingly where I could have wept; bowed to those whom I lightly esteemed, and listened attentively to the empty gossip of fools. Dissimulation, bitterness, and *ennui* were the fruit of the education which circumstances and men afforded me. . . .

I who, with my whole soul, had clung to mankind, was now changed, like Lot's wife, into a pillar of salt. *This gave rise to defiance in my soul. There were moments when my spiritual consciousness raised itself up in its fetters, and became a devil of high-mindedness, which looked down upon the folly of my prudent teachers, and, full of vanity, whispered into my ear, "Thy name will live and be remembered when all these are forgotten, or are only remembered through thee, as being connected with thee, as the refuse and the bitter drops which fell into thy life's cup!"*

'At such moments I thought on Tasso, on the vain Leonora, the proud Court of Ferrara, the nobility of which now is derived from the name of Tasso; whose castle is in ruins, and the poet's prison a place of pilgrimage. I myself felt with what vanity my heart throbbed; but, in the manner in which I was brought up, it must be so, or else it must bleed. Gentleness and encouragement would have preserved my thoughts pure, my soul full of affection; every friendly smile and word was a sunbeam, which melted one of the ice-roots of vanity;—but there fell more poison-drops than sunbeams. . . .

'This education lasted for six years, nay seven, I might say, but that about the close of the sixth year there occurred a new movement in the waves of my life's sea. . . .

'My residence in Naples, all the recollections of it, were as a beautiful, paralyzing Medusa's head. When the sirocco blew, I bethought myself of the mild breezes of Pæstum, of Lara, and the brilliant grotto in which I had seen her. When I stood like a school-boy before my male and female educators, came to me recollections of the plaudits in the great theatre of San Carlo. When I stood unobserved in a corner, I thought of Santa, who stretched forth her arms after me, and sighed, "Kill me, but leave me not!" They were six long, instructive years; I was now six-and-twenty years old.'—vol. ii. pp. 174–182.

All this reaches its climax in the history of what he thinks a master-piece—a great poem.

'About this time I had just finished a great poem—"David,"—into which I had breathed my whole soul. Day after day, through the last year, spite of the eternal educating, the recollections of my flight to Naples, my adventures there, and the severing of my first strong love, had given my whole being a more determined poetical bent. There were moments which stood before me as a whole life, a true poem in which I myself had acted a part. Nothing appeared to me without significance, or of every-day occurrence. My sufferings even, and the injustice which was done to me, was poetry. My heart felt a necessity to pour itself forth, and in "David" I found material which answered to my requiring. I felt livingly the excellence of what I had written, and my soul was gratitude and love; for it is the truth, that I never either sang or composed a strophe which appeared to me good, without turning myself with child-like thanks to the eternal God, from whom I felt that it was a gift, a grace which he had infused into my soul! My poem made me happy; and I heard with a pious mind every thing which seemed to be said unreasonably against me; for I thought—when they hear *this*, they will feel what an injustice they have done me, their hearts will warm towards me with twofold love! . . .

'When I first stepped forward in San Carlo, my heart did not beat more violently than now, as I sat before these people. This poem, I thought, must entirely change their judgment of me—their mode of treating me. It was a sort of spiritual operation by which I desired to influence them, and therefore I trembled.

'A natural feeling within me had led me only to describe that which I knew. David's shepherd life, with which my poem opened, was borrowed from my childhood's recollections in the hut of Domenica.

"But that is actually yourself," cried Francesca; "yourself out in the Campagna."

"Yes; that one can very well see," said Eccellenza. "He must bring himself in. That is really a peculiar genius that the man has! In every possible thing he knows how to bring forward himself."

"The versification ought to be a little smoother," said Habbas Dahdah. "I advise the Horatian rule, 'Let it only lie by—lie by till it comes to maturity!'"

"It was as if they had all of them broken off an arm from my beautiful statue. I read yet a few more stanzas—but only cold, slight observations met my ear. Whenever my heart had expressed naturally its own emotions, they said I had borrowed from another poet. Whenever my soul had been full of warm inspiration, and I had expected attention and rapture, they seemed indifferent, and made only cold and every-day remarks. I broke off at the

conclusion of the second canto; it was impossible for me to read any more. My poem, which had seemed to me so beautiful and so spiritual, now lay like a deformed doll, a puppet with glass eyes and twisted features; it was as if they had breathed poison over my image of beauty.

'They had mistaken both it and me, but my soul could not bear it. I went out into the great saloon adjoining where a fire was burning on the hearth; I convulsively crumpled together my poem in my hand. All my hopes, all my dreams, were in a moment destroyed. I felt myself so infinitely small; an unsuccessful impression of him in whose image I was made.

'That which I had loved, had pressed to my lips, into which I had breathed my soul, my living thoughts, I cast from me into the fire; I saw my poem kindle up into red flame.'—vol. ii. pp. 187-192.

Flaminia, the young abbess (grandchild of the Prince), comforts him in this hour of mortification:—

'She then inquired from me how it was to be a poet; how one felt when one improvised; and I explained to her this state of spiritual operation as well as I could.

"The thoughts, the ideas," said she; "yes, I understand very well that they are born in the soul, that they come from God: we all know that; but the beautiful metre, the mode in which this consciousness expresses itself, that I understand not."

"Have you not," I inquired, "often in the convent learned one or another beautiful psalm or legend which is made in verse? And then often, when you are least thinking about it, some circumstance or another has called up an idea within your mind, by which the recollection is awoke of this or that, so that you could, then and there, have written them down on paper; verses, rhymes, even have led you to remember the succeeding, whilst the thought, the subject, stood clearly before you? Thus is it with the improvisatore and poet—with me at least! At times it seems to me these are reminiscences, cradle-songs from another world, which awake in my soul, and which I am compelled to repeat."—vol. ii. pp. 196, 197.

We have already expressed our resolution to meddle with none of the scenes of love in this book. We are tempted, certainly—but we shall be firm. In fact, we perceive that our allotted space would scarcely admit of further extracts; but we must not refuse ourselves one more Italian picture:—

'I now saw the gondola for the first time—long and narrow, quick as a dart; but all painted coal-black. The little cabin in the centre, covered over with black cloth: it was

a floating hearse, which shot past us with the speed of an arrow. The water was no longer blue, as it was out in the open sea, or close upon the coast of Naples; it was of a dirty green. We passed by an island where the houses seemed to grow up out of the water, or to have clung to a wreck; aloft upon the walls stood the Madonna and the child, and looked out over this desert. In some places the surface of the water was like a moving green plain—a sort of duck-pond, between the deep sea and the black islands of soft mud. The sun shone upon Venice: all the bells were ringing; but it looked, nevertheless, dead and solitary. Only one ship lay in the docks; and not a single man could I see.

'I stepped down into the black gondola, and sailed up into the dead street, where every thing was water, not a foot-breadth upon which to walk. Large buildings stood with open doors, and with steps down to the water; the water ran into the great doorways, like a canal; and the palace-court itself seemed only a four-cornered well, into which people could sail, but scarcely turn the gondola. The water had left its greenish slime upon the walls: the great marble palace seemed as if sinking together: in the broad windows, rough boards were nailed up to the gilded, half-decayed beams. The proud giant-body seemed to be falling away piecemeal; the whole had an air of depression about it. The ringing of the bells ceased, not a sound, excepting the splash of the oars in the water, was to be heard, and I still saw not a human being. The magnificent Venice lay like a dead swan upon the waves.

'We crossed about into the other streets. Small narrow bridges of masonry hung over the canals; and I now saw people who skipped over me, in among the houses, and in among the walls even; for I saw no other streets than those in which the gondolas glided.

"But where do the people walk?" inquired I of my gondolier; and he pointed to small passages by the bridges, between the lofty houses. Neighbor could reach his hand to neighbor from the sixth story across the street; three people could hardly pass each other below, where not a sunbeam found its way. Our gondola had passed on, and all was as still as death.

"Is this Venice?—The rich bride of the sea?—the mistress of the world?"—vol. ii. pp. 233-235.

We shall not see many more life-drawn pictures of the real Venice—the Venice of 'Shakspeare's, Otway's, Schiller's, Radcliffe's art'—and Byron's and Andersen's. The magnificent railroad and aqueduct, carried on a series of granite arches across the Lagune, will come into use in the course of the next few months, and revolutionize the whole scene as effectually as

Napoleon's great military way did the passage of the Simplon.

We cannot allude to this subject without indulging ourselves in a brief extract from some letters lately published by the first of our living poets in reference to a proposed railway along the peaceful shores of Windermere—where the innovation would be fatal to so many charms of Nature, and bring with it none of those compensations, which the warmest lover of either natural scenery or historical and poetical associations must needs admit into his contemplations, when considering either what has been affected as to the Alpine passes, or what is all but accomplished in the case of 'the Sea Cybele.*

Mr. Wordsworth's sketch of the old Simplon is perhaps a gem from that great poem of which 'The Excursion' itself is but a fragment:—

'Will the reader excuse a quotation from a MS. poem in which I attempted to describe the impression made upon my mind by the descent towards Italy along the Simplon before the new military road had taken place of the old muleteer track with its primitive simplicities?

'Brook and road
Were fellow-travellers in this gloomy pass,
And with them did we journey several hours
At a slow step. The immeasurable height
Of woods decaying, never to be decayed,
The stationary blasts of waterfalls,
And in the narrow rent, at every turn,
Winds thwarting winds bewildered and forlorn,
The torrents shooting from the clear blue sky,
The rocks that muttered close upon our ears,
Black drizzling crags that spake by the way-side
As if a voice were in them, the sick sight
And giddy prospect of the raving stream,
The unfettered clouds and region of the heavens,
Tumult and peace, the darkness and the light,
Were all like workings of one mind, the features
Of the same face, blossoms upon one tree,
Characters of the great Apocalypse,
The types and symbols of Eternity,
Of first, and last, and midst, and without end.'

1799.

'Thirty years afterwards I crossed the Alps by the same Pass: and what had become of the forms and powers to which I had been indebted for those emotions? Many of them remained of course undestroyed and indestructible. But, though the road and torrent continued to run parallel to each other, their fellowship was put an end to. The stream had dwindled into comparative insignificance, so much had Art interfered with and taken the lead of Nature; and although the utility of

the new work, as facilitating the intercourse of great nations, was readily acquiesced in, and the workmanship, in some places, could not but excite admiration, it was impossible to suppress regret for what had vanished for ever. The oratories heretofore not unfrequently met with, on a road still somewhat perilous, were gone; the simple and rude bridges swept away; and instead of travellers proceeding, with leisure to observe and feel, were pilgrims of fashion hurried along in their carriages, not a few of them perhaps discussing the merits of "the last new novel," or poring over their guide-books, or fast asleep. Similar remarks might be applied to the mountainous country of Wales; but there, too, the plea of utility, especially as expediting the communication between England and Ireland, more than justifies the labors of the engineer. Not so would it be with the Lake District. A railroad is already planned along the sea coast, and another from Lancaster to Carlisle is in great forwardness: an intermediate one is therefore, to say the least of it, superfluous.

'How far I am from undervaluing the benefit to be expected from railways in their legitimate application will appear from the following lines, published in 1835, and composed some years earlier:—

'STEAMBOATS AND RAILWAYS.

'Motions and Means, on sea, on land, at war
With old poetic feeling, not for this
Shall ye, by Poets even, be judged amiss!
Nor shall your presence, howsoever it mar
The loveliness of Nature, prove a bar
To the Mind's gaining that prophetic sense
Of future good, that point of vision, whence
May be discovered what in soul ye are.
In spite of all that Beauty must disown
In your harsh features, Nature doth embrace
Her lawful offspring in Man's Art: and Time,
Pleased with your triumphs o'er his brother
Space,
Accepts from your bold hands the proffered crown
Of Hope, and welcomes you with cheer sublime.

'I have now done with this subject. The time of life at which I have arrived may, I trust, if nothing else will, guard me from the imputation of having written from any selfish interests, or from fear of disturbance which a railway might cause to myself. If gratitude for what repose and quiet in a district hitherto, for the most part, not disfigured but beautified by human hands, have done for me through the course of a long life, and hope that others might hereafter be benefited in the same manner and in the same country, be selfishness, then, indeed, but not otherwise, I plead guilty to the charge. Nor have I opposed this undertaking on account of the inhabitants of the district merely, but as hath been intimated, for the sake of every one, however humble his condition, who coming hither shall bring with him an eye to perceive, and a heart to feel and worthily enjoy. And

* Letters reprinted from 'The Morning Post,' Kandal, 1845, pp. 23.

as for holiday pastimes, if a scene is to be chosen suitable to them for persons thronging from a distance, it may be found elsewhere at less cost of every kind. But, in fact, we have too much hurrying about in these islands; much for idle pleasure, and more from over activity in the pursuit of wealth, without regard to the good or happiness of others.

'Proud were ye, Mountains, when, in times of old,
Your patriot sons, to stem invasive war,
Intrenched your brows; ye gloried in each scar:
Now, for your shame, a Power, the Thirst of Gold,
That rules o'er Britain like a baneful star,
Wills that your peace, your beauty, shall be sold,
And clear way made for her triumphal car
Through the beloved retreats your arms enfold!
Heard ye that Whistle? As her long-linked Train

Swept onward, did the vision cross your view?
Yes, ye were startled;—and, in balance true,
Weighing the mischief with the promised gain,
Mountains, and Vales, and Floods, I call on you
To share the passion of a just diadain.'

AHMED-NUGGUR, AND ABOUT IT.

BY MRS. FOSTANS.

From the Asiatic Journal.

EVERY one acquainted with Western India has heard of Nuggur, or Ahmed-Nuggur, it being the favorite station of the "Ducks." In olden times, when guns, spears, and horses, formed the joys of our young aspirants to military fame, Nuggur was famous for its sport, its "grim grey boars," stony hills, and open plains; and I fancy that more hogs were killed, more-hunting songs sung, and more sporting adventures met with here, than in the whole of the Deckan besides. Matters, however, have now somewhat changed, for sport is on the decline in the Deckan, as elsewhere; the "Nuggur hunt" once the pride of sportsmen, is on the wane; balls and mess-parties supersede forays on the "jungle-side," and whether it be, that Phonde Sawunt, and Ragojee Bangriah, our bandit leaders of the Northern and Southern Concans, divert men's minds from mimic to real war, the spirit of sport has fled. Nevertheless, it is still a pleasant spot, and surrounded by interest for the painter, poet, and historian. One wise old moofti, some forty years ago, undertook to write an account of the curiosities of Nuggur, within a circuit of four

miles, and the work was looked on as a miracle of learning; it was called the *Shakabee*, in honor of Shahab-oo-deen, its author; and, as if to end all doubt of its merits, the cazis of Nuggur and Poonah went to law about the possession of the MS., while the British authorities sequestered it, on the judge and the oyster principle of settlement. To me, who was favored with its inspection, it appeared so like "Ferishta," with its interesting points left out, that I felt much more gratification in wandering about Nuggur, guided by the information of some modern Herodotus, full of true and pleasant chat, than in poring over the wise man's collection of dates, hard names, and Persian couplets.

Nuggur is situated on a wide plain, surrounded by hills, and intersected by rivers, so that the level ground should be ever waving with bright green crops; the fine mangoe-trees that cluster round the pretty villages, ever productive; but in Nuggur, as elsewhere, that which *should* be, is not always so, and for two years we have had a drought that has reduced the flowing waters to mere occasional pools, withered the corn, slain the cattle, and reduced the strong man to a condition of hollow-eyed and trembling feebleness. Then again, as it ever is in India, came cholera, as if to ease the land of those it no longer could support, and the young and the old went forth from their homes to the sides of the stony hills, to dwell in caves, hoping to escape. Nuggur, the once mirthful scene of sport and glee, has not yet recovered the double visitation; but want and fear yet hang upon its homes, whether of the city or the village.

The fort is one of the strongest in the Deckan; and with various handsome buildings, musjids, and palaces, within and about it, renew a reflection long since made, on the employment of Mohamedan wealth in India, in comparison with our own; for did we to-morrow quit this glowing clime, we should leave but *graves* to mark our long possession of the land. A huge tree on the glacis of the fort is honored by the much-believing, as that under which the Great Captain of his age conducted operations against the enemy; but if the Duke ever *did* honor its peepul shade, it must have been after, and not during, the siege; or like Rustum, he must have borne a charmed life. The fort of Nuggur, however, hath a stirring history attached to it. A true tale of life

romance, that affords an interest quite equal to that which Rhine-ascending tourists feel for Nonensworth and Rolanseck. The reader must allow me to tell the tale, even as it was told to me, and must assist me by imagining the fine fort of Nuggur on its plane, as Josephine's convent is upon the stream, looked down on by a richly-sculptured tomb of many stories, perched on a neighboring hill; the Rowland's Tower of the Deckan.

"Chand Beebee ké Nuggur," then, as Moslems still call the theme of our discourse, was, some 250 years since, governed by a very beautiful ranee, the moon-faced, or silver-bodied Beebee. Her palace within the fort was of the richest architecture and decoration, shaded by fine trees, cooled by fountains, and resplendent with silver ornaments; but the loveliness of the woman is said to have far outshone the pomp and glitter of the princess. The nobles of Upper India and the princes of the Deckan alike sued for her hand; but the fair queen of Nuggur, proud of her independence, determined to support her dignities alone. Salabat Khan, a young noble, full of military zeal and ardor, in travelling through the country, chanced to see the Beebee, and from that moment became violently enamored of her. Knowing, however, the utter hopelessness of his passion, he wandered far away to join some of the many chiefs, whose varied claims equally distracted both the upper and the lower countries. Time passed; the fair queen of Nuggur governed, in womanly pride, her fine Deckan lands, careless of her suitors, while Salabat Khan in vain sought, among the excitements of war and the stimulant of ambition, to expel from his heart and memory the image of her he loved so hopelessly. The kings of Delhi, who had ever desired the possession of the rich districts of Aurungabad and Nuggur, at length determined on besieging the fort of the fair queen. Day by day, Chand Beebee, from her battlements, noticed the surrounding armies, in hostile array, gathering round the fort: yet still, with an heroic spirit, determined to die as she had lived, queen of Nuggur, rather than fall captive into the conqueror's hands. The siege was long; the little party within the walls gradually became less efficient; no help at hand; no hope without; despair seized on the bravest hearts; and in a few hours more, beneath the waters of the deepest bowrie (well) of the fort, lay the body of the lovely

Beebee. That day, with a strong army of rescue, gathered from many lands, pride, and joy, and love, all animating his warlike spirit, Salabat Khan encamped upon a rocky hill, looking full upon the fort; a messenger was despatched to the queen, bearing tidings of hope and succor; but alas! too late; and when returning, he bore the fate of the fair Beebee to the chieftain's ear, Salabat Khan called for his cup-bearer, and mingling with his sherbet the deadliest poison of the land, died, gazing on the grave of her he loved. His followers built over his remains a splendid tomb; and the people, so long as the tale dwelt in their remembrance, scattered flowers and perfumes around it.

Such is the history of Salabat Khan's tomb, which is a favorite place for picnics, and a residence during the hot weather: it is about four miles from Camp, and on a considerable elevation. Fifty persons have lined together in the lower apartment of the tomb, which gives a very fair idea of its size, when it is remembered that the four compartments have an equality of extent, a regal space for the "eternal habitation" of a camp-trained soldier. It is fortunate for us modern travellers and sojourners in the East, however, that the Mohammedan conquerors of India and their descendants had this taste for handsome mausoleas, as it supplies many of us with houses in a style of architecture not to be met with at present, as well as substantial shelter, at the expense of driving out the bats, and fitting in a few doors and windows. The few feet of earth with the conical masonry occupied by the original tenant, neither seems to be considered as an objection nor an inconvenience: it forms a seat or a stumbling-block, as the case may be, but the last only literally, and is never considered as a subject for veneration or troublesome respect. Then, again, the situations these true believers chose for their mausoleas are so attractive, the trees that shade them are so bright and waving, the mounds where they are raised so dry and clean, and the gardens about them so cool and fresh-looking, that the living may well envy the dead their possession. It must be remembered that these Moslems were characteristically very capable of appreciating the luxurious and agreeable. No people ever knew so well how to live in India as they did in their days of glory, proofs of which we have in their underground apartments for the hot season, their water palaces, thick walled

underrooms, and descriptions of well-cooled sherbets; and, as it was their custom to pray, meditate, and spend hours in the tombs of their departed friends, it is but probable that these handsome mausolea had some reference to the comforts and convenience of the living, as well as to the secure resting of the dead. The four stories of Salabat Khan's tomb must have formed a cool and pleasant look-out post for those who were once his followers. The well, in which reposed the body of the hapless queen, is closed, and still regarded with superstitious reverence by the Moslem population.

Our first picnic from Nuggur was made to the Happy Valley, a favorite spot for sportsmen, newly-married couples, and Parsee amateur travellers. It is eight miles from Camp, and its situation is as remarkable as its scenery is attractive. After riding over a wide plain, here and there studded with villages, sheltered by thick clumps of rich mangoe-trees, a rock appeared more desert than the rest, flanked by arid hills. On approaching it, however, the tops of palms, cocoa-nut trees, and all the chief varieties of Indian foliage, attracted our attention just peeping above its edge; and, dismounting from our horses, we found a flight of granite steps cut in the rock, and leading down into this fairy-like glen of natural beauty. The Hindus have a deserted temple there, but the spot was evidently selected as a Moslem pleasure-ground, a fact which now affords travellers the advantage of a good bungalow built in true Mohamedan taste, which means with a flat roof, on which to smoke, sleep, and pray, in accordance with the uses made of such places by their original designers; small square, slate-colored rooms, with arched roofs for the occupation of bats, and little recesses for the reception of oil-lights; with doors that do not close, or if closed, do not open; tri-sided underground apartments, looking into the valley, and arches instead of windows. This last peculiarity is here, however, an advantage, for the view commanded is most lovely. The valley, indeed, is the mere gorge of an isolated hill, but the foliage is dense and beautiful—originally well cultivated, but now having the appearance of the wildest nature; huge masses of rock are piled amongst it, and a fair stream, every here and there taking the form of waterfalls, or a rapid torrent, as the nature of the ground may cause, makes its way onward to the

lower plain. The fine banian, with its columned shade, is here seen in peculiar grandeur, its daughter stems stretching widely, and descending deeply into the ravine, the parent branches forming noble studies of forest foliage, so noble, indeed, that Hindu travellers have even been attracted by the beauty of one, that owns some dozen pillars all around it, among which have sprung the aloe, and various lesser shrubs, giving to each stem the semblance of its being an independent tree. Every stone round which the rivulet rushes is smeared with red pigment, and no traveller passes along the little footpath on his way to the distant village, but raises his hand in reverence to this natural temple of the grove. Trees, and shade, and water, are sure attractions to the natives of the East, and it amused me much to note the varied travellers who, hour by hour, arrived at the Happy Valley. Many were pilgrims, with scrip and staff, who ate, bathed, begged, and smoked, and then, without paying the slightest homage to the temple, or to the huge stone Nandi that formed its chief ornament, although supposed to be on religious service all intent, went their way, laughing and chatting through the valley. Others were peasants, laden with grass, sturdy little Mahrattas, inured to labor, who wended on their way, singing their cheerful national songs, or mirthfully chatting in their strange "Hickary, Tickary" sort of language, careless of the toil. One poor woman, in descending the steps, fell with her burden of grass when about half-way down. For the moment she remained still, as sorely hurt, which no doubt she was, but quickly rising again, bathed her arms and feet in the fountain, and resettled the loosened bundle of grass. Duty so far ended, she unslung a bundle from her shoulder that looked as if containing grain, round and soft, but to our astonishment straightway was unrolled an infant of some three months old, who, without cry or murmur, allowed itself to be seated on the ground, and with a happy smile fell to playing with the surrounding grass. In a few minutes more the mother unfolded a long cotton scarf, when, placing one end firmly between her knees, and calling a boy who stood near to hold the other, she by one arm lifted the infant Grielda into it, and after folding the scarf together in the centre, tied the ends firmly, and swung it over her shoulder, as a pedestrian usually does a change of raiment:

then, with the little bundle at her back, and the heavy load upon her head, the slight, active, and much-enduring Mahratta mother cheerfully wended on to complete the last four miles of her journey. It was a strange proof of how easily people may conform to circumstances. One has seen the Italian child swaddled like a mummy, and suspended on a hook behind the paternal door, while the mother was in the vineyard; the Sindhian child, swinging in a cradle of cords to the branch of a tree; and the Ojibbeway, suspended to the parent's back, enjoying the gentle satisfaction of infant pastime, while the mother, poor drudge! turns up the sod to prepare it for the seed that shall be their stay when hunting fails; yet never, I think, have I seen any thing so thoroughly conforming itself to circumstances as the calmness of this Mahratta woman and the good-humored quietude of her little one. What a contrast it afforded to the wayward petulance of the English spoilt child of fortune,—fractious from indulgence, surrounded by attendants, and alarming a whole house if it but strikes its hand against a table! There is, perhaps, little difference in the nature of the children, but all in the power of education.

A very characteristic individual attracted our attention the day after we arrived at the Happy Valley, a wandering jogee, lately come from the revered city of Nassick, and on his way *viâ* Poonah to Sassoor. He was a hollow-eyed, thin-faced, miserable-looking wretch, whose shaggy uncombed locks hung about his head, more like a tangled lion's mane than any thing else, and his chief covering consisted of dust and ashes, with a little red paint here and there. His travelling baggage simply included a gourd, a string of beads, and a staff, and yet he came and sat down under the shade of a huge banian-tree, by the side of a carved effigy of Huniman, that was scarcely more hideous than himself, with the air of a man who had seen the world, and the dignity of one who would have considered the best inn's best room as far too poor for him. Here then sat the wanderer, doubtless hungry, thirsty, and weary, yet too proud to acknowledge his participation in the feelings of common men, waiting until fit homage should attend his coming; soon, fortunately for his necessities, a Banian (merchant), a well-dressed, and evidently respectable man, descended the temple steps, on which our

shaggy-headed friend called him with an air of authority that was instantly acknowledged by the other, who forthwith fetched fire, water, and food for his religious superior, and then, seating himself a little apart, awaited any further orders. There is little doubt that much of this overbearing conduct in the ascetic was practised with the idea of impressing us with a sense of his power and dignity; and during the two or three days that we occupied the bungalow, he remained squatting under his banian-tree, affecting complete ignorance of our presence; but as we mounted our horses to quit the spot, the avarice of the man controlled every other feeling, and, starting from his position, he came forward, humbly begging for a few pice. We told him at first that, as we worked for our money in an honest calling, and he lived idly on the opinion of his fellow-men, we were more objects of charity and consideration than he was, who could command what he would of money and service from the rich; but he became so importunate, that we at length desired the horse-keeper to give him a few pice; but the Gorawalla being a low-caste man, the jogee, as people were looking on, refused to be contaminated by our offering, and sulkily retired to his tree, bawling forth the titles of his gods, intermixed with a few denunciations on the unbelieving. The unfortunate creature's solitary journey through the dense jungles of Nassick, prolific as they are of damp poisonous exhalations, and filled with beasts of prey, must have made him acquainted with much of both suffering and danger; but if gratified vanity from the applause of men be one of the most agreeable forms of incense the human mind can receive, certainly our presiding genius of the "Happy Valley" must have been amply repaid.

Nuggur, as all know, was a scene of many of the worst cruelties, and also highest triumphs, of the great conqueror Aurungzebe; he is said to have died here, and a little tomb on the left of the fort is considered as the depository of his heart. The mausoleum commands a very beautiful panoramic view of Nuggur, with its palaces, musjids, gardens, and flowing streams; while our pretty church rising amongst them, together with the "compounds" in the artillery-lines, gives it to the English sojourner a refreshing "home" look. The gardens of Nuggur are celebrated, throughout our side of India, for their beauty and produce; we have thick hedges of myrtle

four feet high, vines that rival the south of Italy, and English vegetables in abundance. The native gardens are also rich in produce; but a native garden is, after all, but a mere orchard, and amongst rubbish, weeds, stony roads, and large fruit-trees, one looks in vain for the neat inclosures, the well-kept paths, trim borders, and perfumed parterres of an English shrubbery. Utility appears the only object in the Eastern gardener's view; acres of rose bushes are cultivated only that the blossoms may be cropped at sunrise to produce rose-water, and jasmine is grown in abundance, but merely for decorations on festivals, and in offerings at the temples. At Nuggur, the "Mootee Bhaug," or Garden of Pearls, is an exception, having been formed in English taste, and being rich in beautiful shrubs, bearing Oriental flowers of every hue; yet even here, jowarree is sown amongst the plants, and the song of the bulbul is lost in the cry of the corn-watcher, as he whirls his sling aloft, to scare away the feathered plunderers. We have our "Behiestie Bhaug" too, or Garden of Paradise, with the ruins of a palace at its entrance, about which, the dry old historians are very voluminous in their accounts, of how one khan built it, and another added to it, and a third advised about it, and a fourth seized it.

A water palace of considerable size, still remaining in the neighborhood of Nuggur, is said with great probability to have been the residence of Aurungzebe, and is situated in the remains of an extensive garden, known as the "Furruh Bhaug," or Garden of Happiness. Considering the palace was commenced in 1006 of the Hegira, it is yet in remarkably good preservation, and must have been, in its day, a very substantial and handsome building. The centre room, which is of huge proportions, is lighted and ventilated by two open balconies, running round the ceiling at small distances from each other; and the interior architecture of the arched recesses and roofing is, in many cases, ornamental, and finished with much skill. The prince who commenced its erection, did so, it appears, as a matter of state policy, to show the Delhi nobles his opinion of the stability of a possession, on which it was considered wise to expend so much; but the water which surrounds the palace was not thought of until his successor brought it from the hills at some distance by means of aqueducts, the remains of which may still be

seen in all directions about Nuggur; and this prince, with much good taste, built round the palace a reservoir of some forty acres in extent. Soon after the rainy season, the waters on every side bathe the palace walls to some feet in depth, and the garden immediately around it would be unapproachable for foot passengers, but for a raised vallade carried out from the western side of the garden. In the early morning, few effects of light and shade can be more beautiful than those which adorn the water-palace of the Furruh Bhaug, for the most perfect and handsome portion of it receives the first rays of the morning sun, which, lighting up its Gothic-looking architecture, separate it vividly from the masses of fine trees clustering round its base, while they again are reflected, leaf, and branch, and stem, in the deep clear waters that surround and bathe their roots; and these, contrasted in their depth of richest shade, by the crimson turbans and orange-colored scarfs of the native groups, who wend hither daily to enjoy the pleasures of the spot, the cool bathing beneath the trees, or the social chit-chat meal. Wild ducks may occasionally be seen in flocks upon the surface of the lake, affording considerable attraction to the denizens of the Camp; but even when the sportsman is disappointed of his spoil, the eye of the lover of the picturesque may be always gratified by the number of snow-white, graceful birds which rest upon the banks, or seek their food among the beautiful aquatic plants that adorn these fair waters, where the rich green rushes throw into fine relief the tender tints of the lovely lotus, and a hundred blossoms, red and yellow, blue and purple, of whose names I am quite ignorant, are distinctly mirrored upon this charming lake, which, barbarian as he was in some matters, Shah Tiab certainly showed infinite taste in forming here, and which, perhaps, gave origin to the couplets we find transcribed upon a tablet under a ruined doorway of the palace, said to have been under his own hand.

"In this garden, conferring happiness, pause in peace,
Look round at its surrounding pleasures, Oh ye kings!
Nor seek for other wealth."

And, again, on a smaller block is written,

"This garden is called the happy;
May its beauties ever remain so!"

The dream of Moslem grandeur, however, and the luxurious indulgences of its princes, are now at an end, and the beautiful Furrh Bhaug has long been subservient to supposed purposes of utility and improvement. A grant of its acres having been made to a medical officer of Government, mulberry-trees were planted in great quantities for the growth and cultivation of the Italian worm and silk. The plan, to a certain degree, failed; perhaps in consequence of the sanguine enthusiasm of its originator, as expenses were entered into that the results of the early trial could not justify, and debt became the consequence. Feebleness and discouragement followed, and as the world generally take some advantage of misfortune and disappointment in the plans of others, so a number of private mallees set about digging up the young trees and selling them for a trifling remuneration to the amateur garden cultivators of Camp. The collector, however, interfered; fortunately for the delightful shades of the Furrh Bhaug, the trees were restored, and the system still works in a trifling degree; the fine foliage becoming every day more luxuriant from the abundance of sweet water, while the worms slumber in the chambers of kings.

Ahmed-Nuggur, January, 1845.

THE PORTLAND VASE.

From the Literary Gazette.

[Before giving the following ample description and poetical illustration of a famous work of ancient art, the demolition of which has excited so general a sensation, we may revert to the perfect cast of it belonging to Mr. Charles Copland, which was shown at the Marquis of Northampton's three weeks ago (see *Lit. Gaz.*). This copy is colored so as exactly to represent the original; the ground exhibiting faithfully the body of dark-blue glass, and the raised figures being cut in the coating of white enamel with equal fidelity and truth. We have on high authority that only two more are in existence; but they remain in the simple character of plaster casts: whilst many imitations are to be met with, the most finished of which are by Wedgwood. Mr. Francis Wedgwood writes—"that Wedgwood's copy of the Portland Vase is

not, strictly speaking, a cast from the original. It is true, he took a cast from the original; but as the material of his copy was to be clay, which shrinks in the fire,—if he had used his cast as a mould, his copy would have been smaller than the original. He wanted it exactly the same size; he therefore modelled from the cast a mould a little larger than it, so as to allow for the shrinking in the fire; and in that mould his copy was made." Mr. Copland's facsimile was moulded at Rome from the original, by the celebrated gem-engraver, Pechler, and taken off by Tassie—only a few being permitted, when the model was, by order, destroyed. Jane, Duchess of Gordon, presented this specimen to the late Dr. Copland, of Marischal College, Aberdeen.]

THIS celebrated vase, for about two centuries in the possession of the Barberini family and the chief ornament of their palace in Rome, was purchased nearly fifty years ago by the Duke of Portland, and subsequently deposited in the British Museum. In height it is nearly ten inches, and six in diameter taken at the broadest. The figures are white enamel in bas-relief and of the most exquisite workmanship, raised on a ground of deep blue glass, apparently black, unless held in a strong light. The figures have evidently been formed from the external coating of white opaque glass, in the manner the finest cameos are produced, and must therefore have been the labor of many years. Some eminent antiquarians have placed its age many centuries before the Christian era, as such sculpture was said to have been declining in respect to its excellence in the time of Alexander the Great.

Many opinions and conjectures have been published concerning the figures. Mr. Wedgwood has well observed, that it does not seem probable the Portland vase was purposely made for the ashes of any particular person deceased, because many years must have been necessary for its production. Hence it may be concluded, that the subject of its embellishments is not private history but of a general nature. It appears to be well chosen, the story finely told, and evidently represents what in ancient times engaged the attention of philosophers, poets, and heroes, viz. the *Eleusinian* mysteries. These mysteries were invented in Egypt, afterwards transferred to Greece, and flourished more particularly at Athens,

which was at the same time the seat of the fine arts. They consisted of scenical and obscene* exhibitions representing and inculcating the expectation of a future life after death, and on this account were encouraged by the government, inasmuch that the Athenian laws punished a revelation of their secrets with death. What subject could have been imagined so sublime for the ornaments of a funeral urn as the mortality of all things and their resurrection? where could the designer be supplied with emblems for this purpose before the Christian era but from the Eleusinian mysteries?

The exhibition of these mysteries was of two kinds, those which the people were permitted to see, and those which were only shown to the initiated. Concerning the latter, Aristides calls them "the most shocking and the most ravishing representations;" and Stobæus asserts that the initiation into the grand mysteries exactly resembles death: this part of the exhibition seems to be represented in one of the compartments of the Portland vase.

First Compartment.—Three figures of exquisite workmanship are placed by the side of a ruined column, whose capital has fallen off and lies at their feet, with other disjointed stones. They sit on loose piles of stones beneath a tree which has not the leaves of any evergreen in this climate, but may be supposed to be an elm, which Virgil places near the entrance of the infernal regions, and adds, that a Drean was believed to dwell under every leaf of it. In the midst of this group reclines a figure in a dying attitude, in which extreme languor is beautifully depicted; in her hand is an inverted torch, an ancient emblem of extinguished life; the elbow of the same arm, resting on a stone, supports her as she sinks, while the other hand is raised and thrown over the drooping head, in some measure sustaining it, and gives with great art the idea of fainting lassitude. On the right of her sits a man, and on the left a woman, both supporting themselves on their arms, as people are apt to do when they are thinking intensely. They have their backs towards the dying figure, yet with their faces turned towards her, as if

seriously contemplating her situation, but without stretching out their hands to assist her. The central figure appears the emblem of mortal life, or death. The inverted torch shows the figure to be emblematic; for if a real person in the act of dying, there had been no occasion for the expiring torch, as the dying figure alone would have been sufficiently intelligible; again, had it been a real dying person, would not the other figures, or one of them at least, have stretched out a hand to support her, to have eased her fall among the loose stones, or to have smoothed her rest? The man and woman on each side of the dying figure must also be considered as emblems, both from their similarity of situation and dress to the middle figure, and their being grouped along with it. They may be presumed to be emblems of humankind, with their backs towards the dying figure of *Mortal* life, unwilling to associate with her, yet turning back their serious and attentive countenances, curious to behold, yet sorry to contemplate their latter end.

Second Compartment.—On the other compartment is exhibited an emblem of Immortality, the representation of which is well known to have constituted a very principal part of the shows at the Eleusinian mysteries. The habitations of spirits or ghosts after death was supposed by the ancients to be placed beneath the earth; hence the first figure in this group is of the *manes*, or *ghost*, who, having passed through an open portal, is descending into a dusky region, pointing his toe with timid and unsteady step, feeling, as it were, his way in the gloom; he appears lingering and fearful, and wishes to drag after him a part of his mortal garment, which, however, adheres to the portal through which he has passed. A little lower down in the group the ghost is received by a beautiful female—a symbol of *Immortal* life. This is shown by her fondling between her knees a large and playful serpent, which, from its annually renewing its external skin, has from great antiquity been held as an emblem of renovated youth. The serpent shows this figure to be an emblem, as the torch showed the central figure in the other compartment to be one: hence they agreeably correspond and explain each other, one representing mortal life, and the other immortal life.

This emblematic figure of immortal life sits down with her feet towards the figure

* A remarkable symbol belonging to the *Arrand* or *Edreia* has lately been described by Mr. Millingen, showing it to be the *Iambe* of Egypt, the *Bambo* of Greece. The figure is indecent, emblematic of the female, as Demeter was of the male sex and worship.—*Ed. L. G.*

of Pluto; but turning back her face towards the timid ghost, she stretches forth her hand, and taking hold of his elbow, supports his tottering steps, as well as encourages him to advance, both which circumstances are thus with wonderful ingenuity brought to the eye. At the same time the spirit loosely lays his hand upon her arm, as one walking in the dark would naturally do, for the greater certainty of following his conductress, while the general part of the symbol of immortal life being turned towards the figure of Pluto shows that she is leading the phantom to his realms. The figure of Pluto cannot be mistaken. As is agreed by most of the writers who have mentioned this vase, his grisly beard, and his having one foot buried in the earth, denotes the infernal monarch: he is placed at the lowest part of the group, and resting his chin on his hand, and his arm upon his knee, receives the stranger-spirit with inquisitive attention. In this group of figures there is great art shown in giving the idea of a descending plain, viz. from earth to Elysium; and yet all the figures are in reality on a horizontal one; and the effect is produced, first, by the descending step of the ghost; secondly, by the arm of the sitting figure of immortal life being raised up to receive him; and, lastly, by Pluto having one foot sunk into the earth.

There is yet another figure which is concerned in conducting the ghost to the realms of Pluto, and this is Love: he precedes the descending spirit on expanding wings, lights him with his torch, and turning back his beautiful countenance, beckons him to advance. In ancient times he led the way into this life, and was therefore a proper emblem for leading the way to a future life.

In this compartment there are two trees, whose branches spread over the figures; one has smoother leaves, like some evergreens, and might thence have some allusion to immortality; but perhaps they were merely designed as ornaments, or to relieve the figures, because it was in groves where these mysteries were originally celebrated. The masks hanging to the handles of the vase seem to indicate that there is a concealed meaning in the figures besides their general appearance; and the priestess at the bottom, now to be described, seems to demonstrate this concealed meaning to be of the sacred or Eleusinian kind.

Third, or bottom Compartment.—The

figure on the bottom of the vase is on a larger scale than the others, less finely finished, and less elevated; and as this bottom part was evidently afterwards cemented to the upper vase, it might be executed by another artist for the sake of expedition; but there seems no reason to suppose that it was originally designed for the upper part of it, as some have conjectured. The figure of the priestess appears with a close hood, and dressed in linen, which sits close about her; except a light cloak, which flutters in the wind. Secrecy was the foundation on which all mysteries rested; and the priestess before us has her finger pointing to her lips, as an emblem of silence: this figure seems placed here with great ingenuity as a caution to the initiated who might understand the meaning of the emblems round the vase, not to divulge their knowledge; and this circumstance seems to account for there being no written explanation extant, and no tradition concerning these beautiful figures handed down to us along with them. The most commonly received opinion is, that this figure is the head of Atis, the great hierophant, who first taught the mysteries of Eleusinia; and that the figures on the sides of the vase are emblems from the same source. It was not unusual amongst the ancients to put allegorical figures on funeral vases, as may be seen in the Pamphili palace at Rome, where there is an elaborate representation of life and death on an ancient sarcophagus.

Darwin thus poetically describes the urn:—

“Or bid mortality rejoice and mourn
O’er the fine forms of Portland’s mystic urn.

Here, by fall’n columns and disjoined arcades,
On mouldering stones, beneath deciduous shades,
Sits humankind in hieroglyphic state,
Serious and pondering on their changeful state;
While with inverted torch and swimming eyes,
Sinks the fair shade of mortal life, and dies.
There the pale ghost through death’s wide portal
bends,
His timid feet the dusky steep descends;
With smiles assuasive Love divine invites,
Guides on broad wing, with torch uplifted lights;
Immortal Life, her hand extending, courts
The lingering form his tottering step supports,
Leads on to Pluto’s realms the dreary way,
And gives him trembling to Elysian day.
Beneath, in sacred robes the priestess dressed,
The coif close hooded, and the fluttering vest,
With pointing finger guides the initiate youth,
Unweaves the many-colored veil of truth,
Drives the profane from mystery’s belted door,
And silence guards the Eleusinian lore.”



SELECTIONS FROM THE LATE MRS.
JAMES GRAY'S POETICAL REMAINS.

Written while sitting on the grave of the Rev. Charles Wolfe.

No flower is here, no drooping tree o'er shades it!
Only a low plain stone—a few short lines—
Tell what most hallowed dust this place en-
shrines;

But oh! a glory bright and pure pervades it!
And while I sit upon the lowly tomb,
Knowing what gifted heart beneath decays,
My soul were sad, although the poet's bays
Are green, while time shall be, in deathless
bloom.

But a yet holier spell is here—this dust
Housed not alone the fire of genius; light
From heaven was there, making it doubly
bright—

Strengthening its wings with the true Christian's
trust.

I view this grave with thoughtfulness, not pride,
Knowing the glorious shall be glorified!

FRAGMENT.

Oh! sweetest poesy!
Come back to me again!
How have I scared thee?
Beneath a darkened sky,
'Midst floods of grief and pain,
My spirit reared thee!
Canst thou not bear the sunny light
That bursts at last upon my sight?

Whilst I was full of gloom,
And my sad bosom dark,
And my heart lonely,
Thou on my path would'st come,
Clear as a bright star's spark—
'Twas thine only!
Canst thou not, oh! maiden, bear
With rival comforters to share?

Now love, with all his light,
Brings the sweet blossoms back
Whereof he bereft me;
Thou from my gladdened sight
Fliest on a lonely track,
And thou hast left me.
Art thou like the rainbow's form,
That brighteneth only in the storm?

Well, bright and fair thou art—
Dear is thy radiant smile,
Though so unreal;
Yet if we thus must part,
And me no more beguile
Visions ideal,

The love, whose presence thou dost flee,
Brings balm even for the loss of thee!

GO FORTH INTO THE COUNTRY.

Go forth into the country,
From a world of care and guile;
Go forth to the untainted air,
And the sunshine's open smile.
It shall clear thy clouded brow—
It shall loose the worldly coil
That binds thy heart too closely up,
Thou man of care and toil!

Go forth into the country,
Where gladsome sights and sounds
Make the heart's pulses thrill and leap
With fresher, quicker bounds.
They shall wake fresh life within
The mind's enchanted bower;
Go, student of the midnight lamp,
And try their magic power!

Go forth into the country,
With its songs of happy birds,
Its fertile vales, its grassy hills,
Alive with flocks and herds.
Against the power of sadness
Is its magic all arrayed—
Go forth, and dream no idle dreams,
Oh! visionary maid!

Go forth into the country,
Where the nut's rich clusters grow,
Where the strawberry nestles 'midst the
furze,
And the holly-berries glow.
Each season hath its treasures,
Like thee all free and wild—
Who would keep thee from the country,
Thou happy, artless child?

Go forth into the country,
It hath many a solemn grove,
And many an altar on its hills,
Sacred to peace and love.
And whilst with grateful fervor
Thine eyes its glories scan,
Worship the God who made it all,
Oh! holy Christian man!

THE OUTCAST'S BIRTHDAY SONG.

I REMEMBERED it when I waked at morn,
When the early cock crew loud;
When the dew hung bright on the blossomed
thorn,
And the lark was in the cloud.
I remembered this spring-day brought again
The close of another year—
A link in the chain of deepening pain,
Of weariness and fear.

I am far from the home that gave me birth,
A blight is on my name;
It only brings to my father's hearth
The memory of shame.
Yet, oh! do they think of me to-day,
The loved ones lingering there;
Do they think of the outcast far away,
And breathe for me a prayer?

I mind me when a happy child
Amidst that household dear,
That the birthday morning ever smiled
The brightest of all the year.
We hailed each other cheerfully,
With many a wish of joy;
And our hoarded pence fond gifts would buy—
Flowers, fruit, or curious toy.

And we made a feast 'neath the broad oak trees,
And passed the glad some hours,
Singing amidst the birds and bees,
Crowning our brows with flowers.
'Twas a day of rest from slate and book,
A day of cloudless mirth;
Though we knew not, as its joys we took,
How much such joys are worth.

And then a kiss, in my little bed,
From my mother, closed the day;
And I am longing now, instead,
For a quiet couch of clay;
With a stilly, dreamless sleep to fold
This aching heart and brain,
With blankets of the rich, dark mould,
And a daisy counterpane.

That early home I shall see no more,
And I wish not there to go,
For the happy past may nought restore—
The future is but woe.
But 'twould be a balm to my heavy heart
Upon its dreary way,
If I could think I have a part
In the prayers of home to-day!

"IMPLORA PACE."

Oh! for one hour of rest! Would I could feel
A quiet, dreamless slumber falling on me,
And yet be conscious that my strong appeal
To heaven for mercy had that blessing won
me!
How could I love to know each limb was still!
To have no sense except that I was sleeping,
To feel I had no memory of past ill,
No vision tinged with smile or weeping.
Vain yearning! Ever since the spirit came
Into the bondage of this mortal frame,
It hath been restless, sleepless, unsubdued,
And ne'er hath known a moment's quietude!

How have I courted rest—rest for my soul!
Flung by my books, and cast my pen away,
And said—"No weary wave of thought shall roll,
To lift my spirit from its calm to-day!"
Then I have gone into the dim, green wood,
And laid me down upon the mossy earth;
And straight a thousand shapes have risen and
stood
Around me, telling me they took their birth
From my own soul! and then farewell to rest!
For if they're fair I woo them to my breast,
And if they're dark they force them on my sight,
Standing between my spirit and the light.

And I have gone, in the still twilight hour,
And sate beneath the lindens, while the bee
Was murmuring happily in some near flower;
But then I could not rest for ecstasy.
And I have lain where the wide ocean heaveth;
But here no quiet steeps my feverish head,
For many a buried image my heart giveth
At the low, spell-like moaning of the main,
Like that great sea delivering up her dead.
I may not wholly rest!—before my brain,
When my eye closeth, flit a thousand dreams,
Like insects hovering o'er tree-shadowed streams.

Alas! there is no rest for One, whose heart
Time with the changeful pulse of nature keep-
eth;
Who hath in every blossom's life a part,
And for each leaf that Autumn seareth, weep-
eth!
No rest for that wild soul that fits its tone
To every harmony that nature maketh—
That saddens at her winter evening's moan,
And like her at the voice of thunder quaketh
Nor may the spirit rest, while yet remain
Unknown the mysteries that none attain
In this dim world. Another state of being
Shall make us, like to Him who made, all-seeing
And then may rest the soul, when its calm eye
At one view comprehends eternity!

THE PRESENT.

BY MRS. ANDY.

Oh! slight not the present—the past is arrayed
In a dim and indefinite mantle of shade;
Disturb not the calm of its mist-covered plains,
Where glide the pale ghosts of lost pleasures and
pains.

The future! what mortal may pierce its thick
cloud!
The future is wrapp'd in uncertainty's shroud;
Dark trials, keen cares, from that shroud may
arise,
Or its secrets may ne'er be disclosed to thine
eyes.

The present! oh! wish not its moments away;
A talisman dwells in the might of to-day;
Past seasons are buried, the future unknown,
But the bright sunny present, at least, is thine
own.

I seek not, like vain thoughtless minstrels, to sing
Of the blossoms and warmth of life's beautiful
spring;

I woo thee not lightly, to while the fleet hours
In numbering sunbeams, and gathering flowers.

No! fain would I bid thee from knowledge im-
plore

Each day some new treasure to add to thy store;
And gently some service or kindness impart,
To glad the worn fortune, or soothe the sad heart.

Each day may thy home and its fondly-loved
ties

Acquire fresh attraction and worth in thine eyes;
Yet with strengthen'd devotion on God may'st
thou call,

And feel that for Him thou could'st part from
them all.

Thus live, and thou wilt not in weariness cast
Thy glance from the present to picture the past,
Nor marvel what earth's mystic future may be,
Since Heaven hath in store a bright future for
thee.

A NEW SONG TO AN OLD TUNE.

"Yankee Doodle."

[When John Bull's pocket is touched he is generally surly and sulky, and in few instances contents himself with reprisals in the shape of so good-humored a squib as the following. Having heard it sung with the accompaniment of some merry laughter, we begged the MS. from the author, and print it in the hope that it will amuse on both sides of the Atlantic, though it hits pretty hard at the doctrine of repudiation.—*Ed. Lit. Gaz.*]

YANKEE Doodle borrows cash,
Yankee Doodle spends it,
And then he snaps his fingers at
The jolly fiat who lends it.
Ask him when he means to pay,
He shows no hesitation,
But says he'll take the shortest way,
And that's repudiation!
Yankee Doodle borrows cash, &c.

Yankee vows that every state
Is free and independent;
And if they paid each other's debts,
There'd never be an end on't.
They keep distinct till "settling" comes,
And then throughout the nation
They all become "United States"
To preach repudiation!
Yankee Doodle, &c.

Lending cash to Illinois,
Or to Pennsylvania,
Florida or Mississippi,
Once was quite a mania.
Of all the states 'tis hard to say
Which makes the proudest show, sirs,
But Yankee seems himself to like
The state of O-I-Owe, sirs!
Yankee Doodle, &c.

The reverend joker of St. Paul's
Don't relish much their plunder,
And often at their knavish tricks
Has hurl'd his witty thunder.
But Jonathan by nature wears
A hide of toughest leather,
Which braves the sharpest-pointed darts
And cannons put together!
Yankee Doodle, &c.

He tells 'em they are clapping on
Their credit quite a stopper,
And when they want to go to war
They'll never raise a copper.
If that's the case, they coolly say,
Just as if to spite us,
They'd better stop our dividends,
And hoard 'em up to fight us!
Yankee Doodle, &c.

What's the use of money'd friends
If you mustn't bleed 'em?
Ours, I guess, says Jonathan,
The country is of freedom!
And what does freedom mean, if not
To whop your slaves at pleasure,
And borrow money when you can,
To pay it at your leisure?
Yankee Doodle, &c.

Great and free Amerikee
With all the world is vying,
That she's the "land of promise"
There is surely no denying.
But be it known henceforth to all,
Who hold their I. O. U., sirs,
A Yankee Doodle *promises* is
A Yankee Doodle *do*, sirs!
Yankee Doodle, &c.
CECIL HARBOTTLE.

STANZAS.

BY ROBERT GILFILLAN.

To his Niece, Miss Marion Law Gilfillan, on her Birth-Day,
January, 1845.

WHILE the murky sky is riven
By howling tempests, winter driven;
While the landscape's white with snow,
And the rattling hail-blasts blow;
While the sun's brief beams appear
As mourning for the parted year;
Wake, my harp, and weave a lay
To Marion, on her natal day!

Another year!—Thus, one by one,
Hours, days, and years glide quickly on!
And all things change by Time's decree—
The acorn 'comes the goodly tree!
And thus in woman's dawning hour
We miss the bud, but mark the flower!
And thou, now blooming bright and gay,
Art but the child of yesterday.

As years grow, may thy wisdom rise—
Be virtue, goodness, these the prize;
And friends shall welcome thee, as now,
To cheer thy heart, and smooth thy brow!

And, as in days now past and gone,
We'll cherish whom we look upon !
And I for thee will sound a lay,
My Marion, on thy natal day.

Days of peace, all free from sorrow—
Health and joy for every morrow—
Or unsought sunshine, to illumine
The darkness of thy days of gloom !—
With hope on earth—and patience given
For every good and grace of heaven—
And more than words or wishes say,
For thee, on every natal day !

NED OF THE HILLS.*

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

EVELEEN.

Oh ! haste thee away, dear ! ah ! why dost thou
tarry,
In the cold chilly night of the young crescent
moon ?
'Tis death, love, to stay ; haste away from Dun-
lary !
'Tis sorrow to part, but it must be, aroon !

EDMOND.

Eveleen, acushla ! I've laugh'd at all danger,
And cross'd the wild moorlands to meet thee
to-night ;
Though thy kindred may scoff at the love of the
stranger,
To thee my soul turns, as a vision of light.

* Edmond O'Ryan, commonly called "Ned of the Hills," was one of the most zealous adherents, in Ireland, of the unfortunate house of Stuart. He was a young gentleman of fortune, handsome in person, accomplished, and of engaging manners, and was ardently attached to a beautiful young girl, who returned his affection with all the warmth and confidence of early love. After the decisive battle of the Boyne, O'Ryan of course became involved in the ruin of his party, to which he had been attached by the bonds of a common faith. His estates were confiscated ; and being at length reduced to great straits, he betook himself to the hills, and was, unfortunately, led to become the chief of a band of those lawless freebooters called "Rapparees." It was thus that the gallant and accomplished Edmond O'Ryan, through the political events of those disastrous times, became transformed into the outlawed "Ned of the Hills." It need hardly be added, that after the fall of his party, and the ruin of his fortunes, the friends of his fair mistress forbade the continuance of his addresses. By some, it has been said, that she herself forsook him from that time ; but in the foregoing song I have not chosen to adopt that selfish view of her conduct, as opposite to the usual tenderness and devotion of the Irish character, as it is inconsistent with one of O'Ryan's own songs, which embodies a tender lamentation for the loss of his mistress, without at all impeaching her fidelity.

Ed.—Then come to my heart, love !

Ev.—No, no, we must part, love !

Ed.—Must I lose thee ! oh never !

Ev.—We must part, and for ever.

EVELEEN.

Oh ! haste thee away, ere thy foes shall have
found thee ;
The moon wanes apace, and the gray dawn is
near ;
Fly, fly to the hills, love ! for perils surround
thee ;
All blessings be with thee, my own Ryan
dear !

EDMOND.

Oh ! talk not of danger ; my bugle can rally
A hundred bold heroes to fight at my side,
As fleet as the gale passes over the valley,
For Ned of the Hills, and his lovely young
bride.

Ed.—Then come to my heart, love !

Ev.—No, no, we must part, love !

Ed.—Must I lose thee ? oh never !

Ev.—We must part, and for ever !

THE STUDENT.

Why burns thy lamp so late, my friend,
Into the kindling day ?

"It burneth so late, to show the gate
That leads to Wisdom's way ;
As a star doth it shine, on this soul of mine,
To guide me with its ray.
Dear is the hour, when slumber's power
Weighs down the lids of men ;
Proud and alone, I mount my throne,
For I am a monarch then !
The great and the sage, of each bygone age,
Assemble at my call—
Oh ! happy am I, in my poverty,
For they are my brothers all !
Their voices I hear, so strong and clear,
Like a solemn organ's strain ;
Their words I drink, and their thoughts I think—
They are living in me again !
For their sealed store of immortal lore
To me they must unclose ;
Labor is bliss, with a thought like this,
'Toil is my best repose !'

Why are thy cheeks so pale, my friend,
Like a snow-cloud, wan and gray ?

"They were bleach'd thus white, in the mind's
clear light,
Which is deepening day by day ;

Though the hue they have, be the hue of the grave,
 I wish it not away.
 Strength may depart, and youth of heart
 May sink into the tomb;
 Little reck I, that the flower must die,
 Before the fruit can bloom!
 I have striven hard for my high reward,
 Through many a lonely year;
 But, the goal I reach—it is mine to teach,
 Let man stand still to hear!
 I may wreath my name with the brightness of fame,
 To shine on History's pages;
 I shall be a gem on the diadem
 Of the past, for future ages.
 Oh! life is bliss with a thought like this—
 I clasp it as a bride!"

Pale grow his cheeks, while the student speaks—
 He laid him down and died!

S. M.

SONNET.

LIGHT rests on shadows, mountains frown o'er vales,
 Rocks have their bases hidden from our view;
 The lightest airs precede the heaviest gales—
 The hottest suns provoke the earliest dew.
 Ships which shake out their spreading, white-winged sails,
 Feel most the blasts that in their wake pursue;
 Love's sweetest strains some long-lost joy bewails;
 The toil of many is the gain of few!
 Our fairest hopes, to full fruition grown,
 In forms substantial lose ideal grace;
 And when we seek to clasp in our embrace
 The life-like image, it hath turned to stone!
 So fade our joys, and as long years roll on,
 Their shadows measure our declining sun!

November 17, 1844.

THE DYING BOY TO HIS MOTHER.

BY MRS. ANDY.

MOTHER, the primrose is fresh and fair,
 And sweet is the hawthorn's bloom,
 And the deep blue violets gladness bear
 To my still and shaded room;
 Flowers on my grave shall their fragrance shed,
 Ere the laughing spring goes by;
 Yet think not, mother, I speak in dread,
 For I do not grieve to die.

I have known not an angry look or word,
 I have felt not the storms of life;
 But, mother, I oft from the wise have heard
 That the world is a world of strife;
 And my smile might have chang'd to a care-worn brow,
 And my song become a sigh;
 I am going to cloudless regions now,
 And I do not grieve to die.

I read in an ancient book, one day,
 How a mother the gods implor'd,
 That their choicest gifts might without delay
 On her dutious sons be pour'd;
 She went in hope to the temple soon—
 There, lifeless she saw them lie!
 If death be indeed such a blessed boon,
 Should the young feel sad to die?

Thou hast kept me, mother, in rightful ways,
 Apart from the careless throng;
 But, perchance, my steps in maturer days
 Might have wander'd away to wrong.
 Vainly thy counsels, thy tears, thy prayers,
 Might have urg'd me from ill to fly,—
 Now I am taken from worldly snares,
 And I do not grieve to die.

Yet think not, mother, in pride I dwell
 On the sins I have left undone;
 The work of evil, I know full well,
 In my heart hath long begun,
 And a fearful list of my failures past
 Awaits the All-seeing eye;
 But my sins on my Saviour in faith I cast,
 And I do not dread to die.

Nay, say not, mother, 'tis hard to part
 With the hopes long fondly nurs'd;
 Think what a trial had rent thy heart
 If the Lord had call'd thee first.
 The world, perchance, had thy boy oppress'd,
 Bereft of his dearest tie;
 Now thou wilt see him receiv'd to rest,
 And thou wilt not grieve to die.

And, mother, if God should in grace permit
 His angels to visit earth,
 Doubt not my spirit shall daily flit
 Round thy cherish'd home and hearth.
 When sorrow and sickness bow thy frame,
 I will cheerful thoughts supply,
 And tell thee so oft of thy Saviour's name,
 That thou wilt not fear to die.

And oh! dear mother, when death is near,
 At the stroke thou shalt rejoice;
 None but thyself shall the accents hear
 Of a young familiar voice.
 That voice shall speak of a holier state,
 And say from the azure sky—
 "Mother, I wait thee at heaven's bright gate,
 And thou need'st not fear to die."

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. JAMES GREY.

How the stars fade away!—the sky is dark.
 Where once they shone with such clear radiant light.
 List, to a voice of music!—and then, hark!
 The death-wail sounds upon the ear of night.
 Pale drooping forms mourn o'er a broken spell,
 And cold winds murmur forth, "Farewell—farewell!"

Must it be always so—this early death
 For those who give to live its brightest hue?
 Is there deep poison in song's sweetest breath,
 That thus we lose the young—the loved—the true—
 The gentle-hearted—those who seemed to be
 Linked with earth's best and glorious destiny!
 They die!—alas, they are the first to die!
 The sweetest notes soon end in silence deep;
 While on the tomb the laurel-wreath will lie,
 And bitter tears are poured o'er those who sleep—
 Those who yet live immortal in the heart,
 With the bright memories that may ne'er depart.

EMMA B—.



SCIENCE AND ART.

VACCINATION.—Report on the premium for the best paper on Vaccination. The questions to be treated upon in the prize papers were :—1. Is the preservative virtue of vaccination absolute or temporary?—2. Has the cow-pox a more certain preservative and durable value than the matter already employed in successive vaccinations?—3. Supposing the matter to lose a portion of its virtue by keeping, by what means is it to be restored?—4. Is it necessary to vaccinate the same person more than once, and if so, how many years must elapse before the operation is repeated? The portion of the report read at this sitting referred only to the two first questions. After some general considerations on the causes which have recently given great interest to the questions put by the Academy, the reporter states that vaccination, as compared with other remedies, is a highly preservative process. Before its discovery the small-pox made frightful ravages, for it carried off one in fourteen of the population. The deaths annually from this disease in Europe were 400,000. In one of the prize papers it is shown that in France, between 1816 and 1841, there were 10,434 cases of small-pox in persons who had not been vaccinated. Of the non-vaccinated patients 1,682 died; of the others only 65. In general the small-pox attacks persons who had been vaccinated years before, and respects those who had been recently vaccinated. The conclusion come to by the Committee is, that the preservative value of vaccination is absolute during a period of five or six years, and generally up to the eleventh year, but that beyond that time persons are liable to take the small-pox. In the greater number of cases, however, vaccination is a preservative for life. As regards the second question, says the Committee, it appears from the facts recorded in some of the prize papers, that the preservative value of vaccination is not proportioned to the intensity of the local symptoms, and that vaccination by the cow-pox is more certain than that by the old virus. Less, however, depends on the activity of the matter

employed than on the time that has elapsed since the vaccination was performed.—*Athenæum*.

MODE OF COLORING DAGUERRTYPE PICTURES.—By C. G. Page, Prof. Chem., Columbia College.—In the month of December, 1842, I instituted a course of experiments to determine the effects of oxidation upon the surface of Daguerreotype pictures; and arrived at some beautiful results in fixing, strengthening and coloring these impressions. Numerous and arduous duties of a public nature have prevented me from investigating the subject as I wished; and I therefore present the facts, for others to adopt as the basis of what promises to be a most interesting course of study and experiment. First, a mode of fixing and strengthening pictures by oxidation :—The impression being obtained upon a highly polished plate, and made to receive, by galvanic agency, a very slight deposit of copper from the cupreous cyanide of potassa, (the deposit of copper being just enough to change the color of the plate in the slightest degree,) is washed very carefully with distilled water, and then heated, over a spirit-lamp, until the light part assumes a pearly transparent appearance. The whitening and cleaning up of the picture by this process, is far more beautiful than by the ordinary method of fixation by a deposit of gold. A small portrait fixed in this way more than a year since, remains unchanged. As copper assumes various colors, according to the depth of oxidation upon its surface, it follows, that if a thicker coating than the first mentioned can be put upon the plate without impairing the impression, various colors may be obtained during the fixation. It is impossible for me to give any definite rules concerning this last process; but I will state, in a general way, that my best results were obtained by giving the plate such a coating of copper as to change the tone of the picture,—that is, give it a coppery color, and then heating it over a spirit lamp until it assumes the color desired. I have now an exposed picture treated in this way at the same time with the

two above mentioned; and it remains unchanged. It is of a beautiful green color, and the impression has not suffered in the least by the oxidation. For pure landscapes, it has a pleasing effect; and by adopting some of the recent inventions for stopping out the deposit of copper, the green color may be had wherever desired. In some pictures a curious variety of colors is obtained, owing to the varying thickness of the deposit of copper, which is governed by the thickness of the deposit of mercury forming the picture. In one instance, a clear and beautiful ruby color was produced, limited in a well defined manner to the drapery, while all other parts were green. To succeed well in the first process, viz., that for fixation and the production of the pearly appearance, the impression should be carried as far as possible without solarization, the solution of the hyposulphate of soda should be pure and free from the traces of sulphur, the plate should be carefully washed with distilled water, both before and after it receives the deposit of copper,—in fact, the whole experiment should be neatly performed, to prevent what the French significantly call *taches* upon the plate, when the copper comes to be oxidized.—*Silliman's Journal*.

NEW ARCTIC EXPEDITION.—The return of Sir John Franklin from his government of Van Dieman's Land has given it a new impulse, and the sailing of the expedition under his command has been finally determined. After communications from the first Lord of the Admiralty (the Earl of Haddington), Sir J. F. has undertaken this onerous enterprise; and, with the experienced and able Capt. Crozier (who is daily expected from the continent) as his second, will forthwith prepare for the service. Both the *Erebus* and *Terror* returned from their arduous southern voyage in as perfect condition as when they started from Chatham. Their strength and capability of resistance have indeed been well tried; and thus, for skill in their commanders, and the requisite qualities in themselves, we have every reason to augur hopefully of the results. These vessels have been towed up to Woolwich, where there is to be a small steam-power attached to each ship, so as to help them by means of the screw to push their way through the ice. Sir J. Franklin has, we learn, visited them this week in company with his gallant companion and friend Sir James Ross, whose advice must be so invaluable on such an occasion even to the most experienced of polar-sea navigators, and given directions for commencing their equipment. The expedition is appointed to sail about the first week in May, and ought on no account to be later. The ships being in first rate order, will not require the least repair. The only alterations necessary will be for the purpose of applying the small steam-power and a screw-propeller to assist them in light winds or calms, which greatly prevail amongst the ice in Baffin's Bay. This can soon be done. The officers, we believe, are not yet, but will of course be immediately appointed. The intended route is through Barrow Straits, between Cape Walker and Banke's Land, and thence to the continent of America to the westward of Woollaston Land. They will still be able to take two years' provisions; though the steam-apparatus and coals will not admit of their taking three years' complete, as on former Arctic voyages.

Heaven prosper them, and enable them to complete a geographical survey honorable to the character of the greatest naval nation that ever existed on the face of the earth!—*Literary Gazette*.

CHINESE TRIAD SOCIETY.—The Triad Society has excited some interest from its ostensible object of overthrowing the foreign family which now occupies the imperial throne, and restoring the true Chinese dynasty which, two centuries ago, was dispossessed by the Manchoo race. Once during the late war with China they offered to co-operate with our armies, and to turn against the Manchoes, and those of their countrymen who supported them. This was at the occupation of Chapoo, in whose garrison many of the soldiers were members of this body. The offer was rejected, but they created a disturbance in the city, and left the army, probably in search of plunder, which is believed to be the real object of the association, though covered by a cloak of patriotism.

Translations by Mr. Gutzlaff of documents belonging to the body found at Hong Kong, were read. They consisted of songs used at the introduction of new members, of the oath taken by the novice, and of an account of the origin and progress of the society as given by themselves. According to this account they take their beginning from a war between the Manchoes and the Seeloes, towards the close of the 17th century, in which the government was materially aided by an association of 1200 bonzes of Fokien, whose success and consequent reward so excited the envy of the courtiers, that their establishment was burned to the ground, and all the body destroyed, with the exception of five, who fled from the cruelty of their treacherous persecutors. They were soon joined by the youthful son of the late Chinese emperor; and afterwards by many other persons who were well affected to the old dynasty. For several years they maintained a bold struggle with the usurping government; but in 1736 they were compelled to disperse into various parts of the empire, having previously agreed upon certain signs by which they might be known to each other, until the great day of vengeance should arrive, when they would all march to Nanking, and establish upon the throne the family of their ancient sovereigns. From that time to the present they have maintained a secret organization, like the freemasons of Europe, divided into lodges, and connected by certain signs understood only by themselves; the manner of placing the cups and dishes on the table, of pouring out tea, of eating and drinking, of putting on a garment, and the words in which the commonest question is put, will immediately inform a member of the presence of another of the body, although the signs of recognition are based upon such trifling differences as would escape the most inquisitive eye uninitiated in the secret. The association is said to be extending; it embraces people of all classes, chiefly of the more disreputable, though some inferior mandarins and people attached to the police are among them. They hold frequent meetings, at which they renew their oath of fidelity towards each other, denounce traitors, and resolve upon the best and most secret mode of punishing them. They afterwards

mingle their blood before an altar of incense in token of eternal fidelity, and usually conclude with a drunken debauch. Mr. Gutzlaff states, in conclusion, that the power of the society is increasing; and he speculates on the probability of their joining the political societies forming in every part of the country, with the object of upholding the celestial empire against all barbarian encroachment.—*Lit. Gaz.*

CLOTH IMPRESSION OF AN INSCRIPTION AT KAPUR-DI-GHARI.—We noticed, in a recent number, the presentation to the Asiatic Society, by Mr. Masson, of a cloth impression of a large inscription at Kapur-di-Ghari, between thirty and forty miles north of Peshawer, engraved on the rough face of a rock, in the characters used on the Bactrian coins, most of which were deciphered a few years ago by the lamented James Prinsep. The impression was taken upon calico, by smearing the face of the rock with the common country ink, and pressing the calico upon it by the palm of the hand. In some parts the ink has run into the spaces where letters should have been; and in consequence of the rough state of the surface, it does not appear at all in many places. The inscription, moreover, covered a surface of above 150 square feet; and Mr. Masson had no other aid than what he could get from the inquisitive natives who gathered round him. Fortunately that gentleman also made a copy of the inscription by the eye, which contains much that is obscure on the cloth; and it was hoped that, by a careful examination and comparison, enough might be fairly copied out on paper to admit of attempts at deciphering. Mr. Norris, the assistant-secretary of the society, had undertaken to get this done; and he now proceeded to lay the result before the meeting. A large copy, on an immense sheet of paper, nearly thirty feet long, was placed against the wall of the room; and a reduced fac-simile of as much as could be completed laid on the table. Mr. Norris then stated that he had succeeded in ascertaining what the inscription was, and in reading a considerable part of it. He had been led to the discovery by seeing a word repeated several times, which, though containing three doubtful letters, he thought looked like *Devanpiya*; and the guess was confirmed by finding the same word beginning a separate tablet engraved on another part of the rock, followed by *piyasi*, erroneously put for *Piyadasi*,—the two words forming a designation of the Buddhist monarch of India, who had erected so many monuments in that country in the third century before the Christian era. He communicated this first step to his friend Mr. Dowson, to whom he had previously given a copy of the separate tablet, and who had paid much attention to the ancient alphabets of India. That gentleman compared this copy with the well-known Girnar rock inscription of the same monarch, published in 1837 by Mr. Prinsep, in which each division begins with the words *Devanampiya Piyadasi*; and he found that the tablet was in substance the same as the seventh division of the edict, which recommends union among all persons, and submission to religious control. On this Mr. Norris proceeded to collate the whole inscription with that on the Girnar rock; and he found that the two were in substance the same, above half the

words being absolutely identical; and in all probability many of the rest, though illegible from indistinctness in the copy, and in many cases from injury to the face of the rock, which had been much damaged by falling from a higher locality. But the new document was not merely a copy: it comprised more than the Girnar rock. Mr. Norris had not had time to look into details; but he had examined with much interest that portion which contained the names of the kings of the West, and had been gratified to find it in a complete state, giving clearly the names of Antiochus, Ptolemy, Magas, Antigonos, and Alexander. These names are decisive as to the age of this interesting monument, though there are some chronological difficulties which he had not been able to look into, having been barely enabled to prepare a succinct account of the discovery, and a reduced copy of a part of the inscription, with a new alphabet, in time for the meeting. He hoped to be soon able to prepare a complete copy of the whole for publication in the Society's Journal, which would probably be accompanied with the readings of persons more able than himself to follow up the path he had had the good luck to be instrumental in opening.

Much interest was excited among those present at the announcement of the discovery; and Professor Wilson, the director of the society, remarked upon the singular fact of an inscription being found in a language of Hindu origin written in a Semitic alphabet, evidently allied to the Hebrew, and written from right to left, unlike all other Indian alphabets; and said that it was, on the whole, fortunate that the new discovery was a version of an already known inscription, as it would be a means of more certainly recovering the value of the characters on the Bactrian coins. We understand from Mr. Norris that he has read some of the reverses on those coins that had not been before ascertained; and that he had discovered several new letters, and changed the values of some supposed to be known. He also stated, in conversation, that he had seen in an old legendary tale the name of a monarch hitherto known only by being found on those coins, where he is designated *Gondopheres*; in the tale he was called *Gondoferus*, king of India.

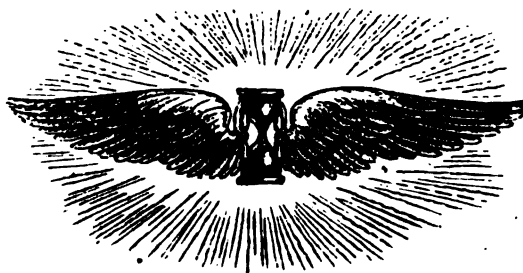
A beautiful fac-simile of the Girnar inscribed rock, taken by Dr. Wilson of Bombay, was opened for comparison, to the great surprise of that gentleman, who was accidentally present. He had for some years lost all traces of this valuable document, having sent it to Calcutta to the late Mr. Prinsep, when engaged in deciphering these monuments; and he was very happy in making over to the society any claim he might have upon it.

Dr. Wilson also stated that he had made considerable progress in deciphering the Himyaritic inscriptions; and that he hoped soon to be able to communicate the results of his investigations.—*Lit. Gaz.*

T. HOOD, Esq.—A very interesting likeness of Hood, from an admirable bust, embellishes the last No. of his magazine. We lament to state that his illness receives no alleviation; but, on the contrary, that his strength is gradually wasting, and he is becoming more and more feeble.—*Lit. Gaz.*

PHOTOGRAPHIC PHENOMENA.—Mr. Shaw 'On some Photographic Phenomena.'—The main object of Mr. Shaw's discourse was to communicate details of original investigations pursued by him for the purpose of isolating and determining some of the conditions which either accelerate or retard the decomposition by light of the salts of silver generally. Mr. Shaw first described the known process of the Daguerreotype, taking occasion to notice that the film of iodide of silver, formed on the silver plate, may have its sensitiveness to light greatly increased by exposure to the vapor of bromine or chlorine, bromine being the most effectual agent for this purpose. The quantity of bromine, however, which communicates the greatest degree of sensitiveness is extremely minute, and excess of it destroyed the photographic character of the plate, by inducing a change, which was subsequently described. The difficulty of ascertaining this quantity is removed by exposing the plate to the vapor of a mixture of iodine and bromine, until it receives a violet hue. Mr. Shaw then described the subsequent stages of the operation: the placing the plate in the camera obscura to receive the image, its subsequent exposure to the vapor of mercury, where the picture first develops itself, the subsequent removal of the film of iodide of silver, by hypo-sulphite of soda, and, finally, the fixing the picture by a film of gold. The chemical and physical changes accompanying these processes were adverted to. Mr. Shaw then stated, that if an impressed Daguerreotype plate, after removal from the camera, and before introduction into the mercury box, be exposed to the vapor of chlorine, iodine, or bromine, however largely diluted with atmospheric air, the nascent picture is obliterated, so as to be no longer capable of development by the vapor of mercury. This fact, according to Mr. Shaw, has long been known, though a satisfactory explanation of it has hitherto been wanting. To obtain this explanation, Mr. Shaw directed his researches to the condition of the sensitive surface of the plate after the impression had been thus destroyed. By exposing some impressed plates, half covered by a metallic screen, to the vapor of bromine, and then placing them in the mercury box, he found that both the covered and uncovered portions remained unchanged, but that an intensely white stain occurred in a line corresponding with the edge of the screen. This Mr. Shaw referred to the effects of light insinuating itself in the small space purposely left between the screen and the portion of the plate which it covered. From this experiment he established the fact, that when an impressed Daguerreotype surface is exposed to either of the vapors already spoken of, the virtual impression is on the one hand destroyed, and, on the other, the sensitiveness to light is restored. As to the degree in which chlorine, iodine and bromine are capable of restoring the original character of the Daguerreotype surface, it was ascertained that, after the development of the picture in the mercury box, the plate, if exposed to bromine, is again ready to receive an impression of light, even on the surface on which the mercury has condensed; so that a succession of pictures may be superimposed on each other on the same plate. Mr. Shaw also ascertained that full daylight is incapable of exciting any action on a sensitive surface in the presence of chlorine, iodine or bro-

mine. From this circumstance was drawn the important practical conclusion, that the Daguerreotype artist need no longer prepare his sensitive plate in the dark, but may fearlessly permit the sun's light to fall on it while it is receiving its sensitive coating, if he takes the precaution of exposing it for an instant to the vapor of bromine or iodine before placing it in the dark box in which it is conveyed to the camera. This may be valuably applied when taking pictures of movable objects. If, during the time of the plate being in the camera, the object, by moving, becomes distorted, it is only necessary to expose the impressed plate for an instant, to the vapor of chlorine, iodine or bromine, and it will be restored in every respect to its original condition; and this process may be repeated until a perfect impression is obtained. Mr. Shaw then entered on some experiments instituted with the view of ascertaining the conditions which either accelerate or retard the decomposition of salts of silver generally by light. He stated that pure iodide of silver is not, as is generally supposed, sensitive to light, and that it only becomes so when one of the substances used in its preparation,—i. e. nitrate of silver or iodide of potassium—is in excess. Mr. Shaw then proceeded to describe experiments on chloride of silver by light. The chloride used by him was obtained from the nitrate of silver and hydro-chloric acid. This salt having been spread on slips of glass, was secured in glass tubes containing an atmosphere of the gas selected for experiment. The tube was then exposed to daylight, and the consequent darkening of the chloride observed. These investigations led Mr. Shaw to the interesting discovery that chloride of silver, after having been darkened by light, when placed in the dark for two or three hours, re-assumes its original whiteness, the chlorine combining under these circumstances with the reduced metal. On being again submitted to daylight, the chloride was again darkened, and again bleached by being placed in the dark; and Mr. Shaw proved that this alternate effect might be repeated indefinitely, without diminishing the sensitiveness of the salt. From this curious property of chloride of silver, Mr. Shaw was led to the construction of a photometer. In the course of his researches, Mr. Shaw arrived at another important discovery. He ascertained that some gases and vapors have a specific action on the chemical agency of light without reference to their colors. He observed that rays of light passing through a stratum of bromine had more influence on the chloride of silver than when they passed through an equal stratum of chlorine, notwithstanding the far deeper color of the former gas. Mr. Shaw concluded by describing another photometer, which, being constantly exposed to light, exhibits, by the change produced in it, the relative intensity of the light at the time of the observation. This instrument consists of a wedge-shaped glass vessel, filled with chlorine, and furnished with a long strip of glass, in the middle of which is a band of chloride of silver, the strip of glass being of a uniform grey color. When this instrument is exposed to light, the darkening commences on the lower end of the band of chloride of silver, and gradually progresses upwards until the effect of the light is wholly counteracted by the retarding power of the gas through which it passes, and its contact with the salt.—*Atk.*



OBITUARY.

THOMAS F. BUXTON.—Our obituary notice for the present week is heavy with a more than ordinary amount of melancholy interest. On the 19th inst., died, at his seat in Norfolk, aged 59, Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton—one who must not be allowed to pass away from amongst the living generations, for whose moral and material advancement he labored with a singleness of purpose which his political enemies have never questioned, without a word of grateful and reverential regard. For nearly twenty years during which Mr. Buxton sat in Parliament, as member for Weymouth, he took an active and persevering part in all such debates as had for their object to ameliorate the sufferings or enlarge the immunities of his fellow-men; nor were his labors in the cause confined within the walls of St. Stephen's. Questions of prison-discipline amendment, criminal law, the immorality of state lotteries, the abolition of *Suttee* in our Indian Empire, and of slavery all over the world, found in him an earnest, intelligent and unwearying advocate, from the day when, at thirty years of age, he wrote on the first, till that when failing health warned him of his coming grave. In mere party politics or the common-places of political life, he took no share;—to the passions of party he was an utter stranger. For years, he was considered, in the House of Commons, as the successor of Wilberforce, in the leading of that body who are known as the Philanthropists; and amid the talking birds and singing waters of that bewildering region, he passed steadily on to his own high purposes, unseduced by its temptations and undiverted by its clamors. When, in 1837, Mr. Buxton lost his seat for Weymouth, he retired from Parliamentary life; and thenceforth, confined his efforts mainly to the furtherance of that great object, the destruction of the traffic in slaves, which he had so long defended within its walls. He was, as our readers well know, by his pen and by his influence, the great promoter of the unfortunate Niger Expedition; and though many have found in the calamitous issue of that affair ground for impeaching his wisdom, it has been his good fortune never to have his motives impugned.—*Athenæum*.

ALEXANDER BLACKWOOD, Esq.—On the morning of the 21st, at his residence in Edinburgh, died Alexander Blackwood, the eldest son of the late William Blackwood, and at the early age of thirty-nine years. This worthy and much-

esteemed individual had followed in the footsteps of his father, to whom the literature of Scotland was so deeply indebted; and continued, in conjunction with his family, to conduct a successful course of publication, honorable to them, and justly popular throughout the world. As a Scotsman, and intimately connected with the literary history of the country—as a citizen of her capital, whose operations and influence were of much value in the general scale—Mr. Alexander Blackwood's loss is a public misfortune; and as a private person whose amiable and excellent qualities endeared him to all who knew him, it is deeply deplored by a very wide circle of friends, who were most attached to him during the brief space of a life so suddenly and prematurely closed.—*Lit. Gaz.*

DEATH OF THE MOTHER OF THE LATE ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.—Died at her house, Albany-Place, on Saturday, the 2d ult., Elizabeth Harley, relict of Mr. Cunningham, overseer at Dalswinton in the time of the celebrated P. Miller, Esq., and his assistant in not a few of the improvements effected on one of the most beautiful estates on the Nith waters from its source to the sea. Apart from the song and fame of Burns, this domain has been long celebrated as the scene of many interesting experiments, and above all as the cradle of steam navigation. The deceased had attained the age of ninety-five, and though long a widow, who in her latter years went little abroad, her pilgrimage was cheered by the talents, worth, and unwearied attentions of her family. She was the mother of Allan Cunningham, whose name is as familiar to the ears of Scotsmen, at home and abroad, as a household word, and of his brother Thomas, who might have wooed the muse with equal success had not his attention been professionally engrossed by the science of mechanics. A third son, Peter, who still survives, a surgeon in the Royal Navy, is also well known to the public by his writings on Australia, and other subjects of national importance. The remains of old Mrs. Cunningham, as she might be well called, an excellent matron, and allied by birth to families of distinction, were interred on Friday in Kirkmahoe churchyard in presence of many mourners, mostly in carriages, whose numbers were augmented ere they reached the cemetery of a parish, which although his ashes rest not there, is endeared to biography as the *natalis solum* of Allan Cunningham.—*Dumfries Courier*.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES.

SELECT LIST OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

Great Britain.

Philological Proofs of the Original Unity and Recent Origin of the Human Race, &c. By A. J. Johns, Esq. 8vo. pp. circ. 275. London, S. Clarke; Llandoverly, Rees.

WITH much learned research, and from a curious analytical comparative tabular view of coincidences between the language of Africa and the languages of Europe, Asia, and America, Mr. Johns contends for the propositions asserted in his title-page. As a repository of much remarkable matter of considerable value to philologists, we can safely recommend it as a literary book; but we must at the same time confess that its arguments, though held to be so conclusive by the writer, have failed to convince us.—*Lit. Gazette.*

Germany.

Die Lustspiele des Aristophanes. Übersetz. und erläutert von Hieronymus Müller. Erster Band. Leipzic. 1843.

There are perhaps few classics who need translation so much as Aristophanes, as certainly there are few so difficult to translate. To understand the amazing quantity of witty allusion in those uproarious farces requires thorough knowledge of antiquity; whilst the extraordinary power of language—a power wilfully, wantonly abused by the poet—requires of course an equal mastery in the translator. But who has ever possessed that mastery?—who was ever so airy, delicate, and luxurious, at the same time so capricious, boisterous, preposterous in the use and abuse of language?

Hieronymus Müller has certainly not that mastery, but he wields his own flexible language with unusual power. His translation is that of a profound scholar and admirable writer. The fidelity with which he has executed it has not interfered with the spirit; indeed, as we endeavored on a former occasion to prove, fidelity is never likely so to interfere.

The advantages of having such a translation by one's side while reading that most curious of poets, need not be insisted on; and German is a language now so generally studied that we shall be doing several of our readers a kindness in pointing out to them the existence of this work, since our own language has no substitute for it. The masterly paraphrases of Mr. Hookham Frere and Mr. Mitchell are often useless to any but the merely English reader, and they only comprise a small portion of Aristophanes. Herr Müller's version is to comprise the whole in three volumes: the first of these lies before us, and is preceded by a succinct but excellent history of the Grecian drama. When the publication is completed we may return to it in a more special manner.

GREAT BRITAIN.

History of the Consulate and Empire, by M. A. Thiers, translated by D. F. Campbell, Esq. 8vo. Vols. I. and II.

Lessons on Doctrine and Duty, by a Sunday School Teacher.

Letters and Official Documents of Mary Stuart, Queen of Scotland, 7 vols.

M'Alpine's Gaelic Pronouncing Dictionary, to which is prefixed a Comprehensive Gaelic Grammar.

Owen's (Rev. John) Luther on the Galatians, a new translation, with Notes.

Pearsall's (J. S.) Constitution of Apostolical Churches, or Outlines of Congregationalism.

Piety and Intellect relatively Estimated, by Dr. H. Edwards.

Questions on Markham's History of England for Schools and Families.

GERMANY.

Das Leben Johann Calvins des grossen Reformators. Von P. Henry. 3 Bd. Hamb.

Luther's, Dr. Mart., Tischreden oder Colloquia, herausg. u. erläutt. Von K. E. Forstemann. Leipz.

Aristophanes, Lustspiele. Übers. und erläutt. Von H. Müller. 2 Bd. Leipz.

Handbuch der römischen Alterthümer, Von W. A. Becker. Leipz.

Beiträge zur Charakteristik der Vereinigten Staaten von Nord-Amerika. Von W. Grisson. Hamb.

Kritik der Principien der Straus'schen Glaubenslehre. Von K. Rosenkranz. Leipz.

FRANCE.

Les Réformateurs avant la Réforme. XVe Siècle, Jean Hus, et le Concile de Constance. Paris.

Histoire de Saint Augustin, sa vie, ses œuvres, son siècle, influence de son génie. Par Poujoulat. Paris.

Introduction à l'Histoire du Bouddhisme Indien. Par E. Bournouf. Paris.

Histoire des Ducs d'Orléans, de la maison de Bourbon, 1608—1830. Par A. Flobert. Paris.

Histoire de l'Empire Ottoman, depuis 1792 jusqu'en 1844. Par Juchereau de St. Denys. Paris.

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THE
E C L E C T I C M A G A Z I N E

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

J U N E , 1 8 4 5 .

REIGN OF FERDINAND AND ISABELLA.

From the British Quarterly Review.

This article does honor to our great historian, and honor also to the author, who, we are permitted to say, is Dr. Hamilton, of Leeds. This new Quarterly, edited by Dr. Vaughan, presents the public, in its first number, with many interesting and valuable articles, giving promise of vigor and excellence. One on the Pilgrim Fathers, by Dr. Vaughan, we shall transfer to our pages; and perhaps one other on Lord John Russell.—ED.

The History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella the Catholic, of Spain. By William H. Prescott. Third Edition, revised, with additions. In three volumes.

HISTORICAL writing requires so many qualities to sustain it in its proper place in literature, to justify the earnest expectation which it awakens in the wise and good, to fulfil adequately its own pretension, that no class of composition needs to be more jealously scanned. Though the ignorant and careless have received the legend and the lay without examination or suspicion, yet has the noble science of noting and

developing the true story of man never been suffered to weaken its claim to truth by the indulgence of conjecture, or to corrupt its rectitude by partiality. The attempt may be frequent: in the dark obscurities of party and prejudice, it may succeed: a few dupes may be hoodwinked by the imposture. But any great work of this order, broad in outline, and public in interest,—taking a kingdom for its stage, and an epoch for its period,—can shuffle nothing: it must be clear in the righteous motive of its undertaking, in the strict fidelity of its statements, in the triumphant authority of its proofs. Even then, mediocrity cannot be brooked. It is as fatal in productions of this nature as in poetry.

‘Si paulum a summo decessit, vergit ad imum.’

This is the canon of all ages. It has been inexorably enforced. If it be severe, it is only in its tenderness towards human welfare. The toleration of the doubtful and the mean in such authorship would entail irretrievable mischief. It would be to misplace or extinguish the watch-towers of the world. It would be to slight all example, and to pervert all experience. It would sap the very foundations of morality. Man, whatever his devious errors and his vain

imaginations, does reserve one province for truth. He will not that it be invaded. He resents every trespass. He marks it out with fenced boundaries. He calls the enclosure—History.

We should form an imperfect estimate of literature in this department, were we to confine its merits to simple fidelity. The annalist, with his tables and records, would then deserve the praise we award to the historian. We do not restrict it to the honors of an art. The term is not improperly applied, for it requires the skilfulness of arrangement, of illustration, of relief. It demands the bold conception, the touch of nature, and the stroke of truth. But accuracy, method, grace, are not enough. It must be inspired by philosophy; yet, though always felt, this must not be obtruded. It is wholesome instruction by censure and warning, by praise and blame. It turns back the veil of the past, that we may turn aside the veil of the future. It points to dangers, that we may escape them. It tells of opportunities which have been lost by others, but which we may timely seize. It marks the onward impulse which has reached us, that it may bear us forward too. If it be not as much warmed by benevolence, as schooled by philosophy, it fails of its right impression. It must be the oracle, not only of wisdom, but of philanthropy.

And hence it is, that so few writers of this description have reached the height which the truly worthy are allowed, on all hands, to claim. Not lower than that of the bard is their challenged rank. Honor, the highest and most grateful, is due to their labor. Theirs are not estimable sacrifices. They wander back in old and deserted paths, where there is only monument and inscription. The cheerful ways, the opening scenes of life, they leave for the long and gloomy galleries of the dead. Their order of existence is inverted; for a season, the instinct of the present and of the future must be, as with a monastic severity, repressed. Men think of such self-denial with mingled awe and wonder, crowning these benefactors with no perishable leaf. But then the enrolment in that number is the more guarded and deliberate. The candidate is for evil, if not for good. He may paint what we would see purely reflected. He may flatter what we would hear inartificially rehearsed. Large and generous must be the qualities of his soul. He must never forget his responsibility.

His task is not of the day, the observation of the passing spectacle; he must read back the great revolutions and cycles of the former heavens to foretell, on comprehensive calculations, the phenomena of the new. His control of passion must be complete. Sometimes he may not even be excited. The matter is not sufficiently serious to affect him. To separate the detritus which surrounds him—to copy the ancient verse—to chronicle the ancient date—without theory, without prepossession, is at least possible, however it be rare. But must all emotion be proscribed? He knows not the vulgar eagerness of strife and side. He leans to none in obsequiousness or hate. He is so far raised above the earth, that while he foregoes none of its sympathies, he is exalted higher than its disputes. There is joy as well as calm in that elevation. The process to which he subjects himself is often painful, but to him it is an ample recompense. He finds many a spoil among the dim shadows which frown upon him. He rescues many a captivity of knowledge and excellence. He returns a trophy-laden conqueror. Yet this is not a mere retrospect, though his materials lie in the past. He is the sage of the present. He is the seer of that which is to come. He teaches what man always was: he forewarns what man must always be. He has dug out of now withered fields the seeds of glorious improvement. He plucks from failure and disaster the antidote to their recurrence. Surely such a master deserves all honor—of former times, as their expositor; of present times, as their instructor; of future times, as their diviner. He deals not in fictions, but in what is more amazing. He furnishes the means of poetry and romance. He sheds around him the light which the prism of imagination catches and decomposes in all its variegated colors. How poor was song, but for his burden—how feeble statuary, but for his relic—how trifling poetry, but for his theme! The historical denotes the highest order of art, as it ought of letters. Withal, the conviction is very general, that the man who would rise to greatness in this path, must be personally worthy. He commonly obtains a moral homage. The temple receives his bust as willingly as the portico and hall. When this is not true of the individual, it is almost invariably certain that a corresponding flaw will be detected in his production,—some vein of the sinister, the ignoble, and unjust.

National affairs are the proper subject and the greatest department of history. What is called universal, must, of necessity, be wanting in every attribute of correct authentication, and of inspiring soul. But the man, at frequent intervals, may be found, who can, by the union of genius and diligence, take a bold survey of his lifetime, and thence pursue into the depths of antiquity the rise of usages and the causes of events. This truth will often be as distinctly stamped on his recital and his inference, as on his actual observations. Should he start from a distant point, avoiding all that is coeval, there is a straight high-road for him to travel, if other ages have bequeathed (what civilization cannot have existed without doing) some shape or measure of document or memorial. These he will collate and set in order, giving each its time and place and value. Biography lends not only a charm, but often a clavis, to the whole. The delineation must not be only of the general interests of that people: there must be the lighter etching, and the passing episode. What is the rude shock of the undistinguished host? We love to witness the duel of heroes, the encounter of knightly arms. One noble river may intersect a country; but while we slavishly follow its banks, we lose the distant mountain and runnel and vale. And yet, were we asked what national histories exist? we should not know how to answer. We might search the volumes of Greece. But what large transparent view of its affairs, its ordinary movements, its very life, do we thus obtain? It boasts, and most justly, its 'first three.' The information, more close and exact, which we seek, is not in them. Herodotus, in his wide range of nations and traditions, only indites the wars of Persia against the land of his celebrity, though not of his birth, from their beginning under Cyrus, until their termination under Xerxes, in the double and simultaneous fields of Platæa and Mycale. Thucydides has delivered to us the incidents and campaigns of the Peloponnesian war, down to its twenty-first year. He was for a time engaged in it. None can doubt his accuracy, nor resist his animation. But the eye-witness and the official partisan are not the best judges of the fact. What is gained in vividness of description is at the expense of sedate reflection and collective opinion. Xenophon bears us with him, in his Anabasis, from scene to scene, from mountain-pass to sterile plain,

from battle and victory to still more consummate retreat; in his affairs of Greece he completes the great Lacedæmonian struggle by bringing them to the battle of Mantinea, and the death of Epaminondas. Can these united historians—and surely no country can challenge their equals—be considered to lay open the wonders of that land, or the characteristics of that people? Rome must prefer even a lower title to a clear account of what it was. It can name illustrious chroniclers, but all its mighty tale is broken into parts, which it is often hopeless to conjoin. Cæsar describes his military progresses, or rather flights. Salust sketches a single conspiracy and a foreign war. Even Tacitus, in his *Annals*, merely draws the hideous monster, Tiberius: while his history is chiefly interesting for its pictures of Britain and Judea. Suetonius, amidst the portraiture of the imperial twelve, but little illustrates their respective times. Livy certainly finds room to expatiate between Romulus and Drusus, an interval of eight hundred years. But while other writers of history have lived too near the occurrences which they describe, he evidently lived too distant. He has met with hard justice from Niebuhr and many modern critics. It is even provoking, recalling our school-boy veneration of the old Paduan, to find his veracity so rigorously questioned. We often wondered how and whence he knew so much; but ours was most reverent credence. Alas! that a fabric so superstitiously venerated and adored, should crumble before the unimaginative temperament and mischievous acumen of those who deny their duty to believe, and their right to be convinced, save upon the laws of truth.

The volumes before us are the productions of an American. He is evidently a high-minded man. We know not prejudice against his country. We feel it, in all its great distinctions, to be our own. It has as much right to Milton and Shakespeare as ourselves: it has no better right than we have to Edwards. As noble, correct, sterling English has come from its shores as any our own can boast. Other vulgar rivalries are not to our mind. If there be in any of our critical organs and confederacies a disposition to carp at transatlantic authorship, we eschew all sympathy with it. The tastes of the two people, as likewise their habits, may not always be the same. Each may abet its own. Still is it only just to say, that the writing of our

brethren is impressed with a warmth, a vigor, a freshness, which, with all its frequent inferiority of idiom and euphony, set before us no mean rule and model.

Mr. Prescott has proved himself in this work to be most indefatigable. His industry has been immense. His sources of information were widely scattered. To bring them together could be no common labor. For almost every statement, sometimes to the unimportant and even trivial, he is prepared with his corroboration. He has taken nothing upon report and general credulity. He works his way through mountains of conflicting testimony. For ten years he was employed in maturing his design. During some years of this term, he lost the powers of sight so far as any use could be made of it in reading, and in collecting materials. It is almost impossible to conceive the bitterness of such a disappointment and the seriousness of such a disadvantage to a man engaged in his high pursuit. What could an amanuensis do in deciphering differently spelt signatures, and complexities of character and figure, which almost every paper of ancient date presents? A calamity like this would have disarmed Zoilus. But we mark no inadvertence, no failure. It would seem, that conscious incapacity had only made him more wary. His step is only the more measured and sure. We have to excuse nothing as to his care, nor is he deficient in ardor. He feels his epic-theme. He is sometimes conscious of its glory to a manifest depression. It was very suitable that a Columbian,—for the claim to the discovery of that Continent by Amerigo Vespucci is ridiculously false—should undertake the history of events in which, to this hour, he inherits a vital stake. He owes his all to it. From his mighty sea-line, his eye naturally fixes upon Spain, before any other European country. The coasts not only stand opposite to each other, and nearest of all, but this physical geography gave rise to their original connexion. How strange their respective fortunes! The monarchy which realized that new world, so magnificent with valor and victory, so adorned by art and learning—like one gilded and elaborate pageant—still the clarion boast of fame,—sunk, feeble, creditless, ignoble, waned into insignificance, withered into decrepitude! The western hemisphere crowded, towards its south, with colonists of that monarchy, far nobler in character and spirit than the race which

they have left behind,—while on its northern range a nation lives so unlike all the olden stock of this side the globe, so free, so intense, so intellectual, so self-possessed, that it can only be designed to counterpoise tyranny every where, and by its grand experiment to convince the species that liberty is social man's proper charter, as it is individual man's natural birthright! Who could have augured contrasts like these? Who could have painted these 'counterfeit presentments?' Who could have imagined that feeble, haggard parent—that high-minded juvenescent offspring? Who could have thought of those far-distant dock-yards, and harbors with their powerful navy—and of a marine, the proudest of all shores, the most powerful of all seas, shattered at a blow or mouldered by disuse? We welcome our author into this field,—not only as his nation gives him every claim to be heard on such a matter, but as it ensures a strict impartiality. It is as though he and his compatriots had been shut out of all this antiquity by the laws of space, and not only by those of time. There rises up before them a past, with which for ages they have had no interest or feeling intertwined. Diplomatic relations are now regularly established between these respective countries. The romance the more captivates them who see in their own land nothing which conventionally bears that name. It is altogether new. They need not, however, regret that their youth was not so trained. They were not led through the gorgeous fable of childhood. They came forth in more masculine maturity of mind. Their romance—for they have one—is not of that nursery illusion in which older people have been bound; they have achieved their romance by enterprises of intelligence and virtue. It is not a thing of indefinable fascination: their own deeds create it. It is not fled: it yet lives on in a glowing accumulation. It is not to dream of: it is nakedly clear. It is not a past: it is rather present and to come. The danger is of a certain precocity. The education has been so manly that the mind may not be sufficiently stout for it; it has been so rapid, that it may not be properly inwrought or lastingly retained.

It might be asked, Why was not this History,—filled with exploits and discovery,—the most marvellous page which succeeds mediæval tales,—written long since? Robertson only glances at it, and that but as prologue to a later reign. Peter Martyr

(always to be distinguished from a name familiar in the conduct of the English Reformation) has left many letters which supply much contemporary information. But these are only the means and helps of history. The curate of Los Palacios is rather a garrulous and magniloquent old man. Spain in her history was for centuries unknown. The state-intrigue was rigorously closed in cabinets, the literary document was as carefully guarded in libraries; she was jealous of all publicity, she shrunk into monastic loneliness and silence. Revolution is a great pick-lock. Bars and gates give way before it. If freedom be the reward,—for alas, it is not a necessary sequence!—then the people breathe. Their spirit returns. They resolve, with deep curiosity and thirst, to explore their ancestral times. They will know the causes of tyranny the moment they reap the blessings of release. Perhaps never, until now, could the Castilian Book of Kings have been truly written, or perhaps, profitably read. Much of the lore has been rescued as from a sealed sepulchre. The lamp which had so long been twinkling in it had well nigh expired. It demanded every care and effort to turn these discoveries to any good account. But the business has been accomplished. We regard these volumes as an acquisition to the cause of historical authority and knowledge. We acknowledge ourselves debtors to their general clearness and consistency. Their spirit shows a chaste scrupulousness of mind. We can find no fault against their candor and generosity.

The work before us is the more welcome from the circumstance that the author has been somewhat anticipated by a countryman of his, a gentleman with whose magic power of invention and description it would be perilous to vie. Washington Irving has made a rhythmic period for himself. His 'well of English undefiled' plays like a fountain, with an iris on its spray and with a music in its pulsation. But in his historical fictions there is often danger. Seldom do men of genius succeed in their machinery. The chorus which was interpreter to the ancient drama never broke the continuity, nor weakened the realness, of the action. Scott's eidola are commonly coarse and constrained. Moore's Fadla-deen is a heavy incubus upon his flowing verse; and certainly, the Fray Antonio Agapida does not help the 'Chronicle of the Siege of Granada.' The vast defiles of

that country, its picturesque scenes, its serried defences, its elaborate refinements, its haughty race, its warlike costume, its sumless wealth,—the citadel of nature, the school of knowledge, the storehouse of art,—have risen up beneath the talisman of this Apocryphist in most unnecessary colors of enchantment. Truth was the only imagination to be invoked for such a narrative. It is not without some advantage, some good fortune, that the legendary went first, and that there was preparing, as he scattered his fancies, a more sober and faithful witness who knows no bias but that of evidence, who regards no dictation except that of fact.

But our approbation of the present undertaking is not unqualified. It is oftentimes cold and tame in its manner. Its style wants breadth and vigor. There is not enough of the right enthusiasm; a stronger vein of Christian philanthropy, of good-will to men, would have adorned it like a layer of gold. If the sections, which are now far removed from each other, had been placed nearer and been more coherent, the whole would have proceeded in a more natural order. The notes are often out of taste. The biographies ought to have been more interlaced with the events. From this desire of giving complete parts rather than the inwoven tissue, the reader has frequently to return to a long-deserted point, and there to begin another excursion. The hemisphere is rich in its particular stars, but needs a more general and zodiacal light.

The principal fault of the publication is in its deficiency of philosophical generalization. There was room in the subject for the minute working out of principles until they should be established as the laws of mankind. There was abundant opportunity for tracing nascent custom into the noblest institutions of civilization and government. The author might have stood close to the spring-heads of streams which now roll in tides of power and majesty, and which cover the earth with the riches of intelligence and good. He might have dealt with the roots and the causes of things. His research demanded, and should have inspired, this determination. There were many known establishments and doctrines of the present century which he should have pursued to their earliest shape and source. A fine scope offered itself of bringing together the ancient and the modern world, exhibiting the renovation of the one, through

its awful days, from the wreck of the other. He has not done this. His mind does not seem to pant for this highest fame. His endowments do not apparently qualify him in any marked manner for it. We now leave the author, with much respect and gratitude, and would offer some opinions upon that theme which he has prosecuted with most commendable diligence, though not with the highest order of success.

The name of Goth very early occurs in history, towards the decline of the Roman power. Along the great Scandinavian region, it is, in several instances, still retained, to denote particular places. 'Gothi' and 'Gothones' are mentioned either as different nations, or as one, in the work of Tacitus, 'De Situ, Moribus, et Populis Germaniæ.' It seems to be sometimes employed as a generic name. It stands for a race rather than for a tribe. It is fruitless to inquire into its etymology, or from such conjectures to infer its extent and use. It was indubitably an almost Arctic people, rising gradually into notice and influence, so that soon they impressed their name on more southern countries, and could not be overlooked by contemporary writers. Their history is one of emigration: we are almost wholly ignorant of their original or settled state. For probably they had pushed themselves thither from some Asiatic jungle or steppe. Their courses were so different, or their birth-places were so apart, that they are known to us by the grand cardinal distinctions—Ostro-Goths, Goths of the East, Visigoths, Goths of the West. The compounds are of their language, scarcely yielding a sound or sign of our own. It is in this latter branch that our chief interest at present lies. And as this column emerges from the dark forests and ice-bound fastnesses of the north, we watch their progress with the most excited notice. They are not the lawless horde, bandits and freebooters. They bear with them the ark which enshrines every type of those forms which direct and fashion modern civilization. In them is found that mind which now rules the most powerful nations of the earth, and by which they sway those which are ignorant and rude. In their occupation of a new position on the European mainland, we observe elements which are now developed in their forgetful and ungrateful descendants. Right-heartedness towards woman and wedded love was early noticed as their refined distinction, and this is the germ of the chivalry which afterwards spread its

banners and songs and elegancies over surrounding states. Elective monarchy was another feature of their nationalism; and this is the earnest of that constitutional check upon power, without which liberty must die. A people which could thus stand out from the most polished countries of their age, were naturally ordained, were actually constituted, to be the founders and patterns of all that is enlightened and ennobling in softened manners, liberal politics, and righteous laws.

Spain was a happy and prosperous country in the fourth century, being a member of the empire. Its grand divisions were Lusitania, (Portugal,) Bœtica, (Andalusia, Murcia, the Algarves,) and Tarraconensis, inclusive of all besides. Its cities then were even those which still are extant, and their names may still be identified,—Emerita, (Madrid,) Corduba, (Cordova,) Seville, Tarragona. It had driven back many barbarian assaults. The vestiges of earlier possessors than the Romans may yet be marked. Celt-Iberia tells of a northern irruption; Carthagenæ, of the Punic arms; and Saguntum proved how possible it is to love a conqueror, by its fidelity to Rome. About ten months before the pillage of the metropolis of the world, this country had been betrayed into the hands of the Suevi, Alani, and the Vandals. Galicia was overrun by the first and the last of these invaders. The Silingi, a section of the last, made themselves masters of Bœtica. The Alani claimed possession of Carthagenæ, and the whole of Lusitania. All this violence was considered as done to Rome. But how was that power, whose capitol had been twice besieged by Alaric, the king and chief of the Visigoths, to revenge itself? For now do we behold the wanderers, who had a second time migrated to fairer climates, beleaguering the city of the Cæsars. Nor has military organization quenched all their reverence for domestic fidelity and political liberty. In raising the twofold siege, they have exemplified forbearance, reason, kindness, and self-restraint. The prize was within their reach—ay, in their grasp—and they loosed their hold. They were influenced by ideas of antiquity, by recollections of greatness, by motives of religion. If they sought plunder, they did not wantonly attack, until subsequent provocations, relics of taste and monuments of genius. But that city was at last sacked and rifled. It was stripped of its disposable treasures. That it was burnt, in the com-

mon sense of that word, is not true. Some of its buildings were consumed. The incendiary was not always the foe. The desire to arrest the spoiler and to balk his quest, often directed the torch. Glutted with wealth and gorged with blood, Alaric now led away his nation-force. Even he does not appear incapable of honor, justice, and relenting. We behold him sometimes moderating the insolence of victory, and at-temper- ing the rigors of war, with courtesy. He was hastening to Sicily for the purpose of conquering Africa, when death proved, what his followers seem to have doubted, that he was mortal. An adversary now grappled with him, whom he could not mate. There is something sublime, though frightfully cruel, in his obsequies. It is as though the horrors of the Edda were to be chanted, and all the orgies of the Valhalla were to be rehearsed—the skull-cup, the blood-draught, the hell-broth, the demon-incantation. It was an apotheosis of savage grandeur and fell superstition. The Busentinus, a river flowing near the walls of Consentia, was diverted from its channel by the sternly exacted toil of a crowd of captives; a splendid mausoleum was then reared in its drained bed, for the remains of the ‘mighty hunter;’ around that tomb were hung the richest trophies which his victorious career had amassed; he lay in funereal and sepulchral state at once; there was the death-song; there were deep-wrung tears. Then came the moment when they would bury the warrior, indeed, not only his corse, but his grave. The stream was turned back to its proper direction; it broke over the bier and urn of the hero, covering him with its flood, as the last winding-sheet and the last lachrymatory; while to maintain the secrecy of that spot beyond the fear of betrayal, the captives who had wrought the gigantic labor were instantly slain; the murmurs of the river were not suffered to dirge him, without the cry of the wail which ascended with this bloody libation! The Visigoths were now in voluntary retreat. On their leader’s death, they abandoned his immediate enterprise, and retraced their steps. Adolphus, his brother, became a Roman general, pledged his fealty and that of his troops to the Imperial power,—married Placidia, sister of Honorius, and daughter of Theodosius,—obtained the lawful consent to draw off his army to resist the enemies which were still menacing his adopted country,—and soon beheld his followers settled in

Thoulouse, Narbonne and Bourdeaux. Still true to his pledge of honor and allegiance, he urged his way to recover Spain from its ruthless oppressors, and to restore it to Rome. He seized upon Barcelona. There he fell by the assassin’s hand. Singeric reigned but seven days—a poor price for his crime in dispatching the Gothic chief. Wallia was chosen by the army which Adolphus had brought into the country, as its head, and well he satisfied his trust. He extirpated the Silingi, slew the king of the Alani, conferred on his nation a perfect triumph, and gave back this great appanage to the dominion from which it had been wrested. Yet now could it only henceforth be held in titular fee, and under nominal tribute.

Theodoric, son of Alaric, succeeded Wallia. Unsuccessful in the south of Gaul, he sought the enlargement of the Gothic power in Spain. In him and in his family we mark an expansion of that mind which we have seen in its earliest rudiments—especially consisting in the care of jurisprudence and personal rights, of loyalty and civil immunities—now not wholly indifferent to polite and graceful learning. His six sons were trained to the study of Justinian’s Institutes, and to the reading of Virgil’s poems. Here is the rising of that day which we have seen to break so early. The conversion of this people to Christianity (we speak of it only as we should of any other national change) originated in their deference to that universal sovereignty of which they had become the enlisted legionaries. It had bowed its proud head, but without relinquishing its pride, to the Christian sign. The rude Northmen imitated this example; but their intellectual mould was in better accordance with Christianity: there was fire, there was strength, there was stability in it. The grandeur of the one was appropriate to the temperament of the other. The Italian was impassioned, but volatile, fickle, debauched. The Visigoth, disciplined by hardship, ennobled by alliance, now stood forth, in the fine clime he had made his own, not with rapine and violence, but as its defender and champion—the same in the primary constituents of character, but more intelligent, more socialized, more refined. He was no voluptuary, but he was no barbarian. This new religion took a powerful hold upon him. Taught through a vain symbolism, it kindled his ardent imagination. Ulphilas translated the Scriptures for him into a

Teutonic dialect, which, notwithstanding all his marches and all his colonizations, he had not forgotten; yet the Latin tongue had grown to be his vernacular. Thus were opened to him the charms of its literature, while, as the ecclesiastical language, it contained the principal stores of theology. He found it necessary, also, to concentrate. The possessions in France which this people had held, were now resigned to Clovis. It was in Spain that the Visigoths henceforth endeavored to secure themselves. They caught its patriotism—it became their home.

Such is our rapid outline. The sum of the retrospect is this:—In Spain there was, at the time we wish to date, a mixed population—it was Iberian, Roman, Northman. This last prevailed over the other two. Here it subsides into a general character; it is smoothed of its ruggedness, but it preserves its strength. We need scarcely again call it by its name; but we must always remember its origin, its revolutions, its transformations. It is a fibre which yet works through the soil; it has struck into far distant territories more propitious to it, and still it feeds the ripest fruits and supports the noblest stems. To confound this people with necessary outrage, restlessness, with all that we mean by the term barbarism, is to violate historic truth. What is the Frank, the Briton, the Norman, the Rhinelander? We would not speak of Gothic as the exponent of the marauder, but rather—though that terminology is equally incorrect—as we denominate those solemn temples, severe but florid, massive but exquisite, which seem to figure the most awful and the most tender abstractions of religion.

There is something majestic in the geography of the Peninsula. It claims the appropriation of that word, though it must be applied often on a larger scale. The Atlantic ocean rolls upon its western shores, the Mediterranean sea girds its eastern cliffs. The Bay of Biscay defends it on the north, the Straits of Gibraltar guard it on the south; that lofty, naked rock, the Calpe—the Pillars of Hercules, according to ancient nomenclature and mythology—rises as a natural bulwark, a defiance point, a throne from which to rule the subtending continent, a palace in which the ancient god Terminus might dwell. From the opposite boundary, the Pyrenees heave up their granites,—a barrier and rampart which no ordinary foe can contest—throwing vast

shadows upon the plains beyond them, enclosing ancient monarchies in their bosom, their foundations on kingdoms, their pinnacles in the clouds, their declivities in the waves.

And there is no less interest to be taken in the story of this land. Its strain is that of lofty heroism. It is not only diversified by incident, but pregnant with principle; it is a thing of range, of marvel, of moral weight. Like the bow of heaven, large is its span, and wide is its embrace; but, alas! it tells of no disparted tempest, no settled calm; the vermilion of war reddens it and the reflection of arrested light bends it. Hardly can any parallel be found to it; yet there is no chapter in it comparable to that of those royal personages of whom—their reign, their period, their influence—we have now to speak.

We have seen the origin and growth of the Visigothic power in the Peninsula. In 711, it was all but destroyed in the battle of the Guadelete, near Xeres. The Saracens had poured a large irruption into Spain, and really conquered it. In this defeat, Roderic, the frequent theme of romance and ballad, fell. They governed, however, with much moderation. That a Moslem caliphate could have been established in the heart of this country; that the mosque of a thousand marble columns could stand reflected from the Guadalquivir; that the dynasty of the Omeiyades could establish itself in independence of all oriental support; that the Arabian and infidel monarchy within larger or narrower limits, should have subsisted for eight hundred years, and the spirit of the Northman and his awful faith have been all this while unextinguished, may well astonish us. Our astonishment does not diminish when we behold the Saracen or Moor addicting himself, not only to commerce but to agriculture. The art of irrigation, the culture of tropic plants, the production of sugar, show at once the habits of peace and the advances of science. The princes of this line were not like Omar, the hater and destroyer of learning; no name shines brighter than that of Alhakem, the collector of books and the patron of scholars. During his successor's reign, the Moresco empire was broken up, and a hundred little principalities sprung out of it. Where, it may be asked, are we now to look for the Christian Goth? He is not lost. Of the twelve thousand body-guards which the monarch summoned around him, four thousand were al-

ways Christians. Whatever we may think of the incongruity, such was the fact; but they had been, though generally well governed, forced to the higher parts of the country. They sheltered themselves among the Asturias; they were not contented vassals. There was still a Christian Spain. She did not forget that all was once her own. She did not indifferently look upon the gleaming crescent; she did not ungrudgingly resign her power and fame. They soon were seen pressing downwards upon the Ebro and Douro. At the close of the eleventh century, they had victoriously approached the Tagus. There is now beheld a banner of no mean note. The Cid! the Cid! is the battle-cry. We most religiously believe in the living reality of that cavallero. We are stirred by the long-attested fame of the Campeador; we cannot doubt his exploits. We may not perfectly allow all that befell him in his pilgrimage to Compostello, nor quite give credit to his disturbance of the royal chairs at Rome; but a general truth shines round about him. We are as assured of his steed Bevieca as we are of Alexander's Bucephalus; we hold to his capture of the five Moorish kings, and to his spectacle of their chains before the gates of Bivar. Hail to Ruy Dias!

The victory of Navas de Tolosa, 1212, secured the safety and the deliverance of the Christians; henceforth they were little jeopardized. But the Arab strength was not crushed. Retreating before the arms of those whom they had held so long subdued, whom they had treated capriciously and sometimes truculently, they disputed each step, fought with their face to the foe, while they retired from the ground which they so much loved, nor betook themselves to an inglorious stand when they made good the possession of Granada for themselves. It was here that they exchanged the hopes of extension for those of defence. They found a natural fortress; they knew, from the number of their enemies, that it was in constant siege. The mountains round about them were their arsenals, their lines, their redoubts, their gates. They could shut out the pursuer, they themselves could sally at will. Many a foray did they wage; still it was a garrisoned nation—sentinel called to sentinel, post signalled to post. It was a region not only of security, but of fertility and beauty. The Vega beneath the capital, laved by the Xenil, was a plain covered with miracles of vegetation.

Lovely gardens bloomed amidst grim defiles. Almeria and Malaga unfolded their ports to the Balearic isles, and to the Levant. There rose, in the midst of the province, overtopping the metropolitic height, the Alhambra, out of which have marched fifty thousand warriors, whose frescos of richest tint to this hour are undimmed, whose fountains still make mournful music in their play and fall, whose firmer architecture has not yet begun to nod. Nature yet keeps her holiday amidst these proud monuments; her domain is only the more sweet for the shrinking away of man and his tumults; the golden citron flashes from its green leaf, the fair olive mantles in its wide-spreading luxuriance, the nightingale rests not from its lavish song.

This course of events is interesting in almost every view, but in none is it more so than as intercourse with the Moors affected the Spanish character. From them it borrowed much of its stateliness, gravity and refinement. They were the most scientific and lettered people of their age; they were versed in astronomy, chemistry, and mathematics; they venerated Aristotle; they were the earliest discoverers of gunpowder; and to them we owe that which has produced far greater as well as far more benign effects—the invention of paper. Their presence enlightened and dignified a people who were now called to take so chief a part, and to exercise so stirring an influence in the drama of the world. Nor is it less observable that between nations so extreme there existed many original conformities. Both were of that temperament which we call the cavalier—there was the knightly bearing common to them; they were alike the heirs of a religious enthusiasm—they equally united the fierce passion of blood with the propagation or avengement of their most different creeds. They acknowledged mutual conditions of treaty, or armistice, or truce. They were honorable foemen, they were generous rivals; and had not war been the national glory, or the threatening necessity of it appeared to them, exciting their ambition or awakening their fear, each might have been stimulated in social improvement by the other: both might have resistlessly stood behind their mountain-battlements, while nations had dashed themselves in pieces against their base. But an implacable hatred had succeeded to a political jealousy; fanaticism inflamed it, and it became a plot of extermination. Neither

found occasion of boast; the triumph of the Spaniard was bought at a price, and accompanied with a shock, which no foreign wealth, which no distant settlements, ever can compensate or repair.

In the middle of the fifteenth century, the number of states was but four—Castile, Arragon, Navarre, and Granada. Of this last we have spoken, and again must speak. Navarre long maintained an independence, partly from the disagreement of other powers to which it ought to be attached. In the feebleness of its defence, and in the ease with which at any time it might be overcome, it found its safety. Castile and Arragon were the two great divisions. They must express to our minds much more than the modern demarcations. Arragon comprehended Catalonia and Valencia; it thus possessed a genial climate and a fine coast from the Gulf of Rosas to Cape Saint Martin, with the mouths of the Ebro between. It recounted foreign conquests in Sardinia, Sicily, and Naples; the islands lying in its seas—Majorca, Minorca, and Ivica—were like domestic possessions. A larger portion fell to Castile; her sway was far more than all the line of the great Biscayan sea in a solid oblong square of dominions, leaving Portugal and omitting Granada, from Corunna to Alicant, from Pampeluna to Cadiz. It was quite colossal for those days. It asserted its preëminence. Arragon did homage for part of its territory until the twelfth century; Navarre, Portugal, and subsequently Granada, were its tributaries.

But Castile was not only powerful; it was comparatively free. The feudal system lost its hold far earlier there than in many parts of Europe. The noble was brought within the limits of law and of penal accountability. Municipalities were established in the towns as well as in the cities. The crown collected the revenue. The troops employed by it were the citizens formed into a national militia, mustering at the call of danger, but otherwise dwelling among their own families, in their own habitations. A representative government was established so early as 1169. The use of the Cortes, and their various powers, form an inquiry which we cannot touch. The Hermandad, that singular banding together of cities for the preservation of their freedom, electing deputies and employing forces for these ends—that irresponsible community for reciprocal aid and defence, might tempt a few animadversions, but we restrain ourselves. Great trading corporations were established.

There was an immense development of wealth. Their members were called sometimes to the privy council, and associated in a regency. Concession after concession was made to the commons. The son of the burgess was considered as honorable a hostage as the son of the noble. No country could unfold equal advantages for all. The progress of these liberties is supposed to have reached its highest point under Henry the Third, of Trastamara, in 1393.

But the aristocracy was constantly gaining ground on the people. Their riches and retinues exceed belief. They urged patent rights to every office. They headed expeditions in their own quarrel. The grand-masterships of the military orders were grasped by them as special prizes, giving them the means of unbounded ascendancy. And yet their very arrogance only aroused the people, and the victory was not seldom on the side of liberal principles and demands.

The spiritual power was not of quick maturity, so far as the Roman papacy was involved. The native ecclesiastics possessed large influence. Their conventional institutions were numerous and opulent; but that fearful domination which a central superstition can wield, was scarcely known. Its delay only strengthened its ultimate establishment; once established, it was invested with unprecedented terrors. Bigotry built its high places here. An oppression more perfect never was conceived. It was the iron glaive—it was the ghostly wand.

While Arragon was shut up in itself, no state could deserve less consideration. It was but one of many which rose and sunk, and were swallowed up finally in the whirlpools of superior power. But through its union to Catalonia, by a royal marriage, and the conquest of the Moors in Valencia, it acquired that without which no country can be great. The Arragonese still might have gazed on their inland champagne territory, and remained as monotonous in character as its weary level or sluggish undulation. They might still have sown the field and hunted the prey. But when magnificent maritime possessions were set before them, the very ocean breeze seemed to wake and brace them for every enterprise. Their navy grew into great renown. Its discipline was rigid. It often sought other rewards than those of merchandise. The bold Catalans 'once on a day' seized Athens, and the sovereigns of Spain yet

claim the dukedom of that splendid ruin in their style. Barcelona became the emporium of commerce. Within its walls there was a series of guilds, out of which were selected its counsellors, men who possessed almost sovereignty. They were very nearly an independent executive. They demanded a subsidy upon every new reign. They extorted also a navigation act. The laws of this country were not dissimilar to those of its neighboring monarchy. The regal office was elective. The power of choosing was vested in twelve peers. The most admirable ordinance prevailed in the person of the Justicia. He was the genius of law. In administering the coronation oath he sat covered, while the newly-acceding prince knelt bareheaded before him. In 1442, this office was secured for life. This independence of a judge must have proved a state of substantial liberty and equal protection. Ages rolled on ere it was established in that land which exults in its Magna Charta and its Bill of Rights. Here were also Cortes, in four chambers, or ranks. It may be affirmed, as a general result, that commerce and travel are most favorable to literature. Barcelona founded a university. Among the Catalans and Valencians was kindled a poetic power which was allowed competition with Italy and Provence. Consistories were appointed for its encouragement and fosterage. The Limousin verse of the troubadours was cultivated to its highest excellence. And certainly Arragon, which laid claim to these two states, was inferior to either in national spirit and polite learning.

Heavy clouds were now hanging over these kingdoms, kingdoms which were soon to be consolidated into an empire of matchless fame. Civil feuds broke out in Castile. John II. was a tyrant, yet with some relentings of a better nature; he was also learned, and might have been another Beauclerc. These discontents were overpowered by the constable of the kingdom, the accomplished minister and favorite, Alvaro de Luna. This has been deemed a golden period for Castilian literature, but it languishes in contrast with that of the Arragonese. Its praises cannot be just when the collected books of the Marquis of Villana—a scholar who would have adorned any court or any country—were burnt at his death, as savoring of necromancy. John had been a patron of knowledge, but his reign, through the power of his minion, had been most disastrous. He will be best

and most favorably remembered as the father of ISABELLA. Her birth was at Madrigal, April 22, 1451.

Arragon was to know its troubles. A royal minority was the source of not a few. The absence of Alfonso V. in Naples, where he fixed his residence, was no small aggravation. John II. (to be distinguished from his namesake of Castile) married for his second queen, Joan Henriquez. Of her was born in Sos, on the 10th of March, 1452, our hero—if he has not been lost in the heroine—FERDINAND. The cruel persecution of Carlos, (an unfortunate name in the royal lineage of Spain) the eldest son by a former mother, was frightfully augmented by this occurrence. Denied by his father the undoubted title to Navarre—driven as an outcast from shore to shore, he was honored by all for his virtues, as much as pitied for his misfortunes. Catalonia rose in his behalf. His native kingdom joined that of his parent in enforcing his claims. Both were covered with one flame of indignant resentment. The palace of Lerida was stormed and rifled. Carlos was restored, John and Joan being struck with dismay at the spirit of their subjects. He received a national welcome, and advanced in royal progress. But fever or poison cut short his days. His father had long schemed the espousal of the now infants of Castile and Arragon, and of these kindoms in their united dynasty: their age seemed almost conformable: the consort used all her persuasive arts, and the step-son was the victim.

The future sovereigns were cradled in the storm. John had provoked his people to exasperation. The wrongs of Blanche were now added to those of Carlos. The magnificos of Barcelona renounced their allegiance and repudiated the title of his son. Cancer destroyed his proud and cruel queen. He was smitten with temporary blindness. He fled before his own armies; he was abandoned of all. The boy, who was the innocent cause of all these political insurrections, was in imminent danger, when his party was compelled to take refuge in the tower of a church of Gerona. The Catalans had very nearly seized him. The Duke of Lorraine was the monarch of their hearts. His death deprived them of a leader; but they buried him like a king. They laid him in the sepulchre of their own kings, ere their annexation to Arragon. This latter country, though not so openly insurgent, expostulated with John on his carriage towards his son. The enthroniza-

tion of Isabella seemed as hopeless as that of Ferdinand. Her elder brother, Henry IV., now reigned in Castile. His gasconading valor disgusted all the true warrior race. His unblushing licentiousness degraded his court to the lowest degree. The profligacy of the clergy was proverbially abandoned and gross. The coinage was debased. The rule became arbitrary as it was imbecile. A strong confederacy of disgraced nobles and favorites menaced the integrity of the kingdom. The king, lost in guilty pleasures, alone seemed unaware of the danger. A little rival—the future queen might think, intruder—was announced as the daughter of Joanna, his spouse. He demanded the accustomed oath of fealty to her, as presumptive heiress. Her illegitimacy can scarcely be doubted. Alfonso, her brother, then crossed her path, Henry consenting to his succession, on the terms of marrying the little child, his own niece. The confederates, when the king disavowed this paction, absolutely, by a public masque of justice, discrowned his image and cast it to the dust. Alfonso, who was present, only eleven years old, was then proclaimed. Isabella must have been happy, for she was enriched with intellectual gifts and pious virtues, but that she was born to reign. Her preferences were not consulted; she was made the puppet of state policy or royal caprice. Once was she doomed to the arms of a man of as hateful character as low pretensions, but the Master of Calatrava died while journeying to receive his bride. Her example, when removed to the licentious court of her brother, remained spotlessly pure. The battle of Olmedo only protracted the civil struggle which now raged through the land. She, however, sought the protection of her brother Alfonso, a youth, like Carlos, worthy of the highest esteem and admiration. He fell, most likely by treacherous means, into an untimely grave. It was then that she was tried, as was Jane Grey, by the confederates, to accept the crown. She solemnly refused, maintaining that so long as Henry lived it could not be vacant. The Marquis de Villana, unlike our Northumberland, could not prevail. The reward of loyalty and purity came at last. At Toros de Guisardo, amidst a splendid convocation of the highest dignitaries of the realm, Henry embraced his sister, recognized her as his successor, while, shortly after, the Cortes confirmed her title amidst the people's acclamations of applause.

She was now 'the rose and expectancy of that fair state.' Many a suitor came; our crook-backed Richard is supposed, though not by personal courtship, to have negotiated the important question from afar. Her affections were fixed on Ferdinand. He was rather younger than herself, of comely features and proportions, addicted to manly exercises, and endowed with many generous qualities. She also perceived the immense advantage of this union of kingdoms. The disposition in this case was mutual. Their peoples were of the same race and tongue. Their national character was of one mould. Mutual safety required the intermixture. But when she gave her consent to her youthful admirer, when the articles of marriage had been signed, her course of true love, like that of humbler channels, ran not smooth. She escaped from espionage and durance to Valladolid. But where was Ferdinand? He must come as bridegroom and king. Never had his fortunes apparently sunk so low. He was found at Saragossa. The frontier was watched by his enemies. Ambushes were set to surprise and intercept him. He set out, travelling chiefly by night, as a muleteer. He had but six attendants, and the better to preserve his disguise, whenever the party reached an inn, he waited upon them. Princes do not escape common accidents; at one of these inns he left a no very well-furnished purse behind. Reaching Osma, where his friends awaited him, they mistaking him, a lombard discharged from the rampart a heavy stone, which shot very near his head. But now all was safe. Success only was reserved for him. He was in his eighteenth year, she a year older. His expression of countenance, according to the pictures of him, is rather serious and downcast; hers more animated, steady, and serene. Their moral physiognomies it is more interesting and useful to study!

The happy couple were about equally poor. The exchequer of Arragon was exhausted. That of Castile was not at command. But on the morning of the 19th of October, 1469, their nuptials were celebrated most publicly, if not magnificently. A dispensation was necessary, as they were within the prohibited degrees of blood. This proved to be a forgery, but they were ignorant of it. When a true one was obtained, some years afterwards, she learnt, for the first time, the fraud that had been practised upon her. Great was her pious

indignation at the imposture. The perfidies of Henry had not ceased. They were constantly plied to harass and embroil the little court of Aranda. Twice in this interval Ferdinand had been summoned to the assistance of his father and liege in Arragon. The death of her wretched brother placed the crown upon Isabella's head, 11th of December, 1474. She was the people's choice. She knew that no descent, that no testament, was equal to this. She was proclaimed in Segovia, *queen proprietor*.

Their happiness seemed to be in danger of an early wreck. She having been inaugurated during his absence, though his name was announced before hers; and the ceremonial having conceded to her the sovereignty of right, and intimating that he reigned only by that right; it became a serious difficulty how their relative powers should be adjusted. A Castilian would only be governed by a native sovereign. That title must, therefore, be always preserved and understood. She could not be 'imperial jointress.' The royal seizin was in her. William and Mary of England do not offer illustration. The latter ascended the throne by her birthright; but her birthright was absorbed in the Act of Settlement. A shadow was only left her. She was not queen regnant in any virtual sense. Her effigies upon the coinage was almost the only fact which seemed to bespeak her vested power. But the case of Isabella was different. Ferdinand was the first male heir to the throne of Castile: the Stadtholder had no such claim. But she was direct heiress, and no Salique law affected the succession. No paternal abdication and outlawry brought her right into shade. The husband was at first offended, but soon grew reconciled to the partition of power with one so reasonable and good. They were called the Royes. The claims of her rival kept him in the field. There he displayed both skill and prowess. The victory of Toro all but cleared the dominions of a rebel, and gave him time to expel the French from Guipuscoa, and to settle the feuds of Navarre. The crown of Arragon, which had now devolved upon him, required his frequent presence in his hereditary kingdom, while the queen stands forth the more conspicuously in her diversified greatness. Whether it be in the arrangement of police, or the suppression of tumult, or the reformation of abuses, she presided in person, and her spirit pervaded all. The castles of robber-chiefs were razed

to the ground. The sovereigns themselves dispensed justice. Weekly they sat in a public tribunal for the purpose. Law was revised and digested. The license of the nobles was restrained. The Popedom was resisted with a firmness which it had not hitherto known. Its legate was spurned. It was compelled to yield every disputed point. All the great sees, contrary to long usage, were filled with natives. The coinage was restored to its denominated and standard value. All foreign books were admitted free of duty. Agriculture and trade revived. Education advanced. If the prerogatives of the monarchy were enlarged, it was only by its being more respected.

We are compelled to vision for ourselves the happiness of a country now made one—where traffic knows no restriction, property suffers no exaction, and liberty brooks no bond—governed both by manly and feminine excellence—blest with the finest of climates and the richest of soils—veined by minerals—sluiced by rivers—varied by the softest valleys and the sublimest mountain-crests—covered with a people of generous ardor, and solemn sedateness—justice impartial, law supreme—that people sprung from the noblest stems—and, as we imagine the happiness of such a country and such a people, we at once pronounce that Spain must have been its chosen home. And so, when this royal pair sate at first upon their common throne, the fifteenth century could show no comparison with the true glories of their realm. Charles VIII., a minor, has succeeded the infamous Lewis XI. Edward V., likewise a minor, has the bloody Gloucester for his protector, and England is ravaged by 'the bloody and deceitful boar.' The star of the Tudors is about to rise, but most baleful is its general influence. We shall see that all was calculated to confer transcendent happiness on this nation, but that there was an element, soon to be disclosed, which marred it all!

What a theatre of wonders swells out upon us! The organization of the kingdom is a model for states. It is a noble pyramid. It is based upon the popular consent and love. The dread of an all-searching justice casts the brigand and the wrong-doer out of the land. Reform is carried into every administration. The traveller is as safe as the citizen. The mountain villa, amidst its vineyards, smiles secure. The burghers treasure the charter of his enfranchisement. The rustic eats the bread of content. Labor obtains its just rewards.

Serfdom and feudalism are swept away.

Was *literature* wanting? Repairing the defects of her own education, though from childhood acquainted with the principal foreign languages, Isabella gathered and bestowed libraries, precious remains of which form the foundation of the great Bibliotheca of the Escorial. She sought to make her children, the *infantas*, as well as the heir-apparent, well versed in all substantial and elegant knowledge. As devotedly did she urge and provide for the education of the youthful nobility. The scholars of distant countries were invited for this special purpose. Nor was it unavailing. The son of the Duke of Alva taught in the university of Salamanca. The son of the Count of Xaro, who, like his father, became grand constable of Castile, read lectures on Pliny and Ovid. The son of the Count of Paredes occupied the chair of Greek in the university of Alcalá. Lebrica and Barbosa are inextinguishable names. Professorships were even held by illustrious females. Names live in the history of those colleges that vindicate the intellectual equality of the sex. The influence of the queen's example is here fairly inferred. The most learned authors even requested her criticism and suggestions. Happily, printing was introduced into this country in the first year of her reign. Seven thousand students were at one time at Salamanca. The course of learning was well begun. The ancient languages were cultivated. The classic stores were unburied. Antiquity was awakened unto the minister of instruction and arbiter of taste. To more solid erudition, the charm of a lighter literature may be added. Minstrelsy never sung a more pleasing lay. The *romanceros* survive, in their flowing *redondilla*, full of tenderness and melancholy mirth. These collections preserve high specimens of lyric, ballad, and ditty. The dramatic mind did not very fully evolve itself at this period; but preparations were accumulating, and germs were bursting even then, which were afterwards more matured in Lope de Vega and Calderon.

Was *chivalry* wanting? We speak not now of that pedantic adventure which the satire of Cervantes scourged and destroyed, the solemn buffoonery of what had passed away. We speak not of that religious type which it expresses—a cruel zealotism against the disciple of another faith; for the pomegranate, the symbol of Granada, was often borne in the turban of the Musulman, when he closed with the Castilian

red-cross knight. But chivalry was a high mood of mind. In its proper age, it softened and humanized the fiercer passages of war. Its voice was courtesy. Its bearing was generosity. It could not draw its sword nor tilt its lance but in a quarrel which was approved. It had its courts, and laws, and appeals. Reproach was as fatal to its scarf and braveries as fear. It may be compared (we confess that we prefer a pagan illusion in any deeds of force) to some goddess interposing herself between ancient heroes. Every thing is to be measured according to its times. A modern author* has denounced it because 'it fostered a sense of honor rather than of duty.' The charge is just. But was it not much that such honor could be felt, and its dictates obeyed, in so tumultuous an age? A siege was raised, when it was asked, ought woman—for a woman defended the castle—to be thus assailed? When the Count de Cifuentes was surrounded by six Moors, their leader rebuked them for their cowardice. To this we may assign the quarter offered to the fallen foe, little known in former battles. However, therefore, trifling to us are Amadis of Gaul, the family of the Palmerins, and the fables through which they are conducted, the reader, who will pause, must mark in them traits of character and touches of feeling, amiable sentiments and gallant sacrifices, which, seizing upon a romantic fancy, would descend to all the better springs of sensibility—must mark a power which could tame the wild and attemper the rude. The half-savage Catalanian had been wrought into his noble independence by his native tales; we may deride Tirance el Blanco and Partenope de Blois, yet was a race partly moulded by them, which, to this day, has not lost its fearless love of freedom. The epoch we contemplate includes the fairest portion of chivalry, after its infant romanticism and before its anile decline.

Was *conquest* wanting? Reserving our views of war, we can speak but historically, nor can we hide from ourselves that nations which exist later than the fifteenth century, place much of their glory in victory, and raise monuments to their champions. Spain would not have been rated powerful and glorious without the success of arms. And one domestic field was yet left her! Granada had promised, by the most solemn treaty, to pay tribute. It was now refused

* The Rev. Dr. Arnold.

in terms of defiance. This was in 1476, two years after the accession of Isabella. Five years elapsed, and the thought of conflict could not be remote. But the court of Castile had many weighty matters in hand. It was politic, to say nothing more, to suffer the Moslem to strike the first blow. The haughty answer of Muly Abul Hassan, that 'his mint coined no longer gold, but steel,' was not forgotten: but the seizure of Zahara by him, during a night storm, the butchery of its garrison, and the captivity of its people, left the monarch no alternative but war—a war which could scarcely look to any other end than the uprooting of the Paynim race. The religious prejudice against the Moor, which once burnt so strong, the thirst for his blood, which was once deemed so meritorious, especially in the early part of the fourteenth century, had for some time cooled. Then it might be seen in its keenest encounters. It was the price of salvation. It was the martyrdom of faith. So Douglas, bearing the heart of Robert the Bruce, at his dying request, to be deposited in the holy sepulchre of Jerusalem, turned aside towards Spain, with his votive charge, to assist Alfonso XI., the young king of Castile and Leon, who was then contending with Osmyn and the Saracen force. In that field he perished. Mutual forbearance had since that period been maintained. Friendly visits of the respective courts had been interchanged. The chevaliers of both nations had contended in tournament and joust. But all restraints were now dashed down. The Spaniard breathed to heaven the oath that he would not unbelt his sword while the infidel remained in the land. The Saracen felt that this outrage had numbered the days of his power. Extermination, on the one or the other side, must be the award of the arbitrement to which both now moved. The first resentment was of a private character. Ponce de Leon, Marquis of Cadiz, led forth an army of his own friends and dependents against Alhama, which he surprised with astonishing ease and dispatch. Though almost immediately invested with the troops from Granada, from which it stood at no great distance, they were obliged quickly to disappear before the succors of the Duke of Medina Sidonia. It was again attempted to be rescued, but in vain. Ferdinand marched into it with a brilliant cortège of prelates, warriors, and grandees, purifying it with religious rites, and celebrating its

capture with high festivities. Isabella was the spirit which animated the most foresighted preparations by sea and land. Cantonment and blockade hemmed in the foe. Her husband was fully roused. But the first grand attack upon Loja was fearfully repelled. The enemy drove back the monarch and his finest levies. He had a very narrow escape. It was, indeed, a rout. But this reverse was of the greatest advantage. The disasters of the Axarquia taught a more wary stratagie, and a more combined strength of field operations. The kind of munitions was now studied, as well as their amount. Artillery was brought to bear where cavalry could not act. Roads were levelled, and bridges sprang from hill to hill, from gorge to gorge. The citadels which crowned every eminence, which escalade could only hope to attack, were now battered by ordnance dragged to their very gates. The eyrie of the eagle was torn and shivered. And now for nine years (for the Moresco war boasts a Trojan decade) there was one series of successful siege and fray. Zahara was retaken; Malaga, defended from Gebalfaro by Hamet Zeli with his fierce Gomeros, yielded, after the bitterest sufferings of slaughter and famine; Baza saw not an encampment, but a rival city rising upon it, and submitted to obdional machinations unknown before; and at last Granada was entered by its royal conquerors—the cross was lifted on the Alhambra; bells, the mystic music of Christian piety in woe or gladness, sent forth their joyous chimes; and the Saracen power was not only for ever banished from its glorious halls and cities, but also dislodged from the more glorious mountains which had now for ages been the girdling defence and the pillared theatre of its galantry, its literature, its patriotism, its religion. The conquest was complete. No doubt a religious enthusiasm was gratified by it. It had been a favorite project. It was the downfall of a superstition most inimical to Christianity. On the death of the sovereigns, their bodies were borne thither, and laid in the monastery of the Alhambra, until they were removed to the mausoleum erected for them by their grandson, Charles the Fifth, in the metropolitan church. The Moors of the Alpuxerras and in Sierra Vermeja rose after the reduction of their capital; but they were soon subdued. Our business is not to justify a war which afterwards sunk into a dragonade. The sovereigns deemed it but a just reclamation

of possessions which had belonged to their country, and the terms of capitulation allowed to the Moors all the rights of property and religion.

Was *discovery* wanting? The Canaries were discovered by some Biscayan navigators, 1393, and consequently were of Spanish claim. This seemed to harbinger a more enterprising research in that world of waters. In 1419, the Madeiras were known. In 1439, the Azores sheltered the shipwrecked Banderberg. In 1474, the Cape de Verd Islands were explored by the Portuguese. The Peninsula thus led the way. Yet was it called, of old, Hesperia, as though the farthest western country of earth. Many had reasoned, and more had dreamed, that there was a continent beyond. But little of that hydrography was understood. The sphericity of our planet was not allowed. Galileo, more than a century after, was cast into prison for asserting its revolution round the sun. Pontiffs curiously blundered, when they doled the distribution of new-discovered lands. But it was for this reign to seize an empire little short of boundless. The means, however the acquisition was afterwards abused, were philosophic and benevolent. Providence, which ever prepares its agents, and often where man would least expect to find them, had secretly furnished, in its merciful wisdom, the mind of a foreign seaman for this laying open of the Western Hemisphere. Christopher Columbus was of lowly parentage, but his mathematical education was assiduously and successfully secured. At fourteen years of age he was engaged in nautical business. Charts and maps were his delight. A high poetic temperament beat in him. His soul labored with one thought. His eye followed the setting sun, then gazed on the stars which stood over it, and he seemed to dwell in those far-off confines of enchanted beauty and exhaustless wealth. To bear Christianity to those strangers whom he loved as brethren, was the inward fire which animated all his other hopes. He emulated not the oppressor's rod: he sought not the buccaneer's treasure. He would lead the old world to the new for the benefit of both. He erred, and more than once. His errors became occasions of hateful wrongs. But his judgment, though misinformed, was ever sincerely and nobly pure. His intentions were perverted; but in their native consciousness they were full of philanthropy. What man, what historic man, stands

out in such dimensions of greatness? Who has laid an equal debt upon his species? His name is not graven on a pillar, but on the keystone of the arch which spans and binds the earth! What countries might have won the honor of that true hero, and of his illustrious expedition! The little Adriatic republic spurned its ship-boy. Portugal then received the proffer of his service, but opposed all his plans, though, having learnt them, it meanly attempted to anticipate their execution. Venice was the next state at whose door the adventurer knocked. Had it opened to him—had it but smiled upon him—what a jewel had shone in its ducal bonnet! How truly might it have married the sea! What a dowry would have been exchanged for its affianced ring! Britain had well nigh grasped the renown. Henry VII. graciously received Bartholomew, the brother of Columbus; but there was delay, he being taken captive in his way thither, and by long imprisonment was prevented the pleading of the case. In the meanwhile, another determination was taken. He entered Spain, and endeavored to enlist it in the solution of the stupendous problem. The war with Granada was at its height. The mind of the nation was too agitated for cool calculation. The sovereigns remitted the application to a council of examination. The report was discouraging. Five years' delay and trifling had almost broke his heart. He had resolved to seek the favor of Castile no more, disgusted with the intrigue of Cordova, and the stolidity of Salamanca. He was now on his way to France, whose king had written to him during these trials of his hope.

The procrastination had consumed him; but his confidence he had never lost. A sudden change took place in his affairs. He was invited to the camp of Granada, or rather to Santa Fé, that city which superseded the camp, the work of only three months, that rose with solid masonry and watch-tower, braving the metropolis and fortress of ages. He arrived in time to witness the subversion of the Moorish state; he saw all the ceremonies of that exchange of sceptres and religions. He then stood as a spectator in that crowd: few knew him: yet of all that thronged array of title, wealth and power, who might compete with him? Could that great host be summoned back to earth as then it gathered, who is the individual that we should first search out with an instinctive preference to all be-

side? Isabella was so moved by his arguments, that she avowed her readiness to pawn her jewels, if the treasury should prove insufficient for the undertaking. But the greatness of his character raised an apparently insurmountable obstacle. Others may read simply his vanity and his cupidity in his terms. They were not likely to be conceded. He would not abate them. He challenged what he thought his rights. He spake as a creditor, and pointed to the debt. His was a sublime prophecy. He went forth on no forlorn hope nor possible failure. The pauper, the mendicant, leading a motherless child by the hand, thankful for the food apportioned at the convent-gate, projects for himself hereditary honors and possessions, the fee of which lies in worlds yet to be substantiated and sought. All is present to him. He grasps his birth-right. The realms are unfolded. The mines are upheaved. He is surrounded by kingdoms and spoil. A new world blesses him for throwing open its gate, and for entering it with Christianity. The wanderer, blighted in his affections, unprovided with to-morrow's meal, scorned for his poverty, and still more for his rhapsody, exacts a price greater than the ransom of kings, and only less than their honors, while he has not a raft for the achievement on which all depends! We dwell upon his lofty bearing at this crisis, when his spirit might have drooped, when his confidence might have tottered, as the augury of a supernatural inspiration. We behold in the allowance of his demands, a marvelousness only short of their urgency. His dignities are patented, and his rewards vested, ere he has cleaved a wave.

In Palos, a little port of Andalusia, is presently seen his humble craft. No gallant navy rides there: no tall admirals, no galleons, are moored there. Two caravels, vessels without a deck, and a larger bark for stores, are all the allotted force. The 3rd of August, 1492, breaks, and he bears away. Who can peruse his soul? Who can intermeddle with his joy when he gazed on the gleam of light borne steadily along as by a human hand on the shore of the Bahamas? We need not follow his triumphs, nor number his trophies—Cuba and Hispaniola, the South American continent, and virtually, by his appropriation of Darien, the North. We need not tell of his checkered fortunes,—his first return gave him an ovation from the port of his outset to Barcelona, where the monarchs now sojourn—

ed. He became their companion rather than subject. Spain, in all its ranks, proclaimed its loudest greeting to the man who had indefinitely multiplied its empire, who had opened riches to it which left those mines, on which Europe had hitherto depended, unworthy of a labor or a care, and who had covered it, by the acquisition of these mighty regions, with a blaze of glory which their occidental sun only could depict. His third return was as a prisoner loaded with chains, which chains, the memorials of ineffable ingratitude, he ever after carried with him, though he might forget the insignia of his nobility, suspending them in every chamber where he slept, and commanding that they should be buried in his grave. What a country had he made! The Indies, as those regions were then emphatically called, spread out into interminable colonies, imprinted with the most patriotic names of the parent-state, he left as his grand bequest! He had not gone forth the corsair, or the warrior,—he loved his country, but he loved the world far more! That country—with its Mexico, its Peru—then might have arisen in character such as no rival bore—then did amass golden signiories such as no contemporary could boast!

Was *heroism* wanting? This claim belongs not to our choicest admiration; it addresses not our best taste. But if there must be war, there must be leaders. Nor does our absence of moral affinity with the system of war hide from us its possible justice as well as its possible necessity. In this dreadful calling, men of prowess have been seen of no ordinary virtues. High-souled honor, gentleness, forbearance, hatred of strife itself, have at least occasionally appeared. Spain was never deficient in the soldiery of her sons when the hour of danger pressed. She called not to the seafarer and the mountaineer in vain. The noble was invariably trained to arms; he appeared not himself except with spear, and casque, and steed. Her very national spirit too well inflamed: her love of earthly glory, her ambition, her irritableness, her resentment of wrong, her pride of heraldry, were always suitable dispositions on which public alarm or aggrandizement might vibrate; and there is no difficulty in singling out names of military celebrity. Alonso de Aguilar, who fell in the last encounter of the Moors, was polite, a master of his terrible science, a pattern of chivalry, the delight of his country, the fifth of a lineal

race that followed the same banner, and were shrouded by it in death. Carillo, archbishop and cardinal though he was—and in this many of his confreres followed him—donned the mail, and headed the charge. The Count of Tendilla exemplified moderation of the most self-possessed and benign character, and he, who was the bravest of the brave, won the insurgents of the Albaycin by his mild expostulations. But there is a champion who fills this reign with exploits which even his era cannot match. Gonsalvo was hailed by all as the Great Captain. Other lands thus acclaimed him as well as his own. In him were combined all the qualifications of a chief. His courage we do not describe; the want of it is the soldier's vice, rather than its possession can be called his virtue. But courage has its degrees—his was the highest:—its attributes—his was most chivalric. He could retreat as nobly as he could advance: his eye was sleepless, and everywhere. Quick, he could seize every advantage; inexhaustible, he could repair every loss. He was cool as he was ardent—deliberate as prompt. He looked to the morals as well as to the organization of his armies. He could brighten reverse: he could soften victory. His bearing to the vanquished was full of considerate generosity. He knew how to rule those whom he had subdued. His services were unwearied, principally in Italy. When calumny darkened his fair fame, it was as little injured as the sun by a temporary eclipse. When his sovereign doubted his sincerity, and listened to the detraction of his enemies, his loyalty, large and provident, though not blind and obsequious, remained warm and steadfast. He adorned retirement from public trust and employment, when false-hearted courtiers traduced him, and drove him to his estates. There he exercised hospitality the most splendid, welcoming to his hearth the learned and the good. He lived in kind intimacy with his tenantry, and was always ready to protect the Moor, who still lingered in Granada, from the rapacity of power and the rancor of persecution. Again is he summoned to command, and again is he betrayed. But his spirit was not to be subdued; his greatness could not be soiled. He died of sudden illness; and never did his country so feel any loss, so mourn over any tomb. The nation, as with one sob of wailing, hearsed his ashes to their resting-place. There he slept, with more than a hundred banners taken

from the foe waving over him; and posterity has but confirmed the excellence of his character and the award of his fame.

Was *statesmanship* wanting? Two names are of high account. Each of these ministers presents many a point of inconsistency; but remembering the epoch, (of which we must constantly remind ourselves,) they were men of pure, disinterested, public virtue. In the first, we observe more kindness and manhood; in the second, all is denaturalized rigor and maceration. Both were ecclesiastics, and both were warriors; both were taken from the cowl and cloister, and both received the pall and hat. The one was of patrician extraction; the other, of humble condition. Gonzalez de Mendoza belonged to the illustrious house of Santillana. He was promoted from Seville to Toledo, the primacy. He did not affect severity of manner. He was somewhat of the courtier,—evil report made him even worse. He was soon welcomed to the confidence of Isabella, though he was not her confessor. The functions of political and spiritual director are not very compatible. It had been better, however, if this had been the case, than that her mind should have been warped by the cruel counsels of Torquemada. He gave all his power, and brought that of his family, to her cause; he committed his utmost fortunes to her claims. This patriotic and liberal minister of whom she now sought advice, and who influenced her measures for twenty years, was worthy of her trust; he always sought the conversion of the Jew and the Mahometan by the simple process of persuasion. At the command of his sovereign, he compiled a catechism with this very purpose, to bring those wanderers into what was deemed the only fold of safety and of peace. In him, Columbus, worried by the cavils of bigots, always found a friend. His ascendancy might have been justly envied, but for this direction of it, for he was called the third King of Spain. He was the patron of learning and the champion of liberty. For the purpose of receiving the edification of his graces in death, though, perhaps, still more to profit by his civil wisdom to the last, when he lay, amidst his mortal struggle, in his palace of Guadalaxara, the court, with the two sovereigns, repaired to the immediate neighborhood. There they attended and honored the dying counsellor. He whom they had loved to raise to every distinction of life, was not the less loaded with their

favor when he was no more. To enter Granada first, and to prepare it for their entry, was the singular mark of their gratitude in the proudest hour they had known,—and now Isabella became his executrix!

Ximenes could be as warlike as Mendoza; the difference was, that the former would wear his panoply over his Franciscan shirt; the other, his crimson over his panoply. We are now contemplating one of the most extraordinary characters of history. He is the same, whether the prisoner of Santorcaz, the anchorite of Gastanar, or the generalissimo of Oran. In 1492, he succeeded Mendoza, at his dying request; he was also appointed to the charge of the royal conscience; but he never abandoned the monastic rule. He kept his retreats. He was still the *Rècollet*, and even the *Observantine*. Covered with the splendors of the palace, he, as Provincial of his order, maintained all its austerities, travelled on foot in his visitation of the different convents, and subsisted on alms. His animal nature seemed perfectly subdued; his control of the spiritual appeared not less perfect. Power and elevation produced no change upon him, nor, according to semblance, any change in him. We cannot dive into the soul; it held its own trackless way. But it belongs to the moral contour of that age and of that system, that a man shall be lost to pomp and pleasure though all their furniture is at his command—that he shall repel the most seductive advances of ease and indulgence, always without hypocrisy, and soon without even effort, and yet that his spirit shall be concentrated into one large passion, and move, thus compressed, to one great end. The inner life is the whole of that man. The hidden flame draws into itself every weaker fire. The emaciated body might signify that the only force retained by the mind was high contemplation; the sunken eye might tell only of thoughts withdrawn from earth; still the attenuated frame may be the worn sheath of a too active sword; and the eye, buried in its socket, may throw its light back upon a world which is but the reflection of that in which all conflicts live. Of this great absorption, to which all things yield,—this master away,—we have some stupendous examples. But we can find none equal to that before us. It was ambition. Let us not think, however, of this in its common idea. Self was little concerned in it—it was purged of

whatever was sordid and mean. It knew no art to use—it never fawned—it never dissembled—it never oppressed. It was an adoration of power. That power was sought in the force of mind. Ximenes was intent upon it, but he commonly wielded it in a majesty of repose. Personally, he was fearless: he cared not for arrows nor bonds. A beggar's wallet would have supplied him with all the food he coveted; the fountain was his draught, and the rude board his bed. Delicacies he would none. Roofed by palaces, he sighed for his hermitage. It is impossible to deny to him a strong religious feeling. Acting upon the love of power, the pure energy of commanding influence, it made him a reformer, and it made him a persecutor. How much the great cœnobitic institutions of his country owed to him—how he corrected their abuses and recalled their principles—how he paused not, amidst clamor and opposition, until he left the religious abodes, which had been profaned by luxury and licentiousness, sanctuaries of piety and foundations of charity, his native historians love to record. How he well nigh kindled afresh the embers of war which had lain smouldering in Granada since its surrender—how he withstood the conciliatory measures of Tendilla, its alcaide, and the tolerant dispositions of Talavera, its archbishop—how he aroused the spirit of a people all but crushed by his eager attempts to proselytize them, the historians of all countries relate. In other men, we should call such conduct throughout his active life, self-will: in him it was a mighty soul, moving upon its own pivot. It was not as a bark held by its anchor, yet turned by the tide and heaving with the wave. Outward influence he would not allow. His wisdom and discretion will be assailed. Let us judge him on two points. Do we demand his justification of the Italian wars? This is explicit. The claim of Ferdinand to Naples was, *de jure* and *de facto*, right. The French invaded and would have usurped. Do we question his treatment of the Moors? The impolicy of suffering such an unnatural mixture must be obvious. If this people had been incorporated with the nation under common laws and privileges, the difficulty would not only have been conquered, but the benefit must have been immense. This had been overlooked in the generous but mistaken terms granted by the sovereigns. The consequence was, that polygamy was

actually defended by statute in a country whose Christian inhabitants regarded it as a deadly vice. The vicinage of the Saracenic debauchery had been already most corrupting. The mind of the politician and the churchman abhorred and dreaded the defilement of the land. His means were unrighteous; his idea was, nevertheless, most pure, and his motive most sincere. Unlike his predecessor, he died in neglect. His tender of loyalty to Charles was superciliously thanked and declined. He was dismissed, but in state. Doubtless it was a cold poison to his spirit. His last days,—they were but few, 'two months—nay, not so much—not two,' disease, disgust, and age fulfilled their work. Yet was there no resentment. It could not be said of him, 'Vita cum gemitu fugit indignata sub umbras.' That unconquerable soul was breathed out in hope and gentle peace. That presence, which the world had felt like some simple but tremendous agent of nature, left man but with a sigh. The hand which had poised crosier, sword, and, during his regency, sceptre likewise, now attempted to scrawl a letter to his relentless monarch, but it failed. From the palsied characters, which he could not complete, no mention of his anger could be gathered. Some bystanders thought they could decipher Alcala, where he matriculated in youth, which he often visited while in the zenith of his power, and where he desired that his bones might rest. It can be only conjecture what he asked; yet is there room for guess. Unlike our Bede in all beside, he was cheered in his dying moments by the progress of the Complutensian Polyglot, which was printing in his beloved university, for which he had studied in his earlier retirements, and on which he had expended, for he seems to have received little aid, nearly a quarter of a million sterling. To the monk of Lindisfarne his copyists told, as he gasped in death, that the Gospel of John was completed, and he died in an ecstasy of grateful praise. Ximenes learnt only just before his death the completion of this Bible, and sang thanksgiving to God with his dying voice. Other lords cardinal have trod the stage of imperial power. What is their repute beside this honest man? Richelieu is shrouded in his memory with his web of falsehood and duplicity; Mazarine is remembered with little distinction for his suppleness of expedient and time-serving; Wolsey still points the moral of greedy avarice and burly pride. These

were sycophants, and of course were oppressors. Whom had Spain's mighty one deceived or wronged? When had he stooped? When did he worm a tortuous way? Who could cast the stone at him for the shadow of a vice? Who accused him of 'itching palms'? What tincture disfigured him of nepotism? Was there a poor relative whom he scorned to recognize or forgot to relieve, while knowing that his riches were supplied him, not to found a family, but a trust for his country and his God? No stewardship could be more clear. His hands were pure. His latest acts of power were on behalf of the Hispaniolan slaves. He sought not power; it fell to him. The sudden passion seized him. The glitter, the parade, the plaudit were no portion of it. In its administrations, there is a character of inexorable-ness; but it is power in justice, in reform, in benevolence, in moral discipline and expurgation. There is fearfulness in the very simplicity of such a mind, thus condensed and thus actuated: it is something that Dante might have dreamed, and Michael Angelo have drawn.

Was *royalty* wanting? We cannot uniformly approve the conduct or the principles of Ferdinand. It is often difficult to discriminate his course from that of his august spouse; yet in his youth there was daring, independence, and self-possession. In military leadership, the king is but an accident, save as he is endowed with the genius of command. But he was the head of leaders. We find him braving all the dangers of long and arduous systems of operations. He pitches his tent—he charges the enemy—he enters the trenches—he patrols the walls. Generally he is lenient when he must punish. He is mindful of treaties, save in the surrender of Malaga, when he overreached the plainly understood conditions. He was the first monarch who could perceive how nations might combine for mutual security. We read of no earlier resident embassies than those which he appointed at foreign courts. His moral character will not bear investigation. He was phlegmatic. His caution often degenerated into weakness. There was no buoyancy, no magnanimity. He won no confidence of friendship. Only did one love him, and that was not a subject's love. Even that love was bitterly tried. He never encouraged Columbus in his obscurity; and though he was proud of the fame of the more than conqueror, he neglected and higgled

the promised reward. As if envious of Gonsalvo, he sought every ground of quarrel, even to personal offence, and then met the promises of honor with insolent evasion—'I am not in the vein: thou troublest me.' So long as he retained that princess, who had in every sense exalted him, much of his natural littleness was hidden or redeemed; but when she died, he was seen alone. She had nominated him Regent of Castile, showing that to reign was not his right; and even his regency was only bequeathed or ratified, because of the incapacity of Joanna, to whom the nation's oath of allegiance was sworn. The crown which he had worn for thirty years, must be laid aside. But the remains of the queen were scarcely cold, when he showed how soon he could barter his heart. Henceforth is he manifestly kept up by his advisers and generals. Every moment that he is left, he sinks under the exigence. Still he died not without lamentation. When the people mourn, there must be a bereavement. But it is a task to speak of Isabella in a sober commendation. The simplest statement rises into panegyric. It is almost to shock the moral sense to speak of her purity. Surrounded by dissolute manners, at that time creating no blush and involving no shame, she was not only without the shadow of a stain, but would have shown a Lucretia where all was spotless. She might have recorded her whole of married life as Cornelia did hers, yet not as did the Roman matron, when she spoke of equal fidelity—'Viximus insignes inter utramque facem.*' The education of her children was her care. By a studious regard to time and order, she found a season for every duty; but in her domestic affections, she found her deepest wound. How she felt her woman's wrongs where she had given heart and crown, she was too generous to have made known. The death of her son, the heir of the consolidated kingdoms, filled the nation with mourning: who can search the sorrows of her heart? Amiable, learned, devout, temperate—a Marcellus—new from his bridal, the corner-stone of every project and hope, we need not wonder at the nation's wail, but rather at the mother's resignation—'O nate, ingentum luctum ne quære tuorum!†' Her widowed daughter of her own name, the relict of Alonzo, having remarried with Emanuel, King of Portugal, died in childbed less than a year

after the young Prince of Asturias. The child was male, and had he lived, would have ruled over the whole Peninsula. But he died before he was two years old. Joanna was unhappily united to Philip, and soon betrayed signs of mental aberration. Wave after wave rolled over the royal mother. She calmly emerged from all. But the waters had come in unto her soul. She languished under pining grief. There was no seclusion, no neglect of business, no parade of woe: she was still the sovereign. The dint of her spirit did not unbend. She blended with the most feminine sensibilities, all the qualifications for managing the different offices of empire. She now suppresses tumult; she then, clad in armor, inspires the host. She shares the camp—she rallies the rout—she assists the siege—she can persevere in reforms, when all besides misgives. She deserves the honor of every lofty act her husband performed, who would have undone every thing too, except for her constancy and impulse. Her favorite passion—she had imbibed it from infancy—was the conquest of Granada. She breathed, it must be confessed, the spirit of that war. With her it was religion: her ensign was the cross. But in no collision, in no provocation, in no defiance, was hers the conduct of revenge. She always was the advocate of mercy. Her heart never lost its truth, when covered with corslet or beating with victory. She invariably regarded it as an expedition for the rescue of Christian captives. Their coming forth with hymns of deliverance and doxology, was her darling spectacle beyond all the pomps of triumph. When disease was preying upon her, within three years of her death, the threatened invasion of her native soil by the foot of France roused all her wonted energies, and renewed her youth. Louis XII. was desperate with the defeat of Cerignola. He resolved, by three armies and two fleets, to humble his rival. She stood prepared. All that hurtling storm, that gathered cloud, was broken. She saw that the elements could not again lower. Her evening was hastening on: she had fulfilled her day: she was sinking, yet all was recollection, dignity, peace. Her dying testament was the benediction of patriotism. Three days before her death, she added some codicils. These directed a more perfect codification of the laws,—adjured on her successors the more earnest conversion of the Indians, their gentle treatment, their redress of every injury,—

* Propertius.

† Virgil.

and urged a strict examination into a particular impost, the legality of which she doubted, saying, as the queen of a free people, concerning all the fiscal measures which might be necessary—'measures depending for their validity on the good pleasure of the subjects of the realm.'

Her strong principle was that of a fervent piety. Much of imperfection does it reveal. The light which falls on her altar is in refraction. It passes through a sullied medium; but the flame is in her breast. The mistress of an unequalled power, the helmed heroine of the battle's shock, the guardian of law and the avenger of oppression, the mourner of a desolate house—she, in all these relations, is beheld morally and devoutly great. There is a consistency: all is entireness. It is not the painting, in which some color predominantly glares,—the building, in which an inferior style ever and anon obtrudes,—the sculpture, in which the false taste depresses all. There is true nature in her. Not only is she 'every inch' a queen, but every cubit a woman. If there be the statuesque of earthly sovereignty and likelihood, there is the play, and warmth, and life of artless virtue and undisguised love.

In thinking upon her, that 'entire and perfect chrysolite' in the diadem of royalty, that noblest gem in the jewel-house of monarchy, we cannot fail to think of one whom our own history and drama have made familiar to us. Her daughter, Catharine of Arragon, was betrothed to the heir of Henry VII. He died in boyhood, and she became the wife of the second son, Henry VIII. To mark that she was only nominally widow, she was espoused with virgin emblems. Beneath the talisman of Shakspeare, she stands before us in all the proportions of majesty:

'Ferdinand,
My father, King of Spain, was reckoned one
The wisest prince, that then had reigned by many
A year before.'

'For her sake that I have been, for I feel
The last fit of my greatness.' 'Nay, forsooth,
my friends,

They that must weigh out my afflictions,
They that my trust must grow to, live not here:
They are, as all my other comforts, far hence,
In mine own country, lords.'

'Nothing but death
Shall e'er divorce my dignities.'
'Shipwrecked upon a kingdom, where no pity,
No friends, no hope; no kindred weep for me,
Almost no grave allowed me.'

The death-scene at Kimbolton is akin to what we suppose was the parting of Isabella:

'Saw ye not, even now, a blessed troop
Invite me to a banquet; whose bright faces
Cast thousand beams upon me like the sun;
They promised me eternal happiness,
And brought me garlands.'

Both her parents were now at rest. Like her sainted mother, she is great to the last; she composes her robe in death! That mother might have spoken, in her requests to Capucius,—

'You should be lord ambassador from the emperor,
My royal nephew.'

The woman melts, the Christian forgives, all of her proud spirit is gentle, but a touch of imperial nature still is left—the Castilian is heard in her commands concerning her remains:

'Altho' unqueened, yet like
A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me.'

Never was "sovereign lady" bemoaned as was Isabella of Spain. The glory of Europe was extinguished. There was no monarch like her. She had done almost as much for mankind as for her people. With them the sorrow was domestic; in every homestead was there the sense of loss. The "whole kingdom was contracted in one brow of woe." Her funeral was immediate and simple—the sepulchre was far—the cavalcade was twenty-one days in reaching it. A tempest, perhaps unequalled in fury and continuance, pursued it all the way. It was impeded by torrents from the hills and by floods on the plains. Many of the attendants perished. Not a light of heaven was discerned all the way. Many thought it the sympathy of nature; they read the omen according to their hopes or fears. At last, the procession was seen winding up the hill of the Alhambra. The solemnities were few and maimed. No catafalque was raised to receive the bier; no blaze of torches caught its escutcheons and heraldries; no anxious throngs awaited the escort. The requiem was sung by the Franciscan monks; they gave their earth to their monarch's dust; their humble peal tolled her knell. And when the elements returned to their calm, and the fair scene and the bright city of Granada once more appeared through the darkness and rack of the tempest, then was, for the first time, learnt that theirs was the honor of inurning all that was mortal of her who had left the earth without a parallel, and whom both its hemispheres mourned.

We do not think that we have written, or could write, too strongly on the glories,

real and expansive, of Spain as it then was. It contained all the resources of abundance, and all the elements of greatness: but it was not happy; it never has been happy since. This is the conclusion which we have always kept in mind, and which we have perpetually approached. Forgetting it, or failing to draw it, all the exhibitions placed before us would be of no more profit than faëry revel or gorgeous masque.

In what we now enunciate as the conclusion, uncompromising as is our opposition to Roman-catholicism, we can make honest distinctions. The religion is better than the church; the church is better than the court. The minds of the sovereigns were deeply penetrated by the first. Isabella was a votress. They had much respect for the second, though they were not blind to its mismanagement and desecration. The third they more than once braved to its utmost vengeance. But Sixtus IV. and Alexander VI. were wily pontiffs. They could overbear the timid; they knew when to flatter the independent. On the haughty answer made by the former to the Spanish monarchs touching the disposal of benefices, they commanded all their subjects, lay and ecclesiastical, who might be in Rome, to quit that city immediately; they proclaimed, moreover, their purpose of inviting all the princes of Christendom to convoke a council for the expiation of the evils of the church. Sixtus was alarmed. He sent a legate. The legate no sooner made known his arrival, than he was commanded instantly to return. He was afterwards permitted to disclose his amicable and humble terms: those terms, being those they had dictated, were of consequence allowed. Spain was no more the feudatory of Rome. The Christian father saw that he must not only yield, but soothe. He bestowed that massive silver cross which ever accompanied these royal personages in their progresses and their campaigns. Alexander, aghast at the incursions of Charles VIII. into the papal territories, threw himself upon Spanish conscience and devotedness. To propitiate the heads of the church beyond the Pyrenees—for so had the sovereigns become—he granted them, in 1494, the title of Catholic; from them it has descended to every subsequent possessor of the throne. But it was special as to themselves; *Los Reyes Catolicos*. All this was ancillary to the great purpose of the Roman court, to restate itself in a country which, almost surrounded by the sea, it was difficult to enter,

and whose inhabitants, championed by their princes, were most jealous of all interference. An engine, more treacherous than Greek could have contrived, was introduced; it was the Inquisition.

As early as the pontificate of Gregory IX., the rudiment of this tribunal was framed. To the Dominican order were its functions particularly entrusted. It was not then systematic; it was seen in sudden ravages and desolations. Such was the terrible fate of the Albigenses. The slaughter of Carcassonne still cries to heaven. This extermination spread into the Pyrenean valleys, which had long given shelter to the persecuted. It followed to Piedmont, where only in a solitary hiding-place was it checked. We may ask—how could the idea of persecution be conceived? To carry it out, if once religiously entertained, by crusade or inquisition, is far more intelligible. It was of pagan origin. The conquest of a country was the conquest of its gods. There was not often resistance to the new divinities, and therefore a visible persecution did not appear. We know what sufferings were inflicted on the Christians by the Roman emperors. Warlike Christianity soon sprung up in turn, and resentment of pagan cruelty. Arian and catholic alike resorted to it. Euric, king of the Visigoths, who had embraced Arianism, persecuted the orthodox of Aquitain. Hunneric carried on the violence of his father Genseric. Both parties were unscrupulous in their measures: synods and councils of bishops were not spared. They only agreed when they could destroy the Manichæans. When Belisarius was overcome, then the Visigoths of Spain, who had held out the last of the followers of Arius, were reconverted to their original faith, and showed a zeal stronger than Nicene. We advance to the crusades. After the verdict of ages upon them, many sciolists now endeavor to question it. No movement is barren of all good, incidental and contingent. This never was denied to them; but scarcely has there existed a later evil, but which is their direct consequence. They nationalized persecution. They did worse: they banded nations in it, to fight with each other more fiercely, because of this bloody truce. The wolves hunted together after this quarry, and then tore each other. Innocent III. founded the Inquisition such as has been described, during the fourth crusade. But was Spain prepared for it? From Recared, the first catholic king, to

Witiza, the immediate predecessor of Rodoric, religion, in its presumptive purity and external discipline, was maintained. The Saracen irruption greatly weakened its influence, and infected its strictness. A disgust of their proximity and influence was felt. To roll back the tide would have delighted the people; but the Inquisition was too intolerant and oppressive for them, keen as were their propensities towards the conflict. It was necessary to overcome the reiterated objections of Isabella, but her confessor in youth had bound her by a vow to support its operations. It was presented to her mind in shapes adapted to win her pious mind. The injustice was veiled in the garb of pity and zeal. It was necessary, also, to reconcile the people by awakening their common prejudice against the Jews. It was intimated that its only business was with that scattered race. But when it was formally established and legalized, it shocked public opinion. The Arragonese protested against it. Their Cortes petitioned Rome, as likewise Ferdinand, for its suppression. Exasperated at the refusal of their prayer an extensive conspiracy was formed against it, and Arbues, the inquisitor of Saragossa, perished as its victim. His assassination before the high altar gave a martyrdom to his death, and produced a reaction, which as much helped the office as it had been previously withstood. The Castilians were equally averse to it, though they forbore violence. Ferdinand exercised an energy in its support, which his glorious queen did much to soften, and which her fanaticism at last only distantly approached. It was a plot of which both were unconscious instruments. The design was to restore the Roman power. The hope was, that it would bind down the human intellect, which hourly manifested its impatience of prescription. Avarice and extortion found in its confiscations a full reward. Cruelty and injustice delighted in torture and oppression. Power, fell and trenchant, knew no such gripe as this on the whole man; it bound him hand and foot. Of nothing is the human heart so greedy as power; nothing so demonizes it, without great correctives, as the possession of power. Those who never look into the workings of our nature, may not understand this creed but in connexion with sensual acquisition. To get wealth and honor by the use of power is its lowest game. But when it can strike the soul, can awe the heart, lay under itself thought and motion, and itself continue poor

and unattended, bringing kings to its bar, ruling in palaces with a sway prouder than kings, then may we comprehend Schiller's Inquisitor,*—may conceive of the blind, withered, sered, old man,—a sepulchre, yet full of intensest life,—forgotten by all, but forgetting none,—from his wretched serge governing the ermined monarch,—from his narrow cell, controlling the cabinet of statesmen and the council of nations,—all inward sense,—the soul, unseen and unfeared, the centre and spring of all. Such is the inquisitorial complication, and ubiquity, and secrecy, and penetrativeness, and efficiency, and climax of power. We might take lower views. But these were the passions of Bernard, Hildebrand, Ximenes. The ancient and the modern forms sated the same spiritual lust. And what was the influence of this tribunal, which abused all the rules of evidence, all the methods of crimination, all the grounds of defence?—which always reminds us of the stealth, the spring, and the coil of the serpent? It was a blight and a ruin upon all. Upon a nature, upon a heart, than which none could be more noble—upon the nature, upon the heart of Isabella, it stamped a crookedness and a sternness necessarily alien to them. She yields to the dictatorship, which is the essence of confession,—she bows to an ascendancy which the catholic must allow to be within the church, and still always beyond himself,—all with her is reserved consent, an embarrassed concession, even to deprecations and tears,—yet she is forced to handle the horrid brand! A people—two noble races now conjoined—which had risen up against the system, is so depraved in a little time by its glosses, and so stricken by its fears, that it boasts the galling yoke and glories in its shame. The censorship of the press immediately follows. Learning dies. The spirit of the mountains, an independence lofty as that of any age and clime, embraces its corroding chains. The bibliographical triumph of Aloala awakens a general fear, and its six hundred copies, evidently intended only for the learned, were barely licensed by Leo X., and that after hesitation and five years' delay. The sovereigns and the nations were cajoled that their extirpation of heresy, in the banishment of the Jews and the expulsion of the Moslems, by espiery and fagot, was the cause of heaven's favor towards them in the magnificence of their new-won possessions. Extirpation! Ferdinand's eyes

* Don Carlos.

are just closed; the death-mist is hovering over those of Ximenes; they have done their utmost; their engine of extirpation has done its worst; there is but a year between their end; and Luther has already, at Wittenberg, published his thesis against the doctrine of indulgences, and, in five years more, Europe strains its ear that it might listen to him at the diet of Worms. Extirpation! The Reformation had begun already. Much of inefficiency might thus be charged on the Inquisition. "Its sanguine cloud" could not "quench the orb of day." But locally it did answer its design. It destroyed inquiry, and overpowered conviction. It closed each clink against the admission of light. It drank the blood of the saints. The same bigotry launched its Armada against England, and met its reward. It provoked a signal reprisal in the sacking of Cadiz. And what is Spain? Torn by parties, convulsed by revolutions, its mighty colonies rent from it, with the exception of a single isle. Where is its once wide-waisted commerce, potent negotiation, and warlike state? Where is its navy, which swept the seas? Where its banner, which was simultaneously unfurled on three continents? Where is its literature and its virtue? Where is the crown of Ferdinand and Isabella, with its streaming rays? "For God hath put in their hearts to fulfil his will, and to agree, and give their kingdom unto the beast, until the words of God shall be fulfilled."

One more cause may be assigned why the Spanish monarchy, of then unprecedented extent, of then beneficent promise, failed: it was not only persecution in the genus, but a particular direction of it. The procedure of God in his ban upon the commonwealth of Israel, his pursuance of a fearful doom, involve no duty on our part. We are not the assessors of his judgment-seat. He does not commit the sentence to us for execution. He still avenges them on their oppressors. They may have blindly accomplished his purpose. He reckons with them according to their motives. "The nation to whom they shall be in bondage will I judge," said God. "I was but a little displeased, and they helped forward the affliction." What power ever despoiled and trod down this people, but itself suffered the curse? God is still round about them: he is mindful of them: he remembers them still. Peculiar hypocrisy was to be observed in Spanish outrage against them. Many of them had professed Christianity; they fil-

led high offices and trusts. It was enough to bring them into the toils, if they retained an ancestral usage, if the tint and feature of their nation were not extinguished. It was but a foul extortion of their wealth. It was robbery and pillage. Then the spectacle of the auto-da-fé became indifferent, so that the flames were fed. Little care was there who might be the victims. Bonds were cancelled, and debts discharged, by the stake. The Jew was a large creditor: thus was he to be paid. His religion was but the pretext. Of one it is told that he seemed to waver as he was led in his benito to the scene of death. The crowd, fearing the loss of their amusement, actually encouraged his resolution in his heresy: "Sta ferme, Mosè."

All, all is lost—so far as we can see—of an apparatus of power and freedom beyond all account, and almost beyond all imagination! The glory is departed, the shield is vilely thrown away, the diadem of every arch and gem is broken—and persecution has done it all! The very land mourns! Yet this desolation will not be in vain, if we will hear and heed the voice which speaks to us from the majestic ruins. Unlike those of Babylon and Palmyra, the ruins are not of broken column, and wall, and tower; they are the fragments which can live—sunken character, humiliated mind, and blasted virtue. Yet patriotism heaves no contrite sigh, and weeps no elegiac tear!

Whatever attempts religious uniformity, by any secular means, is at core persecution. The principle of a civil incorporation of Christianity cannot avoid this consequence; there is civil privilege or loss as we adhere or dissent. It might be independent of general impost; if not the case is absolutely unjust. Public money is exacted for an establishment which is already invidiously placed as to many of those who must contribute it. The scale of persecution has its degrees. Interference with personal inquiry and conscience—whether by death, by imprisonment, by deprivation, by contumely, by depression, by slight, by neglect—is its root and sap. Ximenes as much persecuted by bribes as by tortures.

Our adorable Saviour, "who before Pontius Pilate witnessed a good confession," supplies the solution of all civil strifes and safeguards in the promotion of his cause. "If my kingdom were of this world, then would my servants fight." He states an instance, but he legislates a principle. If his kingdom took hold of worldly interests and

passions, if it were a thing of present and secular jurisdiction, then would it, like all such organization, admit of force or of some worldly sanction; then might his servants fight for it as for any other social institution. But it is not from hence; it is wholly spiritual—it is the kingdom of God. There must be no lordship, no enthrallment; none must rise by it in external advantage, nor suffer by it. It is entirely out of the battle-ground of earthly competition; therefore the servants of Christ do not fight for it. But Christianity, by its coalition with worldly passions and interests, became an adventure for the most unholy. It was an ensign for the soldier to follow, an emolument for the sordid, a distinction for the aspiring, a power for the ambitious. Why should they not fight for it as for any other prize? Attach but one worldly element to Christianity, and you give scope for every worldly disposition to contend for it. We want none other key.

We may be often tempted to despond, when we study great epochs like that which we have now surveyed. There seems a retrogradation in the affairs of men. Spain is reduced in its fame and in its power. But this is retribution. That fame was forfeited; that power, arrogantly vaunted and mercilessly abused, is taken from it. But did this reign exist for a vain show? It answered ends which have not yet run out, and many of its fruits we still may reap. What though that country seems only fading from us, shorn and dimming like a receding star,—its population dwindled, its soil languishing, its wealth wasted, its power disarrayed, its spirit fled? Let us stand on a higher watch-tower than its Pyrenees, and look forth on a world. Does it grow old? Does its mind stagnate? Are its movements theatrically frivolous? Are its inventions arrested?—Do its hopes sicken? Do its inhabitants weary in their career? Nor need shame and despair be branded on Castile. Another Isabella sits upon the throne. Could she avoid the guilty policy of her great ancestress, she might retrieve the monarchy. Let her tread out the last ashes of the Inquisition; let her seek the constitutional freedom and moral regeneration of her people; let her explode superstitions far more corrupting than those which the Ante-Tridentine ages knew; let her exemplify religious liberty—the only security of civil, but by no means even its ordinary accompaniment; and then, though the Colossus which strode from the Mediterranean to the Pacific, while the Atlantic rolled between its feet, cannot

again configure and exalt itself, yet may Spain lift up its brow once more, honored and greeted by younger states. The same sun shines on it; why should it not send gladness over its fields and cities? The same rivers water it; why should they not refresh and fertilize its plains and valleys? Why should man alone be degenerate there? Surely it is written of it in heaven,—martyrs, and it had many, pray for their country, and not that their blood be laid to its charge; Paul trod its ground, or purposed to do so; and with his visit, or the thought of his visit, spread over that destination a cloud of prayers. Surely shall this land be recovered from the desolations of many generations! Surely shall a country so grandly and so independently set, with its harbors and headlands, amidst an almost circumfluous deep, not be lost to its continent, if that continent have any other task to fulfil! Once the pioneer, bursting open a way for that continent to a new world, we cannot forebode that all its work is done! When shall the nobler aspirations of a true religion soar in this people like their heaven-climbing mountains, and their spirits be free as their waves?

Thoughts, big and mighty, come to our aid and solace, when we mourn, in mortification and anguish, over the failures which history records. There was not wanting many a crisis when the Reformation seemed about to spring up in Spain. Personages were beheld in its monasteries and its palaces who might, from their peculiar conformation of character, have struck the blow. It appeared to hang as by a thread, whether it should not have claimed the glory of banishing persecution forever from its shores, and of smiting it down forever in the world.

These results are constantly shadowed out, and we still wonder why they are withheld. But our mortal progress is slow; a large research is demanded to yield the proper conception. We must look afar. One Pleiad lost darkens not the heavens; endless concentricities do not deform them. But ours is the delight of the astronomer, who not only sees the successions of the firmament which strike the vulgar eye, but marks the influence of an inscrutable attraction bearing the entire sidereal system forward, notwithstanding its apparent intersecting rotation in its wonted paths,—some sublime pivot on which the whole vibrates, and some inconceivably wider orbit through which the whole revolves!

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JACOB GRIMM.

From the *Athenæum*.*Autobiography of Jacob Grimm. From Das Gelehrte Hessen.*

THE character of nations, like that of individuals, can be truly and perfectly portrayed only by themselves; not, indeed, in either case by those systematic attempts at self-delineation too frequently distorted and discolored by the thousand unconquerable illusions to which both the larger and the smaller self is subject, but unconsciously, in the innumerable little traits so familiar to ourselves, that they fall out unnoticed, as matters of course; while they are to the stranger the most precious indications of things foreign to all his views and habits, and lying at the very heart of the individual or the national life.

A vast effort seems now making in England and France to understand Germany—or to seem to understand it. The books that are written, the tours that are made, the speculations of all sorts of which Germany and Germans are the subject, would seem sufficient to throw full light upon it. By far the larger number of these in both countries are not worthy of attention. They are written by persons who have not the elementary knowledge requisite to the understanding of any people; by persons who cannot speak with them. To any body who has considered what language is, this is enough. He will read their descriptions of scenes and buildings, (hardly that, for all these things hang together—all have one and the same inward life,) but he will turn over the pages that affect to treat of men and their thoughts and ways, and submit to be ignorant rather than to be misinformed.

The desire to administer true and wholesome food (to us it also seems delicious) to the curiosity, regarding a people so worthy to excite it, leads us to extract from a biographical account of the learned men whom Hesse has produced, a little autobiography, which we look upon as containing the purest abstract of German life, in its best and highest form.

If we were called upon to name the individual among all the great and good, the learned and the loveable, whom it has been our happiness to know, who most honorably represent the spirit of Germany, we should say Jacob Grimm (we are not afraid of his brother Wilhelm's resentment). The manner at once shy and cordial, dignified and

modest; the child-like simplicity; the profound and matchless learning; the spirit of freedom, combined with respect for the established, and with love of law and order; the deep sentiment of religion—but we are doing the very thing we denounced as useless: we are attempting to describe what is indescribable—a union of qualities eminently characteristic of a state of society not our own. What we meant to say is this: we regard the writer of the little autobiography in question as a type of the best, and at the same time the most peculiar German character. We—every body—can vouch for the truth of all he tells us. We think, therefore, that more insight into German life and mind is to be gained from this slight, but true, sketch of a life, than from hundreds of volumes of tours. We could make books about Germany, like our neighbors, if we were so minded; and, may be, with a little more *connaissance de cause* than some of them; but we prefer to take the more humble course—to translate the words of Jacob Grimm.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JACOB GRIMM.

I am the second son of my parents, and was born at Hanau, on the 4th of January, 1785. When I was about six years old, my father was appointed Amtmann at Steinau an der Strasse, his native place; and to this country, with its rich meadows, surrounded by beautiful hills, are bound all the liveliest recollections of my childhood. But my father was too early taken from us; and I still see in spirit the black coffin, the bearers with the yellow lemons and the rosemary in their hands, pass slowly before the window. I have a very accurate picture of him in my mind. He was a very industrious, methodical, kind-hearted man; his room, his writing-desk, and above all, his book-cases, with the neatly-arranged books, even to the green and red titles on the backs, are yet before my eyes. We children were brought up in the strict Reformed (i. e. Calvinistic) church: it was rather the effect of practice and example than of much talk. The Lutheran inhabitants of our little town, who were the minority, I used to regard as strangers, with whom I must not be thoroughly familiar and intimate; and of the Catholics, who often passed through from Salmünster, a town a league off, and were always to be recognized by their gayer dress, I had a

strange sort of dread. And I still feel as if I could not be thoroughly and profoundly devout any where but in the church fitted up with the austere simplicity of the reformed faith; so strongly does all belief attach itself to the first impressions of childhood. The imagination, however, can fill and animate empty and naked space. Certainly, I have never felt more fervent devotion than when on the day of my confirmation, after partaking for the first time of the Lord's Supper, I saw my mother approach the altar of the church in which her father had occupied the pulpit.

Love of country was deeply impressed upon our hearts, I know not how, for of that too, little was said; but there was nothing in our parents' lives or conversation which could suggest any other thought or feeling: we held our prince for the best in the world, our country for the most favored of all countries. I recollect that my fourth brother, whose fate it was to live soonest and longest in foreign parts, when a child, painted all the towns of Hesse larger, and all the rivers wider, than those of other states, on his map. We looked down with a sort of contempt on the Darmstädters, for example. We were taught by the town schoolmaster, Linkhau, from whom little was to be learned except industry and strict attention, but his singular demeanor furnished us with a number of diverting jokes, expressions, and manners, which we still retain. Many a time do I catch myself looking at the hand on the white face of the very clock which stood in his old-fashioned room, and which now stands in my house, to see whether it announces the arrival or the much-desired departure of the master, in his sky-blue coat, and black waistcoat and breeches.

It soon became necessary to provide more complete and fundamental instruction for us. My mother's property was small, and she would have found it very difficult to bring up six children, had not one of her sisters, Philippine Limmer, who was first Kammerfrau (lady of the chamber) to the late Electress, then Landgräfin of Hesse, devoted her life, with the most disinterested and self-sacrificing love, to her assistance, and to our service and happiness. In 1798, she sent for me and my brother Wilhelm to Cassel, and put us to board there, that we might attend the Lyceum. I was entered in the lower division of the fourth class (Unterquarte), so backward was I,—not by my own fault, but from want of

instruction, for I had, from a child, an eager and persevering desire for knowledge. I soon passed through all the classes, and was almost always a Primus. The Saturdays, on which we were classed according to our exercises, were anxious days. When I reflect on my school years at Cassel, from 1798 to 1802, though I thankfully acknowledge how much I learned in that time, I must confess it seems to me that the Lyceum there could not be reckoned among the most perfect of its kind. The head master was Professor Richter, a sound philologist, I think formed in Ernesti's school, and endowed with the art of attaching all his scholars by his earnest, cordial manner of teaching; but, in my time, the burthen of years was heavy upon him. The Conrector, Hosbach, was a hypochondriacal man, full of whims, uncertain, and it was easy to see that teaching was no pleasure to him. The fourth master, Collaborator Robert, had, by his unskillful method of teaching, traditionally lost the boys' respect; his lessons passed in disorder, and without any solid fruit. With the third master, Collaborator Caesar, there was more regularity, and something was learned, but I never felt myself attracted to his instructions, as to those of Professor Richter. Perhaps this arose partly from his speaking to me (according to the old custom) in the third person singular, whilst all my school-fellows of the town were addressed in the third person plural,—probably because I was a country boy. Such distinctions, which have certainly long been laid aside, should never be permitted. They always produce a strong impression upon children. But even the instruction itself, which was given in this well-endowed school, afterwards appeared to me in many respects defective. A great deal of time was spent in lessons on geography, natural history, anthropology, morals, physics, logic and philosophy, (what was called ontology,) and the instruction in philology and history, which must be the soul of all school education, interrupted. My brother William and I spent six hours daily at the Lyceum, and then at least four or five in private lessons, from the pages' tutor, Dietmar Stöhr, a man who amply atoned for any deficiency in profound learning by delight in teaching and by affectionate patience, and sincere interest in us. He helped us in our Latin, and taught us French. We were overloaded with work; an hour or two of freedom and leisure would

have done us good ; but we knew very few people, and the little leisure that remained from our school labors we devoted to drawing, in which we made some considerable progress without any teacher. Indeed, it was this which excited the taste of our younger brother, Ludwig Emil, who has since attained to some celebrity, both in oil-painting and etching. In the spring of 1802, a year earlier than Wilhelm, who at this time was attacked by a long and severe illness, I went to the university of Marburg. The parting from him, with whom I had always lived in one room and slept in one bed, was very painful to me. But I wanted to free my beloved mother, whose little property was nearly melted away, from a part of her load of care, and to requite her for a small part of the great love which she had proved towards us by her inflexible self-denial ; and this I could only do by bringing my studies to an early close, and getting some employment. I studied law chiefly, because my father was a jurist, and my mother wished it : for what do boys or youths understand of the real nature and import of such a study, at the time they make such resolute determinations about it ? There is something natural, and even salutary, in this adherence to the occupation of the father. In much later years I had felt no inclination towards any science, except a little to botany. My father had in some measure prepared me himself : before I was ten years old, he had impressed on my mind all sorts of definitions and rules out of the *Corpus Juris*. He had also written out remarkable cases that had occurred in his own practice, in a neat hand, for the use of his children. I was obliged to live very humbly at Marburg ; in spite of many promises we had never succeeded in obtaining the smallest assistance, although my mother was widow of an *Amtmann*, and had five sons to bring up : the fattest stipends were, meanwhile, bestowed on my school-fellow, von der Malsburg, who belonged to the higher Hessian nobility, and would in time be one of the richest landholders. But this never distressed me ; on the contrary, I have often since experienced the happiness and freedom attendant on moderate circumstances. Poverty acts as a spur to industry and toil, preserves us from many distractions, and inspires us with a not ignoble pride, which is kept erect by the consciousness of owing to our own merit alone what others derive from wealth and station. I might give this remark a wider

extension, and attribute much of what the Germans have done, to the circumstance of their not being a rich people. They work their way upwards, and create to themselves many new and peculiar paths, while other nations keep on the broad and well-tracked road. In Marburg, I attended, among others, Bering's lectures on Logic and the Law of Nature, without deriving any real fruit from either ; Weiss's on the Institutes and Pandects, Exleben Pandects and Canon Law ; Rohat's History of the Empire, Law of Nations, Feudal Law, and *Practica* ; Baur's German Private Law and Criminal. Weiss's animated and learned lectures were the most attractive. Of Savigny's lectures I can only say, that they took the greatest hold on my mind, and have exercised a decisive influence on my whole life and studies. In the years 1802 and 3 I attended his various courses, and in 1803 read and studied his book on the law of Possession, '*Recht des Besitzes*,' with great eagerness. Savigny used at that time to set his hearers to interpret particular difficult passages in laws, and to criticise these performances, first in writing on the sheets, as we gave them to him, and then in public. One of my first essays was concerning Collation. I had exactly comprehended the question proposed, and had explained it rightly : it is needless to speak of the indescribable joy this gave me, or what new zeal it infused into my studies. This was the occasion of numerous visits to Savigny. In his rich and choice library I found books not relating to jurisprudence, *e. g.* Bodmer's edition of the *Minnesingers*, of which I afterwards made such frequent use, and which Tieck's book and enchanting introduction had made me so eager to see. In the summer of 1804 Savigny quitted the university to make a literary journey to Paris.

The older one grows, the stronger is the temptation to exalt the days of one's youth, at the expense of later times. In our youth, we have the most intense consciousness of our first strength and our purest will, and external things from every side come, as it were, to meet us. I am, now, much tempted to boast of the spirit which prevailed amongst the Marburg students ; it was fresh and unprejudiced. Wachter's enlightened and free-spirited lectures on History and the History of Literature made a lively impression on most of us. [Once a week he read a lecture in the great hall to a numerous and mixed audience, which was received with unanimous approbation.]

Since that time, the government has interfered much more with the management of schools and universities. It is too anxious to make sure of able servants, and fancies this is to be accomplished by a number of severe examinations. I cannot help thinking, that in time this rigorous supervision will be discontinued again. Not to mention that it cripples the wings of the aspiring, and cramps those harmless and even beneficial developments of individual character which, when once checked, can never afterwards be renewed, it is certain, that if ordinary talent is measurable, extraordinary talent is very difficult to measure, and genius impossible. The consequence of the numerous rules, according to which the studies are prescribed, is therefore (when it is possible to observe them) a monotonous regularity, which is wholly inadequate to the service of the state in important and difficult conjunctures. It is true, that what is thoroughly bad is kept out of the school and the university, but perhaps the really good and distinguished is cramped and kept down. Generally speaking, the scholars now enter the universities with more accurate knowledge than formerly, but a mediocrity of learning is not less general. Every thing is too much provided and prearranged, even in the heads of the students.

The whole work of the half-year unconsciously takes the direction of the examination; the student must attend all the courses of lectures from which he has to bring testimonials; otherwise, there are many which would not have attended, either because the professor's style of lecturing was not attractive to him, or because his inclinations led him to other pursuits. On the other hand, he has no time left for those which are not prescribed to him. The State has thus stamped certain lectures with a sort of official character, and has, in a manner, discouraged all others. Far otherwise was it when the student spontaneously, and guided by the traditions of the university, drew the distinction between the courses of lectures necessary to his professional career (Brodcollegien), and those which he attended from taste or a pure desire of knowledge: he made what dispensations and exceptions he liked. At least, may no attempt ever be made to prescribe to the professors what they shall teach.

In January, 1805, an unexpected proposal was made to me through Weiss. Savigny proposed my joining him without delay at

Paris, to assist him there in his literary occupations. Although I was engaged in my last half-year's study, and intended to go away at Easter or during the summer, yet the prospect of so intimate a connexion with Savigny and the journey to France were sufficiently attractive to make me decide at once, and therefore sent off letters to my mother and aunt, requesting their consent to the scheme. A few weeks later found me seated in the coach, and, early in February, I proceeded by way of Mayence, Metz, and Chalons, to Paris. My sister afterwards told me, that my dear mother had left her bed every night to observe the coldness of the weather: France appeared to her to be far out of reach; and she had given her consent to my journey with secret alarm. I found myself, however, very well taken care of, and passed the spring and summer in the most agreeable and instructive manner. What I received from Savigny was far beyond any service I could have rendered him, the public acknowledgment of which, years afterwards, in the preface to the first volume of his 'History of Roman Law,' afforded me the greatest pleasure. An uninterrupted correspondence has also resulted from our intimacy. The journey home was begun in September, 1805, and towards the end of the month, I arrived safe and sound at my mother's house in Cassel, in company with William, whom I had met at Marburg; my mother had previously removed from Steinau to Cassel, so as to pass her old age in peace in the midst of her children. In the winter my friends busied themselves about my future prospects. I wished to be employed as assessor or secretary under the government, but every place was filled, and at last with considerable difficulty, about January 1806, I obtained a situation in the office of the Secretary of War, with a salary of 100 Reichs thalers. The quantity and the dullness of the work was very distasteful to me, when I compared it with my occupations three months before at Paris: in place also of the modern Parisian dress I was forced to wear a stiff uniform with powder and a pigtail. Nevertheless, I was happy, and devoted all my leisure to the study of the literature and poetry of the middle ages; my inclination for which had been much increased at Paris by the access to, and the use of, MSS., as well as by the purchase of some rare books. A whole year had not passed in this manner, before storms undreamt of broke over my coun-

try : these touched me personally, and drove me from the pursuits upon which I had just entered. Immediately after the occupation of Germany by the French, the War Office, to which I was attached, was converted into a general commissariat office for the whole country. As I was more familiar with the French language than my colleagues, the greater portion of the most tiresome business fell to my lot, and for half a year I had rest neither day nor night. Weary of having to transact business any longer with the French commissaries and officials, by whom we were now inundated, and determined, as soon as the office should be finally organized, no longer to remain in this department, I resigned my office as soon as possible, and found myself again for some time unemployed, and less able than before to be of any assistance to my mother and her family. I thought myself qualified to apply for some post in the public library at Cassel, partly by my proficiency in deciphering MSS., partly by the knowledge I had acquired of the history of literature, in which branch I felt that I could make further progress ; while the study of French law, which threatened to displace ours, was utterly odious to me. However, the place I coveted was given to another, and after the unfortunate year 1807 had passed, and the succeeding one brought with it constant disappointment, I had to suffer the deepest affliction which ever befell me during my whole life. The best of mothers, to whom we were all devoted, died on the 27th of May, 1808, at the age of 52 : she died, too, without even the assurance that any one of her six children who stood sorrowing around her death-bed, were in any way provided for : had she but lived a few months, how great would have been her joy at my happier prospects. I became acquainted, through Joh. v. Müller, with the then cabinet secretary of the King of Westphalia, Cousin de Marinville, who proposed me as qualified for the superintendence of the private library which was formed at Wilhelmshöhe. There must have been great want of other favored competitors, otherwise I should scarcely have obtained so good a place as I did on the 5th of July, 1808. My fitness for the situation had not even been tested. The instructions of the Cabinet Secretary consisted only in these words : " Vous ferez mettre en grands caractères sur la porte, Bibliothèque particulière du Roi." I had immediately a salary

of 2,000 francs, which, after a few months, was increased to 3,000, apparently because my employers were satisfied with me. Again, after the lapse of a short time, the King himself told me one morning, that he had named me an auditeur au Conseil d'Etat, and that I was still to retain my place as librarian (17th Feb., 1809). The office of auditor in the Council of State, was at that time considered as leading to higher promotion. As, by this step, my salary was increased by 1,000 francs, I, who a year before had not a penny income, now found myself in the enjoyment of above 1,000 Reichs thalers, and all anxiety about subsistence was at an end.

My duties as librarian were besides by no means onerous, as I had merely to remain a few hours in the library, and was able, even during these hours, after inspecting the new purchases, to read or make extracts with a view to my own pursuits. Books or references from books, were seldom required by the King, and to no one else were books lent. The rest of the time was entirely my own, and I devoted it, without intermission, to the study of the old German language and poetry. At the council, I had little to do except to attend the sittings in a stiff official uniform, and I soon perceived that when the King did not appear in person, my attendance could be dispensed with. I was able to avoid all society, and as the King was often absent for months together, I passed the most undisturbed life. I cannot speak ill of the King ; his behavior to me was friendly and polite : he appeared, particularly in the latter years of his reign, to have less confidence in me as the only German in the council, than in the other members, who were all Frenchmen ; which I think natural. I should most likely have been dismissed from my place, had it not been for the secretary to the council, Bruguière, afterwards Baron von Sorsum, who succeeded Cousin de Marinville. Bruguière was an accomplished man, himself an author, well versed in English literature, as far as it can be learned from translation : to me, he was always particularly friendly ; and I met him subsequently at Paris. He died only four or five years ago.

Disagreeable circumstances, however, intervened. One morning the room in the Wilhelmshöhe Palace (then absurdly enough called Napoleonshöhe), which contained the library, was to be instantly converted to some other use. Not the small-

est provision was made for placing the books elsewhere. In a day and a half I was to clear all the shelves, to throw all the books in a heap, and have them carried down pell-mell into a dark room on the ground floor. My whole business was thus thrown into utter confusion. Shortly after some thousand volumes of what were esteemed the most useful works were hunted out and carried to be added to those already in the palace at Cassel. Here a greater danger awaited them. In November, 1811, a fire broke out in the palace. On hurrying thither, I found all the rooms under the library in a flame. The books were brought out in large cloths by the guards, and thrown on the ground before the palace, while I escaped by feeling my way out of the small winding staircase in the dark. These were not the most agreeable days of my life. In 1813, when the war approached the kingdom of Westphalia with menacing strides, an order was issued to pack up all the most valuable books at Cassel and Wilhelmshöhe, and send them to France. I drove to the former palace with Bruguère, who was particularly urgent to have the books of engravings, and I tried to convince him that the collection of manuscripts relating to the history of Hesse, (beginning from the Thirty Years War, and containing autograph letters of Gustavus Adolphus, Amelia, Elizabeth, &c.) was of little value; and accordingly they remained unpacked. The books that were sent away, I first saw again in Paris in 1814, where the same huissier who helped to pack them—his name, I remember, was Leloup—had to deliver them up again for the Elector. The man stared when he saw me. The almost unhopd for return of the old Elector, at the end of the year 1813, was an indescribable joy to the country; nor was my own happiness much less at seeing my aunt, whom once only I had visited at Gotha, enter the town with the Electress. We ran by the side of the open carriages through streets hung with garlands of flowers. That was a time of great excitement. I was well recommended, and was proposed as Secretary of Legation, to accompany the Hessian minister, who was to be sent to the head-quarters of the allied army. My nomination took place in December 1813. Two of my brothers made the campaign in the Landwehr, having hastened back to their own country for that purpose, from Munich and Hamburg, where they were settled. The

minister appointed was Count Keller, not a Hessian by birth, a good-hearted old man, though sometimes obstinate and overbearing; he had not the true Hessian feeling, but in those magnificent times, who would not have overlooked any offence? In the beginning of 1814 I travelled from Cassel by Frankfort, Darmstadt, &c., to Troyes; thence by a hurried retreat to Dijon, then again, after a fortnight's rest, to Chatillon, and on to the just captured Paris (April 1814), which ten years before I had little thought of seeing again under such circumstances. On my way I had neglected no opportunity of visiting libraries, and I employed every leisure moment in Paris in working at manuscripts. Meanwhile my future colleague, Völkel, had arrived in Paris, charged to demand the restitution of the antiques and pictures which had been carried off from Hesse, while I was employed in reclaiming the books we had been robbed of. In the summer I returned to Cassel, and prepared to attend the congress of Vienna. There I remained from October 1814 to June 1815—a time which was not useless for my private studies, and procured me the acquaintance of many learned men. It was of peculiar advantage to me that I was here led to study the Slavonic languages. But I received from Cassel the sad tidings of the death of my dear aunt Limmer, the only one of our elder relatives that remained, and one to whom I owed so much. Scarcely had I returned home when I was again—and this time by the Prussian authorities—summoned to the twice-conquered Paris, to find out and demand back manuscripts stolen from the Prussian territory, and at the same time to transact some business for the Elector, who had at that moment no plenipotentiary there. This commission placed me in a disagreeable relation to the Paris librarians, who had been very civil to me before. Now, however, Langlès, with whom I was particularly urgent, was so bitter that he would no longer allow me to work in the king's library, as I had continued to do at leisure hours: "Nous ne devons plus souffrir ce M. Grimm, qui vient tous les jours travailler ici, et qui nous enlève pourtant nos manuscrits," said he aloud. I closed the MS which I had just opened, gave it back again, and went no more to work there—only to complete the business I was sent on. In December, this was happily terminated, and I afterwards received a letter from Prince Hardenberg, expressing his satis-

faction with what I had done. From this moment begins the most tranquil, laborious, and perhaps the most productive portion of my life. I had at length obtained the desired place in the Cassel library, in which William had already been employed for a year. I had decidedly refused a place as Secretary of Legation, at the Diet at Frankfurt. I was now, therefore, second librarian, with a salary of 600 Reichs thalers, Völkel being first. The library was open three hours daily, and all the rest of the time I could devote to study. There was nothing wanted but a moderate and fair provision for my brother and myself to leave us not a wish remaining. The years passed swiftly away."

After the Elector's death, the library was put on a new and less satisfactory footing. The author and his brother were condemned to make a copy of the existing catalogue, consisting of eighty folios, and passed a year and a half in this drudgery. On the death of Völkel, the head librarian, "we imagined," says the author, with touching moderation and modesty, "that we had just claims to promotion. I had been twenty-three years in the service. Since 1816 I had neither received, nor requested, any addition to my small pay; I hoped, too, to do the post of librarian no dishonor. But it fell out otherwise." A stranger was put over the heads of the brothers, and all further prospect of advancement cut off. This destruction of his modest hopes of course wounded Grimm deeply.

"In the year 1816," he says, "I had positively refused a professorship in the University of Bonn, indirectly offered me by Eichhorn; nor had I sought to turn it in any way to my advantage, for I thought to live and die in Hesse. At that time it would certainly have been easier and more advantageous to me to devote myself to the academic career, than it was at a later period. In the summer of 1829 the proposal was privately made us to accept an honorable invitation to Göttingen. All the friends we consulted urged us to accept it. To abandon our beloved and accustomed home seemed to us hard and painful as before, and almost insupportable to quit the track of well-known occupations. But our position had become extremely painful and humiliating. In this disposition of mind we obeyed the feeling of honor, and decided for the unconditional acceptance of the offer. On the 20th of October the formal

vocation from the King was published at Hanover, nominating me professor and librarian, and my brother sub-librarian, with suitable salaries, which put an end to our continual anxiety about the means of subsistence, to which we were exposed in the Hessian service. We entered on our new offices in the beginning of 1830, and I gave my first course of lectures, on the Legal Antiquities of Germany, in that summer. The duties of librarian are much more laborious than at Cassel, but they have their advantages, of which in time I shall become more sensible. The country round Göttingen is, indeed, not to be compared with Cassel, but the same stars are in the heavens above it, and God will help us onward."

The narrative ends here, but the most interesting and important passage of the lives—or life, for it is one—of the brothers is to come. The same stars, indeed, look down upon this noble head, and the same God, in whom he trusted, has supported him in that far harder trial, for conscience sake, to which he and his brother were so soon called in their new abode.

The glorious history of the seven Göttingen professors—the seven champions of law and liberty—is known to all Europe.

We have not much sympathy with the reckless *éméutes* of those hot-blooded political adventurers, impatient of all order and all superiority, who risk nothing but lives, which they are equally ready to jeopardize in the first brawl. But when men whose whole souls are steeped in the conservative elements,—family affection, love of country, respect for its rulers, attachment to law, order, and religion, to all the great saving traditions, human and divine,—resist authority, and renounce the security of subsistence, so hardly attained, so justly valued, we may estimate what sort of authority that is, and of what temper are the true and noble hearts that suffer all it can inflict, rather than yield to it.

On quitting Göttingen in 1837, the Brothers returned to Cassel, where they lived honored and beloved,—surprising the world by the amount and the profundity of their labors. From this retirement they were called in 1841 by the King of Prussia,—one of the first and most graceful acts of whose reign it was to place these illustrious men beyond the reach of fortune, and to give them an honorable position in his capital and chief university: an act

more recently followed up by the appointment of their fellow martyr in the same cause, Dahlmann, to a chair at Bonn.

The little memoir closes with an acknowledgment of the various honors conferred on the author by learned bodies, and a list of his works, introduced by the following words:—

“Before I state what has appeared in print from my pen, I must remark, that all my labors are either directly or indirectly devoted to researches into our ancient language, poetry, and laws. These studies may seem useless to many; to me they have always appeared a serious and dignified task, firmly and distinctly connected with our common Fatherland, and calculated to foster the love of it. * * Another principle which I have constantly adhered to is, to esteem nothing trifling in these inquiries, but to use the small for the elucidation of the great; popular traditions for the elucidation of written documents. The books in the following list marked with asterisks, I prepared and published in common with my brother William. We lived from our youth up in brotherly community of goods; money, books, and collectanea, belonged to us in common, and it was natural to associate our labors. It was advantageous to both of us. If I might venture here to praise my brother, I could do so much better than any body.”

These few and simple words will give the reader but a faint idea of this remarkable and touching family union, based upon a community of virtues and pursuits,—a union, which the introduction of another element, which too often brings coldness and alienation, or at least indifference, between friends and brothers, has only tended to cement. But this is a sanctuary which we have no right to enter, and can only reverentially contemplate on the threshold.

The work of the Brothers Grimm best known to England is the ‘Kinder und Hausmärchen,’ so admirably translated by the late Mr. Edgar Taylor. The great works by Jacob Grimm known to scholars are the ‘Deutsche Grammatik,’ the ‘Deutsche Rechts Alterthümer,’ and the ‘Deutsche Mythologie,’ each a mine and a masterpiece. The crown and consummation of the whole—the German Dictionary—is in progress

HILDEBRAND, OR GREGORY VII.

From the Edinburgh Review.

This elegant article, probably, owes its origin to the same mind which elaborated the beautiful article on Ignatius Loyola, and which is attributed to Mr. Stephens.—ED.

Gregoire VII.; St. Francois d'Assise, St. Thomas D'Aquin. Par. E. J. Delécluze. Two Volumes. Svo. Paris: 1844.

He had been a shrewd, if not a very reverent observer of human life, who bowed to the fallen statue of Jupiter, by way of bespeaking the favor of the god in the event of his again being lifted on his pedestal. Hildebrand, the very impersonation of Papal arrogance and of spiritual despotism, (such had long been his historical character,) is once more raised up for the homage of the faithful. Dr. Arnold vindicates his memory. M. Guizot hails him as the Czar Peter of the Church. Mr. Voight, a professor at Halle, celebrates him as the foremost and the most faultless of heroes. Mr. Bowden, an Oxford Catholic, reproduces the substance of Mr. Voight's eulogy, though without the fire which warms, or the light which irradiates, the pages of his guide. M. Delécluze, and the *Bibliothèque Universelle de Genève*, are elevated by the theme into the region where rhetoric and poetry are conterminous; while M. l'Abbé Jager absolutely shoots with exultation, to witness the subsidence, at the voice of Protestants, of those mists which had so long obscured the glory of him, by whom the pontifical tiara was exalted far above the crowns of every earthly potentate. Wholly inadequate as are our necessary limits to the completion of such an inquiry, we would fain explore the grounds of this revived worship, and judge how far it may be reasonable to join in offering incense at the shrine of this reinstated *Jupiter Ecclesiasticus*.

Except in the annals of Eastern despotisms, no parallel can be found for the disasters of the Papacy during the century and a half which followed the extinction of the Carlovingian dynasty. Of the twenty-four Popes who during that period ascended the apostolic throne, two were murdered, five were driven into exile, four were deposed, and three resigned their hazardous dignity. Some of these Vicars of Christ were raised to that awful preëminence by arms, and some by money. Two received it from the hands of princely courtesans. One was self-

appointed. A well filled purse purchased one papal abdication; the promise of a fair bride another. One of those holy fathers pillaged the treasury, fled with the spoil, returned to Rome, ejected his substitute; and mutilated him in a manner too revolting for description. In one page of this dismal history, we read of the disinterred corpse of a former Pope brought before his successor to receive a retrospective sentence of deposition; and in the next we find the judge himself undergoing the same posthumous condemnation, though without the same filthy ceremonial. Of these heirs of St. Peter, one entered on his infallibility in his eighteenth year, and one before he had seen his twelfth summer. One again took to himself a coadjutor, that he might command in person such legions as Rome then sent into the field. Another, Judas like, agreed for certain pieces of silver to recognize the Patriarch of Constantinople as universal bishop. All sacred things had become venal. Crime and debauchery held revel in the Vatican; while the afflicted Church, wedded at once to three husbands, (such was the language of the times,) witnessed the celebration of as many rival masses in the metropolis of Christendom. To say that the gates of hell had prevailed against the seat and centre of Catholicism, would be to defy the Inquisition. But Baronius himself might be cited to prove that they had rolled back on their infernal hinges, that thence might go forth malignant spirits, commissioned to empty on her devoted head the vials of bitterness and wrath.

How, from this hotbed of corruption, the seeds of a new and prolific life derived their vegetative power, and how, in an age in which the Papacy was surrendered to the scorn and hatred of mankind, the independence of the Holy See on the imperial crown became first a practical truth, and then a hallowed theory, are problems over which we may not now linger. Suffice it to say, that in the middle of the eleventh century, Europe once more looked to Rome as the pillar and the ground of the truth; while Rome herself looked forth on a long chain of stately monasteries, rising like distant bulwarks of her power in every land which owned her spiritual rule.

Of these, Clugni was the foremost in numbers, wealth, and piety; and at Clugni, towards the end of the year 1048, a priest, arrayed in all the splendor, and attended by the retinue of a Pontiff elect, demanded both the hospitality and the homage of

the monks. His name was Bruno. His office, that of the Bishop of Toul. But at the nomination of the Emperor Henry the Third, and in a German synod, he had recently been elected to the vacant Papacy, and was now on his way to Rome, to take possession of the Chair of Peter. The Prior of the house was distinguished above all his brethren by the holiness of his life, the severity of his self-discipline, and by that ardent zeal to obey which indicate the desire and the ability to command. He was then in the prime of manhood, and his countenance (if his extant portraits may be trusted) announced Hildebrand as one of those who are born to direct and subjugate the wills of ordinary men. Such a conquest he achieved over him on whose brows the triple crown was then impending. An election made beyond the precincts of the Holy City, and at the bidding of a secular power, was regarded by the austere monk as a profane title of the seat once occupied by the Prince of the Apostles. At his instance, Bruno laid aside the vestments, the insignia, and the titles of the pontificate; and pursuing his way in the humble garb of a pilgrim to the tomb of Peter, entered Rome with bare feet, and a lowly aspect, and with no attendant (or none discernible by human sense) except the adviser of this politic self-abasement. To Bruno himself indeed was revealed the presence of an angelic choir, who chanted in celestial harmonies the return of peace to the long afflicted people of Christ. Acclamations less seraphic, but of less doubtful reality, from the Roman clergy and populace, rewarded this acknowledgment of their electoral privileges, and conferred on Leo the Ninth (as he was thenceforth designated) a new, and, as he judged, a better title to the supreme government of the Church. The reward of this service was prompt and munificent. Hildebrand was raised to the rank of a Cardinal, and received the offices of sub-deacon of Rome, and superintendent of the church and convent of St. Paul.

Not less assiduous to soothe, than they had been daring to provoke, the resentment of the Emperor, the Pope became once more a courtier and a pilgrim, while the Cardinal remained in Rome to govern the city and the church. Thrice Bruno visited the German court, bringing with him papal benedictions to Henry, and papal censures on Henry's rebellious vassals. So grateful and so effective was the aid thus rendered to the monarch, that, on his last return to

Italy, Leo was permitted to conduct thither a body of Imperial troops, to expel the Norman invaders of the papal territory. At Civitella, however, the axes of Humphrey and Robert, brothers of William of the Iron-hand, prevailed over the sword and the anathemas of Peter. Whether Hildebrand bore a lance in that bloody field is debated by his biographers. But no one disputes that he more than divided the fruits of it with the conquerors. To them were conceded the three great fiefs of Calabria, Apulia, and Sicily—to the Holy See the suzerainty over them. Humiliated and broken hearted by his defeat, Bruno pined away and died. Strong in this new feudal dominion, and in the allegiance of these warlike vassals, Hildebrand directed his prescient gaze to the distant conflicts and the coming glories in which they were to minister to him. The auspicious hour was not yet come. His self-command tranquilly abided the approach of it.

Gebhard, Bishop of Eichstadt, enjoyed the unbounded confidence and affection of Henry. He had ever lent the weight of his personal advice, and the sanction of his episcopal authority, to sustain his friend and master in his opposition to papal encroachments. Yet Gebhard was selected by the discerning Cardinal, as of all men the best qualified to succeed to the vacant Papacy. Presenting himself in the Emperor's presence, Hildebrand implored his acquiescence in a choice in which he must perceive (such was the language of the Cardinal) that his feelings, his interest, and his honor, had all been anxiously consulted. The thoughtful German detected the net spread for him by the wily Italian. He struggled to avoid it, but in vain. He suggested many other candidates. To each Hildebrand had some conclusive objection. He urged that, by the favor and the testimony of Henry himself, Gebhard, and he alone, had been raised to an eminence unassailable by reproach, and beyond the reach of suspicion. Importuned and flattered, his affections moved but his understanding unconvinced, the Emperor at length yielded. If our own second Henry had studied this passage of history, the darkest page of his own had perhaps never been written.

Gebhard became Pope, assumed the title of Victor the Second, adopted, even to exaggeration, the anti-imperial principles of Hildebrand, and rewarded his services by a commission to act as his Legate *a latere* in the kingdom of France. By Victor, this

high employment was probably designed as an honorable exile for a patron to whom he had contracted so oppressive a debt of gratitude. But the new Legate was not a man on whom any dignity could fall as a mere unfruitful embellishment. He cited before him the bishops and ecclesiastical dignitaries, subjected to his legantine power, and preferred against the whole body one comprehensive charge of simony. Of the accused, one alone stoutly maintained his innocence. 'Believest thou,' exclaimed the judge, 'that there are three persons of one substance?' 'I do.' 'Then repeat the doxology.' The task was successfully accomplished until the prelate reached the name of him whose gifts Simon Magnus had desired to purchase. That name he could not utter. The culprit cast himself at the legate's feet, confessed his guilt, and was deposed. More than eighty of his brethren immediately made the same acknowledgment. The rumor spread on every side, that the papal emissary was gifted with a preternatural skill to discern the presence in the human heart of any thoughts of Satanic origin. Popular applause followed the steps of the stern disciplinarian, and the wonder of the ignorant was soon rivalled by the admiration of the learned and the great. Such was the fame of his wisdom, that the claim of Ferdinand of Castile to bear the imperial title, was referred to his legantine arbitrement by the Spanish and the German sovereigns. He awarded that exclusive privilege to Henry and to his heirs. Ill had Henry divined the future. Rashly had he consented to hold the honors of his crown by the judicial sentence of a man, who, within twenty years, was to pluck that crown with every mark of infamy from the brows of his only son and successor.

When that son ascended the throne of his progenitors, and assumed the kingly title of Henry the Fourth, he was yet a child. Agnes, his widowed mother, became the regent of his dominions, and Victor the guardian of his person. But the pope soon followed the deceased emperor to the grave, and another papal election placed Fredrick of Lorraine upon the apostolic throne. In appearance, the choice was the undesigned and hasty result of a mere popular tumult. In reality, it was effected by the influence, as it promoted the designs, of Hildebrand.

Frederick was the brother of Godfrey, who, in right of his wife Beatrice, and during the minority of her daughter Matilda, this

exercised the authority and enjoyed the title of Duke of Tuscany. This promotion cemented the alliance between the Holy See and the most powerful of the Italian states, by which the northern frontier of the papal territories might be either defended or assailed. Nor were the clamor and confusion which attended it, really unpremeditated. For so flagrant a disregard of the rights of the infant Emperor, some excuse was necessary, and none more specious could be found than that which was afforded by the turbulence of popular enthusiasm. By what informing spirit the rude mass had been agitated, was sufficiently disclosed by the first act of the new Pontiff. He had scarcely assumed the title of Stephen the Ninth, before he conferred on Hildebrand the dignities of Cardinal Archdeacon of Rome, and of Legate at the Imperial Court.

After a reign of eight months, Stephen, conscious of the approach of death, left to the Romans his last injunction to postpone the choice of his successor, until the return from Germany of this great dispenser of ecclesiastical promotions. The command was obeyed. The Cardinal-Archdeacon reappeared, bringing with him the consent of the Empress-Regent to the choice of Gerard, Bishop of Florence, another adherent of the ducal house of Tuscany. He accordingly ascended the throne of St Peter. Like each of his immediate predecessors, he sat there at the nomination of Hildebrand—the one great minister of his reign, and director of his measures. At his instance, Nicholas the Second (so was he now called) summoned a council at which was first effected, in the year 1059, a revolution, the principle of which, at the distance of eight centuries, still flourishes in unimpaired vitality. It, for the first time, conferred on the College of Cardinals the exclusive right of voting at papal elections. It set aside not only the acknowledged rights of the Emperor to confirm, but the still more ancient privilege of the Roman clergy and people to nominate their bishop. But Hildebrand was now strong enough in his Norman alliance, to defy a power before which so many churchmen had trembled. At his summons, Robert Guiscard broke down the fortresses of the Roman counts and barons, who, with their retainers, had been accustomed, in the comitia of papal Rome, to reveal the exploits of Clodius and his gladiators. Their authority was arrested for ever, and from that period their name ceases to appear in the history of pontifical

elections. The title of Duke, and a recognition of his sovereignty, over all the conquests which he had made, or should ever make, rewarded the obedience of the Norman freebooter.

This service rendered to the cause of sacerdotal independence, Nicholas died. It was a cause which, however much advanced by the profound sagacity and promptitude of Hildebrand, could, as he well knew, triumph over the hostility of its powerful antagonists by no means less hazardous or less costly than that of open and protracted war. During the minority of Henry such a conflict could hardly be commenced, still less brought to a decisive issue. The rights of the royal child derived from his very weakness a sanctity in the hearts, and a safeguard in the arms, of his loyal German subjects. The time of mortal struggle was not yet come. The aspiring Cardinal judged that by again resigning to another the nominal conduct, he could best secure to himself the real guidance, of the impending controversy.

To obtain from the Empress-Regent an assent to the observance by the Sacred College of the new electoral law, was the first object of the conclave which assembled after the death of Nicholas, at the command of Hildebrand. At his instance an envoy was despatched to the Imperial Court, with the offer that the choice should fall on any ecclesiastic whom Agnes might nominate, if she would consent that the Cardinals alone should appear and vote at the ceremonial. The compromise was indignantly rejected. A synod of imperialist prelates was convened at Basil, and by them Cado-lous, Bishop of Parma, (the titular Honorius the Second,) was elevated to the vacant Papacy. To this defiance the Cardinal Archdeacon, and his brethren, answered by the choice of Anselm, Bishop of Lucca, afterwards known in history as Alexander, the second of that name. After a brief but sanguinary conflict in the open field, each of the rival Popes, at the mediation of Godfrey, retired to his diocese, there to await the judgment of a future council on their pretensions. But Alexander did not quit the city until he had acknowledged and rewarded the services of the head and leader of his cause. Hildebrand now received the office of Chancellor of the Holy See, the best and the highest recompense which he could earn, by raising others to supreme ecclesiastical dominion. Two successive councils confirmed the election of Alexan-

der, who continued during twelve years to rule the church with dignity, if not in peace.

The time at length arrived when Hildebrand was to receive the high and hazardous reward which his unfaltering hopes had so long contemplated, and his self-controlling policy so often declined. Leo, Victor, Stephen, Nicholas, and Alexander, had each been indebted to his authority for the pontificate, and to his councils for the policy with which it had been administered. Successively Cardinal, Deacon, Archdeacon, Legate, and Chancellor of the Apostolic See, one height alone was yet to be scaled. In the great church of the Lateran the corpse of Alexander was extended on the bier. A solemn requiem commended to the Supreme Judge the soul of the departed, when the plaintive strain was broken by a shout, which, rising as it seemed spontaneously and without concert from every part of the crowded edifice, proclaimed that, by the will of the Holy Peter himself, the Cardinal-Chancellor was Pope. From the funeral procession Hildebrand flew to the pulpit. With impassioned gestures, and in a voice inaudible amidst the uproar, he seemed to be imploring silence; but the tempest was not to be allayed until one of the Cardinals announced, in the name of the Sacred College, their unanimous election of him whom the Apostle and the multitude had thus simultaneously chosen. Crowned with the tiara, and arrayed in the gorgeous robes of a Pope-elect, Gregory the Seventh was then presented to the people. Their joyous exultation, and the pomp of the inaugural ceremonies, blended and contrasted strangely with the studied gloom and the melancholy dirge of the funeral rites.

That this electoral drama was a mere improvisation, may be credited by those before whose faith all the mountains of improbability give way. But thus to reach the summit of sacerdotal dominion as if by constraint; and thus, without forfeiting the praise of severe sanctity, to obtain the highest of this world's dignities; and thus to anticipate and defeat the too probable resistance of the Imperial Court; and thus to afford the Cardinals the opportunity and the excuse for the prompt exercise of their yet precarious electoral privilege—was a combination and a coincidence of felicities such as fortune, unaided by policy, seldom, if ever, bestows, even on her choicest favorites. He who had nominated five Popes, was, assuredly, no passive instru-

ment in his own nomination. His letters, written on the occasion, would alone be sufficient to prove, if proof were wanting, that a career thus far guided by the most profound sagacity, was not abandoned at its crisis to the caprice of a dissolute multitude. To several of his correspondents he addressed pathetic descriptions of his alarm and sorrow, but with an uniformity of terms so remarkable as to suggest the belief, that the elegiac strain was repeated as often as necessary by his secretaries, with such variations as their taste suggested. To the Emperor he breathed nothing but submission and humility. The most unimpeachable decorum presided over the whole ceremonial that followed. Envoys passed and repassed. Men of grave aspect instituted tedious inquiries. Solemn notaries attested prolix reports; and in due time the world was informed, that of his grace and clemency Henry, King of Germany and Italy, calling himself Emperor, had ratified the election of his dearly beloved father, Gregory the Seventh; the world, meanwhile, well knowing that despite the Emperor's hostility, the Pope was able and resolved to maintain his own; and that, if his power had seconded his will, the Emperor would have driven the Pope from Rome, as the most dangerous of rebels and the most subtle of usurpers.

But Henry was ill prepared for such an effort. During the first six years of his reign, the affairs of his vast hereditary empire had been conducted by his widowed mother. She was formed to love, to reverence, and to obey. In an age less rude, or in a station less exalted, her much long-suffering, her self-sustaining dignity, and the tenderness of her gentle spirit, might have enabled her even to win obedience. But her mind was ductile, her conscience enfeebled by a morbid sensibility, and her character formed by nature and by habit for subservience to any form of superstitious terror. She was surrounded by rapacious nobles whom no sacrifices could conciliate, and by lordly churchmen, who at once exacted and betrayed her confidence. Though severely virtuous, she was assailed by shameless calumnies. Her female rule was resented by the pride of Teutonic chivalry, and fraud and violence combined to inflict the deepest wound on her rights as a sovereign, and her feelings as a mother.

At Kaiserworth on the Rhine, Agnes and her son, then in his thirteenth year,

were reposeing from the fatigues of an imperial progress. A galley, impelled by long lines of oars, and embellished with every ornament which art and luxury could command, appeared on the broad stream before them. Attended by a train of lords and servitors, Anno, the Archbishop of Cologne, descended from the gallant barge, and pressed the royal youth to inspect so superb a specimen of aquatic architecture and episcopal magnificence. Henry gladly complied, and, as the rowers bent to their oars, he enjoyed with boyish delight the rapidity with which one object after another receded from his view, till, turning to the companions of what had hitherto seemed a mere holiday voyage, he read in the anxious countenances of the commanders, and the vehement efforts of the boatmen, that he was a prisoner, and more than ever an orphan. With characteristic decision, he at once plunged into the water, and endeavored to swim to shore; but the toils were upon him. A confederacy formed by the Archbishops of Cologne and Mentz, and supported by the Dukes of Bavaria and Tuscany, consigned their young Sovereign to a captivity at once sumptuous and debilitating. They usurped the powers, and plundered the treasures of the crown. They bestowed on themselves and their adherents forests, manors, abbeys, and lordships. But to the future ruler of so many nations, they denied the discipline befitting his age, and the instruction due to his high prospects. They encouraged him, and with fatal success, to enervate by ceaseless amusement, and to debase by precocious debauchery, a mind naturally brave and generous. Anno has been canonized by the see of Rome. By the same ghostly tribunal, the Monarch whom he kidnapped, betrayed, and corrupted, was excluded from the communion of the Church when living, and from her consecrated soil when dead. Impartial history will reverse either sentence, and will reserve her anathemas rather for St. Anno, by whom the princely boy was exposed to the furnace of temptation, than for him in whose young mind the seeds of vice, so unsparingly sown, sprung up with such deadly luxuriance.

The heart of youth was never won by habitual indulgence. As Henry advanced towards manhood, the Archbishops of Cologne and Mentz discovered that they were the objects of his settled antipathy, and that they had to dread the full weight of a resentment at once just, vindictive, and un-

scrupulous. To avert that danger they transferred the charge of the royal youth to Adalbert, Archbishop of Bremen, rightly judging that his skill in courtly arts (for he had lived on affectionate terms with the deceased Emperor) might enable him to win his pupil's regard, but erroneously believing that his ecclesiastical zeal (for it seemed the master passion of his soul) would induce him to employ that advantage in the defence and service of the hierarchy.

Adalbert, whose life is written in the Church History of Adam of Bremen, was a man whose character was so strangely composite, and whose purposes were so immutably single, that he might have suggested portraits to Scott, epigrams to Young, antitheses to Pope, an analysis to Dryden, or to Shakspeare himself some rich and all-reconciling harmony. According to the aspect in which he was viewed, he might with equal justice be regarded as a saint or a man of pleasure, as a scholar or a courtier, as a politician or a wit. Now washing the feet of beggars, eloquently expounding Christian truth, or indignantly denouncing the sins of the rich and the great, the shifting scene exhibited him amidst a throng of actors, jugglers, and buffoons, or as the soul and centre of a society where lords and ambassadors, prelates and priests of low degree, met to enjoy his good cheer, to partake of his merriment, and to endure his relentless sarcasms. At the very moment when, with irresistible address, he was insinuating himself into the favor of some potent Count or Bishop, the approach of another dignitary would rouse him to bitter and unmeasured invective. From the laughing playfellow of his companions he would pass at once into their fierce assailant, and then atone for the extravagance of his passion by a bounty not less extravagant. But whether he preached or gave alms, whether philosophy, or fun, or satire, was his passing whim, he still enjoyed one luxury which habit had rendered indispensable. Parasites were ever at hand to confirm his own convictions, that Adalbert of Bremen was a universal genius, and that, under his fostering care, the see of Bremen was destined to become the northern capital of the universal Church.

Nor was it strange that he believed them. Of the countless victims of self-idolatry, few have had so many seductions to that intoxicating worship. A military as well as an ecclesiastical prince, he witnessed the extension of his Archiepiscopal domin-

ion far along the shores of the Elbe and the Baltic. Kings solicited his personal friendship. Sweden and the Empire accepted him as the mediator of peace. Envoys from every state in Europe, not excepting Constantinople, thronged his palace. He was at once the confidential adviser of the Pope and the chief minister of the Emperor, and even boasted (with whatever truth) that he had declined the papacy itself. But this earlier Wolsey, like his great antitype, longed for some imperishable monument of his glory. Bremen was the Ipswich of Adalbert; the site selected, but in vain, for perpetuating to the remotest ages the memory of an ambition less ennobled by the greatness of its aims, than debased by an insatiable vanity. To aggrandize his diocese, he builded and fortified, negotiated and intrigued, became by turns a suitor and an oppressor, conciliated attachments and braved enmities, and lived and died the imaginary patriarch of the imaginary patriarchate of the German and Scandinavian nations.

Brightly dawned on the young Henry the day which transferred the charge of his person and of his education from the austere Anno to the princely Adalbert. The Archbishop of Cologne had rebuked the vices he indulged. The conscience of the Archbishop of Bremen demanded no such soothing compromise. He fairly threw the reins on the neck of his royal charge, who invoked the aid of young and profligate companions to use or to abuse this welcome indulgence. His tutors had sown the wind: his people were now to reap the whirlwind. Of the domestic life of the young Emperor, the dark tale recorded by the chroniclers of his age would not be endured by the delicacy of our own. His public acts might seem to have been prompted by the determination to exasperate to madness the national pride, the moral sense, and the religious feelings of his subjects. Yet even when thus provoked, their resentment slumbered. A popular address, a noble presence, and the indulgence so liberally yielded to the excesses of the great, the prosperous, and the young, gave scope for the full expansion of his crimes and follies. At the Lateran the influence of his personal qualities was unfelt. Roused to a just indignation by the frequent intelligence of a life so debauched, and of a reign so impious, Alexander cited the Emperor to appear at Rome, there to answer in person to the apostolic throne for the simony and

the other offences imputed to him. The voice was Alexander's voice, but the hand was the hand of Gregory.

Between the day on which Hildebrand conducted Leo the Ninth into Rome as a simple pilgrim, to the time of his own tumultuary election, the quarter of a century had intervened. During the whole of that period he had been the confidential minister and guide of the Papacy. In each of the five pontificates which he had nominally served and really governed, the Holy See had pursued the same aggressive policy with a steadfastness indicating the guidance of one far-seeing mind gifted with patience to await, with promptitude to discern, and with courage to seize the moments of successful advance. When, therefore, the citation of Henry was issued in the name of the dying Pope, none doubted that this audacious act, then without a parallel in history, had been dictated by the same stern and unrelenting councillor. When tidings reached the Imperial Court that the voice of the people and the votes of the cardinals had placed in Gregory's hands the mysterious keys and the sharp sword of Peter, none doubted the near approach of the conflict which was to assign the supreme dominion over the Christian world, either to the German sceptre, or to the Roman crosier. That, after ages of war and controversy, they should peacefully exercise a concurrent yet divided rule, would have seemed an idle dream to a generation whose feudal theory of government had for its basis the principle of various gradations of dependency on some one common head or suzerain.

With a life unstained by any sensual or malignant crime, (a praise of which his contemporary and rancorous biographer, Cardinal Benno, is the reluctant and unconscious witness,) and self-acquitted of any selfish ends, (for except as the champion of the Church he neither obtained nor sought any personal aggrandizement,) Pope Hildebrand surrendered himself freely to the current of those awful thoughts which have peopled the brain of each of the successors of Peter in his turn, the basest and the most impure scarcely excepted. A mystery to himself, he had become the supreme Vicar of Christ on earth; the predestined heir of a throne among those saints who should one day judge the world; the mortal head of an immortal dynasty; the depository of power delegated yet divine; the viceroy to whom had been in-

trusted by God himself the care of interests, and the dispensation of blessings and of curses, which reduced to inappreciable vanities all the good and evil of this transitory world. Resolute as he was, he appears to have trembled at the contrast between the weakness of his human nature and the weight of these majestic responsibilities. With the Abbots of Clugni and of Monte Cassino he maintained a relation as much resembling friendship as was compatible with the austerity of his nature and his habits; and to them he depicted the secret tumults of his mind, in terms of which it would be impossible to deny either the sincerity or the eloquence.

Before his prophetic eye arose a vast theocratic state, in which political and religious society were to be harmonized, or absorbed into each other. At the head of this all-embracing polity, the Bishop of Rome was to assert his legitimate authority over all the kings and rulers of the earth. In immediate dependence on him was to be ranged the circle of his liege spiritual lords—some residing at the seat of empire as electors, councillors, and ministers to the supreme potentate; others presiding over the fraternities, the provinces, and the sees of which his empire was composed. At the capital of this hierarchal state were to be exercised the various powers of government—legislative, administrative, and judicial. There were also to be held the occasional meetings of the extraordinary or ecumenical legislature. To the infallible sovereign of this new Jerusalem were to be assigned prerogatives limited only by his own conscience, and restrained by no power but that of God himself. To the Emperor, the Kings, the Dukes, and Counts, his feudatories, was to be intrusted a ministry subordinate and auxiliary to his. They were to maintain order, to command armies, to collect revenues, to dispense justice. But they were to hold their crowns or coronets at the pleasure of the Autocrat; to justify to him the use of their inferior authority, and to employ it in support of that power, which, derived from heaven itself, could acknowledge no superior, equal, or competitor on earth. But woe—such woe as vengeance, almighty and unrelenting, could inflict—on him who should impiously wield the pontifical sceptre, in the name of Christ, in any spirit, or for any ends, not in accordance with those awful purposes which once made Christ himself a sojourner among men! Heathen Rome

had been raised up to conquer and to civilize. To Christian Rome was appointed a far loftier destiny. It was hers to mediate between hostile nations, to reconcile sovereigns and their people—to superintend the policy, restrain the ambition, redress the injustice and punish the crimes of princes—to render the Apostolic Throne the source and centre of a holy influence, which, diffused through every member of the social body, should inform, and animate, and amalgamate the whole, and realize the inspired delineation of that yet unborn age, when the lion and the lamb should lie down together, with a little child their leader.

Sublime as were the visions which thus thronged on the soul of Gregory the Seventh, and which still shed a glowing light over his three hundred and fifty extant letters, life was never, for a single day, a state of mere visionary existence to him. Before him lay the impending struggle with Henry, with Honorius, with the ecclesiastics of Lombardy, with the German people, whose loyalty had so long survived the sorest provocation, and with many even of the German prelates, who ascribed to the successor of Charlemagne and of Otho the same rights which these great monarchs had exercised over the Pontiffs of an earlier generation. Nor was he unconscious that the way for his theocracy must be paved by reforms, so searching as to convert into inexorable antagonists many of those on whose attachment to his person and his laws he might otherwise have most implicitly relied.

Yet it was with no faint auguries of success that he girded himself for the battle. His Norman feudatories to the south, his Tuscan alliance to the north, promised security to the papal city. Disaffection was widely spread among the commonalty of the Empire. The Saxons were on the verge of revolt. The Dukes of Swabia, Carinthia, and Bavaria, were brooding over insufferable wrongs. From the young and debauched Emperor, it seemed idle to dread any resolved or formidable hostility. From the other powers of Europe, Henry could expect no succor. From every region of Christendom a voice, addressed and audible to the supreme Pontiff, invoked a remedy for the traffic in holy things, and for the fearful pollutions beneath which the Church was groaning; and that heavenly voice promised to him, when he should have strangled those monsters of iniquity,

every honor which man could confer, and every benediction which God bestows on his most favored servants. He heard, and he obeyed it.

From the most remote Christian antiquity, the marriage of clergymen had been regarded with the dislike, and their celibacy rewarded by the commendation, of the people. Among the ecclesiastical heroes of the four first centuries, it is scarcely possible to point to one who was not, in this respect, an imitator of Paul rather than of Peter. Among the ecclesiastical writers of those times, it is scarcely possible to refer to one by whom the superior sanctity of the unmarried to the conjugal state is not either directly inculcated or tacitly assumed. This prevailing sentiment had ripened into a customary law, and the observance of that custom had been enforced by edicts and menaces, by rewards and penalties. But nature had triumphed over tradition, and had proved too strong for Councils and for Popes.

When Hildebrand ascended the chair first occupied by a married Apostle, his spirit burned within him to see that marriage held in her impure and unhallowed bonds a large proportion of those who ministered at the altar, and who handled there the very substance of the incarnate Deity. It was a profanation well adapted to arouse the jealousy, not less than to wound the conscience, of the Pontiff. Secular cares suited ill with the stern duties of a theocratic ministry. Domestic affections would choke or enervate in them that corporate passion which might otherwise be directed with unmitigated ardor towards their chief and centre. Clerical celibacy would exhibit to those who trod the outer courts of the great Christian temple, the impressive and subjugating image of a transcendental perfection, too pure not only for the coarser delights of sense, but even for the alloy of conjugal or parental love. It would fill the world with adherents of Rome, in whom every feeling would be quenched which could rival that sacred allegiance. From every monastery might be summoned a phalanx of allies to overpower the more numerous, but dispersed and feeble antagonists of such an innovation. In every mitred churchman it would find an active partisan. The people, ever rigid in exacting eminent virtue from their teachers, would be rude but effective zealots of a ghostly discipline from which they were themselves to be exempt.

With such anticipations, Gregory, within a few weeks from his accession, convened a council at the Lateran, and proposed a law, not, as formerly, forbidding merely the marriage of priests, but commanding every priest to put away his wife, and requiring all laymen to abstain from any sacred office which any wedded priest might presume to celebrate. Never was legislative foresight so verified by the result. What the great Council of Nicæa had attempted in vain, the Bishops assembled in the presence of Hildebrand accomplished, at his instance, at once, effectually, and for ever. Lamentable indeed were the complaints, bitter the reproaches, of the sufferers. Were the most sacred ties thus to be torn asunder at the ruthless bidding of an Italian priest? Were men to become angels, or were angels to be brought down from heaven to minister among men? Eloquence was never more pathetic, more just, or more unavailing. Prelate after prelate silenced these complaints by austere rebukes. Legate after legate arrived with papal menaces to the remonstrants. Monks and abbots preached the continency they at least professed. Kings and barons laughed over their cups at many a merry tale of compulsory divorce. Mobs pelted, hooted, and besmeared with profane and filthy baptisms the unhappy victims of pontifical rigor. It was a struggle not to be prolonged—broken hearts pined and died away in silence. Expostulations subsided into murmurs, and murmurs were drowned in the general shout of victory. Eight hundred years have since passed away. Amidst the wreck of laws, opinions, and institutions, this decree of Hildebrand's still rules the Latin Church, in every land where sacrifices are offered on her altars. Among us, but not of us,—valuing their rights as citizens, chiefly as instrumental to their powers as churchmen—ministers of love, to whom the heart of a husband and a father is an inscrutable mystery—teachers of duties, the most sacred of which they may not practise—compelled daily to gaze on the most polluted imagery of man's fallen heart, but denied the refuge of nature from a polluted imagination—professors of virtue, of which, from the death of the righteous Abel down to the birth of the fervent Peter, no solitary example is recorded in Holy Writ—excluded from that posthumous life in remote descendants, the devout anticipation of which enabled the patriarchs to walk meekly, but exultingly with their God—

the sacerdotal caste still flourishes in every Christian land, the imperishable and gloomy monument of that far-sighted genius which thus devised the means of papal despotism, and of that short-sighted wisdom which proposed to itself that despotism as a legitimate and laudable end.

With this Spartan rigor towards his adherents, Gregory combined a more than Athenian address and audacity towards his rivals and antagonists. So long as the monarchs of the West might freely bestow on the objects of their choice the sees and abbeys of their states, papal dominion could be but a passing dream, and papal independency an empty boast. Corrupt motives usually determined that choice; and the objects of it were but seldom worthy. Ecclesiastical dignities were often sold to the highest bidder, and then the purchaser indemnified himself by a use no less mercenary of his own patronage; or they were given as a reward to some martial retainer, and the new churchman could not forget that he had once been a soldier. The cope and the coat-of-mail were worn alternately. The same hand bore the crucifix in the holy festival, and the sword in the day of battle. Episcopal warriors and abbatial courtiers thus learned to regard themselves rather as feudatories holding of their temporal lord, than as liegemen owing obedience to their spiritual chief. In the hands of the newly consecrated Bishop was placed a staff, and on his finger a ring, which, received as they were from his temporal sovereign, proclaimed that homage and fealty were due to him alone. And thus the sacerdotal Proconsuls of Rome became, in sentiment at least, and by the powerful obligation of honor, the vicergerents, not of the Pontifex Maximus, but of the Emperor.

To dissolve this *trinoda necessitas* of simoniacal preferments, military service, and feudal vassalage, a feebler spirit would have exhorted, negotiated, and compromised. To Gregory it belonged to subdue men by courage, and to rule them by reverence. Addressing the world in the language of his generation, he proclaimed to every potentate, from the Baltic to the Straits of Calpé, that all human authority being holden of the divine, and God himself having delegated his own sovereignty over men to the Prince of the Sacred College, a divine right to universal obedience was the inalienable attribute of the Roman

Pontiffs, of whom, as the supreme earthly suzerain, emperors and kings held their crowns, patriarchs and bishops their mitres, and held them not mediately through each other, but immediately as tenants *in capite* from the one legitimate representative of the great Apostle.

In turning over the collection of the epistles of Hildebrand, we are every where met by this doctrine asserted in a tone of the calmest dignity and the most serene conviction. Thus he informs the French monarch that every house in his kingdom owed to Peter, as their father and pastor, an annual tribute of a penny, and he commands his legates to collect it in token of the subjection of France to the Holy See. He assures Solomon the King of Hungary, that his territories are the property of the Holy Roman Church. Solomon being incredulous and refractory, was dethroned by his competitor for the Hungarian crown. His more prudent successor, Ladislaus, acknowledged himself the vassal of the Pope, and paid him tribute. To Corsica a legate is sent to govern the demesnes of the Papacy in the island, and to recover the rest of it from the Saracens. To the Sardinians an account is dispatched of her title to their obedience, with menaces of a Norman invasion if it should be withheld. On Demetrius, Duke of Dalmatia, we find him conferring the kingly title, reserving a yearly payment of two hundred pieces of silver 'to the holy Pope Gregory, and his successors lawfully elected, as supreme lords of the Dalmatian kingdom.' Among the visitors of Rome was a youth described in one of these epistles as son of the King of Russia. The letter informs the sovereign so designated, that, at the request of the young Prince, the Pontiff had administered to him the oath of fealty to St. Peter and his successors, not doubting that 'it would be approved by the king and all the lords of his kingdom, since the Apostle would henceforth regard their country as his own, and defend it accordingly.' From Sweno the Dane he exacted a promise of subjection. From the recently converted Polanders he demanded, and received, as sovereign lord of the country, an annual tribute of an hundred marks in silver. From every part of the European continent, Bishops are summoned by these imperial missives to Rome, and there are either condemned and deposed, or absolved and confirmed in their sees. In France, in Spain, and in Germany, we find his legates exercising

the same power; and the correspondence records many a stern rebuke, sometimes for their undue remissness, sometimes for their misapplied severity. The rescripts of Trajan scarcely exhibit a firmer assurance both of the right and the power to control every other authority, whether secular or sacerdotal, throughout the civilized world.

There was, however, one memorable exception. Robert the Norman conqueror of Sicily, and William the Norman conqueror of England, steeped in blood and sacrilege, were the most shameless and cruel of usurpers. The groans and curses of the oppressed cried aloud for vengeance against them. But the apostolic indignation, though roused by the active vices of the Emperor, and the apathetic depravity of Philip of France, had for these tyrants no menaces of ghostly wrath, no exhortations to repentance. Robert was embraced and honored as the faithful ally of Rome. William was addressed in the blandest accents of esteem and tenderness. 'You exhibit towards us' (such is the style) 'the attachment of a dutiful son, yea, of a son whose heart is moved by the love of his mother. Therefore, my beloved son, let your conduct be all that your language has been. Let what you have promised be effectually performed.' The injunction was not disobeyed, for even of promises the grim conqueror of the north had been sufficiently parsimonious. As Duke of Normandy he remitted to the Pope the amount of certain dues. As King of England he indignantly refused the required oath of fealty. 'I hold my kingdom of God and of my sword,' was his stern and decisive answer. Something the papal legate dared to mutter of the worthlessness of gold without obedience; but the gold was accepted and the disobedience endured. These were not the days of John, surnamed Lackland; and for Innocent the Third was reserved by his great predecessor the glory of receiving, from an English sovereign on his bended knee, the crown which, on the head of William, challenged equal honors with the papal tiara. For concessions favorable to his hopes of unlimited dominion, the Pontiff turned to a sovereign whose crimes no triumphs had sanctified, and no heroism redeemed.

Alexander's citation had been despised by Henry, and was not revived by Hildebrand. Every post from Germany brought fresh proof that, without the use of weapons

so hazardous, the Emperor must, ere long, be reduced to solicit the aid of Rome on such terms as Rome might see fit to dictate. Dark as were the middle ages, the German court had light enough (if we may credit the chroniclers) to anticipate our own enlightened Irish policy. The ancient chiefs of Saxony were imprisoned, their estates confiscated, and granted to absent lords and prelates. Tithe proctors hovered like birds of prey over the Saxon fields. A project was formed for driving the ancient inhabitants into a Saxon pale, and for converting the land into a great Swabian colony. Castles frowned on every height. Their garrisons pillaged and enslaved the helpless people. Alliances were formed with the Bavarian and the Dane to crush a race hated for their former pre-eminence, and despised for their recent sufferings. Nothing was wanting to complete the parallel but discord and dejection amongst the intended victims.

Groaning under the oppressions, and penetrating the designs of their sovereign, the Saxons solicited for their leaders an audience at Goslar. The appointed day arrived. The deputies presented themselves at the palace. Henry was engaged at a game of hazard, and bade them wait till he had played it out. A stern and indignant demand for justice repelled the insult. A second time, in all the insolence of youth, Henry returned a contemptuous answer. In a few hours he found himself blockaded at his castle of Hartzburg by a vast assemblage of armed men, under the command of Otho of Nordhim, the Tell or Hofer of his native land.

Escaping with difficulty, the Emperor traversed Western Germany to collect forces for crushing the Saxon insurgents. But the spell of his Imperial name and of his noble presence were broken. The crimes of a defeated fugitive were unpardonable. His allies made common cause with the Saxons, whom they had so lately leagued to destroy. Long repressed resentment burst out in the grossest indignities against the recreant sovereign. Unworthy to wear his spurs or his crown, (so ran the popular arraignment,) he descended at a step from the summit of human greatness almost to the condition of an outcast from human society. A Diet had been summoned for his deposition. His sceptre had been offered to Rudolf of Swabia. A few days more, and his crown, if not his life, had been forfeited, when an opportune illness and a

rumor of his death awakened the dormant feelings of reverence and compassion. Haggard from disease, abject in appearance, destitute, deserted, and unhappy, he presented himself to the citizens of Worms. The ebbing tide of loyalty rushed violently back into its wonted channels. Shouts of welcome ran along the walls. Every house-top rang with acclamations. Women wept over his wrongs. Men-at-arms devoted their lives, rich burghers their purses, to his cause. The Diet was dissolved, Rudolf fled, and it remained for Henry to practise, on his recovered throne, the lessons he had learned in the school of adversity.

Those lessons had been unfolded and enforced by the parental admonitions of Gregory. The royal penitent answered by promises of amendment, 'full' (as the Pope declared) 'of sweetness and of duty.' Nor was this a mere lip homage. To prove his sincerity, he abandoned to the Pope the government of the great see and city of Milan, the strongest hold of the Imperialists in Italy. A single desire engrossed the heart of Henry. No sacrifice seemed too costly which might enable him to inflict an overwhelming vengeance on the Saxon people; no price excessive by which he could purchase the aid, or at least the neutrality, of Hildebrand in the impending struggle. The concessions were accepted by the Pope, the motive understood, and the equivalent rendered. With gracious words to the Emperor and to Rudolf, with pacific councils and vague promises to the Saxons, the Pope retired from all further intervention in a strife of which it remained for him to watch the issue and to reap the advantage.

It was in the depth of a severe winter that Henry, hoping to surprise the insurgents, marched from Worms at the head of forces furnished by the wealth and zeal of that faithful city. Drifts of snow obstructed his advance. The frozen streams could no longer turn the mills on which he depended for subsistence. Meteors blazed in the skies, and the dispirited soldiers trembled at such accumulated omens of disaster. In that anxious host, one bosom only was heedless of danger, and unconscious of suffering. He, who had hitherto been known only as a profligate and luxurious youth, now urged on his followers through cold, disease, and famine, to the Saxon frontier. But there Otho awaited him at the head of a large and well-dis-

ciplined army. The Imperialists declined the unequal encounter. Again Henry was reduced to capitulate. Humbled a second time before his subjects, he bound himself to dismantle his fortresses, to withdraw his garrisons, to restore the confiscated fiefs, to confirm their ancient Saxon privileges, and to grant an amnesty unlimited and universal.

The treaty of Gerstungen (so it was called) was dictated by animosity and distrust, and was carried into execution by the conquerors in the spirit of vindictive triumph. They expelled from his residence at Goslar their dejected king and his household, and destroyed the town of Hartzburg with its royal sepulchre, where lay the bones of his infant son, and of others of his nearest kindred. The graves were broken open, and their ghastly contents exposed to shameful and inhuman contumelies—a wild revenge, and a too plausible pretext for a fearful and not distant retribution.

Henry returned to his Rhenish provinces to meditate vengeance. Reckless of any remoter danger in which the indulgence of that fierce passion might involve him, he invoked the arbitrement of Hildebrand, and called on him to excommunicate the sacrilegious race who had burned the church and desecrated the sepulchres of his forefathers. Gregory watched the gathering tempest of civil war, received the appeals of the contending parties, and answered both by renewed injunctions of obedience to himself. To the Saxons he sent homilies, to the Emperor an embassy, graced by the name and the presence of his mother, Agnes. She bore a papal mandate to her son to enforce the celibacy of the clergy, and to restore to its lawful channels the patronage of the Church. Henry promised obedience. The legates then convoked a national Synod, to be held in Germany under their own presidency. To this encroachment also, Henry submitted. A remonstrance against it from the Archbishop of Bremen was answered by a legantine sentence suspending him from his see. Still the Emperor was passive. Another sentence of the papal ambassadors exiled from the court, and presence of Henry, five of his councillors whom Alexander had excommunicated. No signal of resistance was given by their insulted sovereign. Edicts for the government of the Teutonic Church were promulgated without the usual courtesy of asking his concurrence. They

provoked from him no show of resentment. Their work accomplished, the legates then returned to Rome, the messengers of successes more important than any former Pope had ventured to contemplate over the authority of the Cæsar. Applause, honors, preferments rewarded her associates; while to Agnes herself were given assurances of celestial joy, and of a distinguished place among the choristers of heaven.

Her less aspiring son fed his mind with hopes of vengeance, rendered as he thought more sure by all his concessions to the Roman Pontiff. Twice, indeed, he had recoiled ignominiously from the Saxon frontier. But from defeat itself he might draw the means of victory. By the great feudatories of the Empire, the spectacle of armed peasants and wealthy burghers imposing terms of peace on the successor of Charlemagne, had been regarded with proud scorn and indignation. They resented the rising fame and influence of Otho. He and his followers might become strong enough to resume by arms the estates they had lost by confiscation. Rumors were already rife of such designs. To fan these flames, and deepen these alarms, to excite among restless chiefs and predatory bands the appetite for war and plunder, became the easy and successful labor of the impatient Emperor. At Henry's summons, the whole strength of Germany collected on the Elbe to crush in his quarrel the power they had so lately aided to depose him. There were to be seen the crucifix of the Abbot of Fulda, and there the sacred banner of the Archbishop of Mentz. There Guelf, the Bavarian, raised his ducal standard to reconquer the broad lands restored to their former owners by the treaty of Gerstungen. There, surrounded by the chivalry of Lorraine, and restored by the Emperor to that forfeited principality, Godfrey repaid the boon by the desertion of the alliance, conjugal as well as political, which bound him to the House of Tuscany. There appeared the King of Hungary, lured by the hope of new provinces to be assigned to him on the dismemberment of Saxony. And there, in the centre of countless pennons, came Rudolf, to prove his loyalty to the prince whose throne he had so recently endeavored to usurp.

The tide of war rolled on towards the devoted land. It had been saved, if penitence, humility, and prayer were of the same power in the courts of earth as in those of

heaven. It had been saved, if courage gathered from despair, and guided by patriotism, could have availed against such a confederacy of numbers and of discipline. But prayer was vain, and patriotism impotent. A long summer's day had reached its close, when, under the command of their great leader Otho, the Saxon lines approached the Unstrut. On the opposite banks of that stream the Imperialists had already encamped. Neither army was aware of the vicinity of the other, and Henry had retired to rest, when Rudolf roused him with the intelligence that the insurgent forces were at hand, unarmed, and heedless of their danger, the ready prey of a sudden and immediate attack. The Emperor threw himself in a transport of gratitude at the feet of his adviser, and leaping on his horse, led forward his forces to the promised victory.

In this strange world of ours, tragedies, of which the dire plot and dark catastrophe might seem to be borrowed from hell, are not seldom depicted by historical dramatists, in colors clear and brilliant as those which may be imagined to repose over Paradise. One of the mitred combatants has sung, and Lambert, the chronicler of Aschafnaburg, has narrated, the battle of the Unstrut. The Bishop's hexameters have all the charm which usually belongs to episcopal charges. But Lambert is among the most graphic and animated of historians. His picture of the field glows with his own military ardor, and is thronged with incidents and with figures which might well be transferred to the real canvass. Among them we distinguish the ill-arranged Saxon lines broken, flying, and again forming at the voice of Otho as it rises above the tumult, and then rushing after him with naked swords, and naked bosoms, on the main battle of the triumphant invaders. And still the eye follows Otho wherever there are fainting hearts to rally, or a fierce onslaught to repel;—and we seem almost to hear the shrill Swabian war-cry from the van of the Imperial host, where by a proud hereditary right they had claimed to stand; and Rudolf their leader, the very minister of death, is ever in the midst of the carnage, himself, as if in covenant with the grave, unharmed; and in the agony and crisis of the strife, Henry the idol, to whom his bloody sacrifice is offered, is seen in Lambert's battle-piece, leaping at the head of his reserve on his exhausted enemies, sweeping whole ranks into confused masses, and amidst shrieks, and groans, and

fruitless prayers, and fruitless curses, immolating them to his insatiable revenge.

The sun went down on that Aceldama amidst the exultations of the victorious allies. It rose on them the following morning agitated by grief, by discord, and by disaffection. Many nobles who had fought the day before under the Imperial banner, were stretched on the field of battle. The enthusiasm of the Saxons had proved at how fearful a price, if at all, the selfish ends of the confederacy must be attained. They mourned the extinction of one of the eyes of Germany. Silently but rapidly the armament dissolved. Godfrey alone remained to prosecute the war. With his aid it was brought to a successful issue. A capitulation placed Otho and the other leaders in the Emperor's power. With their persons secured, their estates forfeited, and their resources destroyed, he returned to join with the loyal citizens of Worms in chanting the 'Te Deum laudamus.' The same sacred strain had but a few days before celebrated at Rome a still more important and enduring victory.

Gregory had rightly judged, that while the rival princes were immersed in civil war, he might securely convene the princes of the Church to give effect to designs of far deeper significance. The long aisles of the Lateran were crowded with grave Canonists and mitred Abbots, with Bishops and Cardinals, with the high functionaries, and the humble apparitors of the Papal State. Proudly eminent above them all, sat the Vicar and Vicegerent of the King of Kings. Masses were sung, and homilies were delivered, and rites were performed, of which the origin might be traced back to the worship of the Capitoline Jove; and then was enacted by the ecclesiastical Senate, a law, not unlike the most arrogant of those which eleven centuries before had been promulgated in the Capitol. It forbade the kings and rulers of the earth to exercise their ancient right of investiture of any spiritual dignity, and transferred to the Pope alone a patronage and an influence more than sufficient to balance within their own dominions all the powers of all the monarchs of Christendom. In the darkest hours of Imperial despotism, the successors of Julius had never enjoyed or demanded an authority so wide or so absolute. Even the daring spirit by which it had been dictated, drew back from the immediate publication of such a decree. The Pope intimated to the German court and

prelates the other acts of the council, but passed over in silence the great edict for which they had been assembled, and by which they were to be immortalized. It reposed in the Papal Chancery as an authority to be invoked at a more convenient season, and in the mean time as a text for the devout to revere, and for the learned to interpret. To Hildebrand it belonged neither to expound nor to threaten, but to act.

The Bishop of Lucca was dead: the Pope nominated his successor. The Bishop of Bamberg was accused of simony; the Pope suspended him. The Archbishop of Bremen still denied the right of Papal legates to preside in a German synod: the Pope deprived him of his see and of the holy sacraments. The Bishops of Pavia, Turin, and Placentia adhered to Honorius: the Pope deposed them. Henry's five exiled councillors gave no signs of repentance: the Pope again excommunicated them. The Normans invaded the Roman territory: the Pope assailed them by a solemn anathema. Philip of France continued to indulge himself, and to pillage every one else: the Pope upbraided and menaced him. Thus with maledictions, sometimes as deadly as the Poptine miasma, sometimes as innocuous as the Mediterranean breeze, he waged war with his antagonists, and exercised in reality the powers which he yet hesitated to assert in words.

To the conqueror of Saxony these encroachments and anathemas of the Pontiff appeared more offensive than formidable. He retaliated rather by scorn than by active hostility. He heaped favors on his own excommunicated councillors—sent one of his chaplains to ascend the vacant throne—nominated an obscure and scandalous member of his own household for the princely mitre of Cologne, and forbade his Saxon subjects to appeal to Rome even in cases exclusively ecclesiastical. To Henry, the Pontiff seemed an angry, arrogant, vituperative, old man, best to be encountered by contempt. To Gregory, the Emperor appeared as the feeble and unconscious agent in a providential scheme for subjecting the secular to the spiritual dynasty. To such as could read the signs of the times, it was evident that, on either side, this contempt was misplaced, and that a long and sanguinary conflict drew near, by which the future destinies of the world would be determined.

Events hurried rapidly onward to that

crisis. Complaints were preferred to the Holy See of crimes committed by Henry against the Saxon Church which cried for vengeance, and of vices practised by him in private, which rendered him unfit for communion with his fellow Christians. Gregory cited the Emperor to appear before him to answer these charges. The Emperor, if we may believe the papal historians, answered by an attempt to assassinate the author of so presumptuous a citation.

On Christmas eve, in the year 1075, the city of Rome was visited by a dreadful tempest. Not even the full moon of Italy could penetrate the dense mass of superincumbent clouds. Darkness brooded over the land, and the trembling spectators believed that the day of final judgment was about to dawn. In this war of the elements, however, two processions were seen advancing to the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore. At the head of one was the aged Hildebrand, conducting a few priests to worship at the shrine of the Virgo Deipara. The other was preceded by Cencius, a Roman noble. His followers were armed as for some desperate enterprise. At each pause in the roar of the tempest might be heard the hallelujahs of the worshippers, or the voice of the Pontiff pouring out benedictions on the little flock which knelt before him—when the arm of Cencius grasped his person, and the sword of some yet more daring ruffian inflicted a wound on his forehead. Bound with cords, stripped of his sacred vestments, beaten, and subjected to the basest indignities, the venerable minister of Christ was carried to a fortified mansion within the walls of the city, again to be removed at daybreak to exile or to death. Women were there with women's sympathy and kindly offices, but they were rudely put aside, and a drawn sword was already aimed at the Pontiff's bosom, when the cries of a fierce multitude threatening to burn or batter down the house, arrested the arm of the assassin. An arrow, discharged from below, reached, and slew him. The walls rocked beneath the strokes of the maddened populace, and Cencius, falling at the prisoner's feet, became himself a supplicant for pardon and for life.

In profound silence and undisturbed serenity, Hildebrand had thus far submitted to these atrocious indignities. The occasional raising of his eyes towards heaven, alone indicated his consciousness of them.

But to the supplication of his prostrate enemy he returned an instant and a calm assurance of forgiveness; he rescued Cencius from the exasperated besiegers, dismissed him in safety and in peace, and returned amidst the acclamations of the whole Roman people to complete the interrupted solemnities of Santa Maria Maggiore.

That Henry instigated this crime, is a charge of which no proof is extant, and to which all probabilities are opposed. But it was current at the time; and the contest thenceforward assumed all the bitterness of personal animosity. To the charges of sacrilege, impurity, and assassination, preferred against the Emperor, his partisans answered by denouncing the Pope himself, at a Synod convened at Worms, as base-born, and as guilty of murder, simony, necromancy and devil worship, of habitual, though concealed, profligacy; and of an impious profanation of the Eucharist. Fortunately for the fame of Gregory, his enemies have written a book. Cardinal Benno, one of the most inveterate, has bequeathed to us a compendium of all those synodal invectives. The guilt of a base birth is established; for Hildebrand's father was a carpenter in the little Tuscan town of Saone. The other imputations are refuted by the evident malignity of the writer, and by the utter failure, or the wild extravagance, of his proofs.

Such, however, was not the judgment of the Synod of Worms. A debate, of two days' continuance, closed with an unanimous vote that Gregory the Seventh should be abjured and deposed. Henry first affixed his signature to the form of abjuration. Then each Archbishop, Bishop, and Abbot, rising in his turn, subscribed the same fatal scroll. Scarcely was the assembly dissolved, before Imperial messengers were on their way to secure the concurrence of other Churches, and the support of the temporal princes. On every side, but especially in Northern Italy, a fierce and sudden flame attested the long mouldering resentment of the priests whom the Pope had divorced from their wives; of the lords whose simoniacal traffic he had arrested; of the princes whose Norman invaders he had cherished; of ecclesiastics whom his haughty demeanor had incensed; of the licentious whom his discipline had revolted; and of the patriotic whom his ambition had alarmed. The abjuration of Worms was adopted with enthusiasm by another

Synod at Placenza. Oaths of awful significance cemented the confederacy. Acts of desperate hostility bore witness to their determination to urge the quarrel to extremities. Not a day was to be lost in intimating to Gregory that the apostolic sceptre had fallen from his hands, and that the Christian Church was once more free.

It was now the second week in Lent, in the year 1076. From his throne, beneath the sculptured roof of the Vatican, Gregory, arrayed in the rich mantle, the pall, and the other mystic vestments of pontifical dominion, looked down the far-receding aisle of the sacred edifice on the long array of ecclesiastical Lords and Princes, before whom 'Henry King of Germany and Italy, calling himself Emperor,' had been summoned to appear, not as their sovereign to receive their homage, but as a culprit to await their sentence. As he gazed on that new senate, asserting a jurisdiction so majestic—and listened to harmonies which might not unfitly have accompanied the worship of Eden—and joined in anthems which in far distant ages had been sung by blessed saints in their dark crypts, and by triumphant martyrs in their dying agonies—and inhaled the incense symbolical of the prayers offered by the Catholic Church to her eternal Head—what wonder, if, under the intoxicating influence of such a scene and of such an hour, the old man believed that he was himself the apostolic Rock on which her foundations were laid, and that his cause and person were sacred as the will, and invincible as the power, of heaven itself? The 'Veni Creator' was on the lips of the papal choir, when Roland, an envoy from the Synods of Worms and Placenza, presented himself before the assembled hierarchy of Rome. His demeanor was fierce, and his speech abrupt. 'The King and the united Bishops both of Germany and Italy,' (such was his apostrophe to the Pope,) transmit to thee this command:—Descend without delay from the throne of St. Peter. Abandon the usurped government of the Roman Church. To such honors none must aspire without the general choice and the sanction of the Emperor. Then addressing the conclave—'To you, brethren,' he said, 'it is commanded, that at the feast of Pentecost ye present yourselves before the King my master, to receive a pope and father from his hands. This pretended pastor is a ravenous wolf.' A brief pause of mute astonishment gave

way to shouts of fury. Swords were drawn, and the audacious herald was about to expiate his temerity with his blood. But Gregory descended from his throne; received from the hands of Roland the letters of the Synods, and resuming his seat, read them in a clear and deliberate voice to the indignant council. Again the sacred edifice rang with a tempest of passionate invective. Again swords were drawn on Roland, and again the storm was composed by the voice of the Pontiff. He spoke of prophecies fulfilled in the contumacy of the King and in the troubles of the faithful. He assured them, that victory would reward their zeal, or divine consolations soothe their defeat: but whether victory or defeat should be their doom, the time, he said, had come, when the avenging sword must be drawn to smite the enemy of God and of his Church.

The speaker ceased, and turned for approbation, or at least for acquiescence, not to the enthusiastic throng of mitred or of armed adherents, but to one who, even in that eventful moment, divided with himself the gaze and the sympathy of that illustrious assemblage. For by his side, though in an inferior station, sat Agnes the Empress-mother, brought there to witness and to ratify the judgment to be pronounced on her only child, whom she had borne amidst the proudest hopes, and trained for empire beneath the griefs and anxieties of widowhood. She bore, or strove to bear herself as a daughter of the Church, but could not forget that she was the mother of Henry, when, in all the impersonated majesty of that holy fellowship, Hildebrand, raising his eyes to heaven, with a voice echoing, amidst the breathless silence of the Synod, through the remotest arches of the lofty pile, invoked the holy Peter, prince of the apostles, to hear, and 'Mary the mother of God,' and the blessed Paul and all the saints to bear witness, while for the honor and defence of Christ's Church, in the name of the sacred Trinity, and by the power and authority of Peter, he interdicted to King Henry, son of Henry the Emperor, the government of the whole realm of Germany and Italy, absolved all Christians from their oaths and allegiance to him, and bound him with the bond of anathema, 'that the nations may know and acknowledge that thou art Peter, and that upon thy rock the Son of the living God hath built his church, and that the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.'

When intelligence of the deposition of Henry first astounded the nations of Europe, the glories of Papal Rome seemed to the multitude to have been madly staked on one most precarious issue. Men foretold that the Emperor would promptly and signally punish a treason so audacious, and that the Holy See would, ere long, descend to the level of the Patriarchate of Constantinople. Nor did the wisest deem such anticipations unreasonable. They reflected that Henry was still in the very prime of life—that he possessed a force of will which habitual luxury had not impaired, and a throne in the hearts of his people which the wildest excess of vice and folly had not subverted—that he reigned over the fairest and the wealthiest portion of the Continent—that he commanded numerous vassals, and could bring into the field powerful armies—that he had crushed rebellion among his subjects, and had no rival to dread among his neighbors—and that the Papacy had flourished under the shelter of the Imperial crown, the authority of which had been so arrogantly defied, and the fierce resentment of which was now inevitably to be encountered. But in the seeming strength of the Imperial resources, there was an inherent weakness, and in the seeming weakness of the Papal cause, a latent but invincible strength. Even Teutonic loyalty had been undermined by the cruelties, the faithlessness, and the tyranny of the monarch, and the doom of the oppressor was upon him. The cause of Gregory was, on the other hand, in popular estimation, the cause of sanctity and of truth, of primeval discipline and traditionary reverence, and the Pope himself a martyr, who, in all the majesty of superhuman power, was resolved either to repel the spoiler from the Christian fold, or to lay down his life for the sheep. That these high and lofty purposes really animated the soul, or kindled the imagination of him to whom they were thus ascribed, it would be presumptuous to deny. But whatever may have been his reliance on the promises of heaven, he certainly combined with it a penetrating insight into the policy of earth. He summoned to his aid his Norman feudatories, and invoked the succor of his Tuscan allies. She who now reigned in Tuscany might be supposed to have been called into being for the single purpose of sustaining, like another Deborah or Judith, the fainting hopes of another Israel.

On the death of Boniface, Duke and

Marquis of Tuscany, in 1054, his states descended to his only surviving child, who, under the title of 'The Great Countess,' ruled there until her own death in 1116, first in tutelage, then in conjunction with her mother Beatrice, and, during the last thirty-nine years of that long period, in her own plenary and undivided right. Though she married Godfrey of Lorraine in her youth, and Guelf of Bavaria in her more mature age, neither the wit and military genius of her first husband, nor the wisdom and dignity of his successor, could win the heart of Matilda. Her biographer has entered into an elaborate inquiry to establish the fact, that, notwithstanding her nuptial vows with two of the most accomplished princes of that age, she lived and died as in a state of celibacy. Even they who cannot concur with him in pronouncing the sacrifice sublime, will admit that it was at least opportune. While persuading the clergy to put away their wives, she herself repudiated both her husbands. The story, indeed, is not very tractable. Schoois for scandal preceded; as they have survived, all the other schools of modern Italy; and whoever has read Goldasti's 'Replication for the Sacred Cæsarean and Royal Majesty of the Franks,' is aware that if Florence had then possessed a comic stage and an Aristophanes, he would have exhibited no less a personage than the great Hildebrand in the chains of no meaner an Aspasia than the great Countess of Tuscany. But large as is the space occupied by this charge, and by the refutation of it, in the annals of those times, it may safely be rejected as altogether incredible and absurd. At that period, the anatomists of the human heart seemed not to have described, if indeed they had detected, that hieropathic affection so familiarly known among ourselves, of which the female spirit is the seat, and the ministers of religion the objects—a flame usually as pure as it is intense, and which burned as brightly in the soul of Matilda eight centuries ago, as in the most ardent of the fair bosoms which it warms and animates now. She was in truth in love, but in love with the Papacy. Six aged Popes successfully acknowledged and rejoiced over her, at once the most zealous adherent of their cause, and the most devoted worshipper of their persons. And well might those holy fathers exult in such a conquest. Poets in their dreams have scarcely imaged, heroes in the hour of their triumph have rarely attained, so illus-

trious a trophy of their genius or of their valor.

The life of Matilda is told by Donnizone, a member of her household, in three books of lamentable hexameters, and by Fiorentini, an antiquarian and genealogist of Lucca in the seventeenth century, in three other books scarcely less wearisome; though his learning, his love of truth, and his zeal for the glory of his heroine, secure for him the respect and the sympathy of his readers. That she should have inspired no nobler eulogies than theirs, may be ascribed partly to her having lived in the times when the Boethian had subsided into the Bæotian age of Italian literature, and partly to the uninviting nature of the ecclesiastical feuds and alliances in which her days were consumed. Otherwise, neither Zenobia, nor Isabella, nor Elizabeth, had a fairer claim to inspire and to live in immortal verse. Not even her somnolent chaplain, as he beat out his Latin doggerel, could avoid giving utterance to the delight with which her delicate features, beaming with habitual gaiety, had inspired him. Not even her severe confessor, Saint Anselm of Lucca, could record without astonishment, how her feeble frame sustained all the burdens of civil government, and all the fatigues of actual war; burdens indeed, which, but for a series of miraculous cures wrought for her at her own intercession, she could not (he assures us) have sustained at all.

Supported, either by miracle, or by her own indomitable spirit, Matilda wielded the sword of justice with masculine energy in the field against the enemies of the Holy See, or in the tribunal against such as presumed to violate her laws. He who knew her best, regarded these stern exercises of her authority but as the promptings of a heart which loved too wisely and too well to love with fondness. In the camp, such was the serenity of her demeanor, and the graceful flow of her discourse, that she appeared to him a messenger of mercy, in the garb of a Penthiselea. On the judgment-seat he saw in her not the stern avenger of crime, but rather the compassionate mother of the feeble and the oppressed.

Nor did she allow to herself any of the weak indulgence she denied to others. In a voluptuous age she lived austerely, subduing her appetites, and torturing her natural affections with the perverse ingenuity which her ghostly councillors inculcated and extolled. In a superstitious age she subdued her desire for the devotional ab-

stractions of the cloister; and with greater wisdom, and more real piety, consecrated herself to the active duties of her princely office. In an illiterate age, her habits of study were such that she could make herself intelligible to all the troops among whom she lived, though levied from almost every part of Europe, and especially to the Italian, French and German soldiers, whose tongues she used with equal facility. Donnizone assures us, that, though he was ever at hand as her Latin secretary, she wrote with her own pen all her letters in that language to the Pontiffs and Sovereigns of her times—a proof, as his readers will think, of her discernment no less than of her learning. On his testimony, also, may be claimed for her the praise of loving, collecting, and preserving books; for thus he sings—

*'Copia librorum non deficit huic ve bonorum;
Libros ex cunctis habet artibus atque figuris.'*

How well she understood the right use of them, may be inferred from her employment of Werner, a jurist, to revise the '*Corpus Juris Civilis*,' and of Anselm, her confessor, to compile a collection of the '*Canon Law*,' and to write a commentary on the '*Psalms of David*.' Such, indeed, was her proficiency in scriptural knowledge, that her versifying chaplain maintains her equality in such studies with the most learned of the Bishops, her contemporaries.

Warrior, ascetic, and scholar as she was, the spirit of Matilda was too generous to be imprisoned within the limits of the camp, the cell, or the library. It was her nobler ambition to be the refuge of the oppressed, and the benefactor of the miserable, and the champion of what she deemed the cause of truth. Mortifying the love of this world's glory, she labored with a happy inconsistency to render it still more glorious. At her bidding, castles and palaces, convents and cathedrals, statues and public monuments, arose throughout Tuscany. Yet, so well was her munificence sustained by a wise economy, that to the close of her long reign, she was still able to maintain her hereditary title to the appellation of '*the rich*,' by which her father, Boniface, had been distinguished. She might, with no less propriety, have been designated as '*the powerful*,' since, either by direct authority, or by irresistible influence, she ruled nearly the whole of Northern Italy, from Lombardy to the Papal States, and received from the other monarchs of the West, both the

outward homage and the real deference reserved for sovereign potentates.

Matilda attained to the plenary dominion over her hereditary states at the very crisis of the great controversy of her age, when Henry had procured and promulgated the sentence of the Synod of Worms for the deposition of Gregory. Heedless, or rather unconscious, of the resources of that formidable adversary, he had made no preparation for the inevitable contest; but, as if smitten by a judicial blindness, selected that critical moment for a new outrage on the most sacred feelings of his own subjects. He marched into Saxony; and there, as if in scorn of the free German spirit, erected a stern military despotism, confiscated the estates of the people, exiled their nobles, imprisoned their bishops, sold the peasants as slaves, or compelled them to labor in erecting fortresses, from which his mercenary troops might curb and ravage the surrounding country. The cry of the oppressed rose on every side from the unhappy land. It entered into the ears of the Avenger.

As Henry returned from this disastrous triumph to Utrecht, the Imperial banner floated over a vast assemblage of courtiers, churchmen, vassals, ministers of justice, men-at-arms, and sutlers, who lay encamped, like some nomad tribe, round their chief, when the indignant bearing of some of his followers, and the alarmed and half-averted gaze of others, disclosed to him the awful fact, that a pontifical anathema had cast him down from his Imperial state, and exiled him from the Society of all Christian people. His heart fainted within him at these dismal tidings as at the sound of his own passing bell. But that heart was kinglily still, and resolute either to dare or to endure, in defence of his hereditary crown. Shame and sorrow might track him to the grave, but he would hold no counsel with despair. The world had rejected him—the Church had cast him out—his very mother deserted him. In popular belief, perhaps in his own, God himself had abandoned him. Yet all was not lost. He retained, at least, the hope of vengeance. On his hated adversary he might yet retaliate blow for blow, and malediction for malediction.

On Easter-day, in the year 1076, surrounded by a small and anxious circle of Prelates, William the Archbishop of Utrecht ascended his archiepiscopal throne, and recited the sacred narrative which commemorates the rising of the Redeemer from the

grave. But no strain of exulting gratitude followed. A fierce invective depicted, in the darkest colors, the character and the career of Hildebrand, and with bitter scorn the preacher denied the right of such a Pope to censure the Emperor of the West, to govern the Church, or to live in her communion. In the name of the assembled Synod, he then pronounced him excommunicate.

At that moment the summons of death reached the author of this daring defiance. While the last fatal struggle convulsed his body, a yet sorer agony affected his soul. He died self-aborred, rejecting the sympathy, the prayers, and the sacraments with which the terrified bystanders would have soothed his departing spirit. The voice of Heaven itself seemed to rise in wild concert with the cry of his tortured conscience.—Thunderbolts struck down both the church in which he had abjured the Vicar of Christ, and the adjacent palace in which the Emperor was residing. Three other of the anti-papal prelates quickly followed William to the grave, by strange and violent deaths. Godfrey of Lorraine fell by the hand of an assassin. Universal horror was awakened by such accumulated portents. Each day announced to Henry some new secession. His guards deserted his standard; his personal attendants avoided his presence. The members of the Synod of Worms fled to Rome, to make their peace with the justly-irritated Pontiff. The nobles set free the Saxon prisoners who had been confided to their custody. Otho appeared once more in arms to lead a new insurrection of his fellow-countrymen. The great Princes of Germany convened a council to deliberate on the deposition of their Sovereign. To every eye but his own, all seemed to be lost. Even to him it was but too evident that the loyalty of his subjects had been undermined, and that his throne was tottering beneath him. A single resource remained. He might yet assemble the faithful or the desperate adherents of his cause—inspire dread into those whose allegiance he had forfeited—make one last strenuous effort in defence of his crown—and descend to the tomb, if so it must be, the anointed and acknowledged Chief of the Carolingian Empire.

With a mind wrought up to such resolves, he traversed the north of Germany to encounter the Saxon insurgents—published to the world the sentence of Utrecht—and called on the Lombard Bishops to concur in the excommunication it denounced. He reaped the usual reward of audacity.—

Though repelled by Otho, and compelled to retrace his march to the Rhine, he found every city, village, and convent, by which he passed, distracted with the controversy between the diadem and the tiara. Religion and awakening loyalty divided the Empire. Though not yet combining into any definite form, the elements of a new confederacy were evidently at work in favor of a Monarch who thus knew how to draw courage and energy from despair.

Yet the moral sentiment of the German people was as yet unequivocally against their Sovereign. The Imperialists mournfully acknowledged that their chief was justly condemned. The Papalists indignantly denied the truth of the reproaches cast on their leader. In support of that denial, Gregory defended himself in epistles addressed to all the greater Teutonic prelates. Among them is a letter to Herman, Bishop of Metz, which vividly exhibits both the strength of the writer's character and the weakness of his cause. Although (he says) such as, from their exceeding folly, deny the papal right of excommunicating kings hardly deserve an answer, (the right to *depose* kings was the real point in debate,) yet, in condescension to their weakness, he will dispel their doubts. Peter himself had taught this doctrine, as appeared by a letter from St. Clement, (in the authenticity of which no one believes.) When Pepin coveted the crown of Childeric, Pope Zachary was invited by the Mayor of the Palace to give judgment between them. On his ambiguous award the usurper had founded the title of his dynasty. Saint Gregory the Great had *threatened* to depose any monarch who should resist his decrees. The story of Ambrose and Theodosius rightly interpreted, gave proof that the Emperor held his crown at the will of the Apostle. Every king was one of the 'sheep' whom Peter had been commanded to feed, and one of the 'things' which Peter had been empowered to bind. Who could presume to place the sceptre on a level with the crosier? The one the conquest of human pride, the other the gift of divine mercy: the one conducting to the vain glories of earth, the other pointing the way to heaven. As gold surpasses lead, so does the Episcopal transcend the Imperial dignity. Could Henry justly refuse to the universal Bishop that precedence which Constantine had yielded to the meanest Prelate at Nicæa? Must not he be supreme above all terrestrial thrones, to whom all ecclesiastical dominations are subordinate?

To employ good arguments, one must be in the right. To make the best possible use of such as are to be had, is the privilege of genius, even when in the wrong. Nothing could be more convincing to the spiritual lords of Germany, nothing more welcome to her secular chiefs, than this array of great names and sonorous authorities against their falling Sovereign. To overcome the obstinate loyalty of the burghers and peasantry to their young and gallant King, religious terrors were indispensable; and continual reinforcements of Pontifical denunciations were therefore solicited and obtained. At length, in the autumn of 1076, appeared from Rome a rescript which, in the event (no longer doubtful) of Henry's continued resistance to the sentence of the last Papal council, required the German princes and prelates, counts and barons, to elect a new Emperor, and assured them of the Apostolical confirmation of any choice which should be worthily made. These were no idle words. The death-struggle could no longer be postponed. Legates arrived from Rome, to guide the proceedings of the Diet to be convened for this momentous deliberation. It met during the autumn at Tribur.

The annals of mankind scarcely record so solemn or so dispassionate an act of national justice. On every adjacent height some princely banner waved over the mature vintage, and joining in that pleasant toil, and in the carols of that gay season, groups of unarmed soldiers might be traced along the furthest windings of the neighboring Rhine. In the centre, and under the defence of that vast encampment, rose a pavilion, within which were collected all whose dignity entitled them to a voice in that high debate. From the only extant record of what occurred, and of what was spoken there, it may be inferred that Henry's offences against the Church were regarded lightly in comparison with the criminality of his civil government. Stationed on the opposite bank of the river, he received continued intelligence of the progress and tendency of the discussion. The prospect darkened hourly. Soldiers had already been dispatched to secure him; and unknighly indignities inflicted on his person, might for ever have estranged the reverence borne to him by the ruder multitude, when he attempted to avert the impending sentence by an offer to abdicate all the powers of government to his greater feudatories, and to retreat from the contest

as the merely titular head of the Teutonic Empire.

Palpable as was the snare to the subtle Italian legates, the simple-minded Germans appear to have nearly fallen into it. For seven successive days, speech answered speech on this proposal, and when men could neither speak nor listen more, the project of a nominal reign, shorn of all substantial authority, was adopted by the Diet; but (in modern phrase) with amendments obviously imposed by the representatives of the sacerdotal power. The Pope was to be invited to hold a Diet at Augsburg in the ensuing spring. He was meanwhile to decide whether Henry should be restored to the bosom of the Church. If so absolved, he was at once to resume all his beneficial rights. But if the sun should go down on him, still an excommunicate person, on the 23d of February 1077, his crown was to be transferred to another. Till then he was to dwell at Spires, with the Imperial title, but without a court, an army, or a place of public worship.

The theocratic theory, hitherto regarded as a mere Utopian extravagance, had thus passed into a practical and a sacred reality. The fisherman of Galilee had triumphed over the conqueror of Pharsalia. The vassal of Otho had reduced Otho's successor to vassalage. The universal monarchy which heathen Rome had wrung from a bleeding world, had been extorted by Christian Rome from the superstition or the reverence of mankind. The relation of the Papacy and the Empire had been inverted, and Churchmen foretold with unhesitating confidence the exaltation of their order above all earthly potentates, and the resort to their capital of countless worshippers, there to do homage to an oracle more profound than that of Delphi, to mysteries more pure than those of Eleusis, and to a pontificate more august than that of Jerusalem. Strains of unbounded joy resounded through the papal city. Solitude and shame and penitential exercises attended the past crimes and the abject fortunes of the exile of Spires.

But against this regimen of sackcloth and fasting, the body and the soul of Henry revolted. At the close of the Diet of Tribur, he had scarcely completed his twenty-sixth year. Degraded, if not finally deposed, hated and reviled, abandoned by man, and compelled by conscience to anticipate his abandonment by God, he yet in the depths of his misery retained the remembrance and

the hope of dominion. Youth could still gild the future. He might yet retrieve his reputation, resume the blessings he had squandered, and take a signal vengeance on his great antagonist. And amidst the otherwise universal desertion, there was one faithful bosom on which to repose his own aching heart. Contrasted with the guilt and the baseness of her husband's court, Bertha is disclosed to us as the pure surrounded by the licentious, the faithful by the false. Her wrongs had been such as to render a deep resentment nothing less than a duty. Her happiness and her honor had been basely assailed by the selfish profligate to whom the most solemn vows had in vain united her. But to her, those vows were a bond stronger than death, and never to be dissolved or weakened by all the confederate powers of earth and hell. To suffer was the condition—to pardon and to love, the necessity—of her existence. Vice and folly could not have altogether depraved him who was the object of such devoted tenderness, and who at length returned it with almost equal constancy, after a bitter experience had taught him the real value of the homage and caresses of the world.

In her society, though an exile from every other, Henry wore away two months at Spires in a fruitless solicitation to the Pope to receive him in Italy as a penitent suitor for reconciliation with the Church. December had now arrived; and in less than ten weeks would be fulfilled the term, when, if still excommunicate, he must, according to the sentence at Tribur, finally resign, not the prerogatives alone, but the title and rank of Head of the Empire. To avert this danger, no sacrifice could be declined; and history tells of none more singular than those to which the heir of the Franconian dynasty was constrained to submit. In the garb of a pilgrim, and in a season so severe as during more than four months to have converted the Rhine into a solid mass of ice, Henry and his faithful Bertha, carrying in her arms their infant child, undertook to cross the Alps, with no escort but such menial servants as it was yet in his power to hire for that desperate enterprise. Among the courtiers who had so lately thronged his palace, not one would become the companion of his toil and dangers. Among the neighboring princes who so lately had solicited his alliance, not one would grant him the poor boon of a safe-conduct and a free passage through their states. Even his wife's mother exacted from him large terri-

torial cessions as the price of allowing him and her own daughter to scale one of the Alpine passes, apparently that of the Great St. Bernard. Day by day, peasants cut out an upward path through the long windings of the mountain. In the descent from the highest summit, when thus at length gained, Henry had to encounter fatigues and dangers from which the chamois-hunter would have turned aside. Vast trackless wastes of snow were traversed, sometimes by mere crawling, at other times by the aid of rope-ladders or still ruder contrivances, and not seldom by a sheer plunge along the inclined steep; the Empress and her child being enveloped on those occasions in the raw skins of beasts slaughtered on the march.

The transition from these dangers to security, from the pine forests, glaciers, and precipices of the Alps, to the sunny plains of the South, was not so grateful to the wearied travellers as the change from the gloom of Spires to the rapturous greetings which hailed their advance along the course of the Po. A splendid court, a numerous army, and an exulting populace, once more attested the majesty of the Emperor, nor was the welcome of his Italian subjects destitute of a deeper significance than usually belongs to the pæans of the worshippers of kings. They dreamed of the haughty pontiff humbled, of the See of Ambrose exalted to civil and ecclesiastical supremacy, and of the German yoke lifted from their necks. Doomed as were these soaring hopes to an early disappointment, the enthusiasm of Henry's partisans justified those more sober expectations which had prompted his perilous journey across the Alps. He could now prosecute his suit to the Pope with the countenance and in the vicinity of those zealous adherents, and at a secure distance from the enemies towards whom Hildebrand was already advancing to hold the contemplated Diet of Augsburg. In personal command of a military escort, Matilda attended the Papal progress; and was even pointing out to her guards their line of march through the snowy peaks which closed in her northern horizon, when tidings of the rapid approach of the Emperor at the head of a formidable force induced her to retreat to the fortress of Canossa. There, in the bosom of the Apennines, her sacred charge would be secure from any sudden assault. Nor had she any thing to dread from the regular leaguer of such powers as could in that age have been brought to the siege of it.

Canossa was the cradle and the original seat of her ancient race. It was also the favorite residence of the Great Countess; and when Gregory found shelter within her halls, they were crowded with guests of the highest eminence in social and in literary rank. So imposing was the scene, and so superb the assemblage, that the drowsy muse of her versifying chaplain awakened for once to an hyperbole, and declared Canossa to be nothing less than a new Rome, the rival of that of Romulus. Thither, as if to verify the boast, came a long line of mitred penitents from Germany, whom the severe Hildebrand consigned on their arrival to solitary cells with bread and water for their fare; and there also appeared the German Emperor himself, not the leader of the rumored host of Lombard invaders, but surrounded by a small and unarmed retinue—mean in his apparel, and contrite in outward aspect, a humble suppliant for pardon and acceptance to the communion of the faithful. Long centuries had passed away since the sceptre of the West had been won in Cisalpine fields fought by Italian armies; and Henry well knew that, to break the alliance of patriotism, cupidity, and superstition, which had degraded him at Tribur, it was necessary to rescue himself from the anathema which he had but too justly incurred. And Hildebrand! fathomless as are the depths of the human heart, who can doubt that, amidst the conflict of emotions which now agitated him, the most dominant was the exulting sense of victory over the earth's greatest Monarch? His rival at his feet, his calumniator self-condemned, the lips which had rudely summoned him to abdicate the Apostolic crown now suing to him for the recovery of the imperial diadem, the exaltation in his person of decrepit age over fiery youth, of mental over physical power, of the long-enthralled church over the long-tyrannizing world, all combined to form a triumph too intoxicating even for that capacious intellect.

The veriest sycophant of the Papal Court would scarcely have ventured to describe, as a serious act of sacramental devotion, the religious masquerade which followed between the high priest and the imperial penitent; or to extol as politic and wise the base indignities to which the Pontiff subjected his prostrate enemy, and of which his own pastoral letters contain the otherwise incredible record. Had it been his object to compel Henry to drain to its bitterest dregs the

cup of unprofitable humiliation—to exasperate to madness the Emperor himself, and all who would resent as a personal wrong an insult to their sovereign—and to transmit to the latest age a monument and a hatred alike imperishable, of the extravagances of spiritual despotism, he could have devised no fitter course.

Environed by many of the greatest Princes of Italy who owed fealty and allegiance to the Emperor, Gregory affected to turn a deaf ear to his solicitations. His humblest offers were spurned; his most unbounded acknowledgments of the sacerdotal authority over the kings and kingdoms of the world were rejected. For the distress of her royal kinsman, Matilda felt as women and as monarchs feel; but even her entreaties seemed to be fruitless. Day by day, the same cold stern appeal to the future decisions of the Diet to be convened at Augsburg, repelled the suit even of that powerful intercessor. The critical point, at which prayers for reconciliation would give way to indignation and defiance, had been almost reached. Then, and not till then, the Pope condescended to offer his ghostly pardon, on the condition that Henry would surrender into his hands the custody of the crown, the sceptre, and the other ensigns of royalty, and acknowledge himself unworthy to bear the royal title. This, however, was a scandal on which not even the proud spirit of the now triumphant Priest dared to insist, and to which not even the now abject heart of the Emperor could be induced to submit. But the shame which was spared to the Sovereign was inflicted with relentless severity on the Man.

It was towards the end of January, the earth was covered with snow, and the mountain streams were arrested by the keen frost of the Apennines, when, clad in a thin penitential garment of white linen, and bare of foot, Henry, the descendant of so many kings, and the ruler of so many nations, ascended slowly and alone the rocky path which led to the outer gate of the fortress of Canossa. With strange emotions of pity, of wonder, and of scorn, the assembled crowd gazed on his majestic form and noble features, as, passing through the first and the second gateway, he stood in the posture of humiliation before the third, which remained inexorably closed against his further progress. The rising sun found him there fasting; and there the setting sun left him stiff with cold, faint with hun-

ger, and devoured by shame and ill-suppressed resentment. A second day dawned, and wore tardily away, and closed, in a continuance of the same indignities, poured out on mankind at large in the person of their chief by the Vicar of the meek, the lowly, and the compassionate Redeemer. A third day came, and still irreverently trampling on the hereditary lord of the fairer half of the civilized world, Hildebrand once more prolonged till nightfall this profane and hollow parody on the real workings of the broken and contrite heart.

Nor in the midst of this outrage on every natural sentiment and every honest prejudice, was he unwarned of the activity and the strength of those feelings. Lamentations, and even reproaches, rang through the castle of Canossa. Murmurs from Henry's inveterate enemies, and his own zealous adherents, upbraided Gregory as exhibiting rather the cruelty of a tyrant than the rigor of an apostle. But the endurance of the sufferer was the only measure of the inflexibility of the tormentor; nor was it until the unhappy Monarch had burst away from the scene of his mental and bodily anguish, and sought shelter in a neighboring convent, that the Pope, yielding at length to the instances of Matilda, would admit the degraded suppliant into his presence. It was the fourth day on which he had borne the humiliating garb of an affected penitence, and in that sordid raiment he drew near on his bare feet to the more than imperial Majesty of the Church, and prostrated himself in more than servile deference before the diminutive and emaciated old man, 'from the terrible grace of whose countenance,' we are told, 'the eye of every beholder recoiled as from the lightning.' Hunger, cold, nakedness, and shame, had for the moment crushed that gallant spirit. He wept and cried for mercy, again and again renewing his entreaties, until he had reached the lowest level of abasement to which his own enfeebled heart, or the haughtiness of his great antagonist, could depress him. Then, and not till then, did the Pope condescend to revoke the anathema of the Vatican.

Cruel, however, were the tender mercies of the now exulting Pontiff. He restored his fallen enemy at once to the communion and to the contempt of his Christian brethren. The price of pardon was a promise to submit himself to the future judgment of the Apostolic See; to resign his crown if

that judgment should be unfavorable to him ; to abstain meanwhile from the enjoyment of any of his royal prerogatives or revenues ; to acknowledge the validity of the release of his subjects from their allegiance ; to banish his former friends and advisers ; to govern his states, should he regain them, in obedience to the papal counsels ; to enforce all papal decrees, and never to revenge his present humiliation. To the observance of the terms thus dictated by the conqueror, the oaths of Henry himself, and of several Prelates and Princes as his sponsors, were pledged ; and then, in the name of Him who had declared that his kingdom was not of this world, and as the successor of him who had forbidden to all Bishops any lordship over the heritage of Christ, the solemn words of pontifical absolution rescued the degraded Emperor from the forfeit to which he had been conditionally sentenced by the confederates at Tribur.

Another expiation was yet to be made to the injured majesty of the Tiara. He in whom the dynasties of Cæsar, of Charlemagne, and of Otho had their representative, might still be compelled to endure one last and galling contumely. Holding in his hand the seeming bread, which words of far more than miraculous power had just transmuted into the very body which died and was entombed at Calvary,—‘ Behold ! ’ exclaimed the Pontiff, fixing his keen and flashing eye on the jaded countenance of the unhappy Monarch,—‘ behold the body of the Lord ! Be it this day the witness of my innocence. May the Almighty God now free me from the suspicion of the guilt of which I have been accused by thee and thine, if I be really innocent ! May He this very day smite me with a sudden death, if I be really guilty ! ’ Amidst the acclamations of the bystanders, he then looked up to heaven, and broke and ate the consecrated element. ‘ And now,’ he exclaimed, turning once more on the awe-stricken Henry that eye which neither age could dim nor pity soften ; ‘ if thou art conscious of thine innocence, and assured that the charges brought against thee by thine own opponents are false and calumnious, free the Church of God from scandal, and thyself from suspicion, and take as an appeal to heaven this body of the Lord.’

That in open contradiction to his own recent prayers and penances, the penitent should have accepted this insulting challenge was obviously impossible. He trem-

bled, and evaded it. At length, when his wounded spirit and half-lifeless frame could endure no more, a banquet was served, where, suppressing the agonies of shame and rage with which his bosom was to heave from that moment to his last, he closed this scene of wretchedness, by accepting the hospitalities, sharing in the familiar discourse, and submitting to the benedictions of the man who had in his person given proofs till then unimagined, of the depths of ignominy to which the Temporal chief of Christendom might be depressed by an audacious use of the powers of her Ecclesiastical head.

The Lombard lords who had hailed the arrival of their Sovereign in Italy, had gradually overtaken his rapid advance to Canossa. There, marshalled in the adjacent valleys, they anxiously awaited from day to day intelligence of what might be passing within the fortress, when at length the gates were thrown open, and attended only by the usual Episcopal retinue, a bishop was seen to descend from the steep path which led to their encampment. He announced that Henry had submitted himself to the present discipline and to the future guidance of the Pope, and had received his ghostly absolution ; and that on the same terms His Holiness was ready to bestow the same grace on his less guilty followers. As the tidings of this papal victory flew from rank to rank, the mountains echoed with one protracted shout of indignation and defiance. The Lombards spurned the pardon of Hildebrand—an usurper of the Apostolic throne, himself excommunicated by the decrees of German and Italian Synods. They denied the authority of the Emperor, debased as he now was by concessions unworthy of a king, and by indignities disgraceful to a soldier. They vowed to take the crown from his dishonored head, to place it on the brows of his son, the yet infant Conrad ; to march immediately to Rome, and there to depose the proud Churchman who had thus dared to humble to the dust the majesty of the Franconian line and of the Lombard name.

In the midst of this military tumult, the gates of Canossa were again thrown open, and Henry himself was seen descending to the camp, his noble figure bowed down, and his lordly countenance overcast with unwonted emotions. As he passed along the Lombard lines, every eye expressed contempt, and derision was on every tongue. But the Italian was not the German spirit.

They could not at once despise and obey. Following the standard of their degraded monarch, they conducted him to Reggio, where, in a conclave of ecclesiastics, he instantly proceeded to concert schemes for their deliverance, and for his own revenge.

Within a single week from the absolution of Canossa, Gregory was on his way to Mantua to hold a council, to which the Emperor had invited him, with the treacherous design (if the papal historians may be credited) of seizing and imprisoning him there. The vigilance of Matilda rescued her Holy Father from the real or imaginary danger. From the banks of the Po she conducted him back, under the escort of her troops, to the shelter of her native mountain fastnesses. His faith in his own infallibility must have undergone a severe trial. The Imperial sinner he had pardoned was giving daily proof that the heart of man is not to be penetrated even by Papal eyes. Henry was exercising, with ostentation, the prerogatives he had so lately vowed to forego. He had cast off the abject tone of the confessional. All his royal instincts were in full activity. He breathed defiance against the Pontiff—seized and imprisoned his legates—recalled to his presence his excommunicated councillors—became once more strenuous for his rights—and was recompensed by one simultaneous burst of sympathy, enthusiasm, and devotedness from his Italian subjects.

To balance the ominous power thus rising against him, Gregory now received an accession of dignity and of influence on which his eulogists are unwilling to dwell. The discipline of the Church, and the fate of the Empire, were not the only subjects of his solicitude while sheltered in the castle and city of the Tuscan heroine. The world was startled and scandalized by the intelligence, that his princely hostess had granted all her hereditary states to her Apostolic guest, and to his successors forever, in full allodial dominion. By some sage of the law, who drew up the act of cession, it is ascribed to her dread of the Emperor's hostility. A nobler impulse is ascribed to the mistress of Liguria and Tuscany in the hobbling verses of her more honest chaplain. Peter, he says, bore the keys of heaven, and Matilda had resolved to bear the Etrurian keys of Peter's patrimony in no other character than that of door-keeper to Peter. With what benignity the splendid inheritance was accepted, may

also be learned from the worthy versifier. At this hour Pope Gregory the Sixteenth holds some parts of his territorial dominion in virtue of this grant. Hildebrand is one of the saints of the church, and one of the heroes of the world. He, therefore, escapes the reproach of so grave an abuse of the hospitality of the Great Countess, and of the confidence she reposed in her spiritual guide. The coarser reproach in which it has involved them both, will be adopted by no one who has ever watched the weaving of the mystic bonds which knit together the female and the sacerdotal hearts. It was the age of feudalism, not of chivalry. Yet, when chivalry came, and St Louis himself adorned it, would he, if so tried, have resisted the temptation under which St. Gregory fell? It is, probably, well for the fame of that illustrious prince that his virtue was never subjected to so severe a test.

Canossa, the scene of this memorable cession, was, at the same time, the prison of him to whom it was made. All the passes were beset with Henry's troops. All the Lombard and Tuscan cities were in Henry's possession. His reviving courage had kindled the zeal of his adherents. He was no longer an outcast to be trampled down with impunity; but the leader of a formidable host, with whom even the Vicar of Christ must condescend to temporize.

In the wild defiles of the Alps, swift messengers from the Princes to the Pope hurried past solemn legates from the Pope to the Princes—they urging his instant appearance at Augsburg—he exhorting them to avoid any decision in his absence. Mired emissaries also passed from Gregory to the Emperor, summoning him to attend the Diet within a time by which no one unwafted by wings or steam could have reached the place, and requesting from him a suicidal safe-conduct for his pontifical judge. The Pope was now confined to the weapons with which men of the gown contend with men of the sword. His prescience foreboded a civil war. His policy was to assume the guidance of the German league just far enough to maintain his lofty claims, not far enough to be irrevocably committed to the leaguers. A plausible apology for his absence was necessary. It was afforded by Henry's rejection of demands made only that they might be rejected.

To Otho and to the aspiring Rudolf such subtleties were alike unfamiliar and unsuspected. Those stout soldiers and simple

Germans, knew that the Pope had deposed their King and had absolved them from their allegiance. They doubted not, therefore, that he was bound heart and soul to their cause. Or if, in the assembly which they held at Forcheim, a doubt was whispered of Italian honor or of Pontifical faith, it was silenced by the presence there of Papal legates, who sedulously swelled the tide of invective against Henry. At first, indeed, they dissuaded the immediate choice of a rival sovereign. But to the demand of the Princes for prompt and decisive measures, they gave their ready assent. They advised them, it is true, to confer no hereditary title on the object of their choice. Yet when, in defiance of that advice, the choice was made, they solemnly confirmed it by the name, and by the authority of Gregory. They did not, certainly, vote for the election of Rudolf; but, when the shouts of the multitude announced his accession to the Teutonic throne, they placed the crown on his head. That Hildebrand did not disavow these acts of his representatives, but availed himself of the alliances and aids to be derived from them, appeared, to these downright captains, abundantly sufficient to bind him in conscience and in honor. That the Pope had not the slightest intention of being so bound, unless it should chance to suit his own convenience, is, however, past dispute. Even in the nineteenth century he has found, in M. l'Abbé Jager, an apologist who absolves him from all responsibility for the acts of his legates at the Diet of Forcheim, because they were adopted without awaiting his own personal arrival. The Diet might just as reasonably have awaited the arrival of the Millennium.

The decretals of Rome, of Tribur, of Canossa, and of Forcheim, were now to bear their proper fruits—fruits of bitter taste and of evil augury. At the moment when the cathedral of Menz was pouring forth the crowds who had just listened to the coronation oath of Rudolf, the clash of arms, the cries of combatants, and the shrieks of the dying, mingled, strangely and mournfully, with the sacred anthems and the songs of revellers. An idle frolic of some Swabian soldiers had kindled into rage the sullen spirit with which the partisans of Henry had gazed on that unwelcome pageant; and the first rude and exasperated voice was echoed by the thousands who learned, from those acclamations, the secret of their numbers and their strength.

The discovery and the agitation spread from city to city, and roused the whole German people from the Rhine to the Oder. Men's hearts yearned over their exiled King. They remembered that, but twelve short years before, he had been basely stolen from his mother by churchmen who had yet more basely corrupted him. They commemorated his courage, his courtesy, and his munificence. They pardoned his faults as the excesses of youth, and resented, as insults to themselves, the indignities of Canossa and the treason of Forcheim. In this reflux of public opinion, the loyal and the brave, all who cherished the honors of the crown, and all who desired the independence of the state, were supported by the multitudes to whom the papal edicts against simony and clerical marriages were fraught with calamity, and by that still more numerous body who at all times lend their voices and their arms to swell the triumph of every rising cause. To this confederacy Rudolph had to oppose the alliance of the princes, secular and ecclesiastical, the devoted zeal of the Saxon people, and the secret support, rather than the frank and open countenance, of the Pope. The shock of these hostile powers was near and inevitable.

In the spring of 1077, tidings were spread throughout Germany of the Emperor's arrival to the northward of the Alps. From Franconia, the seat of his house, from the fruitful province of Burgundy, and from the Bohemian mountains, he was greeted with an enthusiastic welcome. Many, even of the Bavarians and Swabians, revolted in his favor. His standard once more floated over all the greater citadels of the Rhine. He who, six months before, had fled from Spire a solitary wanderer, was now at the head of a powerful army, controlling the whole of Southern Germany, laying waste the territories of his rivals, and threatening them with a signal retribution.

Amidst the rising tempest the voice of Gregory was heard; but it was no longer trumpet-tongued and battling with the storm. The Supreme Earthly Judge, the dread avenger, had subsided into the pacific mediator. In the name of Peter he enjoined either king to send him a safe-conduct, that he might, in person, arbitrate between them and stop the effusion of Christian blood. A safe but an impracticable offer; an indirect but significant avowal of neutrality between the sovereign he had so lately deposed, and the sovereign

whom, by his legates, he had so lately crowned. Thus ignobly withdrawing from the contest he had so precipitately kindled, Hildebrand returned from Canossa to the papal city. The Great Countess, as usual, attended as the commander of his guard. Rome received in triumph her new Germanicus, and decreed an ovation to his ever-faithful Agrippina.

While the glories of Canossa were thus celebrated by rejoicings in the Christian Capital, these were expiated by blood in the plains of Saxony. Confiding in the solemn acts of the Pope and his Legates, the Saxons had thronged to the defence of the crown of Rudolf, and they had sustained it undauntedly. But the bravest quailed at the intelligence that Gregory had disowned the cause of the Church, and of their native land; and that, even in the palace of the Lateran, the ambassadors of Henry were received with honors, and with a deference denied to the humbler envoys of his rival. Sagacity far inferior to that of Hildebrand, could, at that time, have divined that the sword alone could decide such a quarrel—that the sword of Henry was the keener of the two—and that, by the cordial adoption of the cause of either, the Pope might draw on himself the vengeance of the conqueror. To pause, to vacillate, and to soothe, had, therefore, become the policy of the Sovereign of the Papal States; but to be silent or inactive in such a strife, would have been to abdicate one of the highest prerogatives of the Papacy. Pontifical legates traversed Europe. Pontifical epistles demanded the submission of the combatants. Pontifical warnings denounced woes on the disobedient. But no pontifical voice explained who was to be obeyed or who opposed, what was to be done or what forborne. Discerning readers of these mandates understood them as an intimation that on the victorious side (whichever that side might be,) the pontifical power would ultimately be found.

The appeal from these dark oracles to the unambiguous sword was first made by the rival kings in the autumn of 1078. They met on the banks of the Stren, on the plains of Melrichstadt. Each was driven from the field with enormous loss; Henry by his inveterate antagonist Otho; Rudolf by Count Herbard, the lieutenant of Henry. Each claimed the victory. An issue so indecisive could draw from the circumspect Pontiff nothing more definite than renewed exhortations to rely on the

Holy Peter; and could urge him to no measure more hazardous than that of convening a new Council at the Lateran. There appeared the Imperial envoys with hollow vows of obedience, and Saxon messengers invoking some intelligible intimation of the judgment and purposes of the Apostolic See. Again the Pope listened, spoke, exhorted, threatened, and left the bleeding world to interpret, as it might, the mystic sense of the Infallible.

To that brave and truth-loving people, from whom, at the distance of four centuries, Luther was to rise for the deliverance of mankind, these subterfuges appeared in their real light. The Saxon annalist has preserved three letters sent by his countrymen on this occasion to Gregory, which he must have read with admiration and with shame. 'You know, and the letters of your Holiness attest' (such is their indignant remonstrance) 'that it was by no advice nor for any interest of ours, but for wrongs done to the Holy See, that you deposed our King, and forbade us, under fearful menaces, to acknowledge him. We have obeyed you at great danger, and at the expense of horrible sufferings. Many of us have lost their property and their lives, and have bequeathed hopeless poverty to their children. We who survive are without the means of subsistence, delivered over to the utmost agonies of distress. The reward of our sacrifices is, that he who was compelled to cast himself at your feet has been absolved without punishment, and has been permitted to crush us to the very abyss of misery. After our King had been solemnly deposed in a Synod, and another chosen in virtue of the Apostolic authority, the very matter thus decided is again brought into question. What especially perplexes us simple folk is, that the legates of Henry, though excommunicated by your legates, are well received at Rome. Holy Father, your piety assures us that you are guided by honorable, not by subtle views; but we are too gross to understand them. We can only explain to you that this management of two parties has produced civil war, murder, pillage, conflagration. If we helpless sheep had failed in any point of duty, the vengeance of the Holy See would have overtaken us. Why exhibit so much forbearance when you have to do with wolves who have ravaged the Lord's fold? We conjure you to look into your own heart, to remember your own honor, to fear the

wrath of God, and for your own sake, if not for love of us, rescue yourself from the responsibility for the torrents of blood poured out in our land.'

To these pathetic appeals Gregory answered slowly and reluctantly; by disavowing the acts of his legates at Forcheim; by extolling his own justice, courage, disinterestedness; by invoking the support of all orders of men in Germany; and by assuring them, in scriptural language, of the salvation of such 'as should persevere to the end.' But the hour for blandishments had passed away. The day of wrath and the power of the sword had come.

The snow covered the earth, and the frost had chained the rivers, when in the winter of 1079-80, the armies of Henry and Rudolf were drawn up, in hostile lines, at the village of Fladenheim near Mulhausen. Henry was the assailant, but, though driven with great loss from the field, Rudolf was the conqueror; for in that field the dreaded Otho again commanded, and by his skill and courage a rout was turned into a victory.

The intelligence arrived at Rome at the moment when Gregory was presiding there in the most numerous of the many councils he had convened at the Lateran. Long suppressed shame for his ignoble indecision, the murmurs of the assembled Prelates, a voice from Heaven audible, as we are told, to his sense alone, and above all the triumphant field of Fladenheim, combined to overcome his long-cherished but timid policy. Rising from his throne with the majesty of his earlier days, the Pope, in the names of Peter and of Paul, 'of God and of his holy mother Mary,' excommunicated Henry, took from him the government of his states, deprived him of his royal rank, forbade all Christian people to receive him as their king, 'gave, granted, and conceded,' that Rudolf might rule the German and Italian Empire, and with blessings on Rudolf's adherents, and curses on his foes, dissolved the assembly. Then moved, as he believed, by a divine impulse, he proceeded to the altar, and uttered a prediction, that ere the Church should celebrate the festival of the Prince of the Apostles, Henry, her rebellious outcast, should neither reign nor live to molest her.

A perilous prophecy. Henry was no longer the exile of Tribur nor the penitent of Canossa. His own rage, on hearing of this new papal sentence, did not burn so fiercely as the wrath of his adherents.

With the sanction of thirty bishops, a new Anti-Pope, Guibert of Ravenna, was elected at Brixen; and at every court in Europe, Imperial embassies demanded support for the common cause of all temporal sovereigns. In every part of Germany troops were levied, and Henry marched at their head to crush the one Cisalpine power in alliance with Rome. But that power was still animated by the Saxon spirit, and was still sustained by the claims of Rudolf and by the genius of Otho.

On the bright dawn of an autumnal day, his forces, drawn up on the smiling banks of the Elster, raised the sacred song of the Hebrews, 'God standeth in the congregation of princes; he is a judge among Gods;' and flung themselves on the far-extended lines of Henry's army; who, with emulous devotion, met them with the hardly less sublime canticle, 'Te Deum laudamus.' Cries more welcome to the demons of war soon stilled these sacred strains—cries of despair, of anguish, and of terror. They first rose from one of Henry's squadrons, which, alarmed by the fall of their captain, receded, and in their retreat, spread through the rest a panic, a pause, and a momentary confusion. That moment was enough for the eagle glance of Otho. He rushed on the wavering Imperialists, and ere that bright sun had reached the meridian, thousands had fallen by the Saxon sword, or had perished in the blood-stained river. The victory was complete, the exultation rapturous. Shouts of glory to the God of battles, thanksgivings for the deliverance of Saxony, pæans of immortal honor to Otho, the noblest of her sons, soothed or exasperated the agonies of the dying, when the triumph was turned into sudden and irremediable mourning. On the field which had, apparently, secured his crown, Rudolf himself had fallen. He fell by an illustrious arm. Godfrey of Bouillon, the hero of the *Jerusalem Delivered*, struck the fatal blow. Another sword severed the right hand from the arm of Rudolf. 'It is the hand,' he cried, as his glazing eye rested on it, 'with which I confirmed my fealty to Henry my lord.' At once elevated by so signal a victory, and depressed by these penitent misgivings, his spirit passed away, leaving his adherents to the mercy of his rival.

The same sun which witnessed the ruin of Henry's army on the Elster, looked down on a conflict, in which, on that eventful

morning, the forces of Matilda in the Mantuan territory fled before his own. He now, once more, descended into Italy. He came, not, as formerly, a pilgrim and an exile; but at the head of an army devoted to his person, and defying all carnal enemies and all spiritual censures. He came to encounter Hildebrand, destitute of all Transalpine alliances, and supported, even in Italy, by no power but that of Matilda; for the Norman Duke of Apulia was far away attempting the conquest of the Eastern capital and empire. But Henry left, in his rear, the invincible Saxons and the hero who commanded them. To prevent a diversion in that quarter, the Emperor proposed to abdicate his dominion in Saxony in favor of Conrad, his son. But Otho (a merry talker, as his annalist informs us) rejected the project with the remark, that 'the calf of a vicious bull usually proved vicious.' Leaving, therefore, this implacable enemy to his machinations, the Emperor pressed forward; and before the summer of 1080, the citizens of Rome saw, from their walls, the German standards in hostile array in the Campagna.

In the presence of such danger, the gallant spirit of the aged Pope once more rose and exulted. He convened a Synod to attest his last defiance of his formidable enemy. He exhorted the German princes to elect a successor to Rudolf. In letters of impassioned eloquence, he again maintained his supremacy over all the kings and rulers of mankind. He welcomed persecution as the badge of his holy calling; and, while the besiegers were at the gates, he disposed (at least in words) of royal crowns and distant provinces. Matilda supplied him with money, which, for a while, tranquilized the Roman populace. He himself wrought miracles to extinguish conflagrations kindled by their treachery. In language such as martyrs use, he consoled the partners of his sufferings. In language such as heroes breathe, he animated the defenders of the city. The siege, or blockade continued for three years uninterruptedly, except when Henry's troops were driven, by the deadly heats of autumn, to the neighboring hills. Distress, and, it is alleged, bribery, at length subdued the courage of the garrison. On every side clamors were heard for peace; for Henry demanded, as the terms of peace, nothing more than the recognition of his Imperial title, and his coronation by the hands of Gregory. The conscience, perhaps the

pride, of Gregory revolted against the proposal. His invincible will opposed and silenced the outcries of the famished multitudes; nor could their entreaties, or their threats, extort from him more than a promise that, in the approaching winter, he would propose the question to a Pontifical Synod. It met, by the permission of Henry, on the 30th November, 1083. It was the latest council of Gregory's pontificate. A few Bishops, faithful to their chief and to his cause, now occupied the seats so often thronged by mitred churchmen. Every pallid cheek and anxious eye was turned to him who occupied the loftier throne in the centre of that agitated assembly. He rose, and the half-uttered suggestions of fear and human policy were hushed into deep stillness as he spoke. He spoke of the glorious example, of the sacred duty, of the light affliction, and of the eternal reward, of martyrs for the faith. He spoke, as dying fathers speak to their children, of peace, and hope, and of consolation. But he spoke also, as inspired prophets spake of yore to the kings of Israel, denouncing the swift vengeance of heaven against his oppressor. The enraptured audience exclaimed that they had heard the voice of an angel, not of a man. Gregory dismissed the assembly, and calmly prepared for whatever extremity of distress might await him.

It did not linger. In the spring of 1084 the garrison was overpowered, the gates were thrown open to the besiegers, and Gregory sought a precarious refuge in the Castle of St. Angelo. He left the great Church of the Lateran as a theatre for the triumph of his antagonist and his rival. Seated on the Apostolic throne, Guibert, the Anti-Pope of Brixen, was consecrated there by the title of Clement the Third; and then, as the successor of Peter, he placed the crown of Germany and of Italy on the brows of Henry and of Bertha as they knelt before him.

And now Henry had in his grasp the author of the shame of Canossa, of the anathemas of the Lateran, and of the civil wars and rebellions of the Empire. The base populace of Rome were already anticipating, with sanguinary joy, the humiliation, perhaps the death, of the noblest spirit who had reigned there since the slaughter of Julius. The approaching catastrophe, whatever might be its form, Gregory was prepared to meet with a serene confidence in God, and a haughty defiance of man. A few hours more, and the castle

of St. Angelo must have yielded to famine or to assault, when the aged Pope, in the very agony of his fate, gathered the reward of the policy with which he had cemented the alliance between the Papacy and the Norman conquerors of the south of Italy. Robert Guiscard, returning from Constantinople, flew to the rescue of his Suzerain. Scouts announced to Henry the approach of a mighty host, in which the Norman battle-axe and the cross were strangely united with the Saracenic cimeter and the crescent. A precipitate retreat scarcely rescued his enfeebled troops from the impending danger. He abandoned his prey in a fever of disappointment. Unable to slake his thirst for vengeance, he might allay it by surprising the Great Countess, and overwhelming her forces, still in arms in the Modenese. But he was himself surprised in the attempt by her superior skill and vigilance. Shouts for St. Peter and Matilda roused the retreating Imperialists by night, near the Castle of Sorbaria. They retired across the Alps with such a loss of men, of officers, and of treasure, as disabled them from any further enterprises.

The Emperor returned into Germany to reign undisturbed by civil war; for the great Otho was dead, and Herman of Luxemburg, who had assumed the Imperial title, was permitted to abdicate it with contemptuous impunity. Henry returned, however, to prepare for new conflicts with the Papacy—to drain the cup of toil, of danger, and of distress—and to die, at length, with a heart broken by the parricidal cruelty of his son. No prayers were said, and no requiem sung, over the unhallowed grave which received the bones of the excommunicated Monarch. Yet they were committed to the earth with the best and the kindest obsequies. The pity of his enemies, the lamentation of his subjects, and the unbidden tears of the poor, the widows, and the orphans, who crowded round the bier of their benefactor, rendered his tomb not less sacred than if blessed by the united prayers of the whole Christian Episcopacy. Those unbribed mourners wept over a Prince to whom God had given a large heart and a capacious mind; but who had derived from canonized bishops a corrupting education, and from too early and too unchecked prosperity the development of every base and cruel appetite; but to whom calamity had imparted a self-dominion from which none could withhold his

reverence, and an active sympathy with sorrow to which none could refuse his love.

With happier fortunes, as, indeed, with loftier virtues, Matilda continued, for twenty-five years, to wage war in defence of the Apostolic See. After a life which might seem to belong to the province of romance rather than of history, she died at the age of seventy-five, bequeathing to the world a name second, in the annals of her age, to none but that of Hildebrand himself.

To him the Norman rescue of the Papal city brought only a momentary relief. He returned in triumph to the Lateran. But, within a few hours, he looked from the walls of that ancient palace on a scene of woe such as, till then, had never passed before him. A sanguinary contest was raging between the forces of Robert and the citizens attached to Henry. Every street was barricaded, every house had become a fortress. The pealing of bells, the clash of arms, cries of joy, and shrieks of despair, assailed his ears in dismal concert. When the sun set behind the Tuscan hills on this scene of desolation, another light, and a still more fearful struggle, succeeded. Flames ascended at once from every quarter. They leaped from house to house, enveloping and destroying whatever was most splendid or most sacred in the edifices of mediæval Rome. Amidst the roar of the conflagration they had kindled, and by its portentous light, the fierce Saracens and the ruthless Northmen revelled in plunder, lust, and carnage, like demons by the glare of their native pandemonium. Gregory gazed with agony on the real and present aspect of civil war. Perhaps he thought with penitence on the wars he had kindled beyond the Alps. Two-thirds of the city perished. Every convent was violated, every altar profaned, and multitudes driven away into perpetual and hopeless slavery.

Himself a voluntary exile, Gregory sought, in the Castle of Salerno, and under the protection of the Normans, the security he could no longer find among his own exasperated subjects. Age and anxiety weighed heavily upon him. An unwonted lassitude depressed a frame till now incapable of fatigue. He recognized the summons of death, and his soul rose with unconquerable power to entertain that awful visitant. He summoned round his bed the Bishops and Cardinals who had attended his flight from Rome. He passed before them, in firm and rapid retrospect, the in-

cidents of his eventful life. He maintained the truth of the great principles by which it had been governed from the commencement to the close. He named his three immediate successors in the Papacy. He assured his weeping friends of his intercession for them in heaven. He forgave, and blessed, and absolved his enemies, though with the resolute exceptions of the Emperor and the Anti-Pope. He then composed himself to die. His faltering lips had closed on the transubstantiated elements. The final unction had given assurance that the body, so soon to be committed to the dust, would rise again in honor and in incorruption. Anxious to catch the last accents of that once oracular voice, the mourners were bending over him, when, struggling in the very grasp of death, he collected, for one last effort, his failing powers, and breathed out his spirit with the indignant exclamation—'I have loved righteousness and hated iniquity, and therefore I die in exile!'

It was not permitted, even to the genius of Hildebrand, to condense into a single sentence, an epitome of such a life as his. It was a life scarcely intelligible to his own generation, or to himself, nor indeed to our age, except by the light of that ecclesiastical history in which it forms so important an era.

It had ill beseeemed the inspired wisdom of the tent-maker of Tarsus, and of the Galilean fishermen, to have founded on any other than a popular basis a society destined to encounter the enmity of the dominant few by the zeal of the devoted many. From the extant monuments of their lives and writings, it accordingly appears that they conceded to the lay multitude an ample share in the finance, the discipline, and the legislation of the collective body. The deacons were the tribunes of the Christian people. This was the age of Proselytism.

In the sad and solemn times which followed, ecclesiastical authority became austere and arbitrary, and submission to it enthusiastic. Martyrs, in the contemplation of mortal agonies and of an opening paradise, had no thoughts for the adjustment and balancing of sacerdotal powers. They who braved the wild beasts of the amphitheatre, or the ascetic rigors of the wilderness, were the heroes of the Church. The rest sunk into a degraded caste. But all laid bare their souls at the confessional. All acknowledged a dominion which, discountenanced by the state, sustained it-

self by extreme and recondite maxims of government. In virtue of such maxims, the Episcopal order encroached on every other. The vicarious attributes of Deity were ascribed to those who ministered at the altar. There, and at the font, gifts of inestimable price were placed, in popular belief, at the disposal of the priest, whose miracles, though unattested by sense or consciousness, threw into the shade the mightiest works of Moses and of Christ. This was the age of Persecution.

Heretics arose. To refute them from the sacred text was sometimes difficult, always hazardous. It was easier to silence them by a living authority. The Bishops came forth as the elect depositories of an unwritten code. Tradition became the rule of the Christian world. It might crush the errors of Arius—it might sustain the usurpations of Ambrose. This was the age of Controversy.

Constantine saw the miraculous cross, and worshipped. He confirmed to the Christian hierarchy all their original and all their acquired powers. This was the age of the Church and State alliance.

The seat of empire was transferred from the Tiber to the Bosphorus. The Roman bishop and clergy seized on the vacant inheritance of abdicated authority. The Pope became the virtual sovereign of the Roman city. The Greeks and Latins became ecclesiastical rivals. Then was first heard the Roman watch-word and rallying cry of the Visible Unity of the Church. This was the age of Papal Independence.

Goths, Vandals, Huns, Bulgarians, Franks, and Lombards, conquered the dominions of Cæsar. But they became the converts and tributaries of Peter. The repulse of the Saracens by Charles Martel gave to Europe a new empire, to the Church a second Constantine. This was the age of Barbaric Invasion.

Europe became one vast assemblage of military states. The lands were every where partitioned by the conquerors among their liegemen, who having bound themselves to use their swords in their lords' defence, imposed a similar obligation on their own tenants, who, in turn, exacted it from their subordinate vassals. This was the age of Feudalism and of Hildebrand.

He ascended the Apostolic throne, therefore, armed with prescriptions in favor of the loftiest claims of the hierarchy, thus reaching back almost to the apostolic times. But he found in the Papal armory other

weapons scarcely less keen, though of a more recent fabric. Of these the most effective were the intimate alliance of the Roman See with the monastic orders, and the reappearance, in theological debate, of that mystic word which, seven centuries before, had wrought such prodigies at Nicæa. He who first taught men to speak of an hypostatic change beneath unchanging forms, may have taught them to talk nonsense. But though he added little or nothing to the received doctrine of the Church, he made an incalculable addition to the sacerdotal power.

To grasp, to multiply, and to employ these resources in such a manner as to render the Roman Pontiff the suzerain of the civilized world, was the end for which Hildebrand lived—an unworthy end, if contrasted with the high and holy purposes of the Gospel—an end even hateful, if contrasted with the free and generous spirit in which the primitive founders of the Church had established and inculcated her liberties—yet an end which might well allure a noble spirit in the eleventh century, and the attainment of which (so far as it was attained) may be now acknowledged to have been conducive, perhaps essential, to the progress of Christianity and civilization.

To the spiritual despotism of Rome in the middle ages may, indeed, be traced a long series of errors and crimes, of wars and persecutions. Yet the Papal dynasty was the triumphant antagonist of another despotism, the most galling, the most debasing, and otherwise the most irremediable, under which Europe had ever groaned. The centralization of ecclesiastical power more than balanced the isolating spirit of the feudal oligarchies. The vassal of Western, and the serf of Eastern Europe, might otherwise, at this day, have been in the same social state, and military autocracies might now be occupying the place of our constitutional or paternal governments. Hildebrand's despotism, with whatever inconsistency, sought to guide mankind, by moral impulses, to a more than human sanctity. The feudal despotism with which he waged war, sought, with a stern consistency, to degrade them into beasts of prey or beasts of burden. It was the conflict of mental with physical power, of literature with ignorance, of religion with injustice and debauchery. To the Popes of the middle ages was assigned a province, their abandonment of which would have plunged the Church and the World into the same

hopeless slavery. To Pope Gregory the Seventh were first given the genius and the courage to raise himself and his successors to the level of that high vocation.

Yet Hildebrand was the founder of a tyranny only less odious than that which he arrested, and was apparently actuated by an ambition neither less proud, selfish, nor reckless, than that of his secular antagonists. In the great economy of Providence human agency is ever alloyed by some base motives; and the noblest successes recorded by history, must still be purchased at the price of some great ultimate disaster.

To the title of the Czar Peter of the Church conferred on him by M. Guizot, Hildebrand's only claim is, that by the energy of his will he moulded her institutions and her habits of thought to his own purposes. But the Czar wrought in the spirit of an architect who invents, arranges, and executes his own plan: Hildebrand in the spirit of a builder, erecting by the divine command a temple of which the divine hand had drawn the design and provided the materials. His faith in what he judged to be the purposes and the will of Heaven, were not merely sublime but astounding. He is every where depicted in his own letters the habitual denizen of that bright region which the damps of fear never penetrate, and the shadows of doubt never overcast.

To extol him as one of those Christian stoics, whom the wreck of worlds could not divert from the straight paths of integrity and truth, is a mere extravagance. His policy was Imperial; his resources and his arts Sacerdotal. Anathemas and flatteries, stern defiance and subtle insinuations, invective such as might have been thundered by Genseric, and apologies such as might have been whispered by Augustulus, succeed each other in his story, with no visible trace of hesitation or of shame. Even his professed orthodoxy is rendered questionable by his conduct and language towards Berengarius, the great opponent of transubstantiation. With William of England, Philip of France, and Robert of Apulia, and even with Henry of Germany, he temporized at the expense of his own principles as often as the sacrifice seemed advantageous. 'Nature gave horns to bulls:' to aspiring and belligerent Churchmen she gave Dissimulation and Artifice.

Our exhausted space forbids the attempt to analyze or delineate the character of the

great founder of the spiritual despotism of Rome. His acts must stand in place of such a portraiture. He found the Papacy dependent on the Empire: he sustained her by alliances almost commensurate with the Italian Peninsula. He found the Papacy electoral by the Roman people and clergy; he left it electoral by a college of Papal nomination. He found the Emperor the virtual patron of the Holy See: he wrested that power from his hands. He found the secular clergy the allies and dependents of the secular power: he converted them into the inalienable auxiliaries of his own. He found the higher ecclesiastics in servitude to the temporal sovereigns: he delivered them from that yoke to subjugate them to the Roman Tiara. He found the patronage of the Church the mere desecrated spoil and merchandise of princes: he reduced it within the dominion of the Supreme Pontiff. He is celebrated as the reformer of the impure and profane abuses of his age: he is more justly entitled to the praise of having left the impress of his own gigantic character on the history of all the ages which have succeeded him.

THE ROBERTSES ON THEIR TRAVELS.

BY MRS. TROLLOPE.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

WILLIAM HARRINGTON VINCENT was as well principled a young man as if he had had no worthless relations belonging to him, and although he was himself beginning to think Baden-Baden one of the most agreeable places he had ever visited, he was also beginning to think that it would be right and proper to leave it with as little delay as possible. This self-denying opinion, however, was not occasioned by any consciousness that he was falling in love with his little cousin, Bertha, more seriously than the relative position of their respective fathers would render wise or convenient; on the contrary, if he *was* falling in love with her, he was not conscious of it at all, being honestly persuaded in his heart that the deep interest he felt for her arose solely from the forsaken loneliness of her position, joined to the affectionate memory he retained of her mother. He was aware, indeed, that she was a lovely and intelligent

young creature, and that there was something in the unrestrained and confiding frankness with which she seemed to throw herself upon his cousinly protection, which was touching and endearing in no common degree. But poor Vincent was not one of those spoilt children of fortune who never see any thing that they think pretty, and particularly worth having, without fancying that they have a right to possess it. On the contrary, it was quite sufficient that any object should appear in his eyes particularly valuable, in order to make him feel at once that he had nothing to do with it. The well conducted son of a selfish, dissolute father is ever considered, and very naturally, as a being entitled to the pity and commiseration of the whole world, and yet the fact is by no means of unfrequent occurrence that a son so situated finds in his misfortune the seeds of higher qualities, and more self-denying strength of mind, than would ever have taken root in his character under other circumstances. And so it was with the acreless heir of Everton Park. Forgetfulness of himself and his own individual interests had been taught him in a multitude of ways, among which the example received from his mother, and the warning received from his father, were about equally efficacious. He was quite aware, as I have said, that his cousin Bertha was a very fascinating as well as a very estimable little personage; but he was quite aware also that her fortune would be such as to entitle her to marry in a way to place her in a station exceedingly different from that of the wife of the son of a ruined gamester. True it was that, although only a first cousin, once removed, he stood starred in the baronetage as heir to the title and large entailed estates of Bertha's father. But that father was still almost a young man; he was now a widower, and had given both his father and himself quite sufficient indications of his hostile feelings towards them, to make it scarcely a matter of doubt that he would marry again as speedily as possible, if only in the hope of obtaining an heir less distasteful to him. The idea of gaining the affections of his young cousin had, therefore, only entered his head as a thing most scrupulously and cautiously to be avoided. He was by no means insensible to the fact that she disliked the people she was with to a degree which might almost perhaps have placed her in Dr. Johnson's honored category of a good hater, and he attributed very justly, a considerable portion of the

pleasure she so evidently took in his society, and the strong measures she adopted to make it evident that she considered him as her natural protector, as the result of it. And thus, feeling an honest confidence in himself, and a most sincere conviction that the friendship so pleasantly springing up between them could bring no danger of any kind to her, he permitted himself with a safe conscience to enjoy it; and enjoy it he certainly did, to a degree that made his suddenly determining to quit Baden an act of great self-denial.

But there was something in the style and manner in which Lord Lynberry and Miss Maria Roberts treated each other which began very seriously to alarm him. His young pupil had many good qualities, but he was hot-headed and impetuous, and his vehement admiration for beauty was so little concealed, that his tutor might have been living during the seven or eight months they had been together in a state of constant alarm from the expectation of his eloping with some fair one or other, had not the *constant inconstancy* of his youthful lordship reassured him, and converted his reiterated confessions and protestations of everlasting attachment into a source of more amusement than anxiety. But Vincent had never seen his young friend entangled before in such a web as that which the tender Maria appeared to have thrown over him; and he was the more startled by the effect it seemed to have produced, from the circumstance of his having really believed that, in the case of Bertha Harrington, an impression had been made on the heart of Lord Lynberry of a much more serious kind than any which had preceded it. In this belief he was, perhaps, partly right, and partly influenced by the consciousness that, in the case of Bertha, there was at least *de quoi faire* a lasting impression. But not only had this seemingly serious love-fit been suddenly and totally effaced, but it had been succeeded by such unprecedented marks of passionate devotion to this new charmer, on the part of the young man, and such undisguised warmth of reciprocal tenderness on that of the lady, that Mr. Vincent knew not what to think of it, yet felt that he should have no great right to be surprised if, at any moment of the day or night, he were to hear that his young charge had, by the aid of a team of post-horses, set off with Miss Maria Roberts for the nearest spot where it would be possible for them to unite their fortunes for

life. This was a consummation so very devoutly to be deprecated, that poor Vincent, with his habitual abnegation of all selfish feelings, determined upon announcing to Lord Lynberry his intention of immediately proceeding to Rome, between which city and Naples, it was the wish of Lord Southtown that his son should divide the ensuing winter.

The time that the really anxious young tutor had fixed upon for communicating the resolution he had taken was the hour of breakfast, at the interval of five days from the eventful ball at which the fickle lordling had made the transfer of his heart from Miss Bertha Harrington to Miss Maria Roberts. Vincent, as usual, was the first in the breakfast-room, but Lord Lynberry came whistling into it not long after him, and, as the tutor contemplated his very youthful aspect, he trembled to think how great a degree of responsibility must inevitably attach to himself, both in the eyes of the parent and of the world in general, if he permitted him to return to his native country as the husband of the fair but *fast* Maria.

"Well, my dear Lynberry," began the tutor, when the coffee and eggs had been handed about between them for a few minutes, "well! do you not think that we have almost had enough of Baden-Baden?"

"Thou art mad to say so!" returned the young man, in high tragedy tone. "Enough of Baden? Enough of my lovely, my adored Maria? Vincent! thou must know me for a man of very patient mood, or thou wouldst not tempt my choler so desperately—no, not for thy life."

"Good faith, my lord, I have no intention of tempting your choler, at all," replied Vincent, laughing, "but you know, I believe, that I act under orders, and if I have blundered not in the reading of them, it is about time for us to turn our faces towards Italy."

"Willingly, *mon cher*, provided always that my face at least, let it be turned which way it will, shall be so placed as to enable me to glue my eyes upon the idol of my affections."

Vincent looked grave, and remained silent, not very well knowing whether it would be most wise or least so, to lead the impetuous young gentleman to explain himself so clearly as to permit of a serious remonstrance in return. While thus absorbed in reverie, the anxious tutor kept his eyes fixed on his coffee-cup; had he

looked up and encountered the glance of his pupil, he would have seen an expression in it that would have puzzled him. The glance was both scrutinizing and comic, and as far removed as possible from what Vincent would have expected to meet had he taken courage to look at him.

"Well, Vincent," exclaimed Lord Lynberry at length, "what are you thinking about?"

"I am thinking, my lord, that I have a painful duty to perform; but that, painful or not, I must and will perform it to the best of my judgment and power. Confess, my lord, that you already understand what I mean, and that your conscience tells you in what direction my duty lies."

"My conscience, Mr. Vincent," replied Lord Lynberry, with rather more gravity than was usual to him, "I doubt a little, my dear sir, whether at this moment it be not your conscience rather than mine which, if properly awakened, might assist most effectually in enabling us to understand each other."

"As how, Lord Lynberry?" said the tutor.

"As thus, Mr. Vincent," replied the pupil. "My perspicuity, though not my conscience, leads me to divine that the sort of lecture you appear to have been preparing for me relates to my devoted attentions offered at the shrine of the transcendent Miss Maria Roberts. Is it not so, sir?"

"And if it be, my lord?" returned Vincent, looking at him with some degree of surprise.

"Why then if it be, Mr. Vincent, your conscience ought to tell you that you have done your pupil and your friend less than justice in supposing that your assistance was wanting to save him from being entangled for life in the chains of such a charmer as Miss Maria. Out upon you, Vincent! I give you cause enough, and free permission to boot, to accuse me of a thousand jack-anape tricks, that do but small credit to my wisdom; but I know not, Vincent, what thought or feeling ever escaped from me in my graver moments which can justify you in suspecting that I want your assistance to save me from the peril of becoming Miss Maria Roberts' husband."

This was spoken with feeling as well as gravity, and Mr. Vincent instantly felt that he deserved the rebuke, and as instantly acknowledged it.

"Forgive me, my dear Lynberry," he said, "forgive the injustice I have done to

your taste, in favor of the deep anxiety I feel for your happiness. Had I not been your tutor, and had I not had my fears awakened to a sort of morbid sensibility by the responsibility attached to the situation, I do not believe that I ever should have suspected you of falling in love with Miss Maria Roberts. And yet, Lynberry, though my tender concern for your matrimonial projects in this instance may have been somewhat supererogatory, do you not think I should do right to lecture you a little on the sinfulness of the false hopes to which you are giving birth in the bosom of the young lady?"

"Do so, by all means, my dear Mr. Tutor, if you believe yourself called to the task by the voice of duty; but you must excuse me, if, while I listen to you, which of course I shall do with all possible respect, you must excuse me, I say, if I congratulate myself a little upon my own superior knowledge of the human heart; for I presume, when you talk of Miss Maria's hopes, you mean her tender hopes of having her fond affection for me returned, and not of her ambitious hopes of coaxing me into putting my honored mother's coronet upon her head?"

Vincent gazed at his young pupil with very considerable satisfaction as he said this, but with considerable surprise also, and then laughingly exclaimed,

"Oh, excellent young man!
How much more older art thou than thy looks!

You have relieved me from an immense load, Lynberry, both present and future. I shall not easily again take fright about you; and as to the fast young ladies, as Montgomery calls them, I believe that I must be contented to let them take care of themselves."

"Which they will do according to the fashion of their tribe, very assiduously, assuming the credit of having enslaved a viscount, if they gain nothing else. Set your heart at rest, good Vincent, and let them labor in their vocation, as it is their nature to do. They would have to thank you for small mercies if you took them out of it. But now tell me, Vincent, as frankly as I have now exposed to you the real state of my feelings towards the incomparable Maria, tell me frankly, if you think that all the enthusiastic admiration I avowed to you for Miss Harrington was of the same fashion and fabric as that inspired by Miss Maria?"

Lord Lynberry colored as he asked the question, and Mr. Vincent colored as he answered it.

"You must be perfectly aware, my lord, that I cannot think so," he said, "for that if I did—" and here the tutor stopped.

"You would blow my brains out, you would say," rejoined Lord Lynberry, "and it would be more obviously your duty, I think, than Quixotizing in the cause of the fair Roberts. But I am strongly tempted, Vincent, tutor as you are, to lecture you a little in my turn, and you ought to pay the more attention to my preaching, because it is not, as you will perceive from the nature of it, the result of jealousy. And first I will tell you, as an offering to your cousinly feelings, that, amidst all the band of adorables before whom my susceptible heart has bowed, Miss Harrington, is the only one to whom I should never have taken the liberty of making love, without hoping, as the old ladies say, that something might come of it. But I had just sense enough to perceive in the course of a very few hours, that I might just as well fall in love with the moon; so I judiciously said to my heart, '*halte la*,' and obedient to command, from being perhaps so very completely hopeless, the said heart did halt, and having taken one long breath, wheeled about, and then set off to engage in a mock fight in rather a different direction. The scheme has answered perfectly, and I am now not only quite convalescent myself, but in a condition to bestow some little care and attention on the safety and welfare of my fellow-creatures; and you, Mr. William Harrington Vincent, are the first to whom I feel disposed to address a little advice. My reverence for you is so great, generated of course by our relative positions, that I am quite ready to believe you totally and altogether above the contemptible weakness of falling in love yourself; but, notwithstanding your advanced age, sir tutor, I do suspect that your young cousin, so utterly insensible to the adoration I was so perfectly ready to offer her, is falling, or rather *has* fallen over head and ears in love with you—who have perhaps never offered her any adoration at all; and if this be so, there may be good and sufficient reasons for our leaving Baden, Vincent, without reckoning any peril from the risk of my marrying the enchanting Roberts."

"That you have formed a tolerably just estimate of the state of Miss Maria Rob-

erts' heart, Lynberry, is very likely, I think," replied Vincent, in a tone of very particular calmness, "but you must excuse me if I venture to doubt your power of reading all other young ladies' hearts as accurately as you have done hers. The character of my young cousin, for instance, is one that I confess I think it would by no means be easy to read, and, had I not thought so before, the complete blunder you have made respecting the nature of her feelings for me might convince me of it. Believe me, my dear Lynberry, the only interest I have in her eyes is that of a relation and natural protector, the want of which she feels, I am sorry to say, with most painful acuteness. You must perceive by my manner that I not only take the observation you have made in good part, but that, unfounded and blundering as it is, I give you perfect credit for sincerity and friendly feeling in making it; and on your part you will, I am sure, give me equal credit for sincerity when I assure you that you have been wholly mistaken. So now, I think, we may both stay at Baden as long as we like, having by our mutual openness convinced each other that there can be no danger for any one in our doing so."

"So be it," said Lord Lynberry, rising. "I like the place prodigiously, and could almost be tempted to quote Shakespeare, dear, old-fashioned fellow, and exclaim,

Accursed be he who first says 'hold! enough!'"

The two young men then parted, very tolerably well satisfied with each other, and each enjoying the comfortable persuasion that he might go on in the pleasant path he was in, without any fear that it would lead him wrong.

And the elegant Montgomery? was his devotion to the captivating Miss Agatha of the same nature as that of his younger friend for the captivating Miss Maria. The following extract from a letter which he put into the Baden-Baden post about this time, addressed to a certain Lady Charlotte Polston, may answer the question satisfactorily:—

"You are unjust, dear Charlotte; I have acknowledged and submitted to the necessity of delaying our marriage till you are of age, as mildly and meekly as you could do yourself, and I suppose you did not ex-

pect that I should listen to the perfectly unexpected reasonings which induced us to do so by any particularly rapturous form of thanksgiving—did you? The only syllable like complaint which I have uttered, since the lawyers, with such devilish perspicuity, pointed out the reasons for this delay, was when your aunt, with so much exemplary and unshrinking candor, obligingly informed me that she particularly wished me to go abroad during the odious ten months that I am to wait for you, like a second Jacob. I believe I did then burst forth a little, yet here I am, not so much, as you know well enough, to please your rich aunt, as to comply with the fastidious delicacy of her *exigante* niece. Yet now you have actually the ingratitude to reproach me, because, forsooth, you perceive by my letters that I should like better to return to England than go on to Rome.

"Yes, Charlotte, you are unjust, and, as a proof of this, I beg to assure you that at the very time I received your letter, I was as busily engaged as a man could well be in making love. It is perfectly true, Lady Charlotte, and, though possibly I may think that you deserve to be made a little jealous, as a punishment for your severity to me, I give you my honor that I am not led to make this disclosure from any wish to inflict this painful emotion upon you, but solely to prove to you the perfect openness and sincerity of my character. I wish to heaven you were here to see her and to see me. I do not say this because I want to see you; no really, I do not mean that. I think it and say it because I would give the price of a little Watteau for the pleasure of seeing her sketched into your book of 'historical reminiscences.'

"She is a very pretty-looking girl, I assure you, this is perfectly true, but this, I fairly confess, is in my eyes her least attraction. No! it is her elegance, her grace, her fashion, which have rendered her irresistible in my eyes. Where she was born and bred I know not exactly, somewhere in or about London, I believe; but to witness the effect of the perfect conviction which has come upon her, that her having crossed the Channel has levelled every species of inequality between her citizen-race and the aristocracy of Europe in general, and England in particular, is, without any exception the highest comedy in real life, that I have ever yet had the good fortune to look upon. As to my *not* making love to her, Charlotte, it would be as impossible

as the not inhaling air when in the act of breathing. I do make love to her, Lady Charlotte, and let my sincerity in avowing the sin atone for its commission. Do not fancy, however, that the sweet creature's peace of mind is likely to be endangered by my tender attentions; be very sure that no such danger exists. My engagement to you is as notorious as the papers can make it, and there are many here who know how I am situated as well as I do myself. However, I have not trusted to this, but have delicately hinted to this charming specimen of poor England's travelling aristocracy, that, sensible as I had unfortunately become of her superior attractions, I was unhappily bound by an engagement which prevented my laying myself at her feet. And how do you think the darling answered me? By sorrow and despair!—by dignity and repulsion?—by reproaches and contempt? Nothing like it, my dear friend. Her reply, as nearly as I can remember it, was in these words.

" 'I well know, Mr. Montgomery, that, among persons in our class of life, the heart cannot always be listened to in affairs of marriage; but let us thank Heaven, that, on the continent at least, there is an emancipation of sentiment, which in a great degree neutralizes the misery produced by enforced ties. The pleasures of travelling are great, doubtless, to persons of refined taste; but its uses are greater still, for it enables them to throw aside the absurd prejudices of insular education, and to feel that the higher classes of society ought to be in a very great measure released from them.'

" 'There, my Lady Charlotte, is a specimen of the diffusion of useful knowledge, obtained by *les demoiselles ambulantes de la Grande Bretagne*; but build not any false theories upon this. I most assuredly hope to take you abroad with me next year, but no part of this species of new light is at all likely to reach you. You are not to suppose, however, that I ascribe any mystical power to your rank, or mine either, as a shield against the easy morality of the Continent—I have no such stuff in my thoughts, I assure you. But there is a species of folly, which really, in some cases, almost seems to amount to madness, and from which you would be exempt—I mean that which arises from the intoxication experienced by travelling ladies and gentlemen, in stations somewhat below the middle class, on suddenly finding themselves associated with

persons of superior rank. It really seems as if the adoration of title in our country (where alone, as distinct from *race*, it is revered) generated a positive disease of the moral system. The incredible, the inconceivable tricks played on the continent of Europe by the persons, (frequently bankrupt tradesmen or merchants,) whose finances do not permit their living with ease at home, are such as can scarcely be accounted for without supposing that monomania has something to do with it. I have seen such people shun all association with travelling families of private station (however well educated, and perfectly respectable in every way, and, really holding a position in society at home, very many degrees superior to their own) with the most scrupulous and careful avoidance, while their efforts to get introduced to both women and men, however infamous, who have titles, have something of feverish eagerness, which it is at once ludicrous and melancholy to behold. And thus you see, sweet friend, that in spite of the little comedy with which I am amusing myself, I moralize the subject very seriously; but, if you think it would induce your aunt to arrive at the conclusion that I had better return to England, I will give you leave to paint my flirtation in any colors you please."

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Mr. Montgomery's statement, as given above, of what had passed between himself and Agatha, was perfectly correct, and most perfectly true, also, was his observation that there was something exceedingly like madness in the state of mind of that enthusiastic young lady. Certain it is, however, that, till her arrival at Baden, the *five* phrensy which had taken possession of her was not without the very usual symptom, common to young ladies of her class, of fancying that every single man who spoke to them *might* be converted, with proper skill and good management, into that necessary, or at any rate very convenient, commodity called a husband; and such was assuredly her first thought when making the acquaintance of Mr. Montgomery. But Lord Lynberry told her sister that his handsome friend was engaged to be married to a lady in England, and, though the report was a shock to her, it came accompanied with such confirmation of his being a man of fashion—for Lord Lynberry had mentioned the rank of the lady—that her wish for his acquaintance

was rather increased than diminished by it. Some hope, some slight, vague hope there might be, perhaps, that her charms might detach him from the noble lady to whom he was affianced, but such hope, if it existed at all, was so greatly less important to her than the dearer and more present one of having her name united with his as that of the lady he most admired at the baths, that, as the latter grew and prospered, the former dwindled and died away, partly under the influence of the avowal he himself made to her, but still more under that of the powerful feeling that she cared not a farthing whose husband he might be in years to come, provided that, at the present moment, she had the glory of leading him captive before the eyes of all the fair and noble ladies and all the "first-rate fashionable" gentlemen assembled at Baden. This was a great step in the young lady's progress towards deserving the epithet of "*fast*." In order, however, fully to comprehend the sort of set of which Miss Roberts is a type, it is necessary to premise that she was by no means one of that unhappily large class of females who are likely to become the victims of their own tootender hearts. Miss Agatha Roberts was as little likely to arrive at such a catastrophe as any young lady could be who, among her other bulwarks of protection, had *not* that of principle. But, notwithstanding, this deficiency, a great many things were more likely to happen to Miss Agatha than that she should be destroyed by the vehemence of her affections; yet next to the pleasure of seeing in all the eyes around her that the marked attentions of Mr. Montgomery were observed, was that of believing that she had succeeded in persuading him that of all mankind she loved and could love but him alone.

That she deceived herself in thus believing is most true, but not the less for that did she enjoy the gratification of fancying that let who would, in future years, fill the domestic English situation of mistress of his house, she, in the delightful present, filled that of mistress of his heart—a persuasion which gratified her in a thousand ways. Nevertheless, even this gratification was nothing in comparison of that arising from the conviction that all the noble eyes, both male and female, which constituted the bright congress of Baden-Baden, took cognizance of the all-important fact that the most elegant man in the society made her the object of his most particular attentions.

If any ruin of any kind threatened her, *this* was the source of it; not any weakness of the heart; and, although the conduct of the lively, thoughtless Montgomery towards her was any thing but defensible, its turpitude was of a very different order from that of a man exerting all the powers of pleasing bestowed upon him by heaven, for the purpose of amusing himself during a moment, by rendering wretched for life a creature whose worst fault, perhaps, was the loving him better than herself. Of this, or of any thing in the least degree approaching it, Mr. Montgomery was not guilty; yet he was one of a class who have a good deal to answer for too; for he was an English gentleman, and one well calculated in many respects to do that justice to his greatly misunderstood country, of which it so greatly stands in need. He, as well as many others belonging to the same class of society, might, if it so pleased them, redeem throughout Europe, in a very great degree, the national disgrace which now rests upon England of being *the worst-mannered nation in Europe*. Young men travel more than old ones, and the young men who come forth from among us are greatly too apt to carry with them the holiday feelings of boys escaped from control, and go frolicking over the world without remembering for a moment that they are undergoing the ordeal of a very strict observation, and obtaining a European reputation both for themselves and their country, which is for the most part far from being favorable, and for the most part far from being deserved. That more highly finished gentlemen can be found in any part of the world than in England, is an opinion which none can entertain who have had fair opportunities for forming a judgment on the subject; but as, from possessing both the power and the inclination for travelling greatly beyond that of any other people, the opportunities for forming this judgment arise, ninety-nine times out of a hundred not in England, but out of it, does it not become a positive patriotic duty in the young men who go forth to sun themselves and to be seen, as well as to see, does it not behoove them, each and all of them, to act a little more up to their *own* idea of what an English gentleman ought to be than it is their usual travelling custom to do? Every Englishman may in this way prove himself a patriot. We do not want any Quintus Curtius doings in these piping days of ours, but it might be as well that we should not

yield ourselves up to this imputation of being the worst-mannered nation in Europe, merely for the sake of indulging the naughty school-boy feeling that we may do what we will when we go out to play, because there is nobody by to punish us.

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Maria's case was a different one. She really was a pretty girl, and believing herself a great deal prettier and feeling convinced that a series of lucky accidents had placed her quite in the very highest ranks of society, she determined to profit by these great advantages, and make a splendid match. Though she did not exactly perceive all that passed in the mind of the young Lord Lynberry, she had become quite aware that he liked to be made love to. It was to this peculiarity in his lordship's temperament that she owed her triumph over Bertha Harrington, and it was in consequence of feeling assured of this fact that she fell immediately a thousand fathoms deep in love with Lord Lynberry, and, had a keener wit than Lord Lynberry's been at work to watch her, a great deal of very fair amusement might have been elicited by noting all the little trickeries with which she played her part. She had her gay fits and her pensive fits, each so well calculated to set off the other! and if his lordship, by accident, chanced to express any thing approaching an opinion, did not her whole being, heart, intellect, and soul imbibe it? Did it not pervade every feeling and purpose of her existence? Did a flower receive a passing word of praise from his beloved voice—was there any other flower under the wide vault of heaven which she could care to cherish in her bosom, or adorn her flowing locks withal? His lordship preferred green tea. She knew not how it was, but somehow or other she had begun to find out that if there was in the world something that she hated worse than every thing else, it was black tea. In short, it was not her fault if in him she did not live and move and have her being. A good deal of this escaped his light-hearted lordship's notice, but he saw enough to amuse him exceedingly, and if at last he did feel a little piqued at the suspicion that the young lady was thinking more of his coronet than of him, and feel a little disposed to try his powers of being personally fascinating, there was a good deal in the conduct both of mother and daughter to excuse him. And thus things went on for another month or so, the Roberts family

decidedly becoming more obnoxious to observation every day, and, in their own estimation, at least, more celebrated for their *bon ton*, high fashion, and unquestionable superiority in every thing desirable, to every body else in the place. There were a few Russian ladies, with magnificent diamonds and prodigiously high titles, with whom they became quite intimate, and in whose charming society, and that of an equal number of their highly distinguished military friends, they enjoyed many very delightful excursions, Mr. Montgomery and Lord Lynberry never failing to join them. On some of these occasions the high-born and highly-married Princess of Fuskymuskoff, a beauty of some years' standing, and not wholly unknown at any continental court, very graciously consented to enact the part of *chaperone* to the whole party, poor Mrs. Roberts not being able conveniently to ride a donkey, and not wishing to walk as far as some of their pic-nickings carried them. In a few other instances they had made acquaintance with ladies who, like themselves, were in the habit of frequenting the rooms and the public walks, but by degrees these, most of them being *slow* English, were dropped again. Two young ladies indeed had, with their respective brothers, the honor of being admitted to a considerable degree of intimacy with our distinguished friends; but it is probable that they owed their distinction to their having learned to smoke, an accomplishment which they had not only promised to teach their new friends, but they and their respective brothers taught also the art of manufacturing exquisitely elegant little cigarettes, in a style that was perfectly fascinating to all parties.

One trifling uneasiness presented itself during these halcyon days to the mind of Mrs. Roberts, which arose from perceiving that her intended daughter-in-law not only avoided, habitually, and as a matter of established custom, every sort of intercourse with her intended husband, but that moreover her intimacy with Mr. Vincent went on increasing in so very remarkable a manner that she could not help thinking it *might* come to something, notwithstanding Edward's assurances that he did not care a sixpence for it, and that he perfectly well knew how to make Bertha Harrington his wife, let Mr. Vincent like it or not. It was a comfort, certainly, to hear him say this, nevertheless, as it did not quite satisfy her, she determined to speak to Bertha

herself; not indeed on the subject of Edward—she did not think it quite time for that, but on the subject of Mr. Vincent, whose familiar manner of talking and walking with her might be truly stated as having occasioned considerable anxiety to the young lady's self-constituted guardian. To this remonstrance Bertha listened without the least appearance of impatience, and even waited, when Mrs. Roberts had ceased speaking, to see if she had any more to say before she answered her, and when that lady added, "Well, my dear, what have you got to say to me about it?" she replied, "Very little, madam. Indeed I doubt if it would not be better to say nothing."

"No, pray, my dear, don't say that!" returned Mrs. Roberts, rather reprovingly. "Young people, you know, should always speak when they are spoken to; it is one of the very first rules that are taught. I am sure you must remember it, my dear."

"Then I will say, madam, that being, from unfortunate circumstances, placed at a distance from my nearest natural protectors, I profit with great thankfulness of the accidental presence of one who is sufficiently near to me in blood to make his friendship as valuable as it is agreeable."

"Well, my dear, I suppose it is all very natural that you should think so; but it don't follow, you know, that those who are older and wiser should think just exactly the same," said Mrs. Roberts, assuming a good deal of dignity in her voice and manner, "and I hope you will please to remember who it is who is speaking to you, when I say that in *my* opinion it would be much more proper if you did not walk and talk quite so freely with this Mr. Vincent, who, after all, is but a tutor, you know, if he was twenty times your cousin."

"So well, Mrs. Roberts, do I remember who it is that speaks to me," replied the young lady, "and how perfectly unauthorized is every word which you have taken the liberty to say, that, unless I receive your promise never again to intrude any observations upon an intimacy the cause and origin of which must of necessity be totally unknown to you—unless I receive this promise, madam, I shall immediately profit by the intimacy you have observed, for the purpose of obtaining advice from the only quarter whence I can at present seek it, as to the best manner of quitting a situation which has become disagreeable to me."

"My darling child! what can you be thinking of?" exclaimed Mrs. Roberts, becoming exceedingly red. "As if you did not know, my dearest Bertha, that the slightest word from you was always enough to make me do every thing you wish! And besides, I have that perfect confidence in you, my dear girl, that your merely saying, as you seem to do now, that there are good and proper reasons for your being so intimate with your cousin, would be quite enough to prevent my saying any thing more to prevent it—to say nothing of my fondness for you, which of itself would be quite enough to prevent my ever alluding a second time to any thing that gave you pain."

Miss Harrington bowed rather stiffly in return to this affectionate speech, and walked out of the room.

Nevertheless, though she had so unexpectedly found a near and dear friend in her cousin, and though a mind of more than common courage enabled her to protect herself, in some degree, from the assumed guardianship of the unsuitable associates among whom she had been thrown, notwithstanding all this, her situation was, in truth, most pitiable. Her deep dislike to every individual of the family of which she had so strangely become a member seemed to increase with every hour that was added to the length of their acquaintance; for towards Mr. Roberts, though less detestably absurd than the rest of the family, she could feel no esteem. The weakness with which he yielded in all things to the ill-disguised tyranny of wife, daughters, and son, was, in her opinion, too degrading even to excite pity—contempt was the gentlest feeling she had to bestow upon him; and towards the rest of the family her feelings of dislike were stronger still. And yet, though she kept them in some sort of awe of her, by their sordid fears of losing the money she brought, she was far, oh! very far from feeling that it was possible for her to leave them. There were circumstances connected with her terrible departure from her home, which she never had nor ever could hint to her cousin, though in all else there was not a thought of her heart that she wished to conceal from him. And these same circumstances, creating as they did a horrible though vague suspicion against her father, made her feel it more possible to endure forever the detestable association of the Roberts family than apply to him for

leave to return home: for that home which had once been to her the very perfect model of all that home should be, was now become to her imagination the abode of all the horrors that could most appal her heart. But not a word, not a sigh, not a look which might indicate this must ever reach any human being, and least of all her cousin! Alas! there were causes enough of family estrangement between them already. Should she add another that might lead, if possible, to still more dreadful scenes than all which had gone before? Not for her life, no, not if her life could have been forfeited a thousand times over to prevent it. In short, the situation of poor Bertha was very sad; and though a buoyant, ardent spirit, elastic in youth, and stimulated by an imagination of no common strength and vivacity, did occasionally bring her moments, and even hours, perhaps of enjoyment; there were many more, during which a melancholy reaction fell upon her, and then it would not have been easy to find an innocent young creature of seventeen more profoundly unhappy.

TOWARDS the close of this first delightful month at Baden-Baden, poor Mrs. Roberts found her admirable talents for managing the financial concerns of her family rather severely called upon in many ways. In the first place, the eloquent and unanswerable reasonings of her son and daughters, the power of which, upon her mind, seemed daily to increase, had proved to her, beyond the power of contradiction, that not only all their pleasure for the present, but the greatest portion of their happiness and prosperity during their future lives, depended upon their dining at the *table d'hôte* with the favorite *fast* party, to which they now appeared to belong by prescriptive right, four days out of every week. Now this, although Lord Lynberry, Mr. Montgomery, and the two noble friends of the Russian princesses, invariably paid for all the champagne and extra wines which were consumed (neither Mr. Roberts nor his son Edward ever appearing sufficiently acquainted with the manners of the place to be at all aware of what was going on), notwithstanding that these greatly-prized and various advantages were obtained gratis, Mrs. Roberts found that the paying ready money for the half-dozen chairs so frequently engaged for

the use of herself and her family, was exceedingly *troublesome*, to say the least of it; and besides this, the intervening days generally brought a good deal of extra expense with them in the way of preparing for pic-nics. True, again, the wine was always furnished by the same gentlemen; but, even in Germany, hams, chickens, turkeys, tongues, lamb, salads, craw-fish, and fruits, cost something, though not so much, "thank Heaven!" Mrs. Roberts observed, "as they did in Leadenhall-market." Yet still they did cost something, and so much, in fact, that, had not a very convenient large poultry farmer, willing to sell produce to English *my lords*, on credit, been happily discovered, with an obliging butcher and Italian warehouseman acting on the same principles, the inconvenience would have been considerable. As it was, however, the victualling department went merrily on, and many were the *fast* dinners eaten within the sober shades of the Black Forest during that delightful season. Although there was, for the most part, a good deal of sympathy and happy community of feeling among the members of the Roberts family on the subject of all these *fêtes* and festivals, there were occasions on which the daily improving Edward seemed inclined to assert the rights of independent manhood, and to estrange himself from the rest of the party. He had, in truth, made an attempt to introduce his admired, or, as he called her, his *adored* Madame de Marquemont, to the society of his family and their elegant friends; but this attempt was effectually checked by that lady herself, who confessed to him, amidst a great deal of very touching agitation, that she was growing conscious of feelings towards him which she could not endure to expose to the scrutiny of either curious or indifferent eyes. I scarcely need say that such a reason as this could not be combated, and it therefore followed, as a matter of course, that Edward was not always, or even often, of the pic-nic parties, a privation which his mother endured the better, as it exonerated him from the bore of contributing his contingent to the fees for sight-seeing, horse-holding, and the like, which such excursions are sure to bring with them. By degrees, too, Mrs. Roberts discovered that it would be more convenient, for the same reason, to have his father absent likewise, and then came the amiable feeling that it would be very kind if she staid at home herself to dine with him. This made it quite unnecessary

to send a large basket, and the excessive liberality of the Princess Fuskymuskoff, who thus became *chaperone* of the party, soon made it quite unnecessary to send any basket at all, and from this time forward the pic-nics gained upon the *table d'hôte*, so that a week seldom passed without four of these excursions being arranged.

No country in the world can be more favorable for these pretty variations upon the old air, "*Amussons nous*," than the neighborhood of Baden-Baden; and, during the first half-dozen parties of this kind, Bertha, notwithstanding all her sorrows, enjoyed herself exceedingly. She had new landscapes to look upon, new sketches to make, and her well-beloved cousin William at her side to take care of her, and to make every thing look still fairer than it was. As to her highness of Fuskymuskoff, how she performed the duties of *chaperone*, or how she took care of herself, Bertha neither knew nor cared; and, if asked to give an account of each party on her return from it, by any one whom she thought worthy of an answer, she would have assured them that it had been the most delightful scheme she had ever been engaged in, and that she only hoped a great many more would follow like it. But, somehow or other, Mr. Vincent did not like these pic-nic parties quite so well as his young cousin. It was not that he felt himself unhappy either, for he certainly enjoyed the scenery, admired Bertha's power of rapid sketching exceedingly, and appeared to like the walking about with her in search of subjects, and the sitting down beside her while she executed them very much. Yet, nevertheless, he said to her one evening after their return from one of these excursions which she thought the most agreeable they had yet taken, "I am afraid, Bertha, that you will think me a very tyrannical sort of cousin, for I am going to desire you not to do what I believe you like doing better than any other thing within your reach at present. Do you think you shall be able to forgive an interference so little amiable?"

Bertha looked at him earnestly for a moment, and then replied with great simplicity, "I think I could forgive you for any thing except your telling me that you would not talk to me or walk with me any more. And do you know, cousin William, I cannot help thinking that it is exactly this that you are going to say," she added, while the color mounted to her cheeks, and a tear

began very visibly to gather in her eye, "for you *must* know that it is what I like best—and certainly I shall think it very unkind."

Vincent colored too as he listened to her. But the emotion was not caused by his finding in her words any reason for supposing that Lord Lynberry was right in the fears he had expressed for the fair Bertha's peace of mind. It was rather, perhaps, the assured conviction that he was quite wrong which caused the change in his complexion. Not, perhaps, that the almost destitute Vincent would have wished it otherwise—under the circumstances, it would have been a sin to do so. But whatever the source of the feeling, he mastered it quickly and replied, "No, dear Bertha, no, it is not that. Could any thing make me think *that* necessary, I should be quite as sorry as you could be. On the contrary, however, what I have to say to you will, I fear, sound very like desiring you neither to talk nor to walk with any one but me."

"Indeed?" said Bertha, with a very happy-looking smile.

"Yes, indeed, it must sound very like it; for the fact is, that I want you to promise me that you will not go to any more of these picnic parties," he replied.

"Oh! if that be all, I can promise it with perfect readiness," she returned.

"And yet, dear Bertha, I am sure you enjoy them greatly."

"I enjoy seeing the beautiful country, and I enjoy drawing in the open air, with you at my elbow to tell me when I am right and when I am wrong—but as to enjoying the parties, because they *are* parties—I don't think you suspect me of it."

"That is quite true, Bertha, it would be but affectation if I said I did. And yet I almost wonder, too, that you should not be a little offended at my interference, because I suspect it must appear so very unreasonable to you."

"Perhaps," replied poor Bertha, "I am not offended, as you call it, at your interference, because it is such a comfort to me to know that I still have a relation near me, who cares for me enough to interfere about me at all. And besides that, cousin William, I know perfectly well that you would not do this, nor any thing else, without having good and sufficient reasons for it. And you may be very sure that I shall go to no more pic-nics at Baden."

"I thank you, dear Bertha, for your confidence in me—and I thank you the

more because you do not ask for my reasons, which, to say truth, I should not be very well able to give explicitly. I certainly know very little, either for or against these Russian people, but yet I think that I am only doing what is right in wishing you not to join any more in their gay doings. I heard them talking yesterday of sending a band of wind instruments to some place in the forest, where they said there was a level turf that would do to waltz upon. Now all this might be very pleasant, and perfectly unobjectionable among intimate friends and acquaintance. But the very fact that we do not really know any thing about these people is, in my opinion, quite reason sufficient to render it objectionable for Miss Harrington to be thrown into such very familiar association with them."

"Then Miss Harrington will associate with them no more," replied Bertha, smiling; "or, at least, not in such a sort as to involve any species of familiarity."

And Bertha kept her word, in spite of the very strongest hints that Mrs. Roberts could venture to give about its not being right for young people to affect singularity, and separate themselves from their young companions, particularly when they might have the great advantage of being *chaperoned* by a princess.

In the first instance, it is probable that Mrs. Roberts' objection to Bertha's staying at home, arose from the being obliged to provide a dinner for her, the *tête-à-tête* repasts of Mr. Roberts and his lady being upon a very small scale indeed; but a very strong additional objection soon became obvious to her, although she dared not make any open remonstrance on the subject; for Mrs. Roberts had quite given up her notion that Bertha was an idiot, though she still thought her the very stupidest girl she had ever known, but she thought that this dullness was mixed with a monstrous deal of self-willed obstinacy, which might lead her any day, if she got into an ill-humor, to write to her father, for the purpose of asking him to let her come. This new objection to Bertha's constant refusal to join the pic-nics arose from the manner in which her afternoons and evenings were passed at home. When the Roberts family had been first blessed with the acquaintance of Lord Lynberry, Mrs. Roberts had, in the most cordial manner, expressed both to the young man and his tutor her hope that they would make her pleasant balcony room as useful as if it were their own; and, at any rate,

that they would always come and take their tea with her. Their doing so, when nothing else was going on to prevent it, had become quite a habit, and it was one of which Mr. Vincent profited without scruple now, treating Bertha precisely as if she had been a younger sister, bringing such books as he wished her to read, and assisting her in her study of German with all the steady perseverance of a professional instructor.

"This will never do, Edward," said the alarmed lady to her son, eagerly seizing a momentary *tête-à-tête* that she caught with him one morning before breakfast. "If you can believe that such a girl as Bertha, growing prettier and prettier every day, and such a young fellow as Vincent, can go on in the way they do without making love, if you can believe it, I can't."

"How you do delight to plague me about that girl, ma'am," replied the young man, continuing his search in the table drawer for a lost glove; and how many more times will it be necessary for me to tell you, that I don't care the tenth part of a penny whether she fall in love with Mr. Tutor Vincent or not."

"Then if *you* don't care, sir, I do," replied his mother with more anger than she had ever evinced towards him during the course of his whole life, "and how many times will it be necessary for me to tell *you*, I wonder, that without her fortune we are one and all of us likely to prolong our residence on the Continent by being locked up in a gaol. Your father says that he can't get at a single penny of principal money without a most horrible loss, and what is worse still, both to him and to me too, it can't be done without exposing whatever little mistakes we have made about prices abroad to that nasty low fellow that manages the old banking concern. Think, then, what it must be to me, Edward, to hear you speak in this light, careless way, about the only thing that there seems left in the wide world to save us! Your father says that he can't give me another shilling for the next month without actually borrowing it or taking it up. And I don't believe there is a shop in the town where we don't owe something."

"I dare say not, ma'am," replied the young man, taking out a small pocket-comb, and currying his little moustache in the glass, "I can answer for a good many of them myself. The taking this great house has proved very convenient in that respect, and so has our intimacy with Lynberry and Montgomery. They have both

of them more money, lucky dogs, than they know what to do with—for they neither of them play—every body knows that, so their credit is first-rate."

"But what has that to do, Edward, with your marrying Bertha Harrington? For mercy's sake speak to me like a reasonable being! What has that to do with your marrying Bertha Harrington?"

"It has a great deal to do with it, ma'am. It will enable me to go on and keep moving till the proper time comes for me to take her."

"Gracious goodness! how you talk, Edward! it is really enough to drive one wild. Take her, indeed! I should like to know what good it will be to take her when she is the wife of another man?—and so she will be if you do not look about you a little."

"Mother!" said the young man, raising his voice, "let me tell you once for all, that I will not be plagued about this odious girl before it is necessary. At this moment I not only hate her, but am passionately in love with another woman, and I will not have my happiness interfered with. That I *must* have her money, I know as well as you do, and have it I will, ma'am, you may depend upon it."

"But, my dear boy, this is dreadfully wild talk. You can't rob her of her money; you can't take it out of her pocket, Edward."

"No, mother, I intend to take it, pocket and all. But it must be done at my own time, and in my own way."

His mother gazed at him with a look half-puzzled, half-admiring.

"Oh Edward!" said she, "I do think, considering what a mother I have been to you, that you might take me into your confidence, and tell me exactly what you mean."

"Well, ma'am, I will," he replied, "provided you will give me your promise not to tell my father, nor, indeed, any one else. I may, perhaps, want a little of your assistance when the time comes, so it is as well that you should know it. But, remember! you must swear to mention it to no one."

"Well, Edward, well, I swear I won't."

"Then I will tell you," replied her son, "but upon my soul not even the winds must hear it," and, leaving the glass, pocketing his little comb at the same instant, he came close to his mother, and whispered something in her ear.

The color mounted to her face, and she shook her head, but she smiled, and betrayed no token of displeasure, though for a moment or two she remained perfectly silent. At length she said, "But it will require money, my dear fellow, where will you be able to get ready money from?"

"Where I have got it from before, ma'am. Do you really suppose, mother, that I can go on in such a place as this with nothing but the odd dollars and francs that I squeeze out of you? You are monstrously mistaken if you do. Lynberry, ma'am, will lend me whatever money I want."

"Lynberry!" exclaimed the delighted mother, in a perfect ecstasy of hope and joy, "Lynberry? is it possible that that dear creature, Lynberry, has lent you money, Edward? Then, thank Heaven! I am right, as, I must say, I generally find that I am. Lynberry is in love with Maria, my dear Edward. No young man lends money, you may depend upon it, without having some such motive for it. I thought it, Edward, from the very first—that is from the very first after he got over his ridiculous fancy for Bertha, of which I must say he seemed heartily ashamed afterwards. Well then, my dear boy, I will tease you no more about Bertha, but trust entirely to you, who I must in common justice say, have shown in every way that you deserved my confidence. And now, my dear, I won't detain you any longer; and, indeed, I have enough to do myself, for before we sit down to breakfast I must settle with my darling Maria what she is to do about getting a new bonnet—whether it will be better to go again to the same shop, or to begin a little bill at the one just opposite to us. It is not quite so stylish a shop, but then it may be convenient, so I'll just go—"

And not perceiving that her son had already escaped from her, the happy mother went on commenting on her own admirable contrivances, till she had passed through the door which opened upon the apartment of her daughters.

DISCOVERIES AT NINEVEH.

From The Literary Gazette.

THE character used in the inscriptions nearly resembles, if it is not identical with, that found in the middle column of the inscriptions of Hamadan, Van, and (?) Bisu-

tun.* It appears to be the connecting link between the Babylonian and Persian forms of the arrow-headed character; less complex than the former, and less simple than the latter. It has frequently been termed the Median; but perhaps on insufficient grounds. At Van, where this character occurs singly in inscriptions far more ancient than the trilateral inscriptions of the same place, it has been vaguely attributed to Semiramis. With equal probability it might be assigned to the second Assyrian dynasty, or to a pure Medich epoch. The same character also occurs singly on various monuments in Susiana and Elymaia. At Nineveh, on bricks discovered in the foundation of edifices evidently of the very highest antiquity, on cylinders, and on fragments of sculptured stones, generally basalt, we find the character called Babylonian, or a character equally complex. It appears, therefore, that two characters were at different times in use at Nineveh. If the complex were the most ancient form of the cuneiform, which from all discoveries hitherto made we are led to believe was the case; and if it were used in Babylon prior to the Medo-Persic conquest, then we may conjecture that it was employed throughout the Assyrian empire under its earlier dynasties. We should, at the same time, have less difficulty in admitting the title of Median, now given to the intermediate form, as if modifications were gradually introduced, and the character assumed its greatest simplicity when last used by the Persians,† who combined the three classes in their trilateral inscriptions. This is, however, a question of considerable difficulty, which

* In my former remarks I had inadvertently included Persepolis; it is the third column to the right of the inscriptions of that place which correspond with those above mentioned. The following classification may be useful to those who take any interest in the cuneiform character:—The first columns to the left (of the spectator), in the trilateral inscriptions of the Hamadan and Persepolis, resemble in character the first column to the right of Van; the third column to the right of Hamadan, the middle column of Persepolis; the third column to the right of Persepolis, the middle columns of Van and Hamadan; the first column to the left of Van, the third to the right of Hamadan. I have not yet been able to examine an accurate copy of the inscriptions of Bisutun; but I have reason to believe, from a hasty survey with a telescope, that they resemble those of Persepolis.

† Compare the gradual modification of the ideographic into the phonetic in Egypt. A similar process might easily have taken place in the Chinese.

could only be determined satisfactorily by a lengthened and minute inquiry into the history of cuneiform writing. It is sufficient here to point out the evidence afforded by the exclusive use of what is usually termed the Median character in M. Botta's monument.

Nineveh was completely destroyed by Cyaxares the Mede. Although it appears once more to have risen from its ruins, it never again became the seat of royalty, nor even a place of considerable importance. It is not, therefore, probable, that a palace so vast and magnificent as that of which the ruins have now been discovered, should have been built after that event. Xenophon does not even notice the city,—an additional proof of its subsequent insignificance.*

The absence of columns should indicate a close alliance with the massive forms of Babylonian architecture, in which that elegant as well as useful ornament appears to have been unknown. No fragments of antiquity are more durable than the shafts of columns; and as none have been found at Chorsabad, it is evident that they were not employed in the building. It can scarcely be supposed that this would have been the case had this edifice been erected by those who planned the palaces of Persepolis.

The principal arguments in favor of the reference of the building of Chorsabad to the Medo-Persic dynasty of the Archæmenides, appear to be, the similarity of its sculptures in general character and execution with those of Persepolis, and with other remains in Persia, usually called Kayanian, and the identity of some of the figures. The sculptures may be included in that class which is usually, though erroneously, termed Persepolitan; but it must be remembered that a generic name has thus been given to a style of art which derives its source, according to the best opinions, from a period long previous to the foundation of the capital of the Persian empire.

Although the extreme minuteness in the details is equally observable in Persepolis, yet the sculptures of Chorsabad are undoubtedly superior in the general elegance and taste displayed in the forms, and in the remarkable spirit and *mouvement* of the figures. The entrances to the halls in both

places are formed by monstrous animals, identical in shape at Persepolis and Chorsabad,—uniting the human head and breast with the body of a bull and the wings of a bird. Heeren, arguing upon the presumption that the body of the monster is that of a lion, has endeavored to trace in it the Martichoras of Ctesias, and to bring it, with other symbols, into the system of Indo-Bactrian mythology.* Admitting even the body to be that of a lion, the other parts of the figure do not agree with the description of Ctesias. But we need not search for its origin in the Indo-Bactrian mythology. The bull with a human head was a pure Semitic symbol. It was found in the temple of Bel, or Baal, amongst other monstrous figures, in the earliest period of Babylon; and at the same time was, perhaps, provided with two or four wings, like other symbols preserved in the same building.† There is, moreover, every reason to believe that the bull was a favorite type in Assyrian worship. It might, indeed, have been employed as symbolical of the Assyrian nation.‡ I remember to have somewhere seen the god Baal himself represented with the horns and ears of a bull. It may therefore be conjectured that the Medes and Persians borrowed the symbol from the nations of Assyria or Babylonia, and employed it as an ornament without any mythological reference; and this conjecture appears to be strengthened by the fact, that no other figures have been found at Persepolis combining the human with the brute form. These facts will be of importance when we come to inquire into the origin of the style of art used in the edifice at Chorsabad.

There is a further identity in the attendants of the king, his eunuch and his sword-bearer; in the led-horses and in the chariots. But it is remarkable that at Persepolis we have no instances of warriors represented in armor and helmets.

The arguments against the reference of

* Much discussion seems to have taken place amongst travellers as to the nature of the brute portion of the figure at Persepolis; some contending for a lion with the hoofs of a horse, whilst others discover a bull. The admirable delineation of the animal in the sculptures of Chorsabad can permit of no doubt whatsoever upon the subject. This fact alone would prove the superiority of these sculptures.

† See a remarkable passage in Eusebius, Chron. ed. Aucher, vol. i. p. 23.

‡ The Semitic word *shour* signifies a bull; the Chaldee form is *tour*: hence, perhaps, the Greek and Latin.

* Nineveh must not be confounded with Larissa (? Resen), the ruins of which, probably, now exist at the junction of the Zab with the Tigris.

the edifice of Chorsabad to the dynasty Archæmenides are far more weighty than those in favor of the supposition.

1. The absence of the *feroother*, that invariable attendant of the king in all Medo-Persic monuments with which we are acquainted.* The *feroother*, it will be remembered, was in the Zoroastrian faith the archetype of created beings; the pure soul or essence, detached from the human body, which existed contemporaneously with each living thing, both man and animal. In the sculptures of Bisutun and Persepolis it is always placed above the image of the king, in his perfect likeness; the lower part of the body being, however, replaced by wings.

2. No traces whatsoever of Magian worship are to be found at Chorsabad; whilst at Persepolis we have the constant recurrence of the fire-altar of the priests, and of various symbols of Zoroastrianism, such as the sacred cup Havan in the hand of the king.

3. The king is nowhere portrayed as struggling with monstrous animals, to denote his superior greatness and strength, as at Persepolis.

4. The absence of the simple cuneiform character, which appears to have been always employed by the Medo-Persic kings, and represents the pure Persian dialect.

It will be seen from the foregoing remarks, that whilst valid objections appear to exist against the reference of the edifice discovered at Chorsabad to the dynasty of the Archæmenides, equally valid arguments cannot be advanced against its reference to the first Assyrian period. The second Assyrian dynasty has evidently, however, the best claim; and if I could venture to point out any particular monarch to whom the sculptures could with some plausibility be attributed, I would name Seunacherib, or Essarhadon, whose conquests over Jews, Egyptians, and Ethiopians, may perhaps be traced in the physiognomy of the captives and vanquished in the bas-reliefs of Chorsabad.

LORD ROSSE'S TELESCOPE.—Marvellous rumors are afloat respecting the astronomical discoveries made by Lord Rosse's monster telescope. It is said that Regulus, instead of being a *sphere*, is ascertained to be a *disc*; and, stranger still, that the nebula in the belt of Orion is a *universal system*—a sun, with planets moving round it, as the earth and her fellow-orbs move round our glorious luminary!!! Can such things be?—*Lit. Gaz.*

It is even found in cylinders.

ON THE BUREAUCRACY OF PRUSSIA.

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

Die Preussische Bureaucratie, von Karl Heinzen. Darmstadt. 1845.

It has been continually found in England, that to 'suppress' a book by order of government is to make it known to the public, and to give it, whether for good or evil, the first great impetus to popularity. This fact has been figuratively, yet truly expressed by the celebrated American essayist, Emerson, in these axiomatic words:—'The martyr cannot be dishonored. Every lash inflicted is a tongue of fame; every prison a more illustrious abode; every burned book or house enlightens the world; every suppressed or expunged word reverberates through the earth.' To what degree such a fate awaits Karl Heinzen we do not pretend to determine; but certainly the preliminary measures for martyrdom and popularity have been taken with regard to his '*Bureaucratie*.'

This book has been suppressed by order of the Prussian Government; the police have taken possession of all the copies at the public libraries, at the booksellers' shops, and wherever else they could ascertain there was a copy to be found; and the author has been obliged to fly his country. But however vigilant the police may have been in their searches and inquiries, some copies will always remain in private hands, will be read and treasured up all the more for the prohibition; the subject will be the more considered and reasoned upon in all its bearings; and the work will excite an interest about its author, not merely as the author of so bold a publication, but as being an object of persecution in the cause of rational liberty.

That Heinzen clearly foresaw the animosity his book would excite, and the persecution he would have to endure, a few lines from his brief Preface will sufficiently show.

"People will be inclined to discover all possible crimes in the book, because it contains nearly the greatest of all—namely, an unsparing judgment of the Bureaucrats. They will accuse the author of all the offences commonly adduced by the Bureaucratical Inquisition—namely disloyalty to majesty; then, high treason; then, insolence towards the laws of the country and the authorities; excitement to dissatisfaction; outrages, malevolence, and who knows what else, may not be laid to his account. He confesses himself to be disloyal,

only, inasmuch as he subordinates the majesty of the king to the majesty of Truth."

The author, moreover, declares that he will not remove himself out of the reach of the laws, provided he be allowed deliberately to adduce all the proofs in support of his statements and opinions in a fair and open trial; but, warned by the experience of others, he protests against all measures that deviate from the regular, straightforward and lawful path. He demands to have the right of making a free defence, and to have his personal security respected previous to the judgment and sentence of the Court. Any thing short of this he designates as a barbarism and an abuse of power. That he was not at all likely to fare better than others under similar circumstances he must have well known.

Bürokratie may be defined as the instrumental government of public and of secret civil officers. Before quoting Heine's opinions concerning it, we will refer to certain remarks which have been made by two celebrated Prussian ministers.

The Baron von Schön wrote as follows concerning the origin and condition of the Bureaucrats. Schön never held the office of minister; but the title was given him for official services.

Frederick the Second found a people uncivilized, thoughtless, and hardly capable of thought. From his mind a new world of ideas first came upon the nation, which was penetrated by the power of his spirit. The people, inspired by the highly-gifted king, followed wheresoever he led. But light kindles light. The king's designs should be realized; ministers of the crown must execute his orders; and some rays from the splendor of the ruling spirit came also upon them. His servants thus acquired a greater importance, and higher consequence in the eyes of the people, than otherwise belong to the executors of given commands. This reflex light, however, from the illustrious king grew weaker and weaker before the light of general culture, continually increasing. But as the Church likes to keep up its Saints, so the tradition of this radiance propagated from generation to generation, till the caste of civil officers attained its highest point; concerning which Strauss rightly says, that the Prussian *Bürokratie* proceeds in accordance with the Catholic Church; for as the priest there performs the rituals only for himself, without reference and regard to the community, so the Prussian civil officer, who especially stands apart from the people, fancies that the service of government exists only for himself, and not for the people, but the people for him."

The minister, Baron von Stein, who remodelled the government in conjunction with Hardenberg, in the old Prussian provinces, must inevitably have had the greatest opportunities of seeing into the whole of the secret, as well as public machinery of the state; and, on the subject in question, he expressed himself in these strong terms:—

"We are governed," says Stein, "by paid, book-learned Bureaucrats, who are without property, and have no interests at stake; and this will last as long as it can. The above epithets and characteristics fairly represent our own (and some other) spiritless governing machines. Paid—therefore striving to render permanent and increase the officers and the salaries. Book-learned—men living in the world of letters, and not in the actual world. Without interests—because they have no transactions with any other class of the citizens who constitute the state; they are a class by themselves—the Writing Class. Without property—and therefore all movements of property do not affect them. It may rain; the sun may shine; the taxes may rise or fall; all laws of old standing may be destroyed, or may remain as they are; the Writing Class cares nothing about the matter. They receive their salaries out of the government cash-box, and write—write in silence, in their offices with locked doors, unobserved, unrenowned, unknown; and they educate their children to become the same useful government machines. One machinery (the military) I saw fall in 1806, on the 14th of October. Perhaps these writing machines will also have their 14th of October. This is the vice from which our dear fatherland suffers—the Power of the Bureaucrats, and the Nothingness of the Citizens."

Before proceeding further, it is requisite to notice one or two remarks in the latter extract, because most readers in England will think, either that they prove the contrary of the intended argument, or else that, at any rate, they require some comment. When Baron von Stein tells us that the Bureaucrats are paid, we naturally ask, if he could expect officers of state to work for nothing, any more than any other class. That they are paid, therefore, is surely no reproach. That they are reading and writing officers, in fact, theorists, or, at all events not practical men, is also in itself an accusation of no apparent weight; because we know that whatever is done practically must have been originated by thought; and whatever is done systematically must have been preceded by a theory. There are many, likewise, who consider that a civil officer, having no property except his salary,

is more unbiased in his opinion, and can exercise a more pure, abstract judgment in questions relating to property; and if he has no commercial interests, and does not feel his own concerns directly involved in those of the community, it may be argued that, being thus disinterested, and free from all personal considerations, he is more likely to decide with single-minded honesty for the general good. These reflections will naturally occur to many Englishmen; but they are not so weighty as at first they may appear. If they be applicable to some parts of the machinery of government in England, the same application will not hold good with regard to Prussia. It should be understood that we allude to the question of no property and no interests in the affairs of the working community, which facts are adduced, among other circumstances, as tending to display the unfitness of the Bureaucrats for the management of public affairs. And with good reason; for they are often called upon to decide, and must decide, upon matters of which they have had no sort of experience, and no direct knowledge; and they do thus decide, without asking the advice of those who *have* such experience and knowledge. Hence, having no actual experience and knowledge, and their wits *not* being sharpened by the possession of property, and private interests at stake; if they are called upon to make the terms of a commercial treaty with another nation, they are at all times liable to commit errors, the results of which are a direct and manifest injury to the community. The treaty of commerce, for instance, made about two years ago with Holland, has already proved to be of the most disadvantageous kind to Germany. The heavy, matter-of-fact Dutchmen, who drew up the treaty for their own country, 'knew their business,' and were men of business themselves; the 'penmanship' of the paper-wise Bureaucrats had no chance with them. The injury to Prussia is of the most serious kind. But who is responsible? Nobody. It is a different matter in England, though we do not see great reason to be complimentary to our own country on this score. Without doubt, the English House of Commons (to say nothing of the Lords) contains many members who are very ignorant of commercial affairs, and of business generally; a few book-learned men, and a few theorists; but on the other hand, these are checked by the presence of some excellent men of business, of men who have had ex-

perience, and possess practical knowledge of commercial and other social affairs; and when in difficult cases, Select Committees are formed, those who are known to be the best men for the given subject are pretty sure to form some part, at least, if not the principal part of them. Moreover, if great ignorance and great errors are committed, it is a public matter, can be discussed, and the due amount of odium or blame attached to the right parties, who would become thenceforth less liable to obtain the chance of doing similar mischief to the public interests. But in Prussia all is transacted with closed doors; the framers of laws, acts, and treaties, settle every thing 'to their own minds;' their statements of facts, arguments, discussions, are not known, and even their ignorance is seldom known except by its results. Nobody is publicly responsible for what is done, or how it works. It emanated from the Bureaucracy; that is the only answer. Nobody, however instructed, can offer a timely word of advice or warning, no public measure being previously open to public discussion. The first thing that is heard of it with certitude is from "authority." The government announces that a law or treaty has been made, an act passed. The thing is done.

The reader is now sufficiently prepared for the introduction of Karl Heinzen. In his chapter, entitled 'Woher, und was ist die Bureaukratie,' he says, 'The Prussian Bureaucracy springs out of the Prussian absolutism;' and he proceeds to show that it is a natural result of despotism on the one hand, and of slavery on the other.

Despotic power must have many instruments to do its work, or else it may die, using the words of Frederick the Great, who died 'worn out with ruling over slaves.' Something to the same effect has been said by various princes; Frederick William I., for instance, who 'endeavored to establish the sovereignty like a rock of bronze,' and Frederick William III. who, both in word and deed, regarded the people and the state as 'the tools of the greatness and splendor of the royal houses.' But as the majority of princes, and especially of absolute princes, are not so fond of a life requiring such constant activity, and we may say, actual hard work, the labor was gradually distributed among a number of civil officers, all, however, under the direct influence of the spirit of despotism by their *secret* as well as public responsibility to the ministers of these absolute princes.

"Any power, especially in the state, must be represented. Who then represents the Bureaucracy? Chiefly, of course, the ministers. We do not weaken this general assertion by admitting some highly honorable exceptions, since even the minister who came into office with the intention of not being a Bureaucrat, was compelled to give way to the existing and in-rooted system. We congratulate Herr von Schön that he never became a minister. It is not a monarchy in reality, and in the executive, governs in Russia, but an oligarchy. Each minister is a monarch in his own way. The ministers—servants of the state—are become the masters of the state; the domestics of the house constitute the house. The ministers in Prussia will, therefore, often go beyond their authorized power, because the mass and the dependency of their subordinates is so immense, that it gives them an overweening sense of the supremacy of their authority. For this reason, the Bureaucracy is equally the opponent of the king and of the people. It will easily believe it has too little power precisely because it has too much. In England the ministers command through the medium of their commission from the people; in Prussia the ministers exercise command over the business of the people, and over the people themselves. It is, therefore, necessary to keep ministers within bounds on all sides; and from beneath by means of a free constitution and a real representation of the people."—Heinzen, *Preuss. Bureaukratie*, pp, 20, 21.

In the chapter entitled, 'Beschwerden gegen die Bureaukratie,' Heinzen says it is of 'divine origin' (an irony which has, of course, been regarded as one of the proofs of high treason); and thus it is, therefore, irresponsible, in any public way, and all-powerful. 'What weapons,' continues he, 'can we use against Bureaucracy? None. The Press does not attack it, because the Censor is its seconder; Justice does not chastise it, because Justice has no power over it.' He then asks why complaints are not publicly made against all these abuses of authority; and the answer that naturally occurs is, because, in almost all cases, Bureaucracy itself has to decide upon these complaints. Moreover, these same officials are intrenched on all sides, and laugh at the inimical marksmen who, as Heinzen humorously expresses it, 'rove about here and there with their pen-shooters.' In fine, this class of functionaries is a regularly organized machinery of government, established and supported by all the powers of an absolute monarchy. A really popular representation and a free constitution would be its death-blow. 'This is why the resist-

ance has been so great to all such projects, and has caused such palpable vacillation on the part of the present king.

Heinzen gives a chapter on the subject of a proposed constitution, (as opposed by the Bureaucrats), and the royal promise. 'Du sollst dein Wort halten,' says the author, at the head of the chapter. It is very interesting, but prodigiously long, in comparison with the others, and so diffuse, as to set any amount of extracts at defiance. The substance of it, however, may be thus briefly stated:

The present King of Prussia promised his people to give them a constitution; and at the Congress of Vienna in 1814, these articles were agreed upon as a minimum for each state;—

1. A definite part in the legislature.
2. The sanction of the taxes.
3. Representation of the Constitution against an undue interference of the King or the Diet.

The King of Prussia now published the well-known order of the 22d of May, 1815, in which he says, among other things,—

"That the principles upon which we have governed may be truly handed down to posterity by means of a written document as a Constitution of the Prussian realm, and preserved for ever, we have decreed,—

"1. There shall be formed a Representation of the people.

"3. Out of the provincial diets shall be selected a Diet for the whole kingdom, which shall have its seat at Berlin.

"4. The efficiency of the representatives of the kingdom extends over all the legislature, including taxation.

"If any body should ask,' says Heinzen 'whether we know an instance in which Frederick William III. has broken his word, we must answer—It is certain that he has never publicly revoked it as he publicly pledged it—but he has, in fact, left it *unfulfilled*.'"

How unanswerable these remarks are must be sufficiently apparent; but those only who are aware of the shackled condition of the press in Prussia can properly estimate the moral courage of the man who has thus dared to use the powerful simplicity of the language of truth. And this naturally leads us to turn to Heinzen's chapter of the Bureaucracy and the Press.

There are in Prussia, and even in its smallest towns, civil officers called censors, and nothing can be published any where without the examination and permission of

this officer.* He sees every thing that is intended to be printed and published—even mercantile advertisements and circulars! He is guided by secret orders from the government, and is not liable to any other check upon his conduct. He can erase what he pleases from a manuscript or printer's proof, and need give no sort of explanation to an author or other writer; the censor's will or caprice being arbitrary and admitting of no question. Two years ago, it is true, the king constituted a high court of appeal, called Ober-Censur-Gericht, to which complaints may be addressed; but the judges are Bureaucrats. With regard to newspapers, the censorship is more especially stringent. The 'Leipzig Gazette' was prohibited throughout the kingdom of Prussia, because it commenced a contest with the Bureaucracy. The 'Rhenish Gazette' was utterly quashed for the same unpardonable offence, the Bureaucrats cried out that the 'State and Church' (meaning their offices and salaries) 'were in danger.'

The censorship has different departments. There is a censor whose business in each town is solely with newspapers; another 'looks sharp' over the pamphlets; another takes care of the novels and romantic literature generally; nor is poetry by any means forgotten. But the newspapers are more especially the objects of watchful solicitude. The Prussian government does not consider the censor a sufficient power to keep the editors of newspapers within the bounds of 'a most undangerous discussion of affairs,' and therefore, it suspends over their heads a threat, like the sword of Damocles, that any slip of the pen may be visited by the loss of the license of the paper. No newspaper can appear in Prussia without a license—and licenses are very difficult to be obtained, and, for the most part, are only given *conditionally*. But after all this care in the licenses, and making preliminary conditions, and the constant supervision of the censor, (who may erase any thing he pleases here and there all over the printer's proofs, the gaps being ordered to be closed so that nobody shall know the alarming spot where an erasure was made,) after all this, the editor or other responsible person is *still* amenable to the law!

* Except books which exceed twenty sheets, but these may be suppressed by a summary order, before the sale of them commences.—See 'For. Quar. Rev.' No. lxvi. pp. 376—7.

The prohibition of works is, moreover, of a wholesale kind in some cases. All the works of some of the ablest authors, such as Heinrich, Heine, and Ludwig Börne, are prohibited in Prussia; and every thing printed in Switzerland, (that is to say, at Zurich and Winterthur im litterarischen Comptoir,) is prohibited throughout the Prussian dominions. This is a bad state of things, and needs alteration. A change has already been demanded by the Diet of West Prussia, (the oldest and most genuinely Prussian province,) and the Rhenish Diet; while there now lies before us a well-argued proposal presented to the latter diet, which is at this time sitting at Coblenz. It is supported by many petitions.

The Army Service, as one might expect, is severely dealt with by Heinzen. How far any of his remarks will apply to the military institutions of other countries, we leave the reader to determine. We should, however, observe that although the principle of the power of brute force is the same in all cases, there is yet a great difference in the circumstances between the standing army of a nation, and a 'nation of soldiers.'

"There is a brilliant misery and a brilliant slavery in the institution of the standing army; both are most beautifully united. When it is beautiful to be a machine under a coat of two colors; when it is a blessing to be a slave under stunning music; when it is dignifying to have the soul and body drilled for gaiterservice and parade; then will you find beauty, happiness, and human dignity, united in a life in the standing army.

"Nothing presents a greater contrast to the culture of our times, than the reflection that the security of the state should still be based on a military institution! an institution by which every independent power of man becomes a fault; by which each free volition is annihilated, together with all spirit; by which the nature that distinguishes us from other creatures of the earth is destroyed; in which even the rudest word of command becomes reason; the most arduous order, law; the blindest obedience, virtue; and the most god-deserted loss of free-will (*die gottverlassene Willenlosigkeit*) is a duty!"—Reinzen, *Büreaukratie*, p. 101.

The chapter on 'Justice' is interesting. We offer the following abstract of the principal points.

Ministers can make what laws they please without submitting them to public consideration, there being no representation of the people in Prussia; and the

ministers can generally make the judges decide as they wish, inasmuch as the former have the power, if displeased with them, of dismissing them from office.

Heinzen very truly remarks, that 'where justice is not wholly free and inviolate in all respects, there is no right and no security of the citizens possible.' 'In Prussia,' continues he, 'this security does not exist. Neither the author of this book, nor the author of any other,' (nor, we might humbly add in a whisper, the writer of the present article,) 'is at any time sure that he may not be taken out of his house by the police, and conducted in custody to Berlin or any other place, the moment the Bureaucracy thinks him deserving of its especial consideration.' Among other examples, they have treated in this way no less a person than the Archbishop of Cologne. 'The poor author and the rich prelate fare alike; but that is very indifferent consolation to actual sufferers. They took the archbishop out of his house under mere accusations, and out of the district of his jurisdiction, withdrew him from all clerical functions, treated him for several years as a prisoner, and finally—declared that nothing could be proved against him!

In the old Prussian provinces, (as distinguished from the Rhenish,) the Book of Laws is called 'Landrecht.' It first appeared in the last century, in the reign of Frederick II.; but since that time it has been so much altered by cabinet orders (from the king) and ministerial rescripts, (which in Prussia have the power of laws,) that it now creates more difficulties and errors than it cures, and the most experienced lawyer can scarcely find his way through the immense complexity. The late king had already ordered the formation of a law commission to compile a new Book of Laws for the entire kingdom. At the head of this commission stands the celebrated professor and state-minister, Von Savigny; but up to this time the commission has never published any of its labors. In the Rhenish provinces, which it will be recollected were for many years under the dominion of the French, the 'Code Napoleon' is still the recognized Book of Laws. All the Prussian ministers, and more especially the minister Von Kamptz, endeavored to do away with this admirable code, and to give the Rhenish provinces the 'Landrecht' instead. But public feeling and opinion were so very strong against the design, that none of the ministers

could venture to do it for fear it should excite the loyal inhabitants of these provinces to an insurrection, or at least to a state of dissatisfaction with their present government. It was not thought prudent to inspire them with any regrets concerning their late rulers, the French. Nevertheless, the ministers have continued virtually to alter the 'Code Napoleon' to a very great extent, without making any nominal or literal change by the addition of all sorts of new laws, and the alteration of others. This manœuvre was sometimes so glaring that they did not dare to publish these new laws in the government papers, where they ought all by right to appear, in order to acquire the power of laws, by being thus made known to the population. They, therefore, sent them quietly to the different courts of law and other administrations, and thus the new law was first learnt by its effect being felt. The trick would be laughable were it not a serious thing to play with justice. Heinzen says, 'After the rescript of the 22d of December, 1833, the verdicts of a court of law in matters that concern high-treason, or disloyalty towards the king or country, are *no* verdicts, but only *advice*s for a verdict! The minister of justice, after having had them minutely examined and *brought into unison* with the laws, makes them verdicts!' Falsehoods ludicrously palpable have also been told. Although the Minister von Kamptz continually made the greatest alterations, virtually, in the 'Code Napoleon,' by issuing new ministerial rescripts in direct opposition to the corresponding cases in the Code, he nevertheless declared, on leaving his seat as Minister of Justice in 1838, that 'not a single article in the Civil Code, in the Civil Process Order, or the Penal Code, had been altered.' Heinzen says, 'This I call cutting off the nose and ears of a man, and then saying we have not hurt a hair of his head!'

Nor is the system of Education in Prussia, excellent as this is in so many respects, free from the reproach of despotic influence. Children and young men acquire a great general knowledge; but professors and schoolmasters are not allowed to teach according to any views of their own, or to instil any convictions they may entertain which are not in strict accordance with the regular government system. Hence, besides other limitations, the pupils do not acquire the knowledge of matters that concern actual life, and which might enable

them to stand upon their own ground in entering the active world. But a free instruction could hardly be expected in a country where the free expression of thought is not permitted either to the pen or the tongue. This applies not merely to politics, but also to theology, and to philosophy generally. 'A professor,' says Heinzen, 'who should indulge in a free expression of thought at his lecture-desk, would be equally punished with a rebel who declaimed in the streets.'

Heinzen's work is divided into three Parts, the first and most important of which we have now gone through. The remainder we have seen, but do not at present possess, the separate Parts being handed about privately. Should we obtain them, however, as we fully expect, we shall probably return to the subject; and after exhibiting the work in detail, offer some general comments on the whole, together with the state of things it discusses.

It is by means of a few such men as Heinzen—men who, as Carlyle expresses it, possess 'the true martyr spirit,' that Liberty gradually uplifts her head, and triumphs over the despotism that on all sides oppresses her. We cannot do better than conclude with the author's words.

"For all who have an opinion of their own these few words are written. That which makes man a slave, is the mean fear of a prison. But to be obliged to take one's conviction into the grave is a greater punishment than a prison could be; and to spread one's free opinion is a greater happiness than the security derived from a timorous silence. It is a duty and an honor to enter a gaol, when its doors are opened for rectitude and truth. The path to liberty lies through the prison."—*Heinzen, Preuss. Bureaucratie*, p. 207.

Heinzen has at present taken refuge in Belgium; but we understand that he offers to return and submit himself to the laws, provided they will try him by the 'Code Napoleon,' and not by a secret tribunal. Meantime a subscription for his wife and family has been made in Cologne.

MR. JOHN MARTIN, late secretary to the Artists' Benevolent Fund, has been presented with a silver inkstand, as a testimony for his services to that Institution. It originated entirely with the members of the Committee, on the suggestion of Sir John Edward Swinburne, Bart, the President. The subscription was confined to the Committee.
—*Athenæum*.

JAMES, FIRST EARL OF MALMESBURY.

From the Quarterly Review.

Diaries and Correspondence of James Harris, First Earl of Malmesbury, containing an Account of his Missions to the Courts of Madrid, Frederick the Great, Catherine II., and the Hague; and of his special Missions to Berlin, Brunswick, and the French Republic. Edited by his grandson, the Third Earl. Vols. III. and IV. London. 1844.

TOWARDS the conclusion of our recent notice of the two first volumes of this series, we said—'we suppose that a further publication is intended, which perhaps has been postponed from considerations of delicacy towards persons still living.' We find, however, that we were mistaken in supposing that there was any delicacy in the case—the postponement seems to have been but another instance of the practice which has of late grown up of bringing out in *livraisons* works which might as well, for aught we see, have been brought out at once. We may hereafter have occasion to make some observations on the effect of this system, but we notice it on this occasion only because it led us into expectations which have been disappointed, and has obliged us to divide into two articles a subject which we should rather, on account of some principles which it involves, have discussed in one.

If these latter volumes of Lord Malmesbury's diaries and correspondence were to be published in our day, they must naturally have excited considerable surprise in the public mind, and have raised—in addition to the suggestion which we made as to the respect due to private feelings—the more important question as to the *right* of a public minister or his representative to publish, at his private pleasure, and for his private objects, documents or information obtained in his public character and in the execution of his official duties. This abstract question might have been raised in the case of even the two first volumes, where there are many things which ought not, we think, to have been published as part of the official or even private correspondence of a British minister; but as they related to days comparatively remote, and to interests for the most part obsolete, and as we presumed (erroneously it seems) that a discreet pause was made for the purpose of precluding any complaints either public

or private, of too near an approach to our own times, we forbore raising a question which might seem invidious, and which the good sense and delicacy of the noble Editor himself appeared to avoid; but, as the appetite of the public for these revelations, and the profit-prompted liberality of the possessors of such documents, seem rapidly increasing we feel it our duty to offer some observations on a subject of, as it seems to us, some novelty and considerable importance.

We must begin by stating that these volumes contain matters so various as to be at first sight hardly reducible to any common rule as to the right or propriety of their publication. We have, 1. The ordinary official despatches and communications between the minister and his own court, and that to which he was accredited. 2. The more secret and confidential correspondence, which under the form and style of private letters are essentially official, and affect in the highest degree the public interests. 3. Memoranda, minutes, of conferences, or conversations, and intelligence, collected in the ministerial character, and for the purposes of the mission. 4. Extracts of Diaries which Lord Malmesbury seems to have kept with great assiduity all through his life, and of which, during the periods of his public employment, all the most essential portions relate to his ministerial duties, and are as it were a kind of log-book of his official and in some degree of his personal proceedings:—the fourth volume is almost wholly composed of extracts from the Diary from 1801 to 1808, when Lord Malmesbury was residing in London in the centre of an extensive political acquaintance, and keeping very copious notes of the political news and occurrences of the day.

Of these classes there can be little doubt, we think, that the three first may be considered as belonging to the same category, and as subject to whatever custom or rule of law may exist as to the antagonist rights of the Crown, and one of its official agents, over the documents connected with the agency. The question on the Diaries is rather more complicated, from the difficulty of distinguishing how far papers of such a mixed character can be classed as public or private. But the difficulty is more superficial than real: on the one hand, no one can pretend that Lord Malmesbury's representative had not a *legal* right over his *private* diaries; those, for instance,

kept when he was out of office; but on the other it may, we think, be doubted whether such a right extends to a journal like, for instance, that kept during his mission to Brunswick, which is really a history of the mission—containing scarcely one word or fact that had not a direct relation to it, and which but for the mission could have had no existence.

Now, putting aside for the moment all question of discretion and delicacy, and regarding only the *strictness of law*, we hold that it is clearly established that a public minister can have, with regard to his official papers, no private and independent right of publication.

Judge Story, in his 'Commentaries on Equity Jurisprudence,' has collected all the cases which constitute the law on this subject, and classed and condensed them in his usual masterly style. He states, on all the authorities, that 'private letters, even as literary compositions, belong to the writer and not to the receiver, who at most has a special property in them which does not give him a right to publish them' (§ 944); and again, that 'by sending a letter the writer gives to the person to whom it is addressed a property in it for the purposes of reading, and, in some cases, of keeping it; but the gift is so restrained that, beyond the purposes for which the letter is sent, the property remains in the sender' (§ 945). These decisions were made on the principle involved in this and all such like cases, namely, the *copyright* in and the pecuniary value of such papers. But the argument goes still further, and protects letters, not merely as *property*, but as the sacred depositories of private *confidence*. 'It would, indeed,' says Dr. Story, 'be a sad reproach to English and American jurisprudence if Courts of Equity could not interpose in cases where the very nature of the letter imports—as matters of business, or friendship, or advice, or family or private confidence—the *implied* or necessary intention and *duty* of privacy and secrecy' (§ 947); and thence the cases lead to a still closer analogy to our point. '*Courts of Equity will restrain a party from making a disclosure of secrets communicated to him in the course of a confidential employment*' (§ 952). And he further shows that these rules apply not merely to letters received, but equally so to letters *written* by a person—in short, 'they have been applied in all cases where the publication would be a violation of trust

or confidence, founded in contract or implied from circumstances' (§ 949). And, if this doctrine be true in private cases, it is infinitely stronger in that of a sworn servant of the State, who is not merely what the law would call an agent, but is invested with a still more confidential character, and a much higher, and much deeper responsibility. This is common sense, common honesty, common equity, and common law.

A case occurred a few years ago, in which we had occasion to consider this question incidentally, and our opinion then was in perfect accordance with these principles. This was in our review of '*A Narrative of a Residence at the Court of London, by Richard Rush, Esq.,*' Envoy from the United States. Mr. Rush in this work chose to publish, without any authority from his government, and on his private responsibility, many of his diplomatic communications with our ministers, and gave some reasons—very bad ones as we thought and showed—for this deviation from the ordinary course of diplomacy. For our present purpose we need only quote our general *résumé* of the question. The first part of our argument had applied to the mere act of publishing what had never been intended for publication, and then we proceeded to say with regard to the publication by Mr. Rush—

'But Mr. Rush is in a still graver error as to the general principle. He seems to think that, if such documents may be published, he has a right to publish them. No such thing. The State has such a right, but not the servant of the State, without the express permission of the head of the Government. In all a minister's negotiations, whether verbal or documentary, he can acquire no personal right—no right to publish or otherwise employ the papers he may have collected, or the information he may have obtained, for any purpose of his own. The whole belongs to the State, and he has no more right to make any use of them than a lawyer would have to turn something which he has found amongst his client's title-deeds to his own advantage.'—(Q. R., xlix. p. 325.)

To this general doctrine we have never heard any objection; we believe it to be indisputable, and we will therefore venture to repeat our matured judgment—one not, as we have shown, formed on or for the present occasion,—that the noble Editor had no right whatsoever to publish the diplomatic papers of his grandfather. We have no doubt that such a publication might

have been stopped by an injunction; and as the case now stands, we suspect that the law of copyright would not protect a publication where there was no right to publish.

But this applies only to the absolute right—which is, we admit, susceptible of various modifications in practice. In the first place the consent of the Government for the time being, as representative of the sovereign or the state, would hardly be denied on a fit occasion, and would remove all difficulty. Of the two earliest publications by private persons of diplomatic papers that we possess—'*The Cabala*' and Diggs's '*Complete Ambassador*'—it is observable that both, and particularly the latter, referred to transactions quite obsolete, and were published during the license of the Commonwealth, but that when the '*Cabala*' was republished after the Restoration with some additional matter, it was with the express sanction of the Secretary of State. The second volume of Sir William Temple's works, published by Swift, which contained his diplomatic letters, was especially dedicated to King William—which the first volume was not—and had no doubt his Majesty's countenance and sanction. But we have now before us a case of recent and decisive authority—Sir Robert Adair's publication, May, 1844, of '*An Historical Memoir of his Mission to Vienna*.' This memoir is based on, and is accompanied by a selection from the despatches written and received by him during that period. Sir Robert Adair, taking the true legal and statesmanlike view of the case, obtained from Lord Palmerston, then the Secretary of State, '*an official permission—not withdrawn by Lord Aberdeen*—to publish such parts of his despatches as might not be prejudicial to the public service;' and he also, he tells us, obtained '*Prince Metternich's consent*;' and he announces on his title-page that these despatches are '*published by permission of the proper authorities*.' All this is right and proper, and establishes, we think, the true principles of the case.

But though we suppose that in strictness no state-papers can be printed without the consent of the Crown, yet in practice any formality of sanction has been reasonably considered as unnecessary in cases which, by long lapse of time and entire change of circumstances, can no longer affect either private feelings or public interests, and have passed into the fair and undisputed

domain of history. It might be difficult to fix the precise boundary of this domain, in which every year makes a degree of change; but it is creditable to the discretion of the eminent men who have served in public stations for the last century—of the hereditary possessors of their official papers—and of the literary men who have had access to those papers—that till within very late years little or nothing has been published to which any serious objection could be made. When Lord Kenyon and Dr. Phillpotts published, in 1827, the letters between the King and Lord Chief Justice Kenyon on the subject of the Coronation Oath, Lord Chancellor Eldon—with all his political and religious predilections for the views that publication was intended to serve—could not help expressing ‘considerable doubts’ as to the propriety of that publication, (Twiss’s ‘Life,’ vol. i. p. 360)—not from any disapprobation of the sentiments, nor doubting that they did honor to both parties, but evidently because it seemed to make public a privileged communication too near our times to be altogether considered, as in all other respects they certainly are, historical documents. Lord Eldon’s own biographer, who states this doubt, has gone much farther, for he has printed not only private letters of recent date, but a number of the most secret and confidential notes from King George III. to his Chancellor on the most delicate subjects. In our review of Mr. Twiss’s work, (Q. R. vol. lxxiv. p. 71,) we said that, taking for granted that Mr. Twiss had obtained permission from the parties or their representatives for the publication of these private communications, there were still some for which it was too early even to ask such permission—a sufficient intimation of the judgment which we now more broadly state—that without such permission, those documents were, according to all admitted principles, no more the property of the Chancellor’s grandson, in respect to *publication*, than Lord Malmesbury’s despatches were of *his* grandson. It seems clear that the present Earl has not thought of obtaining any such permission or sanction, and for this as well as other reasons we cannot but think that his publication infringes on those *ill-defined*, but *well understood* rules of discretion and delicacy, by the nice observance of which the publication by private hands of official documents can alone be justified.

We are satisfied that the noble Editor

had not the least intention of infringing these rules, and will be surprised at finding that he can, by any ill-natured critic, be supposed to have done so. We assure him we are not towards him ill-natured critics;—we are satisfied that he was as far as we ourselves should be from publishing any thing which he could have imagined to be injurious to the public service or reasonably displeasing to individuals. But in our judgment he has happened to do both; and it is lest the involuntary error of a justly respected nobleman should in these all-publishing days create a dangerous precedent, that we have thus ventured to express our opinion that, *strictly speaking*, the official and confidential—that is the greater and more important—divisions of these papers were not *his* to *publish*, and that the customary and conventional rights which a sufficient lapse of time confers on the possessor of such documents have not yet accrued to him.

We are sorry to be obliged to pronounce this judgment, which is much against our own private interest and predilections. We have been very much amused by these two latter volumes, and chiefly, we fear, with those parts the publication of which we have thus presumed to criticise. We wish we could, consistently with our duty to the public, encourage this mode of anticipating history: it has great charms. How much more delightful *to us* must be the sketches of George III. and George IV.—Queen Charlotte and Queen Caroline—Pitt and Fox—Canning and Windham—(to say nothing of the minor portraits)—all fresh, as it were, from the hand of a painter, *their* contemporary, and in some degree *ours*—than they will be in another generation, when they might be exhibited without offence, and received with indifference! Nor can it be denied that historic truth may gain something by what we have hitherto considered as premature publication. If there be misunderstanding or misrepresentation of facts or of motives, there may probably be those living who will feel an interest in correcting the error and in doing justice to themselves or their party; and when the mention is favorable, there will be many to relish the praise of a well-remembered parent or friend, with a keenness of pleasure that cannot be felt by a more distant progeny. It may be also said that no such publication is ever made without *some* reserve and delicacy—that even when nothing is added to praise some-

thing is often subtracted from censure, and that traits likely to be offensive to individuals may be easily, and generally are tenderly softened or omitted: and this, we dare say, may be said of the Malmesbury publication. But then this process is likely to destroy the truth and unity of the work: after being strained through such a cullender an author may be no more like himself than a *purée* to a potato. Unless we have the *whole* evidence we cannot be satisfied of his veracity, nor appreciate his distribution of praise or blame. It is like asking us to give implicit credit to a witness without allowing us the test of a personal examination.

Upon the whole, however, of these considerations, we fall back to our original position that such publications are of very doubtful propriety, and that in the present instance it has been somewhat premature as regards individuals, and somewhat incautious as affects national interests; and we solicit the attention of the public and the government to the inconveniences which may arise if this practice of dealing with official documents as private property should become—as from the taste of the times, and the activity of the literary trade, we think probable—an ordinary speculation with the sons and grandsons of public servants. Take three or four instances. The Armed Neutrality twice died away; but is another revival impossible, and would the maritime interests of this country be much strengthened by an appeal to Lord Malmesbury's Russian correspondence? Is the union of France and Spain against England so entirely out of the question that some British negotiator may not be told on the authority of Lord Malmesbury, or Lord St. Vincent (!), that Gibraltar is worthless, or at best but a counter on the great card-table of Europe? Will it tend much to exalt our character for honesty and good faith to have it said that a British minister of the highest rank prided himself on having *brided* the menial servant of a friendly sovereign to betray the humble duty of opening or closing the door of his master's closet? Or will European confidence in our national pride and integrity be in any degree confirmed by the fact that pending the Lisle negotiations we received, not only without indignation, but with complacency, projects of pecuniary corruption, which, if it disgraced our adversaries to propose, it did us no great honor to listen to? In four large volumes, pretty nearly

divided between twaddle and gossip, such passages as we have referred to may be overlooked by ordinary readers; but we submit it to graver judgments, and even to public opinion, whether—be they truly represented, or, as we rather hope, discolored and exaggerated—these arcana are fit to be divulged in the style and for the motives with which they are now presented to the world.

Turning, however, from these speculations, which, though they come too late in this case, may be applicable to others, we proceed to our examination of the contents of these volumes, premising, once for all, that our space will allow us to give a very inadequate summary of so great a variety of transactions, and that we shall chiefly endeavor to bring before our readers topics on which Lord Malmesbury either throws a new light, or gives, in doubtful points, a preponderating evidence.

We left Lord Malmesbury at the close of the last volume separated in politics from Mr. Fox, and united with the Duke of Portland and his section of the Whigs in the support of Mr. Pitt and the prosecution of the war with France. An early opportunity was taken, we will not say of rewarding his conversion, but of employing his known abilities and still greater reputation, in the public service. For any diplomatic duty he had certainly at that moment, in public opinion, no competitor; and the policy he was called upon to forward was in full accordance with his own previous opinions.

Towards the close of 1793 the King of Prussia—under a strange combination of political embarrassment, private intrigue, and fanatical delusion—exhibited a strong disposition to break off his defensive alliance with England, and to withdraw from the contest against France—in which he had been, originally, the most zealous and prominent actor. Such a design, and especially the motives that prompted it, were so contrary to good faith, and so full of peril not only to Prussia herself but to all Europe, that Mr. Pitt and Lord Grenville proposed to Lord Malmesbury a special mission to endeavor to counteract this pusillanimous, and indeed, as regarded us, fraudulent policy, and to induce the King of Prussia to adhere to what was at once his duty to himself, and his engagement to his allies. Lord Malmesbury had, before his departure, an audience of George III. in the closet—the first time since the

Regency Bill—on which, it will be recollected, Lord Malmesbury had not behaved with quite so much gratitude and duty as might have been expected. His Majesty, however, was very gracious, and gave his Lordship some advice on the subject of his mission, which, if only as an additional corrective of the false notions that were so long and so industriously propagated as to the infirmity of his Majesty's intellect and judgment, is worth extracting.

'He began by saying something complimentary on my accepting the Prussian Mission, then went on by saying, "A few clear words are better perhaps than long instructions. I believe that the King of Prussia is an honest man at the bottom, although a weak one. You must first represent to him, that if he allows his *moral* character the same latitude in his explanation of the force of treaties, as he has allowed it in other still more sacred ties" (referring to his marriage), "all good faith is at an end, and no engagement can be binding. You must then state to him how much his *honor* is engaged in joining in this business, in not giving up a cause in which he had begun so nobly. Then you should apply to his *interest*, that the event of the war must either fail or succeed; that if he withdrew himself from the number of coalesced Powers, in either case he would suffer from leaving them. In the first case (the failure of the war) he perhaps would be the first to feel the consequence of suffering this *Tartarian horde* to overrun Europe. In the second, if we succeed, he certainly might be sure that not having contributed his share to the success, would put him, in respect to the other Powers, in a situation of want of consideration and consequence, and that he would not be consulted or referred to in the general system of Europe, when that became a matter of discussion. That if you fail on referring him to these three great points—his *integrity*, his *honor* and his *interest*—it will be certain nothing can be done; and although I have the greatest confidence in your skill and abilities, yet I shall rest assured in that case that no skill or any ability would be equal to success.'—vol. iii. p. 7.

'And this,' says Lord Malmesbury, 'his Majesty delivered with great perspicuity and correctness;' and then he went on to an explanation without which the first article of these oral instructions, as to the King of Prussia's moral conduct, would appear very strange—'The King of Prussia,' he said, 'was an *illuminé*;' and, as Lord Malmesbury afterwards found, persuaded himself—under the influences of that mysterious sect—that he might reconcile with strict morality the having a wife and three mistresses, and with sound policy the form-

ing an intimate alliance between his own despotism and the Jacobin democracy.

In one of the early letters from Berlin Lord Malmesbury writes to Lord Grenville what surely ought not to have been yet—if ever—published:—

'My dear Lord,—The inside of this Court is really a subject fit only for a private letter: unfortunately it is so closely connected with its public conduct, and influences it so much, that I wish to give you every information relative to it in my power.

'The female in actual possession of favor is of no higher degree than a servant maid. She is known by the name of Mickie, or Mary Doz; and her principal merit is youth and a warm constitution. She has acquired a certain degree of ascendancy, and is supported by some of the most inferior class of favorites; but, as she is considered as holding her office only during pleasure, she is not courted, though far from neglected, by the persons of a higher rank.

'The two candidates for a more substantial degree of favor are Madlle. Vienk and Madlle. Bethman. The first (I really believe, extremely against her will and her principles) is forced forward by a party who want to acquire consequence; and I am told she has the good wishes of Lucchesini, who thinks he shall be able to lead her. Madlle. Bethman plays a deeper game; she acts from, and for, herself; she professes to love the King, but that her principles prevent her giving way to it; she is all sentiment and passion; her aim is to be what his first mistress was, and to turn to her account all the licentious latitude it is said the *illuminés* allow themselves. Madlle. Bethman is cousin to the wealthy banker of that name at Frankfort, and, from what I have learnt there, is perfectly qualified to act the part she has undertaken.'—vol. iii. p. 44.

The noble editor is rather at a loss to explain what the tenets of this religious or irreligious freemasonry of *Illuminés* were, and we cannot much help him. All that we know is, that it was a deep secret—and a very safe one withal—for we strongly suspect they did not know it themselves. Their principal rites seem to have been muddling, smoking, raising ghosts, and dealing with the devil—which devil was of a scale of intellect little above that of his votaries. But the influence of this folly became considerable in the dreamy twilight of German metaphysics, and had, at an early period—even in the time of the philosopher Frederick—made its way into the palace of Berlin, where the twin-sisters—infidelity and superstition—held rival, and yet congenial, courts. Wrexall tells us that the *quondam* hero Prince Ferdinand of

Brunswick abandoned himself to the doctrines and reveries of the *Illuminés* till they reduced his once powerful mind to a state of imbecility. 'It will hardly be believed,' says Wraxall, 'that prior to 1773 he was so subjugated by them as frequently to pass many hours of the nights in churchyards, engaged in evoking and endeavoring to raise apparitions.' Old Frederick was forced to dismiss the poor visionary general from his public employments; but was not, it seems, able to check the growth of the mischief in his own family. We ourselves have heard, from indisputable authority, that the king whom Lord Malmesbury visited (in addition to the moral or rather immoral *illumination* which we have mentioned), was so preternaturally enlightened as to confound the garden of Charlottenburgh with the garden of Gethsemane, and would reverentially take off his hat when he fancied that he met our Saviour in his walks.

But throughout this negotiation with Lord Malmesbury the Prussian monarch, however visionary—mad he might be in the garden, was in a very matter-of-fact state of mind in his cabinet; and the whole affair appears to have been on his part a greedy and unprincipled scheme to obtain the largest possible number of English guineas for services in which England had an interest—strong, no doubt, as part of the general cause against France,—but exceedingly inferior and remote compared with that of Prussia herself. The Prussian cabinet insisted on having their whole army of 100,000 subsidized! And when England was so liberal, or as we think extravagant, as to propose a sum of 2,000,000*l.* for the annual subsidy of that power, to be paid, 2-5ths or 800,000*l.* by England, 1-5th by Austria, 1-5th by Holland, and the other 1-5th to be charged to Prussia herself, Prussia refused to contribute this quota, and insisted that her army should be fed and foraged into the bargain. And when this monstrous pretension was rejected, another still more monstrous was produced, as a conciliatory expedient forsooth—that Prussia would bear her quota, provided the subsidy was raised to 2,500,000*l.*—only a more impudent mode of reasserting that she would pay nothing at all. In the mean while Austria, most naturally we think, declined to take any part of the expense of the Prussian army on her shoulders, and great distrust and acrimony arose between the Courts of Vienna and Berlin, for which Prussia and her minister Lucchesini (prob-

ably sold to the French) were most to blame.

The negotiation was in this nearly hopeless state, when, as appears by the correspondence, the Prussian minister, Haugwitz, proposed to transfer it to the Hague. The Editor states, in a note from the Malmesbury papers, that this was an *artful suggestion of Lord Malmesbury* to get the negotiation out of the influence of Lucchesini and the French. We believe this is a mistake. In his private diary, Lord Malmesbury says that Haugwitz proposed and he accepted the change: and we cannot discover what possible motive Lord Malmesbury could have had for such a move. Haugwitz's is obvious—it relieved the King of Prussia from the presence of Lord Malmesbury, and the personal embarrassment of having to bear the brunt of the most infamous *escroquerie* that was ever attempted—it removed Lord Malmesbury from the capital, where the appearance of the Court and the army contradicted the professions of extreme penury, on which the whole Prussian case rested—it removed him also from the auxiliary influence of the cabinet of Vienna—and finally, it threw him into Holland, where the pressure of the immediate danger and the necessity of the Prussian protection would be most severely felt. It was Lord Malmesbury's fortune, on this occasion, as it seems to have been all through life, to be baffled and bamboozled, or, to use the more modern, and, we suppose, politer term, *mystified*, and then, like a very able diplomatist, as he no doubt was, he *suggests*, though he does not venture to affirm, that it was all a subtle device of his own 'cleverness.' And truth obliges us to say—though it be said of the great Earl of Malmesbury—that a more *goosey* despatch never met our eyes than that in which he announces with great joy this change of place to Lord Grenville, together with a new project, by which Austria was to be left altogether out of the question; and we were to have the great advantage of reducing our subsidy from 800,000*l.* to only 750,000*l.*—a prodigious saving of *one-sixteenth*, but accompanied by this slight drawback, that the force to be supplied for it was diminished in a rather larger proportion—from 100,000 to 60,000 men, or about *seven-sixteenths*.

But even this would have been better than what was really obtained, for Lord Malmesbury signed, on the 19th April, a treaty, by which Prussia was to place

62,400 men at the disposal of England and Holland, at the price of 50,000*l.* a-month, with 1*l.* 12*s.* per man per month for bread and forage—in all 150,000*l.* a-month; besides 300,000*l.* for putting them in motion, and 100,000*l.* more at the end of the year for sending back again: so that, instead of getting 100,000 men for 800,000*l.* per annum, as at first proposed, we had eventually to pay near 1,200,000*l.* for 62,400, for six months nominally, but not for one day in reality. The intention was to employ these troops on the Dutch frontier in connexion with our own army then in Flanders under the Duke of York; but it soon became clear that Lord Malmesbury had been again deceived, for the Prussians seem never to have had the remotest idea of executing any part of the treaty, except pocketing the money. The Editor very naturally wishes to palliate this discomfiture of his grandfather; and—Lord Malmesbury having been invited to bring to England for the consideration of the ministers the opinion of the Duke of York and of the Dutch government as to the best mode of employing the subsidiary army—the Editor states,

‘It appears that this *ill-judged* recall contributed much to the success with which the French party, taking advantage of treachery and national prejudices, contrived through Lucchesini to stultify the treaty.’—p. 93.

We cannot see how this recall was *ill-judged*, or what Lord Malmesbury’s quitting the Hague for a visit to London of three weeks—after the treaty had been signed—could have had to do with French intrigues at Berlin or Lucchesini’s negotiations at Vienna. When Lord Malmesbury returned to the Hague—he had been in London only from the 6th to the 24th of May—he was met by complaints from the Prussians that the money, without which their army *could* not move, had not yet come; and Malmesbury, in his diary, under date of the 2nd of June, complains in very bitter terms against the English ministers that the first instalment under this prodigious treaty had not yet arrived, as if such sums as hundreds of thousands of pounds in a particular coin could be collected at a few days’ notice. It turned out that the first instalment of 300,000*l.* had been already remitted from the British treasury on the 27th of May. For the few days that the remittance was on the road nothing could exceed the complaints of the Prussian ministers at the delay. The Prussian army could not and would not

move a mile without the money, and Lord Malmesbury was very well inclined to join in all their prognostics of mischief from this supposed delay. In the midst of all these complaints the money arrived;—the complaints ceased—but not a Prussian marched. The monthly subsidies were to commence on a most propitious and auspicious day—the *first of April*; and they were regularly paid in Prussian coin procured for the purpose; yet we find Lord Malmesbury confessing that for these ‘*immense sums*,’ as he justly calls them, the Prussians had not moved a step—nor did they ever; but exaggerating the effects of a trifling skirmish which they had with the French near Kayserslautern, which even the exemplary modesty of the French military writers hardly notices, and complaining beyond all credibility and truth of their own loss, they at last got up a kind of mutiny in the army against a compliance with the treaty, and having received 1,105,000*l.* up to September, out of the gullibility of Lord Malmesbury and the too prodigal confidence of the British ministry, the whole bubble burst;—and then Lord Malmesbury writes home, with the most wonderful self-complacency, that he is not at all ashamed of the failure of his treaty, because it

‘must be considered as an alliance with the *Algerines*, whom it is no disgrace to pay, nor any impeachment of good sense to be cheated by.’—vol. iii. p. 126.

O lame, and impotent, and disgraceful conclusion! Instead of regarding Lord Malmesbury’s temporary recall as injudicious, or the delay in paying the swindled subsidy as blameable, every one who reads *even* these papers will rather wonder at the blind confidence that the ministry reposed in him.

And here we have to observe, what we have already hinted at, the danger to historical truth of this sort of revelations—where we are not sure that the *whole* story is told. Mr. Pitt and Lord Grenville are seriously censured in *selections* from Lord Malmesbury’s despatches, and in a *note* by the Editor; but in such a case we should have liked to see the *whole* despatch, and the document on which the note is founded;—and above all, as regards the high praise given to Lord Malmesbury’s diplomacy, would it not have been candid to have afforded us (what we have taken some pains to collect from other sources) an account of the sums actually paid to the

Prussians under this boasted treaty, of which they on their side never performed—nor, we are satisfied, ever meant to perform—one iota? We confidently trust that with the change of our continental relations, the system of subsidies has vanished for ever; but if any future minister should be tempted to deal in that vicarious species of warfare, we doubt whether he could have a better dissuasive than the study of the full history of Lord Malmesbury's treaty of 1794, and its profligate and disgraceful consequences. Of all the manifold errors committed in the revolutionary war, the most injurious to ourselves and even to our allies was the unhappy system of subsidies. We are surprised that Lord Malmesbury did not see this even at the time, for we find that at the close of this unlucky mission he gives Lord Grenville an alarming picture of the state of the public mind in Germany at that period, which ought to have opened his own eyes to the folly and mischief of the very efforts he was making.

'The nobility, the gentry, and large capitalists . . . attribute the evils of war and its duration, not to the enemy, who is endeavoring so strenuously to destroy them, but to the very powers who are endeavoring to rescue them from destruction . . . and it is impossible to awaken them to a sense of their danger.'

'To every attempt of this kind which I have made, I receive for answer, "*England finds its own account in the war, and only wants to engage us to continue from views of ambition and conquest.*"'

'It is useless to argue against such miserable reasoning, as it would be childish to resent it; but it is impossible not to be deeply affected when we see an immense country like this, *abounding at this moment with wealth, and possessing within itself alone means sufficient to resist and repel all the efforts of France, poisoned with doctrines and prejudices which falsify all its faculties, and make those very powers which ought to ensure its safety act as instruments to forward its destruction.*'—pp. 142, 143.

What was more likely to accredit this imputation of selfish and dishonest motives than to see us squandering such enormous sums on countries themselves '*abounding with wealth, and possessing within themselves alone means sufficient to resist and repel all the efforts of France?*' And what was more likely to palsy the feelings and exertions of such a country than the blind, demoralizing, and to their eyes most suspicious system of hiring them to do their

own business, and bribing them to the protection of their own property and honor? Subsidies, alas, could not remedy, but, on the contrary, tended rather to increase and develop the real weakness of the continental powers, which was, as Lord Malmesbury was at length convinced—not want of the legitimate means of war, but—in their armies, party, corruption, and disaffection—in the Courts jealousies, animosities, and greedy speculations, and in that of Prussia treachery—in the people mysticism, infidelity, and jacobinism—these were the causes that helped, if they did not altogether produce, the early successes of the French on the Rhine, and eventually, by a signal course of retributive justice, brought them, twice over, to Berlin and Vienna.

We now arrive at that portion of these volumes about the propriety of the publication of which we entertain on every account the most serious doubts,—a very copious and unreserved diary kept by Lord Malmesbury during his mission to the Court of Brunswick at the close of 1794, to demand the Princess Caroline in marriage for the Prince of Wales, and to conduct her to England. We confess that no publication that we have ever seen (and we have recently seen some of very doubtful discretion) has surprised us more than this. The protection of the law against unauthorized publication is not, as we have seen, limited to letters—it applies to all cases where the publication would amount to a violation of trust and confidence, or where it should be made for the purpose of indulging a gross and diseased public curiosity by the circulation of private anecdotes, or family secrets, or personal concerns (*ubi supra*, § 948). Now there is not a fact—hardly a word—in this Diary that does not relate to private anecdotes, family secrets, and personal concerns—all arising out of and belonging to the mission—nothing that was not done or said by or to Lord Malmesbury in his official character. In this character he received the most important and delicate confidences, both personal and political; and we cannot conceive how he or his representative could acquire any right to divulge—much less to print and publish to the whole world—informations given to him under a seal as sacred, we think, as that of confession. If ever there was a case in which the Crown had a paramount interest in documents written by its public servants, it is especially such a

one as this, where the Sovereign is interested not only by her royal rights, but as the head of the Family whose domestic affairs are here divulged, and as connected with the Persons principally concerned by the highest obligations of duty and the closest ties of blood. And in addition to the general question of *right*, one cannot help being struck, on the first view of this case, by manifest breaches of delicacy and good taste. The parties to that unfortunate alliance have left a numerous and illustrious kindred (to say nothing of private friends and servants) still living, whose feelings cannot but be painfully affected by some of Lord Malmesbury's revelations—which seems indeed to compromise his Lordship's own character, for many of the memoranda are such as a gentleman, if obliged by his duty to make them, ought to have destroyed before his death, or at least taken effectual measures for their subsequent destruction.

This cannot be denied, and must be regretted; but on the other hand it would be unjust not to suggest, in excuse for the noble Editor, that revelations of an infinitely more deplorable character had been five-and-twenty years ago paraded and produced in the most flagrant publicity *by the parties themselves*—they are registered in our archives, they are engraven on the tablets of our history. Lord Malmesbury's anecdotes are but the light clouds that presaged that dark storm, and the Editor probably thought that the pain that they can excite in any mind that recollects the proceedings of 1820, must be of a very mitigated degree. But whatever may be thought of the act of publication, the facts are now *history*, and we must deal with them accordingly.

It was at the conclusion of the subsidiary mission to Prussia that Lord Malmesbury was commissioned to take Brunswick in his way home, and to conclude another treaty still more deplorable in its consequences. Before we enter on that business, we must introduce our readers to the Duke and Duchess of Brunswick. His Highness, in disgust at the untoward result of his unfortunate campaigns of 1792-3, had resigned the command of the Prussian army, and was living at home a mortified and alarmed spectator of the great military and political game then playing, in which, though he no longer held a hand, his all was at stake. It was a secondary object of Lord Malmesbury's mission to prevail on

the Duke to take some measures for re-assuming the command of the Prussian army, or, if that could not be accomplished, to take the command of the Dutch army, and to act in concert with the Duke of York. The Duke of Brunswick, had not, we believe, the option of doing the first, and he would not do the latter; and Lord Malmesbury, while admitting his talents and courage, pronounces him, from his wavering, suspicious, intriguing temper, utterly unfit for any great station, and incapable of any great service. This may have been, and was, we think, his general character; but we believe that the Duke did not deserve his Lordship's reproaches, in the particular case which produced them. He was a marshal in the Prussian army; situated as his duchy was, he had no support but Prussia; and though his strong inclination was to active exertions against France, he said that he could not safely take command of any army but a Prussian one, or at least one to which a large Prussian force should be attached. It was very well for Lord Malmesbury, who had a safe retreat in England, to make light of the Duke's difficulties; but the result justified, we think, all that prince's apprehensions; and we feel not contempt, but sympathy, for the perplexity of a brave soldier and benevolent sovereign—resisting the impulses of his own personal gallantry and political opinions, under the humiliating certainty of the ruin that a false step would entail on his family and his people. We are, however, inclined to believe that he was deficient in decision and moral courage, and of this defect the following anecdote, with regard to his too celebrated Manifesto, is a slight but sufficient indication.

'Dec. 10th, 1794.—He [the Duke of Brunswick] was less *thinking* this day than usual' [poor man, he had abundant cause to be *thoughtful*]; 'he was conversable with the ladies at dinner—said that his famous Manifesto was drawn up by a *Brabançon* of the name of Himon* (now here); that it was ap-

* This is a mistake for the Marquis de Limon—another of the too numerous and inexcusable errors of the press which disgrace this publication. We made the same observation on the former series, and produced a few instances, which we find given in a fly-leaf to this livraison as '*errata*' to the former volumes—two only being added to our list, though there might have been two score. But the blunders of the present publication are infinitely worse, particularly in all proper names, which are so mutilated as to be, in

proved by Count Schulenburg and Spielman, and forced upon him to sign; that he had not even a *veto* on this occasion.'—p. 169.

The fact is true; but to have signed what he disapproved, and afterwards to throw the blame on other parties, showed but a feeble character; and Lord Malmesbury states that the Duchess herself was convinced that he wanted firmness for the crisis.

'*Dec. 1st.*—The Duchess told me she was sure he [the Duke] felt himself unequal to it [the command of the army]—that he was grown nervous, and had lost a great deal of his former energy.—She said, when he returned from Holland in 1787, he was so shaken, and his nerves so worn out, that he did not recover for a long time. She confirmed what I long since knew, that the Duke wants decision of character, and resolution.'—p. 161.

The Duchess was probably desired by the Duke himself to express this opinion, for the purpose of damping Lord Malmesbury's solicitations; but even that would have been the resource of a feeble mind. He, however, was a good prince—an honest man—a benevolent sovereign—and so sincere in his hostility to French influence that Buonaparte in his 16th Bulletin, 1806, charged the whole resistance of Prussia to his advice; and he died, in every way a victim to his patriotism, on the 10th of November, of wounds received in the fatal battle of Jena, when the dukedom of Brunswick and the kingdom of Prussia fell together.

many cases, quite unintelligible; and prove that the printed sheets cannot have been seen by any one at all acquainted with the persons or occurrences referred to—*Craggs*, for *Craig*; *Armin*, for *Arnin*; *W. Eden*, for *Morton Eden*; *W. Boothby*, for *Brook Boothby*; *Gensau*, for *Gneisenau*; *Kalkreuther*, and *Kalkreuthen*, for *Kalkreuth*; *St. Armand*, for *St. Amand*; *Fleury*, for *Fleurus*; *Colegrave*, for *Cologne*; *Montebaner*, for *Montabauer*; *Fühl*, and *Pfuhl*, and *Tuhl*, for the same person; *Benden*, for *Bender*; *Pigot Monbaillard*, for *Pigault-Maubailiacq*; *Maco*, perhaps for *Maret*; *Boncarrier*, probably for *Bonne Curriere*; *Sausur*, for *Lauzun*; *Grenville*, for *Granville*; *Moussen*, for *Mousseaux*; *Cubarras* *passim*, for *Cabarus*; *Fabre Eglon*, for *Fabre d'Eglantine*; *Ladies Moira* and *Hutchinson* for *Lords*; *Asperno* *passim*, for *Asperne*; *Dantzic*, for *Dunkirk*; *Melville*, for *Moleville*; and fifty others. Most of these seem, when explained, to be small matters, easily set right; but we are not quite sure that we have always guessed the right name; and unless one is tolerably well acquainted with the personal history of everybody that Lord Malmesbury has happened to have mentioned, there is no certainty as to who or what may be meant.

The Duchess was the elder sister of King George III.; and after the death of her husband and the ruin of her house, returned, in July, 1807, to England, where she died on the 23rd of March, 1813, in her seventy-sixth year. She will be longest familiar to English eyes by her graceful figure as a girl of fifteen in the poorly painted but very interesting picture by Knapp-ton, at Hampton Court, of the family of Frederick, Prince of Wales. She seems to have been a most good-humored, unaffected, gossiping lady; and, whatever good example she may have given her daughter in moral conduct, appears not to have afforded her, either by precept or example, much instruction in manners, discretion, dignity, or even in the more ordinary and superficial proprieties of feminine deportment. We shall see that Lord Malmesbury soon found himself invested with the strange duty of instructing the young lady, not only on points of behavior and of moral and religious conduct, but even on certain arcana of her personal toilet—upon which never before, we suppose, had an ambassador, or even a male, been called upon to advise: and it appears to us that in this new and unexpected trial of his good temper and good sense, Lord Malmesbury conducted himself with consummate tact and ability. He played the part of—as she herself good-humoredly called it—'*Mentor*' to the young princess admirably; but would forfeit all the merit, if we could believe that he ever meant that it should be thus blazoned forth.

But it was not for neglect and bad taste in her daughter's education that the good-humored but narrow-minded Duchess was alone blameable—she had given her wrong impressions on some most important subjects. She had, it seems, before her marriage (as sisters-in-law are sometimes apt to do), taken a foolish dislike to Queen Charlotte, and had impressed her daughter with the same unreasonable and, as far as the grounds are stated, ridiculous prejudices; and the same may be said of a similar antipathy against the Duke and Duchess of York. The real but unavowed cause of this dislike was, we believe, a fact—not publicly known, but which we have heard from indisputable authority, and with which the old Duchess was probably then acquainted—that the Duke of York was unfavorable to this match, auguring, from his knowledge of the parties, very ill of it from the beginning; and it is probable that he may have

communicated to the Queen, his mother, something of his early impression. But, however that may be, her Majesty's conduct to her daughter-in-law was, like every other circumstance of her life, admirable; and, strange vicissitude, both the mother and the daughter were destined within a few years to rely in their deep distresses on the tenderness and justice of her against whom they had nourished such unfounded prejudices.

We shall now allow Lord Malmesbury to introduce the Princess to our readers, and to tell the rest of this strange story in the familiar style of his own unpremeditated—and we must presume unmutilated—diary.

'Nov. 28th, 1794.—The Princess Caroline much embarrassed on my first being presented to her—pretty face—not expressive of softness—her figure not graceful—fine eyes—good hand—tolerable teeth, but going—fair hair and light eyebrows, good bust—short, with what the French call "*des épaules impertinentes*." *Vastly happy with her future expectations.*"—p. 153.

'Dec. 3rd.—Day fixed for my audiences. Major Hialop and a messenger arrive at eleven from the Prince of Wales. He brings the Prince's picture, and a letter from him to me, urging me *vehemently* to set out with the Princess Caroline *immediately*.—Duke answers very well—rather embarrassed. Duchess overcame, in tears. Princess Caroline, much affected, but replies distinctly and well.'—pp. 161, 162.

'Dec. 4th.—Very much puzzled how to decide about going [to England]—Duchess presses it—Duke cautious to a ridiculous degree in assisting me. Princess Caroline in a hurry. Prince of Wales's [eager] wishes in flat contradiction to my instructions.'—p. 163.

'Dec. 5th.—After dinner the Duke held a very long and very sensible discourse with me about the Princess Caroline. He entered fully into her future situation—was perfectly aware of the character of the Prince, and of the inconveniences that would result, almost with equal ill effect, either from his liking the Princess too much or too little. He said of his daughter, "*Elle n'est pas bête, mais elle n'a pas de jugement—elle a été élevée sévèrement, et il le falloit.*" The Duke desired me to advise her never to show any jealousy of the Prince; and, if he had any *goûts*, not to notice them. He said he had written her all this in *German*, but that enforced by me, it would come with double effect.'—p. 164.

The Duke's laxity as to the *goûts* of his future son-in-law, and his *severity* towards his daughter, are not surprising when we find the scenes in the midst of which the Princess lived. Very brilliant and prominent in the Duchess's court and society, Lord Malmesbury found—

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'Nov. 22nd, 1794.—Madlle. de Hertzfeldt—old Berlin acquaintance—*now Duke's mistress*; much altered, but still clever and agreeable—her apartment elegantly furnished—and she herself with all the *appareil* of her *situation*—she was at first rather ashamed to see me, but soon got over it.'—pp. 155, 156.

And from this lady he received accounts of the Princess's character, not very favorable, though apparently sincere and well meant; but she seems not to have thought—nor indeed does Lord Malmesbury—of the injurious effect that her own example, and that of a general laxity of manners, must have had on the Princess—but in which it is impossible not to see the seeds and the hotbed of future imprudence.

'Dec. 5th, 1794.—Dinner at Court—ball and ombre. Madlle. Hertzfeldt repeats to me what the Duke had before said—stated the necessity of being very strict with the Princess Caroline—that she was not clever, or ill-disposed, but of a temper easily wrought on, and had *no tact*.'—p. 165.

'Dec. 10th.—Concert at Court—Madlle. Hertzfeldt takes me aside, and says nearly these words: "*Je vous conjure, faites que le Prince fasse mener, au commencement, une vie retirée à la Princesse. Elle a toujours été très gênée et très observée, et il le falloit ainsi. Si elle se trouve tout à coup dans le monde sans restriction aucune, elle ne marchera pas à pas égaux. Elle n'a pas le cœur dépravé—elle n'a jamais rien fait de mauvais, mais la parole en elle devant toujours la pensée; elle se livre à ceux à qui elle parle sans réserve, et de là il s'ensuit (même dans cette petite Cour) qu'on lui prête des sens et des intentions qui ne lui ont jamais appartenus—que ne sera-t-il pas en Angleterre—où elle sera entourée de femmes adroites et intrigantes (à ce qu'on dit) auxquelles elle se livrera à corps perdu (si le Prince permet qu'elle mène la vie dissipée de Londres), et qui placeront dans sa bouche tel propos qu'elles voudront, puisqu'elle parlera elle-même sans savoir ce qu'elle dit? De plus elle a beaucoup de vanité, et quoique pas sans esprit, avec peu de fond—la tête lui tournera si on la caresse et la flatte trop—si le Prince la gâte; et il est tout aussi essentiel qu'elle le craigne que qu'elle l'aime. Il faut absolument qu'il la tienne serrée, qu'il se fasse respecter, sans quoi elle s'égarera.*" Je sais (continua-t-elle) que vous ne me compromettrez pas, je vous parle comme à mon vieux ami. Je suis attachée cœur et âme au Duc. Je me suis dévouée à lui, je me suis perdue pour lui. C'est le bien de sa famille que je veux. Il sera le plus malheureux des hommes si cette fille ne réussit pas mieux que son aînée. Je vous répète, elle n'a jamais rien fait de mauvais, mais elle est sans jugement et on l'a jugée à l'avant. Je crains (dit Madlle. Hertzfeldt) la Reine. La Duchesse ici, qui passe sa vie à pen-

ser tout haut, ou à ne jamais penser du tout, n'aime pas la Reine, et elle en a trop parlé à sa fille. Cependant son bonheur dépend d'être bien avec elle, et pour Dieu, répétez-lui toujours cette maxime que vous avez déjà plus d'une fois recommander. Elle vous écoute. Elle trouve que vous parlez raison d'une manière gaie, et vous ferez bien plus d'impression sur elle que son père, qu'elle craint trop, ou sa mère, qu'elle ne craint pas du tout."—pp. 169, 170.

'Dec. 28th.—Madlle. Hertzfeldt again talks to me as before about the Princess Caroline—"Il faut la gouverner par la peur, *par la terreur même*. Elle s'émancipera si on n'y prend pas garde—mais si on la veille soigneusement et sévèrement elle se conduira bien." The King of England, in a letter to the Duchess, says, 'Qu'il espère que sa nièce n'aura pas trop de vivacité, et qu'elle menera une vie sédentaire et retirée.' These words shock Princess Caroline, to whom the Duchess very foolishly reads the letter.'—p. 189.

Madlle. de Hertzfeldt seemsto have been a sensible woman, though in a very awkward position; and these were ominous confidences; and although Lord Malmesbury was at first disposed to hope that they might be exaggerated, it is plain that he every day became less and less sanguine as to the result of the alliance:—

'Dec. 10th, 1794.—Masquerade—I walked with the Princess Caroline, and had a very long conversation with her. I endeavored not to mix up much serious matter at such a place, but whenever I found her inclined to give way too much to the temper of the entertainment, and to get *over cheerful* and *too mixing*, I endeavored to bring her back by becoming serious and respectful.

'She entered, of her own accord, into the kind of life she was to lead in England, and was very inquisitive about it. I said it would depend very much on her; that I could have no share in settling it, but that my wish was, that in private she might enjoy every ease and comfort belonging to domestic happiness, but that when she appeared abroad, she should always appear as Princess of Wales, surrounded by all that 'appareil et etiquette' due to her elevated situation. She asked me what were the Queen's drawing-room days? I said, Thursday and Sunday after church, which the King and Queen never missed; and I added that I hoped most ardently she would follow their example, and never, on any account, miss Divine Service on that day. "Does the Prince go to church?" she asked me. I replied, she would make him go; it was one of many advantages he would derive from changing his situation. "But if he does not like it?" "Why then your Royal Highness must go without him, and tell him that the fulfilling regularly and exactly this duty can alone enable you to perform exactly and regularly

those you owe him—this cannot but please him, and will, in the end, induce him also to go to church." The Princess said mine was a very serious remark for a masquerade. I begged her pardon, and said it was, in fact, a more cheerful one than the most dissipated one I could have made, since it contained nothing *triste* in itself, and would infallibly lead to every thing that was pleasant. She caught my idea with great quickness, and the last part of our conversation was very satisfactory, as I felt I had done what I wished, and set her mind on thinking of the *drawbacks* of her situation, as well as of its "*agréments*," and impressed it with the idea that, in the order of society, those of a very high rank have a price to pay for it, and that the life of a Princess of Wales is not to be one of all pleasure, dissipation, and enjoyment; that the great and conspicuous advantages belonging to it must necessarily be purchased by considerable sacrifices, and can only be preserved and kept up by a continual repetition of these sacrifices.'—pp. 170, 171.

'Dec. 16th.—At dinner next Princess Caroline; she says it is wished here that her brother William should marry the Princess Sophia of Gloucester; I advise her not to meddle in it. She talks about the Duke of Clarence, whom she prefers to the Duke of York, and it struck me to-day for the first time that he originally put her into the Prince's head, and that with a view to plague the Duke and Duchess of York, whom he hates, and whom the Prince no longer likes; well knowing that the Princess Caroline and Duchess of York dislike each other, and that this match would be particularly unpleasant to her and the Duke. I praise the Duke of York to her, and speak with great applause of the behavior of the Duchess, who by her discretion and conduct has conciliated to herself the good-will of the whole nation. I did this to pique her, and to make her anxious to do the same. She has no *fond*, no fixed character, a light and flighty mind, but meaning well and well-disposed; and my eternal theme to her is, *to think before she speaks, to recollect herself*. She says she wishes to be *loved* by the people; this, I assure her, can only be obtained by making herself respected and *rare*—that the sentiment of being *loved* by the people is a mistaken one—that sentiment can only be given to a few, to a narrow circle of those we see every day—that a nation at large can only respect and honor a great Princess, and it is, in fact, these feelings that are falsely denominated *the love of a nation*: they are not to be procured, as the good-will of individuals is, by pleasant openness and free communication, but by a strict attention to appearances—by never going below the high rank in which a Princess is placed, either in language or manners—by mixing dignity with affability, which, without it, becomes familiarity, and levels all distinction.'—pp. 179, 180.

These extracts do infinite credit to

Lord Malmesbury's good sense and good taste; but his advice was sadly counteracted. There was at court a sister of the Duke's, the Princess Augusta, who bore a title that sounds as farcical as her conduct and character seem to have been—she was the Abbess of *Gandersheim*. Lord Malmesbury had formerly known her—an advantage he would now have willingly forgotten, for she not only honored him with recollections of a supposed attachment in their younger days, but (if we understand his Lordship rightly) she was not unwilling, in spite of her age and ecclesiastical dignity, to have renewed it. This lady of *Gandersheim* seems to have thought it necessary to school her niece against the immoral propensities of all mankind—nay, against the possible designs of the ambassador himself—in a style which the Princess, if she had been well brought up, would hardly have listened to even from an aunt, and still less repeated to the object of such strange suspicions.

'Dec. 18th, 1794.—At supper Princess Caroline tells me of a kind of admonitory conversation the *Abbesse* had held to her—it went to exhort her to trust not in *men*, that they were not to be depended on, and that the Prince would certainly deceive her, &c., and all the nonsense of an envious and *desiring* old maid. The Princess was made uneasy by this, particularly as her aunt added that she was sure she would not be happy.'—p. 181.

'Dec. 21st.—She talked of her aunt the Abbess—said she had endeavored to inspire her with a diffidence and mistrust of *me*—had represented me as *un homme dangereux*. I tried to get rid of this sort of conversation, but the Princess stuck by it, and I was forced to say that I believed her aunt had forgotten that twenty years had elapsed since she had seen me, or heard of me; and that, besides, such an insinuation was a tacit accusation of my being very *foolish* unprincipled. She said she meant well, that she thought too partially of me herself, and was afraid for her. It was in vain to attempt to turn the subject—she went on during the whole supper—was in high spirits and laughed unmercifully at her aunt, and her supposed partiality for me.'—pp. 183, 184.

But we find that these and similar communications brought very strange prospects into the poor Princess's view:—

'Dec. 28th, 1794.—Princess Caroline shows me the anonymous letter about Lady —, evidently written by some disappointed milliner or angry maid-servant, and deserving no attention; I am surprised the Duke afforded it any. Aimed at Lady —; its object to frighten the Princess with the idea that she

would lead her into an affair of gallantry, and be ready to be *convenient* on such an occasion. This did not frighten the Princess, although it did the Duke and Duchess; and on my perceiving this, I told her Lady — would be more cautious than to risk such an audacious measure; and that, besides, it was *death* to presume to approach a Princess of Wales, and no man would be daring enough to think of it. *She asked me whether I was in earnest*. I said such was our law; that anybody who presumed to love her was guilty of *high treason*, and punished with *death*: if she was weak enough to listen to him—so also would she. *This startled her*.'—p. 189.

These were strange conversations—so strange that Lord Malmesbury confesses with a serious kind of pleasantry that he himself was treated with so much personal kindness by the Princess, that the case of '*The Duke of Suffolk and Queen Margaret*' came across his thoughts.

The treaty of marriage was soon concluded, but Lord Malmesbury was in great doubt how to convey his precious charge to England. It had been at first arranged that they were to go through Holland, and they departed from Brunswick with that hope on the 29th of December; but the irruption of the French into Holland frustrated that intention, and forced Lord Malmesbury, after having advanced two stages beyond Bentheim, to retrograde to Osnabruck and Hanover; and it was not till the 5th of April that they arrived in London.

The Duchess, at Lord Malmesbury's pressing instances, was to accompany her daughter to the sea-side, and to deliver her into the hands of the ladies appointed to attend her. In consequence of this unexpected and vexatious delay, the Duchess was exceedingly anxious to get back to her own capital, only a few leagues off, and to leave her daughter—(who being now Princess of Wales, could not well reappear at Brunswick)—in the sole guardianship of Lord Malmesbury; but he, with great propriety and firmness, resisted the proposition, and forced the Duchess, to her great dissatisfaction, to remain with her daughter.

We shall extract some of the many remarkable particulars that occurred during the journey:—

'Jan. 9, 1795.—Leave Bentheim at seven—Delden at twelve; about four leagues further on, meet letters from Lord St. Helens [then our minister in Holland], saying the French had passed the Waal—that they were near

Baren, and that there had been fighting all day; he recommends our turning back. I mentioned this to the Princesses, and I must in justice say that the Princess Caroline bore this disappointment with more good temper, good humor, and patience, than could be expected, particularly as she felt it very much. . . . A heavy cannonade was heard all night at no great distance. The Princess in the morning seemed sorry not to go on towards the fleet. I mentioned this cannonade. "Cela ne fait rien," says she, "je n'ai pas peur des canons."—"Mais, Madame, le danger d'être pris."—"Vous ne m'y exposerez pas," said she. I told her the story of the Queen of France (St. Louis's wife) during the siege of Damiette, and Le Sieur de Joinville—I said, "Qu'elle valoit mieux que celle-là, que les François seroient pires que les Sarrasins, et que moi j'ai pensé comme le Chevalier."* The story pleased. "J'aurois fait et désiré comme elle," said she.—vol. iii. pp. 194, 195.

'Jan. 2.—I persuade the Princess Caroline to be munificent towards some poor *Emigrés* dying of hunger, and through want—she disposed to be, but not knowing *how* to set about it. I tell her, liberality and generosity is an enjoyment, not a severe virtue. She gives a louis for some lottery tickets—I give ten, and say the Princess ordered me—she surprised; I said I was sure she did not mean to give for the ticket its *precise* value, and that I forestalled her intention. Next day a French *émigré*, with a pretty child, draws near the table—the Princess Caroline *immediately*, of her own accord, puts ten louis in a paper, and gives it the child; the Duchess observes it, and inquires of me (I was dining between them) what it was. I tell her a *demand on her purse*. She embarrassed—"Je n'ai que mes beaux doubles louis de Brunswick." I answer, "Qu'ils deviendront plus beaux entre les mains de cet enfant que dans sa poche." She ashamed, and gives three of them. In the evening, Princess Caroline, to whom these sort of virtues were never preached, on my praising the coin of the money at Brunswick, offers *me very seriously* eight or ten double louis, saying, "Cela ne me fait rien—je ne m'en soucie pas—je vous prie de les prendre." I mention these facts to show her character: it could not distinguish between *giving* as a benevolence, and flinging away the money like a child. She thought that the act of getting rid of the money, and

not seeming to care about it, constituted the merit. I took an opportunity at supper of defining to her what real benevolence was, and I recommended it to her as a quality that would, if rightly employed, make her more admirers, and give her more true satisfaction, than any that human nature could possess. The idea was, I was sorry to see, new to her, but she felt the truth of it; and she certainly is not fond of money, which both her parents are.

'Jan. 4.—Princess Caroline very *gauche* at cards—speaks without thinking—gets too easy—calls the ladies (she never saw) "Mon cœur, ma chère, ma petite." I notice this, and reprove it strongly. The Princess, for the first time, disposed to take it amies; I do not pretend to observe it. Duchess wants to return to Brunswick, and leave us to go on by ourselves; this I oppose, and suppose it impossible. "If I am taken," says she, "I am sure the King will be angry."—"He will be very sorry," I reply; "but your Royal Highness must not leave your daughter till she is in the hands of her attendants." She argues, but I will not give way, and *she does*.—vol. iii. pp. 192, 193.

'Jan. 18.—Princess Caroline very *missish* at supper. I much fear these habits are irrecoverably rooted in her—she is naturally curious, and a gossip—she is quick and observing, and has a silly pride of finding out every thing—she thinks herself particularly acute in discovering *likings*, and this leads her at times to the most improper remarks and conversation. I am determined to take an opportunity of correcting her *coûte qu'il coûte*.—vol. iii. p. 200.

'Jan. 10, 1795.—On summing up Princess Caroline's character to-day, it came out to my mind to be, that she has quick parts, without a sound or distinguishing understanding; that she has a ready conception, but no judgment; caught by the first impression, led by the first impulse; turned away by appearances or *enjouement*; loving to talk, and prone to confide and make *missish* friendships that last twenty-four hours. Some natural, but no acquired morality, and no strong innate notions of its value and necessity; warm feelings and nothing to counterbalance them; great good humor and much good nature—no appearance of caprice—rather quick and *vive*, but not a grain of rancor. From her habits, from the life she was allowed and even compelled to live, forced to dissemble; fond of gossiping, and this strengthened greatly by the example of her good mother, who is all curiosity and inquisitiveness, and who has no notion of not gratifying this desire at any price. In short, the Princess in the hands of a steady and sensible man would probably turn out well, but where it is likely she will find faults perfectly analogous to her own, she will fail. She has no governing powers, although her mind is *physically* strong. She has her father's courage, but it is to her (as to him) of no avail. *He* wants mental decision; *she* character and *tact*.—vol. iii. pp. 196, 197.

* After the capture of St. Louis, his Queen, Margaret, who was besieged in Damietta, being on the point of lying-in, was in a constant panic, and imagining every possible outrage from the barbarians, she extorted an oath (not from Joinville, as Lord Malmesbury states—Joinville only tells the story—but) from 'un Chevalier viel et ancien de l'âge de quatre-vingtz ans et plus' who guarded her bed, to grant her one request—that if the Saracens should take the place, that he would save her from insult by putting her to death. 'I was thinking of it,' replied the *viel Chevalier*.

'Jan. 23.—I have a long and serious conversation with the Princess about her conduct at Hanover, about the Prince, about herself and her character. She much disposed to listen to me, and to take nothing wrong. I tell her, and I tell her truly, that the impression she gives at Hanover will be that on which she will be received by the King and Queen in England. I recommend great attention and reserve. That the habit of *proper, princely* behavior was natural to her; that it would come of itself; that acquired by this (in that respect) fortunate delay in our journey, it would belong to her, and be familiar to her on her coming to England, where it would be of infinite advantage. She expresses uneasiness about the Prince; talked of his being *unlike*, quite opposite to the King and Queen in his *ideas and habits*; [I replied] that he had contracted them from the *vide* in his situation; that she was made to fill this up; she would domesticate him—give him a relish for all the private and home virtues; that he would then be happier than ever; that the nation expected this at her hands; that *I knew* she was capable of doing, and that she would do it.—She hesitated.—I said, that I had seen enough of her to be quite sure her mind and understanding were equal to any exertions; that, therefore, if she did not do *quite* right, and come up to *every thing* that was expected from her, she would have no excuse. I added, I was so sure of this, that it would be the *first* thing I should tell the *King and Queen*, and that therefore she must be prepared; that they would know her as well, and judge her as favorably, and at the same time as *severely* as I did. I saw this had the effect I meant; it put a curb on her desire of amusement; a drawback on her situation, and made her feel that it was not to be all one of roses. She ended an retiring by saying, she hoped the Prince would let her see him, since she never could expect any one would give her such good and such free advice as myself; and, added she, "I confess I could not bear it from any one but you."—vol. iii. pp. 203, 204.

This protracted interval of domesticity with the Princess brought to Lord Malmesbury's notice another defect of a strange and unexpected kind, which must have reached a very unusual height before he would have perceived it or felt himself justified in interfering even by the most distant allusion:—

'Feb. 18.—Argument with the Princess about her toilette. She piques herself on dressing quick; I disapprove this. She maintains her point; I however desire Madame Busche to explain to her that the *Prince is very delicate*, and that he expects a long and very careful *toilette de propreté*, of which she has no idea. On the contrary, she neglects it sadly, and *is offensive from this neglect*.

Madame Busche executes her commission well, and the Princess comes out the next day well washed *all over*.'—vol. iii. pp. 207, 208.

This extraordinary paragraph explains a main incident in the catastrophe, at which we shall arrive presently, and which, but for the word '*offensive*' in the foregoing extract, would appear, we believe, to every reader perfectly unaccountable. But it seems that this, in every sense of the word, wholesome lesson made, as Lord Malmesbury laments that most of his lessons did, only a momentary impression, for in about three weeks he found himself obliged to resume a subject which nothing but the last necessity could have induced him to approach:—

'March 6.—I had conversations with the Princess Caroline, on the *toilette*, on *cleanliness*, and on *delicacy* of speaking. On these points I endeavored, as far as was possible for a *man*, to inculcate the necessity of great and nice attention to every part of dress, as well as to what was hid, as to what was seen. (I knew she wore coarse petticoats, coarse shifts, and thread stockings, and these never well washed, or changed often enough.) I observed that a long toilette was necessary, and gave her no credit for boasting that hers was a "*short*" one. What I could not say myself on this point, I got said through women; through Madame Busche, and afterwards through Mrs. Harcourt. It is remarkable how amazingly on this point her education has been neglected, and how much her mother, although an English woman, was inattentive to it.'—vol. iii. pp. 211, 212.

At last, on the 28th of March, they embarked on board the Jupiter, Commodore Payne, and, accompanied by a small squadron, arrived in the Thames on the 4th of April, after a smooth and beautiful passage (delusive omen!)—they reached St. James's Palace about two o'clock—and in *five minutes* the first step in a long series of scandal and misery was suddenly and irretrievably made:—

'April 5.—I immediately notified the arrival to the King and Prince of Wales; the last came immediately. I, according to the established etiquette, introduced (no one else being in the room) the Princess Caroline to him. She very properly, in consequence of my saying to her it was the right mode of proceeding, attempted to kneel to him. He raised her (gracefully enough), and embraced her, said barely one word, turned round, retired to a distant part of the apartment, and calling me to him, said, "Harris, I am not well; pray get me a glass of brandy." I said, "Sir, had you not better have a glass of water?"—upon which he, much out of humor, said, with an

oath, "No; I will go directly to the Queen," and away he went. The Princess, left during this short moment alone, was in a state of astonishment; and, on my joining her, said, "Mon Dieu! est-ce que le Prince est toujours comme cela? Je le trouve très gros, et nullement aussi beau que son portrait." I said His Royal Highness was naturally a good deal affected and flurried at this first interview, but she certainly would find him different at dinner. She was disposed to farther criticisms on this occasion, which would have embarrassed me very much to answer, if luckily the King had not ordered me to attend him.—vol. iii. p. 218.

Of this extraordinary scene, supposing, as we are bound to do, that Lord Malmesbury has accurately stated the facts, and that there has been no suppression, we can imagine no explanation but that to which we have already alluded. During the delay that had occurred on the journey, the Prince had shown all the impatience and *empressement* that could be flattering to the Princess—the only letter of his given in the Correspondence is written in a style of perfect delicacy and good sense.

'*Carlton House, Nov. 23, 1794.*

'My dear Lord,—I have sent Major Hislop back again to Brunswick, which I judge to be an advisable measure on many accounts, as more particularly, I think, he may prove, from his knowledge of the country, a very useful *avant courier* to you and your fair charge in your journey to the water's side. I have charged him with letters for the Duke, Duchess, and Princess, which I will beg of you to present to their different destinations, with every proper expression on my part, and to which no one can give so agreeable a *tournure* as yourself. I have likewise desired Major Hislop to give you an ample and thorough account of the steps I have taken towards the expediting every thing on this side of the water, as well as with my brother the Duke of York, to whom I have written also by Hislop; and as to what is now necessary to forward the completing everything at Brunswick. I must leave that to you, hoping that you will make every exertion possible to *put the Princess in possession of her own home* as near the 20th of the ensuing month as possible,' &c., &c.—vol. iii. pp. 221, 222.

And so on.—We see too that he hastened to the Princess on her arrival with becoming eagerness, and received her at the first moment with propriety and grace. What was there to change so suddenly all these good feelings at the first embrace?

From that mysterious moment the affair seems to have been desperate. Lord Malmesbury proceeds,—

'The drawing-room was just over. His

Majesty's conversation turned wholly on Prussian and French politics, and the only question about the Princess was, "Is she good-humored?" I said, and very truly, that in very trying moments, I had never seen her otherwise. The King said, "I am glad of it;" and it was manifest, from his silence, he had seen the Queen *since* she had seen the Prince, and that the Prince had made a very unfavorable report of the Princess to her. At dinner, at which all those who attended the Princess from Greenwich assisted, and the honors of which were done by Lord Stopford as Vice-Chamberlain, I was far from satisfied with the Princess's behavior; it was flippant, rattling, affecting raillery and wit, and throwing out coarse vulgar hints about Lady —, who was present, and though mute, *le diable n'en perdait rien*. The Prince was evidently disgusted, and this *unfortunate dinner* fixed his dislike, which, when left to herself, the Princess had not the talent to remove; but, by still observing the same giddy manners and attempts at cleverness and coarse sarcasm, increased it till it became positive hatred.*

'From this time, though I dined frequently during the first three weeks after the marriage at Carlton House, nothing material occurred, but the sum of what I saw there led me to draw the inferences I have just expressed. After one of these dinners, where the Prince of Orange was present, and at which the Princess had behaved very lightly, and even improperly, the Prince took me into his closet, and asked me how I liked this sort of manners; I could not conceal my disapprobation of them, and took this opportunity of repeating to him the substance of what the Duke of Brunswick had so often said to me, that it was expedient *de la tenir serrée*; that she had been brought up very strictly, and if she was not strictly kept, would, from high spirits and little thought, certainly emancipate too much. To this the Prince said, "I see it but too plainly; but why, Harris, did not you tell me so before, or write it to me from Brunswick?"—vol. iii. p. 219.

Lord Malmesbury replied—and the Editor elsewhere repeats—that he was sent to *contract* the marriage and not to *advise* upon it, and that if he had advised upon it, it would only have been to the King; but that in fact there was nothing in what the Duke of Brunswick had said to effect either the Princess's moral character or conduct. These reasons were perhaps a sufficient answer to the Prince's expostulation—particularly as we must admit the extraordinary

* We perceive that with a well-meant duplicity, Lord Malmesbury gave his friends a more favorable report of the matter than the facts warranted. He writes on the 10th of April to Mr. Crawford—'The marriage was celebrated on Wednesday, and if they go on as well as they have begun, all will do well.'—iii. 254. Alas! they did go on as they had begun, and all went ill.

difficulty of Lord Malmesbury's situation. He had become acquainted with the less favorable details about the Princess after the treaty of marriage was concluded; and in fact from the first day of his appearance there was no power of retrocession. But we must add, in further justice to Lord Malmesbury, that we are satisfied he could have told the Prince nothing as to 'moral character or conduct' that he did not already know, for we are assured that before the match was at all advanced, the Prince was apprised by a near relative and friend of many circumstances that were likely to render the alliance an unsatisfactory, if not an unhappy one. So that he had no one to blame but himself. We are sorry to be obliged to add, that it seems as if his chief object in marrying was to get his debts paid; and, acting on so low a principle, he was very likely to take, on very slight and inadequate grounds, a personal disgust. The disgust certainly existed—but we see that before any such feeling could have been excited, the inexcusable indecency of placing in the first attendance on the Princess the very last lady in England who ought to have been brought to her notice, had been already committed—an outrage in every way so offensive as to be in the eyes of the world—certainly not a justification, but—a plea *ad hominem* for the species of retaliation to which, by a strange inconsistency, the Prince was afterwards as sensitive as if he had been the most decorous and devoted husband in the world.

Here we close this most curious and painful episode—which, as we could not omit to notice it, we have stated not more fully than the case required, and, we trust, with candor, decency, and truth.

The most, perhaps we might say the only, historical fact of general interest and importance, that Lord Malmesbury's correspondence brings to light, is Mr. Pitt's constant, active, and eager desire for peace with France. No one on the Continent, and but few in England beyond a narrow ministerial circle, had any idea of the extent of Mr. Pitt's pacific disposition. It is indeed very well known, and must, we think, be admitted to be an imputation on his sagacity, that at the dawn and even after some of the earlier excesses of the Revolution, he saw in it no European, and above all no British danger. On the contrary, he seems to have believed that it would for a time weaken the influence of France; and full of his great and patriotic design

of repairing the loss of our American colonies and recruiting the finances of England, he was unwilling to contemplate the possibility of another war; and accordingly it was in the spring of 1792, when we should have thought that no one could have doubted the volcanic nature of the French Revolution, and that it was about to inundate Europe with its lava or cover it with its ashes, that Mr. Pitt proposed in the speech from the throne a reduction in the Army and Navy far lower than had ever before been ventured upon. The warning voice and energetic counsels of Mr. Burke—that great political prophet—failed for a considerable period to arouse Mr. Pitt from his pacific theories to a sense of the rapidly approaching danger. On the first day (in the autumn of 1791) that Mr. Burke ever dined with Mr. Pitt, it was in a *partie quarrée* at Downing-street, the others being Lord Grenville and the then speaker, Mr. Addington. Mr. Burke endeavored to alarm Mr. Pitt on the aggressive nature of French principles and the *propagandism* of Revolution. Mr. Pitt made rather light of the danger, and said in colloquial phrase, that 'this country and constitution were safe to the day of judgment.' 'Yes,' said Mr. Burke quickly—'but 'tis the day of no judgment that I am afraid of.' This anecdote the writer took down many years ago from the mouth of one of the party. We are tempted to add another of the same kind from the same authority. At a subsequent and more formal dinner, when the whole coalition—the Duke of Portland, Lord Spencer, Lord Fitzwilliam, Mr. Burke, &c.—dined with Mr. Pitt, the conversation had turned, in a desponding strain, on the ruin of the French monarchy; and when the party rose to go to coffee, Mr. Burke, as his parting advice, addressed them in a loud voice—

"—illie fas regna resurgere Troje—
Durate—et vosmet rebus servate secundis."

When war was at last forced upon Mr. Pitt, he met it with a high and indignant spirit, and pursued it with all the energy and resources of his great mind—so earnestly indeed, that public opinion, both at home and abroad, did injustice to the sincerity of his various pacific declarations and overtures; but every line of Lord Malmesbury's most secret and confidential correspondence with him prove the *quo semel imbuta recens servabit odorem*—that all his predilections were for peace, peace, peace—and that he was

always willing to pay for it a greater price than men of a less conscientious and commanding spirit would have ventured to think of.

It was in this feeling that, in 1795, some unavailing overtures were made through Mr. Wickham, to Barthelemy, the minister of the French Government in Switzerland. And again in the autumn of 1796, the successes of the Archduke Charles over Jourdain induced Mr. Pitt to believe it a favorable moment to attempt to put an end to the war, and Lord Malmesbury was selected for this mission—in which he obtained the consent of Mr. Pitt and Lord Grenville to his being accompanied, as a private friend, by Mr. George Ellis (our early colleague in this Review). Lord Granville Leveson, now Earl Granville, seems to have begun his diplomatic career in this mission, and Mr. Canning appears for the first time in office as under-secretary to Lord Grenville. These young gentlemen and the present Lord Carlisle, then Lord Morpeth, and one or two others, formed a kind of coterie in the Pitt party, and were all, as we shall see, much in the society and confidence of Lord Malmesbury. This mission was, we think, hopeless from the beginning, and indeed was commenced under circumstances not calculated to command either respect or success, and which justified, as Lord Malmesbury himself good-humoredly admitted, an indignant sarcasm of Mr. Burke's—who, when some one observed that Lord Malmesbury's journey to Paris (which was impeded by the badness of the roads) had been a slow one, replied—'*No wonder—he went the whole way on his knees.*' If, however, the advances on the part of England seemed more eager than dignified, her conduct in the negotiation gave ample proof of her sincerity and disinterestedness. She made no pretensions of her own, but solely stipulated—as she was bound by her treaties to do—for the restoration to the Emperor of Germany of his Belgic provinces, for which she offered to compensate France by an adequate cession of her own colonial conquests. Lord Malmesbury's instructions might, to use his own expression, be compressed in one phrase—'*Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's.*' This the Directory met by an assertion that those provinces had become an integral part of the Republic, and could not by their Constitution be ceded; and they would listen to no expedients on that point. The truth is, that the Directory were distracted with

their own internal struggles, and afraid to venture on a peace, and had moreover strong hopes from the expedition then preparing under Hoche for Ireland; and were thus, on every account, resolved that the negotiation should have no other effect than to display their republican arrogance. The French public, both on the road and in Paris, did not seem to partake of this feeling, and showed the mission, as occasion offered, something of civility, and even cordiality. But the insolent deportment of the Directory was increased both by the death of the Empress of Russia—whose successor was supposed to be favorable to France—and by the rapid and surprising successes of Buonaparte over the Austrians in Italy, which peculiarly embarrassed a negotiation for the *status quo*. After a few weeks of idle and insulting fencing, the Directory, on the 20th of December, ordered Lord Malmesbury, in the most insolent manner, to quit Paris '*dans deux fois vingt-quatre heures,*' and the territories of the Republic '*de suite.*'

We do not find that these papers throw any more light on the essentials of this negotiation than we already have in the ordinary historical works, but there are a few incidental circumstances that may be worth notice. Lord Malmesbury found the wearing of the *national cockade* so universal in the streets, and so unpleasantly enforced by the populace, that it was impossible to appear in them without it. The Government did not insist on it, but were so powerless when opposed to the temper of the people, that they could, in case of insult, have afforded no redress. Lord Malmesbury repudiates the idea of his or his suite wearing it when in any official character, but states to Lord Grenville that he trusts they do right in wearing it, in compliance with a general usage, when they walk out in the morning (vol. iii, p. 270). To this appeal Mr. Canning tells him privately that 'he will receive no answer at all from home, and that Lord Grenville and Mr. Pitt seem to be of opinion that he must do as he might think best, or find necessary.' A shabby reply; for if the French Government was not strong enough to protect an ambassador from insult, it was hardly in a condition to be treated with. But we are surprised that Lord Malmesbury did not state the most important element for the judgment of our ministers in such a case, namely, what the practice was with other foreign missions—of which there were a dozen in Paris; and those of Prussia, Spain, Naples, and Den-

mark were important enough to have afforded a precedent either of refusal or compliance on such a point of etiquette.

Again; we must observe that in the conclusion of his last notes with the French minister, Lord Malmesbury seems beyond all measure over-civil. For instance, Citizen Delacroix writes:—

'Monsieur—Le Dictatoire Exécutif me charge expressément de vous requérir de me remettre officiellement dans les vingt-quatre heures votre *ultimatum*, signé de vous.

'Agréez, &c. CH. DELACROIX.'

The Editor should have given this concluding compliment, '*Agréez, &c.*' at full length, since he so gives the conclusion of Lord Malmesbury's reply. We find, however, in Debrett's State Papers for 1796, that the translated form was:—

'Accept, Sir, the assurance of my high consideration.'—vol. v. p. 198.

Lord Malmesbury's reply to this cold form was, what it ought not to have been, a shade more civil:—

'Le Lord Malmesbury prie le Ministre des Relations Extérieures d'agréer les assurances de sa haute considération.'—p. 364.

And to this the rejoinder was the order to quit Paris in *deux fois vingt-quatre heures*—signed *tout court* and without any compliment—"Charles Delacroix." To which gross impertinence Lord Malmesbury hastens with all humility to say that he will quit Paris the next day, and

'Il prie le Ministre des Relations Extérieures d'agréer les assurances de sa haute considération.'—p. 365.

As Citizen Delacroix ended his note so unceremoniously, Lord Malmesbury should have tempered his own civility with a little dignity, by saying, that "*not wishing to derogate from the ordinary usages of diplomatic courtesy* (or something of that sort), he requests Citizen Delacroix to accept the assurances of his high consideration." There are, we admit, *beaucoup de puérilités dans la diplomatie*; but the maintenance of national dignity, even in trifles, is not of that class; and Lord Malmesbury's failure on this point was peculiarly unlucky, as he was specially instructed to be, and professes to have been, very nice on points of etiquette, and justifies some sarcastic observations which his old friend, Mr. Fox, made

in Parliament on his too well bred 'assurances of high consideration.'

One of Lord Malmesbury's entries in his diary is

'Nov. 8th.—Buonaparte said to be son of le Général Marbœuf, by a Corsican woman—well brought up by him at l'Ecole Militaire—clever, desperate Jacobin, even terrorist.'—p. 304.

To which the Editor subjoins this note:—

'It is almost needless to state that this rumor (current at the time) was perfectly untrue. Madame Buonaparte's supposed partiality for General Marbœuf existed long after the birth of Napoleon. It is equally superfluous to add, that he never was a 'Terroriste.'—p. 304.

We see no reason why Napoleon Buonaparte—the second of eight children, and bearing a striking likeness to his elder and younger brothers—should be singled out as the son of the Comte de Marbœuf; but all the statements, and of course the reasoning, of the noble Editor's note are completely erroneous. M. de Marbœuf went to Corsica in command of the French army as early as 1765—four years *before* Napoleon's birth; and we know that it was to the patronage of M. de Marbœuf, the friend of the whole family, that Napoleon was indebted for his education at the Ecole Militaire. As to his "*never having been a Terrorist!*" why, he never was any thing else! But even in the more peculiar sense of the word, it would have been by no means "superfluous" if the noble Editor could have shown him not to have been one of *La Queue de Robespierre*. He and his brother Lucien were protégés of the younger Robespierre in his *Terrorist* pro-consulate in the south; and after the 9th Thermidor the first measure of the *reaction* was to arrest and imprison both the brothers (as Lucien himself tells us), for having belonged to Robespierre's faction—or to use the common language of the time, as *Terrorists*; and Lord Malmesbury writing in Paris, two years only after the events, and while living in the best-informed circles, is better authority, even if there were no other (and there is abundance) than his grandson's wholly unsupported assertion.*

* We insist upon this point for the sake of historical truth, which might be compromised by the uncontradicted assertion of so respectable a publication as this; and with the same object we will take this opportunity of clearing up a doubt with respect to Buonaparte's age. We stated in *Q. R.*, vol. xii. p. 239, and again in vol. xvi., p. 495, on what seemed to us the best possible authority—

We have seen that the impediment to the negotiation of 1796 was the restitution to be made to Austria; but by the preliminary treaties of Leoben and Montebello (18th April and 24th May, 1797) *Cæsar* made his own bad terms; and England had now no other continental engagements than the interests of her faithful, but (in this matter) unimportant ally, Portugal; and a desire to make some arrangement as to the private property of the House of Orange. Mr. Pitt, in his unwearied desire for peace, again thought this a favorable moment to renew the negotiation with France, where there seemed both in the Government and in the Legislative Councils a growing spirit of moderation, or even, as it afterwards appeared, of counter-revolution. The Editor says:—

‘Lord Grenville was decidedly opposed to this step, and long argued it with Pitt; but the latter remained firm, repeatedly declaring that it was *his duty, as an English Minister and a Christian*, to use every effort to stop so bloody and wasting a war. He sent Lord Malmesbury to Lisle with the assurance that “he (Pitt) would stifle every feeling of pride to the utmost to produce the desired result;” and Lord Malmesbury himself went upon his Mission, anxious to close his public life by an act which would spare so much misery, and restore so much happiness to mankind.

‘On the brink of success, it will be seen by what unforeseen events he failed, for Europe was destined to eighteen more years of battles.’—p. 369.

Lord Malmesbury was no doubt personally gratified at being again selected for this mission,—but as Delacroix, his late discourteous antagonist, was still minister, he with great propriety and candor suggested that his nomination might not be considered as conciliatory. His surmise was just, for the first French answer stated that—

‘Le Directoire consent à ce que la Négoci-

namely, a certificate of birth produced by Buonaparte himself at his marriage with Josephine, and deposited and then and still existing in the proper office at Paris—that he was born on the 5th of February, 1768. Why or how he was led to produce this false statement has never been explained; as the *Constitution* of that day required that public functionaries should have attained certain ages, Buonaparte was probably willing to advance by a year and a half the period of his eligibility: but from whatever motive, he assuredly produced a false certificate, for we have since collected many testimonies of dates prior to his celebrity and therefore of indisputable authority, which fix his birth to the 15th of August, 1769—the common date. See also the note, *Quart. Rev.* vol. lvii. p. 396.

ation soit ouverte avec le Lord Malmesbury; cependant un autre choix lui eût paru d’un plus heureux augure pour la prompte conclusion de la paix.’—p. 373.

Mr. Pitt, however, persisted, and was right on every account,—the very circumstance of Delacroix’s being still in office was a sufficient reason for Lord Malmesbury’s reappointment. But his Lordship escaped the ‘*practical epigram*,’ as Mr. Canning called it (iii. 437), of being met by Delacroix, by the selection of Lisle as the scene of the negotiation, and the nomination of Citizens Letourneur, Pléville le Peley, and Maret, as plenipotentiaries on the part of France. The choice of these gentlemen seemed also a pledge for the sincerity of their government, as they were all anti-jacobinical. Letourneur had just left the Directory by lot,—an unlucky chance (if chance it was) which eventually produced the predominance of Barras and Rewbell, and the revolution of the 18th Fructidor. Pléville was a seaman of moderate politics as well as capacity. Maret, the afterwards celebrated Duke of Bassano, had, in addition to manners and feelings of the old school, principles by no means revolutionary, and the additional recommendation of having in a short mission to London in 1793 obtained some degree of favorable notice from Mr. Pitt. As Maret played so large a part in this negotiation, and so much a more important one in after-life, we shall extract the account which he gave of himself when on a subsequent occasion Lord Malmesbury artfully suggested that, if the negotiation succeeded, the embassy to England might repair his fortune, which he confessed to be much deranged.

‘Aug 30.—Maret assented, and intimated that if he was asked for it would forward his nomination. He then told all the story of his two missions to England, in 1792 and 1793; his connexion with Le Brun.* He said Mr. Pitt had received him very well, and that the failure of his negotiation could be attributed to the then French Government, who were bent on that war; that the great and decisive cause of the war was “quelques vingtaines d’individus marquans et en place qui avoient joué à la baisse dans la fonds et de là ils

* ‘Maret’s first mission related to the domestic concerns of the Duke of Orleans. He had an interview with Mr. Pitt, and gave a favorable account of it to the Convention, who sent him over again in January, 1793, with a conciliatory mission, which was rendered nugatory by the murder of Louis XVI. Le Brun was French Minister for Foreign Affairs in 1792-93.’—*B.*

avaient porté la Nation à nous déclarer la guerre. Ainsi," said he, "nous devons tous nos malheurs à un principe d'agiotage." He said, on his return to France, he was informed of this, and was considered as in possession of so dangerous a secret, that they wanted first to send him to Portugal, which he refused; then to Naples, which he was forced to accept; and that he had every reason to believe that his arrest and confinement were settled and concerted at Paris before he left. He said he spent thirty months in prison, partly at Mantua (where, if he had staid, he must have died), and partly in the Tyrol; that the academicians in Mantua, out of regard to the memory and character of his father, interested themselves about him, and that he believed he owed his change of prison to them; that, after all, his long confinement saved his life, as he certainly should have been guillotined had he remained in France, under the government of Robespierre.—pp. 502-3.

Lord Malmesbury was again attended by Mr. George Ellis, still as a private friend, by Mr. Wellesley, now Lord Cowley, as official secretary, and by Lord Granville Leveson and Lord Morpeth as attached to the mission. The first symptoms were, however, not auspicious. He was met at the outset by three almost *sine quâ non* demands. 1. The renunciation of the style and title of *King of France*. 2. The restitution of the Toulon ships, which having been taken only in deposit for the *lawful government* of France, we were bound—now that we admitted the republic to be a *lawful government*—to restore specifically as far as they existed, and in value, if we had destroyed them; and finally, that we should admit as a basis that we were to restore *all* our conquests from France, or any of her allies, and especially from Holland. The first of these demands perplexed our ministers very much—but *they* (rather, we presume, than Lord Malmesbury) had brought it on themselves by presenting the French with a *projet* of a treaty, which incautiously and unnecessarily began by setting forth our sovereign's *full* style and title. We say incautious and unnecessary—because when the point was hit, Lord Grenville offered to substitute either '*King of Great Britain*' or '*Britannic Majesty*,' and therefore it would have been sufficient to have used at first the inoffensive terms which were proposed when it was too late, and when the French were entitled to insist on the renunciation of a claim so imprudently, but so prominently made. But neither this nor the other two points need detain us. The negotiation

never made one serious practical step during the whole four months of discussion, but was, under the formal veil of interchanging notes and *projets*, really awaiting the issue of the great contest between the Jacobins and *Modérés* in Paris; and it was, we suppose, as an episode in this conflict and as a *pièce d'attente* for the moderate party that Maret, who belonged to it, opened a secret and separate communication with Lord Malmesbury, of which, as connected with the general negotiation, we see neither motive nor object.

On the 14th of July an Englishman of the name of Cunningham, who had been long settled at Lisle, called on Mr. Wellesley, the official secretary of the mission, as on business of the utmost importance; and he produced a note from a M. Pein—an intimate friend of his, and a near relation of *Maret's*, suggesting the expediency of opening a secret and confidential channel between Lord Malmesbury and 'the person who had alone the conduct of the business on the other side—viz., *Maret*—whose opinions on *all* political subjects were very different from those of his colleagues'—being the intimate friend of the new director Barthelemy, who was seriously desirous of the restoration of peace. This strange overture was readily, but not without some suspicion accepted—Mr. Ellis, (Mr. Wellesley being about to return to England) was appointed to communicate with M. Pein, and through them Maret conveyed information and advice to Lord Malmesbury, apparently in the style of one who in a game of whist should by secret signs let his adversaries know the state of his own and his partner's hand. Lord Malmesbury at first doubted the authenticity of these communications, but, in order to ascertain it, he stipulated that at the conference certain signs should be made which should evidence Maret's confederacy with Pein.

'The sign agreed upon was Maret's taking his handkerchief out of one pocket, passing it before his face, and returning it into the other.'—vol. iii. p. 450.

It has been frequently alleged that M. Thiers wrote his '*History*' 'under the inspiration,' as the French phrase it, of M. de Talleyrand. This his friends have denied, but the way in which he mentions this secret negotiation satisfies us that he derived his information from either Talleyrand, Maret, or both; for he gives a color and

character to the transaction *entirely false*, but such, we think, as these informants would deem it prudent to adopt. 'According'—says M. Thiers, with wonderful ignorance, or still more wonderful effrontery,

'According to the practice of English diplomacy, all was arranged for carrying on two separate negotiations, one official and ostensible—the other secret and real. Mr. Ellis had been given [*fut donné*] to Lord Malmesbury to conduct under him the secret negotiation, and to correspond directly with Mr. Pitt. This habitual custom [*usage*] of English diplomacy is rendered necessary by their representative Government.'—Thiers, *Hist. de la Rév. Fr.* vi. 18.

We really cannot imagine how a writer of M. Thiers' cleverness could imagine an 'usage' so notoriously untrue, or think of accounting for it by reasons so grossly absurd—it is our representative Government which renders any such practice utterly impossible—but this preamble was necessary to introduce the rest of the fable, and the mention of Mr. Ellis, whose name we very much doubt whether any man in France ever heard of but Maret and Co.,—confirms our suspicion that the Duke of Bassano communicated this misrepresentation to M. Thiers with a view to break the effect of the disclosure which he suspected might be hereafter made, and which now appears. M. Thiers then proceeds to misstate and discolour the facts to suit this apologetical version.

'Lord Malmesbury soon saw that the ostensible negotiation would come to nothing, and he took measures [*chercha*] to bring about a more intimate intercourse. M. Maret'—

We beg our readers to observe that M. Thiers always employs the deferential form of *Monsieur Maret* and *Monsieur de Talleyrand*, though they were at this time *Citizens Maret* and *Talleyrand*, and nothing else till they became *Duke of Bassano* and *Prince of Benevento*. M. Thiers's adoption of the *Monsieur*—so out of keeping with time and place—indicates pretty plainly, that he was writing in communication with these great personages, whom he did not venture to call plain *Maret* and *Talleyrand*.

'M. Maret, more used to diplomatic habits than his colleagues, lent himself [*s'y prêta*] to Lord Malmesbury's proposition—but it was necessary to negotiate with Le Tourneur and Pléville, [the rough colleagues] to bring about meetings at the p'ay. The young people of the two embassies were the first to associ-

ate, and the communications became more friendly. There had been nothing of this kind last year'—

though it is the usual and necessary consequence of the English representative Government, and though the same Mr. Ellis had been there in exactly the same position—

'because the negotiation was not sincere, but this year it was necessary to arrive at effectual and amicable communications. Lord Malmesbury, then, sounded [*fit donner*] M. Maret to engage in private [*particulière*] negotiation. Before he consented, M. Maret wrote to the French ministry for permission. They readily agreed, and he immediately entered into private communications [*pour-parlers*] with the two English negotiators.'—*Ib.* p. 20.

What follows is still more remarkable. M. Thiers says that when the 18th Fructidor came to render the negotiation almost hopeless—

'Lord Malmesbury was so sincere in his wish to continue the treaty that he engaged M. Maret to try to find out at Paris whether there were not some means of influencing the Directory, and he even offered several millions [*de francs*] to buy the voice of one of the Directors. M. Maret refused to undertake any negotiation of the kind, and left Lille. Lord Malmesbury and Mr. Ellis went off immediately, and did not return.'—*Ib.* 72.

Now the facts of this story are scandalously perverted. The truth was this:—

'In the beginning of the negotiation, a person named Potter came to Lord Malmesbury, stating, that he was sent by Barras to say, that if the English Government would pay that Director 500,000*l.* he would insure the peace. Lord Malmesbury, believing the offer to be unauthorized by Barras or only a trap laid for him by the Directory, paid no attention to it.'—*Harris Papers*, vol. iii. p. 492.

It does not appear that Lord Malmesbury informed Maret of *this* overture, which took place before their confidential intercourse had commenced; but subsequently, on the 19th August, a Mr. Melville, of Boston, in America, renewed the proposal on the part of Barras to the same amount. 'But of course,' said Lord Malmesbury, 'his offer was rejected. I would not see him, and he conveyed it through Ellis, saying that he knew intimately Peregeaux' [the great Paris banker]. This offer and its rejection Ellis communicated to Maret through Pein, who professed to know nothing about it, and

only advised him to refer to Peregeaux for Melville's character.'—*ib.* p. 493.

Can any reader doubt that M. Thiers' version of the affair was furnished to him by the parties in these transactions? Can he doubt—after seeing the indisputable evidence so accidentally and unexpectedly supplied by this publication—that their version is false in dates, facts, motives, and every thing, and that the whole was, as we have said, a precautionary *échappatoire* against future exposure?—and if that exposure had not been so unpremeditated and accidental, the false version would have answered its purpose.

It would be hard to say whether in this extraordinary underplot Maret was endeavoring to deceive his French colleagues or his English confederates, or both—but it is very remarkable that this overture was made on the 14th of July—and on the 15th Citizen Talleyrand was announced in Paris *Minister for Foreign Affairs!* It is strange that neither Lord Malmesbury nor any of his correspondents seem to have noticed this remarkable approximation, not to say *coincidence*—particularly as Maret afterwards told Lord Malmesbury that on the day that Lord Malmesbury's nomination was known at Paris, he and Talleyrand and Barthelemi had met at dinner at Barras's, where the probable fate of the future negotiation was discussed. Nor must it be forgotten, that all these more than suspicious practices were nearly contemporaneous with that flagrant attempt at speculation and corruption exhibited by Talleyrand and his *anonymous* friends, 'Messrs. X and Y, and a Lady,' to the American Commissioners in Paris in October of the same year, and in which the celebrated burthen of Talleyrand's eternal song—*Il faut de l'argent—il faut beaucoup d'argent*—first aroused the indignation of mankind. We suspect that *Monsieur* Maret may have known something of Monsieur X or Monsieur Y, or peradventure 'the Lady.' The whole story will be found in *Debret's State Papers*, vol. vii. p. 183; but M. Thiers' *History* makes no mention of this the most remarkable feature of the diplomacy of the Revolution and of its greatest diplomatist. We ourselves have little doubt that Talleyrand and Maret, and perhaps Barthelemi, were at this moment confederates; indeed, M. Thiers himself states that Maret was acting under the special sanction of the minister at Paris, and there can be, we think, little doubt that *l'argent—beaucoup d'argent*

—was the real motive of the secret negotiation with Lord Malmesbury.

The curiosity, and we may even add the historical importance of this affair will, we trust, excuse the length at which we have developed it:—we wonder indeed the noble Editor himself, who often quotes Thiers, did not think it worth while to explain the important discrepancies between his story and Lord Malmesbury's testimony; and the more particularly, as Thiers asserts that Lord Malmesbury *offered*, and the Freuch had *accepted*, an indemnity of 500,000*l.* for the Toulon ships—an assertion utterly at variance with all his Lordship's statements.

The following extract from one of Mr. Canning's letters tends naturally to increase our suspicions that, besides the great political intrigue going on at Paris, their was much pecuniary jobbing in operation:—

'I shall therefore tell you without scruple, first, that what I mentioned to you in my former letter of Barthelemi's speculations in the funds, has been confirmed to me since, in a manner that very much persuades me of the truth of that circumstance.

'Secondly. That we have what we think here good reason to believe that Maret has a commission separate from his colleagues (I know not whether from Dutch or French authority,) to treat for the surrender of the Cape for a sum of money. Thirdly, That the inclosed is a copy of a letter from Paris to Bobus Smith,* written the day after Talleyrand's nomination, and the first part of the contents of which, but not the letter itself, Bobus has since communicated to me. Talleyrand, you may not know, perhaps, has been always a great friend of Bobus's, and of mine, since I went to Mr. Pitt some years ago, at Smith's desire, to endeavor to obtain a remission of his sentence of exile.'—vol. iii. p. 439.

Though we have not the details of Talleyrand's letter, it appears from a further despatch of Mr. Canning's, that it was something incredible:—

'I was not quizzing you, but telling a most

* 'This letter I do not find among the Harris Papers, although a subsequent one from Talleyrand to Bobus Smith is extant.'—Ed. It is odd that the editor should not in his note have stated that Bobus—Mr. Canning's familiar *Etonism* for Bob—was Mr. Robert Smith, the elder brother of Mr. Sydney, and father of Mr. Vernon Smith. It is also to be regretted that he does not explain how Mr. Canning obtained possession of all this correspondence, and how Bobus (then we believe a young barrister) came to be engaged in these delicate affairs.

sober truth, when I gave you the copy of Talleyrand's letter to Smith. As a proof of its authenticity, I inclose to you the copy of another, which has been since received, but of which no communication has been made to me. It is written, as you see, in English, and (which you cannot see, but must believe as I do) in T.'s hand. You will see the remarkable coincidence of this letter with every thing that you have been told.'—vol. iii. p. 453.

Mr. Canning, however, states in a subsequent letter more positively ;—

'29th Aug.—I have heard nothing more from Talleyrand by the former channel. Letters of his continually pass through our hands, which prove him to be stock-jobbing here to an enormous amount.'—vol. ii. p. 520.

On the mention of M. de Talleyrand's name, the Editor says :—

'The universal reputation of Talleyrand renders any notice of him unnecessary in a work of this kind. It is sufficient to remember that, during a life of eighty-five years, he served the old French Monarchy,—the Directory, Consulate, Empire, Restoration, and Orleans Dynasty. He must be regarded as the most able political pilot on record.'—vol. iii. p. 418.

We must here take the liberty of dissenting very strongly from the noble Editor, both in fact and in opinion. M. de Talleyrand never served the old French Monarchy at all, but helped powerfully to destroy it ;—he served, indeed, the Directory—and in due course betrayed, and helped to overthrow it ;—he served the Consulate, at the epoch and in the department in which the indelible horror of the *d'Engbien* murder was perpetrated—and heservilely followed Buonaparte through all the other steps of despotism by which his country was enslaved ;—he served the Empire as he had served the Directory—that is, he got all he could out of it, and then joined to betray and overturn it ;—he served the Restoration, which he was grown too rich, old, and indolent to betray—but which, in spite of his share in the *pilotage*, was dashed to pieces ;—and he served the Orleans Dynasty only in the easy routine and luxury of the London embassy. As to his *pilotage*, we must admit that he followed the very ancient and prudent authority of that patriarch of pilots, Palinurus—

—— superat quoniam *Fortuna*, sequamur ;
Quoque vocat iter !

And certainly no *pilot* was ever more dexterous at managing to save himself by

his own little craft, when all the great vessels in which he successively served were utterly wrecked. The noble Editor seems too apt to fall into these thoughtless *engouemens*. We, on the contrary, see in M. de Talleyrand an apostate from his family, his order, his party, his religion, and, in short, from every thing but *himself*—one whose corruption, profligacy, and treachery disgraced high birth, exalted station, and great talents—who was a prominent figure in an age of wonders, without attaching his name to any thing great, glorious, or good—and whose fame is already reduced to our recollections of 'X, Y, and the Lady,' and of some dozen *bons-mots*—the cold keen product of a subtle intellect, an *insouciant* temper, and a callous and misanthropical heart.

In the midst of these affairs the Portuguese minister in Paris signed, contrary to his express instructions, a treaty of peace with the Republic—quite inconsistent with the engagements of Portugal with England ; but it had not, as M. Thiers says, the effect of giving Maret any advantages over Lord Malmesbury, or indeed in any way affecting the Lisle negotiations ; and nothing can be more untrue than his assertion, that at this period all matters had been brought to a clear understanding and arrangement. 'England,' says Thiers, 'would not give up Trinidad ; but the Dutch were to keep the Cape under an express condition that France should never obtain it. Ceylon was to be ceded to England, but under the guise of an alternative possession—a Dutch garrison alternating with an English one ; with an understanding that the alternation was only to be a fiction. The 12,000,000 of francs for the Toulon ships was accepted by France, and it was agreed the title of King of France, without being formally abdicated, should be disused.' On these points, says M. Thiers, Maret and Malmesbury had agreed, when the 18th Fructidor came to overset all. Now we know, from Lord Malmesbury's notes and confidential letters, that not one of all these points was settled—nay, that he could not get the French negotiators to approach any of the minor subjects *en attendant* the discussion of the Dutch questions :—perhaps Maret may have had instructions to agree to these terms, but if he had he certainly never produced them, and the whole of M. Thiers' statement is, therefore, erroneous, and introduced for no other reason that we can see but to glorify Maret. It is perfectly

clear that the French mission had no other orders or purpose than to waste time. The Directory, in the personal and mortal struggle in which they were now engaged with the Councils, paid evidently little attention to the details of the negotiation, and were only endeavoring to tide over all such inferior matters, till, at last, on the 18th Fructidor, the explosion took place which confirmed the power of Barras and the Ultra-republicans, and scattered all the *Modérés*, except Talleyrand, into exile. The French mission at Lisle was immediately recalled—and replaced by Treilhard and Bonnier—who were ordered to insist on having Lord Malmesbury's *pleins pouvoirs* to concede any and all our conquests, produced to them; and on his refusal to comply with so strange a demand, he was insolently dismissed, with the insulting addition that, as he had no instructions, he had better himself go and look for them.

‘Il [Lord M.] aura à déclarer ses pleins pouvoirs suffisants [that is to say, sufficient for the unconditional restitution of all the king's conquests], et à les exhiber d'abord; et en cas qu'il ne les a pas, d'aller en Angleterre dans les vingt-quatre heures les chercher lui-même.’—vol. iii. p. 581.

Thus, if his embassy did not begin with ‘a practical epigram,’ it ended with one; and it was surely too strong a proof of Mr. Pitt's obstinate desire for peace that, even after this affront, both he and Lord Malmesbury still thought that the negotiation should be continued, and Lord Malmesbury on his arrival in London found there two emissaries—one from Talleyrand, and the other from Barras—both offering ‘any terms we choose for money.’ Barras's present terms are not given, but we have seen that they were lately stated at 500,000*l.* Talleyrand's, as produced by one O'Drusse, who is—we know not whether jocularly—designated as the *Grand Vicaire of the Bishop of Autun*, were more moderate—only 200,000*l.*, for consenting to leave us one of the Dutch settlements—probably Ceylon (iii. 580). It is with pain and shame that we copy the following extract:—

‘Friday, Sept. 22, 1797.—At his request, at half-past eleven with Pitt; the Note altered as we wished. He said *I was quite right* as to judging it was *right to continue the negotiation*; his informant [Barras's emissary] said it was necessary to the plan of the Directory; he [Pitt] had informed him of our intentions; he [the informant] was actually gone to Paris to prepare the way for proper instructions

being sent to Lisle. I said I trusted he [Pitt] had been very explicit both as to the terms and the price; that *no cure no pay* should be stipulated—not a penny to be given till after the ratifications, and every article valued and paid for *ad valorem*; that I should never return to Lisle for any other purpose but to *sign a Treaty*; and that before I left England we should see an *arrêté* of the Directory, fixing the terms and instructions given by them to Treilhard and Bonnier in consequence. This Pitt said was actually done, and agreed with me that nothing short of it was worth attending to. . . . Pitt sanguine, *more sanguine* than I am. I see doubts and dangers in all this *secret* intelligence. I admit the *desire* of getting the money, but I question the *power* of delivering the thing purchased. Barras confessedly the *only one in the secret*; he and his expect to persuade Rewbell, and to prevail on him to take his share of the bribe. Thence my apprehensions; and it clearly appears that the two informants act separately. It is to be remarked that Huskisson is in the whole secret; but it is enjoined that he is not to say so to Pitt, or Pitt to him. I dislike Huskisson, both as to his principles and the turn of his understanding; he wants to make money by this peace, and dares not apply to me to act with him; the whole secret was known in the city the day it was told Pitt, and acted on by the stock-jobbers; *stock-jobbing is at the bottom of the whole*, I fear.’—vol. iii. pp. 582-4.

We hope and believe that this imputation against Mr. Huskisson was merely Lord Malmesbury's hasty impression against a man whom he confesses that he did not like, and of whose proceedings in this matter he admits that Mr. Pitt was aware, which seems to us a sufficient voucher that the proceedings were disinterested and honorable; but the rest of the story certainly agrees with the known characters of Talleyrand and Barras; and while we regret that Mr. Pitt should have for a moment listened to such propositions, even for the great and ‘Christian’ object of ending the war, we cannot suppose that he gave in to it without some strong reason to believe in the authenticity of the offers. On this point of the character and policy of Mr. Pitt, as contrasted with that of Lord Grenville, we shall conclude with the words of the Editor:—

‘Mr. Pitt has always been held up to the present generation as fond of war: but the Harris Papers could furnish the most continued and certain evidence of the contrary, and that he often suffered all the agony of a pious man who is forced to fight a duel. The cold and haughty temper of Lord Grenville was less sensitive; our overtures were to him synony-

mous with degradation, and he could not now brook the delays of the Directory.

'Lord Malmesbury entirely agreed with Pitt, and at this time saw a fair chance of obtaining an honorable peace.'—vol. iii. p. 516.

It is the mischief of these unilateral, truncated revelations, that they lead to conclusions often the very reverse of that which, if we had both sides of the *continuous* story, we should probably arrive at. For instance, would it not seem from the passages—*à bâtons rompus*—which we have quoted, that Mr. Huskisson was a knave and Mr. Pitt a dupe? There is nearly the same evidence for both, and we as little believe the former as the latter, and yet we do not see what answer can be now made to Lord Malmesbury's broken hints than a general appeal to the characters of those two statesmen.

With this mission ended Lord Malmesbury's diplomatic life—which exhibits the extraordinary paradox of a long series of failures—unbroken by any one happy result—which, nevertheless, procured for the always defeated yet always fortunate agent the highest reputation and the most splendid rewards. We offered in our former article some considerations which might account for so extraordinary a phenomenon; the details of the missions comprised in the third volume confirm those opinions. Great diplomatic results seldom depend on the abilities of the agents, but on the interests and power of the principals. Lord Malmesbury failed through no fault of his: in the negotiations with Prussia and France we do not believe any man could have done better—in the strange circumstances into which he was thrown at Brunswick we cannot name any man who we think could have done so well.

Lord Malmesbury now retired from public business, but we can hardly say from public affairs; for although, as he told Mr. Canning in March, 1801, as an excuse for his not thinking, in that season of ministerial changes, of any official employment, 'he was tied to his chair, and never expected to move ten yards from it' (vol. iv. p. 35), still, as a peer, he had a responsible and indefeasible station in political life, and was, moreover, from temper and habit, led to enliven his dignified leisure by a strong curiosity and occasionally a busy share in the party struggles of the day. His residence was on the edge of what Dr. Johnson called the great tide of human existence—first in Spring Garden, in a fine

house where in later days we remember Lord Dover and the present Duke of Bedford, and afterwards in old Richmond House, where Richmond-terrace has been since built, and he possessed for some years the beautiful villa of Park Place, near Hengley. In town he kept an excellent and hospitable table; and as age confined him more and more to home, he was happy to receive the many morning visits that—thus living in the gangway to the Houses of Parliament—his numerous acquaintance were always ready to pay to one whose lively curiosity, extensive information, polished manners, and varied conversation amply rewarded their attentions. He had all his life been fond of the company of young people. He had early formed a close intimacy with Mr. Canning—whose friendship for Lord Malmesbury was, says the Editor, like that of an affectionate son,—and he had, as we have seen, surrounded himself with Mr. Canning's personal friends, and to the last he continued to cultivate the acquaintance of the young men who began to distinguish themselves in public life. These circumstances and connexions, with his old diplomatic taste for gossip and those little political manœuvres commonly called *intrigue*, kept him *au fait* of all that was going on—or at least all that was *said* to be going on—for there is a vast difference between the *reality* of such affairs and the *rumors* of even the best informed circles. The fourth volume of this work is wholly occupied with a diary kept by Lord Malmesbury, with great assiduity, of all he heard and saw of public affairs—(interspersed with some interesting correspondence, especially with Mr. Canning and the Duke of York), from Mr. Pitt's resignation in the first days of 1801, down to the Convention of Cintra in 1808.

No extracts that our space would allow us to make could afford an adequate idea of this great mass of mingled gossip and history. Lord Malmesbury's pen had no touch of pleasantry, nor even of vivacity, and it would therefore not be easy to produce amusing specimens of what is yet a very amusing whole. To us, and to the many still living who, like us, happen to have been contemporary with the events—who have seen all and know most of the *dramatis personæ*—nothing can be more attractive; we seem to be living our youth over again. We may fancy ourselves walking down rather early to the House, and turning in at Richmond Gardens to while away the spare

half-hour with the *old Lion*—as ‘from his brilliant eyes and profusion of white hair’ Lord Malmesbury was not unwilling to be called by his younger associates; but we doubt whether it will have the same success with more distant and more disinterested readers. And even with us and our contemporaries the first impression is by no means favorable to the taste or discretion of the publication, as regards either the noble Diarist himself or those of whom he treats. We meet in every page harsh mention of names that we have loved and respected; and we know, even within our own narrow circle, that a considerable degree of private feeling has been painfully excited. But upon further reflection a good deal of that will wear off. Many of the harsh things that Lord Malmesbury says under a momentary influence, he soon unsays, and of many others he himself supplies the means of refutation; and one thing may be said for him—that though he evidently had strong biases, he never seems to have wilfully misrepresented any one; and it turns out—singularly enough—that the person whom of all others he seems most to have disliked—Lord Grenville—makes nearly the best figure in the book for both consistency and sagacity, while his most intimate and applauded friend—the late Lord Chichester—if we were to take all that is said of him *au pied de la lettre*, would appear irresolute, self-interested, and blameably indiscreet. We are inclined to believe that no public man ever kept an honest journal of his daily opinions on events, and especially on persons, who would not, after a lapse of time, read over many of his entries with regret, and sometimes with self-reproach, for his own credulity or injustice. Let us allow to Lord Malmesbury and his victims the advantage of these indulgent considerations. He notes down what he has heard and believes, often erroneously, but always, we believe, honestly, and the veracity of the chronicler is not to be confounded with the accuracy of the facts. Lord Malmesbury *sat at the receipt of custom*, and news was the tribute which his friends paid him; but it was often in coin clipped or debased, or even absolutely counterfeit.

In any daily record of passing events and fluctuating opinions there must be frequent inconsistencies and contradictions, and Lord Malmesbury’s ‘Correspondence and Diaries,’ taken as a whole, tell, we think, almost as much against himself as against any one he names. We have already shown

how little they maintain his diplomatic reputation, and they no better vindicate his own private consistency. On the King’s illness in 1801, Lord Malmesbury collected every rumor of the undutiful and unfeeling behavior of the Prince of Wales towards his afflicted father, quite forgetful that, after having obtained from the same King the greatest personal favor a subject can receive, he himself had under similar circumstances in 1788 abetted the same Prince of Wales in conduct much more undutiful and unfeeling than that with which he now reproached him. What is the key to this?—Lord Malmesbury had reconciled himself to the King, had been honorably employed, created Viscount and Earl, and, having enrolled himself as one of the *King’s friends*, had naturally fallen out with the Prince. But when we turn over a few pages, Lord Malmesbury’s candor affords us some reason to doubt the truth of his imputations against the Prince:—

‘March 6, 1801.—Prince of Wales yesterday evening and this morning with the King; his behavior there right and proper. How unfortunate that it is not sincere; or rather that he has so effeminate a mind as to counteract all his own good qualities, by having no control over his weaknesses!’—vol. iv. p. 33.

Here we see proper conduct admitted, with an ingenious surmise that it would not be lasting; but then by and bye we find the following anecdote recorded:—

‘March 24.—Lord Carlisle, Lord Lansdowne, Lord Fitzwilliam, and Fox have coalesced. It is said they informed the Prince of Wales, through Lord Moira, of this step, tendered him an offer of their services, and that they should hold their conferences at Carlton House. The Prince, it is said, replied, that he was under too much anxiety for the King’s health to think of politics; that he thanked them for their communication, but not only declined their proposal, but observed that, out of respect to the King, he considered it as his duty to acquaint Mr. Addington with it, and this he immediately did.’—vol. iv. p. 51.

and henceforward we hear little or no more on the subject of the Prince’s undutiful behavior; and indeed there are some strong statements of a direct contrary tendency.

Again; we have fresh in our recollections Mr. Pitt’s efforts, his perhaps too anxious efforts, for peace; and we are told that in 1800 he was about to make another attempt, and would have named Lord Malmesbury, for it (iv. 28); and yet we find Lord Mal-

mesbury, so early as the 4th of March, 1801, saying in derogation of Mr. Addington, then about to replace Mr. Pitt,—

‘*March 4.*—Addington’s mind is full of peace—no great proof of strength of character, wisdom, or statesman-like knowledge, in such times as these.’—vol. iv. p. 28.

Thus Pitt is applauded and Addington sneered at for the same identical policy.

Again, he says of Mr. Pitt’s resignation,—

‘*Feb. 7.*—It looks at times to me as if Pitt was playing a very selfish, and, in the present state of affairs, a very criminal part; that he goes out to show his own strength, and under the certain expectation of being soon called upon again to govern the country, with uncontrolled power.’—vol. iv. p. 4.

and when the King’s illness, consequent on the anxiety this resignation caused him, became alarming, the Diarist expresses his loyal indignation in terms which clearly alluded to Mr. Pitt as one of those—

‘*Feb. 22.*—‘who acted in order to gratify their private resentments, or promote their ambitious views; and these men, let them be who who they will, may be considered as the most consummate political villains that ever existed. They ought to be held in execration by the country, and their names handed down to posterity with infamy; for they will have been the first cause of the destruction of the intellects or life of a Sovereign, to whose kingly virtues, and to whose manly and uniform steady exertion of them during a reign of forty years, this country, and every subject in it, owes the preservation of its liberties and every thing that is valuable to him.’—vol. iv. p. 15.

And again, when the King grew better,—

‘*March 7.*—The King, in directing Willis to speak or write to Pitt, said, “Tell him I am now quite well, quite recovered from my illness; but what has he not to answer for, who is the cause of my having been ill at all?” This, on being repeated, affected Pitt so deeply that it immediately produced the letter (the most dutiful, humble, and contrite) mentioned above, and brought from him the declaration of his readiness to give way on the Catholic Question.”—vol. iv. p. 32.

And finally,—

‘*March 9.*—The whole is a very sad story—the work of mean and bad passions; a trial of strength which a great subject presumes to institute with his King, and a King to whom he owes all his greatness. It began in this, continues in this, and will end in it, and ruin follow to the common weal.—vol. iv. p. 40.

and after all this, we find him within a few

weeks suggesting and carrying on an intrigue to force this ‘political villain’ back into office; and within three months we find the following entry:—

‘*June 8.*—I was with Pitt at his breakfast. I told him that I had much satisfaction in assuring him that I should follow his line in politics; that I understood his motives, and respected them in acting as he had done.’—vol. iv. p. 263.

Again; there is no one, we think, whom Lord Malmesbury mentions with more asperity than the late Lord Auckland, and particularly for his supposed share in disturbing the King’s mind in 1801, by alarming him against the designs of Mr. Pitt on the Catholic question. Yet we shall find Lord Malmesbury himself pursuing the same line (and without so strong a duty), and instigating the Duke of Portland to take similar measures for encouraging the King to resist the Catholic concessions proposed by the *Talents*.

We could produce many more instances of the same kind of contradictions; but these will suffice, our object being not to complain of Lord Malmesbury’s injustice or inconsistency, but to expose the consequences of any system of *journalizing*, in which—though the rumours of one day are effaced by those of the next, yet the false report and the true one—the passing impression and the permanent conviction—are equally recorded, and when they happen, by breach of faith or mistaken zeal, to be published promiscuously, become offensive to private feelings and delusive to public opinion. In the present case, however, we repeat that no great harm is done; for to those who attentively read the *whole* Diary, very little of that which seems to bear hardest upon individuals will be found of any real weight or authority.

The Diary opens with the change of ministry in 1801, and with his Majesty’s illness, which Lord Malmesbury states very truly, was produced by the agitation of the Royal mind in being forced to part from Mr. Pitt—with whom he never before had had a difference (iv. p. 7)—in such a crisis of the world, and on a point which his Majesty felt not merely as invalidating the constitutional right by which he held his crown—but as irreconcilable with what he held dearer than his crown—his religion and his conscience.

Lord Malmesbury states that the origin of the King’s illness was

'A cold caught by his remaining so long in church in very bad snowy weather on the day appointed for a general fast, 13th February; and the physicians do not scruple to say, that although his Majesty certainly had a bad cold, and would, under all circumstances, have been ill, yet that the hurry and vexation of all that has passed was the cause of his mental illness; which, if it had shown itself at all, would certainly not have declared itself so violently, or been of a nature to cause any alarm, had not these events taken place.'—vol. iv. p. 19.

The following anecdote, however, which we received very soon after the event from a person who was present, proves that the mental excitement preceded the cold caught on the 13th February. The King was always in the habit of repeating the responses in the church service very audibly; but on this day, when he came to the following response of the *Venite*, he leaned over the front of his seat, and with an air of addressing the congregation, he repeated in a loud, emphatic, and angry tone—'*Forty years long was I grieved with this generation, and said, it is a people that do err in their hearts, for they have not known my ways.*' 'It was impossible,' said our informant, 'not to see that all the perplexities and troubles of his *forty years'* reign were, by the new difficulties pressed upon him by one whom he so much regarded as Mr. Pitt, revived at the moment on his excited and morbid memory.' Lord Malmesbury tells us that as early as the 6th or 7th of February

'The King at Windsor read his Coronation Oath to his family—asked them whether they understood it—and added, "If I violate it, I am no longer legal Sovereign of the country, but it falls to the house of Savoy."'

And in the entry for the 26th of February we read—

"The King on Monday, after having remained many hours without speaking, at last towards the evening came to himself, and said, "I am better now, but I will remain true to the Church."—vol. iv. p. 19.

Lord Malmesbury is all along very indignant with Mr. Pitt for not having prepared the King's mind for Roman Catholic Emancipation as the necessary consequence of the Union, and lays all the blame on the *suddenness* of the announcement. We have no proof that Mr. Pitt may not have approached the subject with the King, and we have a strong conviction that no degree of preparation or persuasion would have induced His Majesty to view with less than

utter horror any measure involving (as he considered it) the violation of his coronation oath. It has been a general opinion—and Lord Malmesbury seems at one time to have believed—that Mr. Pitt seized this occasion of *resigning*, with the object of allowing Mr. Addington the mortification and odium of making a peace. Lord Malmesbury shows clearly that Mr. Pitt never evaded that responsibility himself, and that he even took a supererogative responsibility in advising Mr. Addington in his negotiations; but he does not say that which we are enabled to assert from Mr. Addington's own report of his conferences with the King and Mr. Pitt—*viz.* that when Mr. Pitt went *last* into the closet to press the Catholic Question on His Majesty, he had still hopes of being able to prevail; the more so, as the King pressed him with the greatest earnestness and affection not to desert him; but that when, after a long and warm conversation, Mr. Pitt declared peremptorily that he could not yield the point—the King suddenly changed his manner, and *dismissed him!*—and when Mr. Pitt, in his surprise, attempted some rejoinder, the King in civil but very decided term declined any further discussion.

During all the preliminary arrangements for the new administration nothing could be more composed, more clear, more rational, than His Majesty's conduct—but the effort overpowered him, and the scenes which we have just quoted with his family and in the chapel show the progress of the excitement. We cannot follow all the daily vicissitudes of his Majesty's illness; but our readers will see with great interest the following account of Lord Malmesbury's first interview with the King after his recovery:—

'29 Oct., 1801.—I went to Windsor to present to the King and Queen copies of the new edition of my father's works. I saw them both alone on the morning of the 26th. . . . I was with the King alone near two hours. I had not seen His Majesty since the end of October, 1800, of course not since his last illness; . . . but he did not look thinner, nor were there any marks of sickness or decline in his countenance or manner; these last were much as usual; somewhat less hurried, and more conversable, that is to say, allowing the person to whom he addressed himself more time to answer and talk, than he used to do when discussing on common subjects, on public and grave ones. I at all times for thirty years have found him very attentive, and full as ready to hear as to give an opinion, though perhaps not always disposed to adopt it and forsake his own. He was gracious even to kindness, and spoke of my father in a way which quite affect-

ed me. He expressed great satisfaction at seeing me less ill than he expected; asked how I continued to keep well; and on my saying, amongst other reasons, that I endeavored to keep my *mind quiet*, and dismiss all unpleasant subjects from intruding themselves on it, the King said, "'Tis a very wise maxim, and one I am determined to follow; but how, at this moment, can you avoid it?" And without waiting he went on by saying, "Do you know what I call the Peace [of Amiens]?—an *experimental peace*, for it is nothing else. I am sure *you* think so, and perhaps do not give it so *gentle* a name; but it was *unavoidable*. I was abandoned by every body, allies and *all*. I have done, I conscientiously believe, for the best, because I could not do otherwise; but had I found more opinions like mine, better might have been done."

'I thought the subject might agitate the King, and therefore tried to lead him from it; he perceived my drift, and said, "Lord Malmesbury, you and I have lived on the active theatre of this world these thirty years; if we are not become wise enough to consider every event which happens, quietly and with acquiescence, we must have lived very negligently. What would the good man who wrote these excellent books (pointing to the copy I had just presented to him of my father's works) say, if we were such bad philosophers, having had such means of becoming good ones?" and then His Majesty reverted again to the peace, spoke of the state of Europe, of France, and this country; and by the turn of conversation it happened that the King and myself, almost in the same moment, agreed that it was a most erroneous and dangerous maxim which prevailed, that Jacobinism was at an end or even diminished; that it was only quieter because it had carried one point, but we should soon see it blaze out again, when it had another in view; and from that the King passed to the court of Berlin, which he spoke of with great displeasure, even acrimony: "This is the young man," said he, "of whom the great Frederick said—'*on ne lui arrachera jamais la couronne*,' and we shall live, possibly, to see him without even his Electoral dominions."—vol. iv. pp. 62, 63.

It will, we think, be admitted that the old 'Philosopher of Salisbury' himself could not have made more judicious, nor his accomplished son more appropriate and statesmanlike observations than these of King George III., of whom we repeat with increased confidence since Mr. Twiss's publication of his notes to Lord Eldon what we said on a prior occasion, that 'if ever, and to whatever extent, his daily correspondence with his several ministers on the various business of the State be published, the world will then, and not till then, be able duly to appreciate his virtues and his talents.'—Q. Rev., vol. lxx. p. 232.

A great part of the Diary is taken up with the details of a ridiculous intrigue concocted, as it seems, between Mr. Canning and Lord Malmesbury in the winter of 1802-3, for forcing Mr. Addington to make way for Mr. Pitt's restoration to power. Mr. Canning, as was natural to a young man of his lively genius, aspiring hopes, and personal attachment to Mr. Pitt, had from the first regretted the late resignations, and greatly undervaluing the less brilliant qualities of the successors, he had, contrary to Mr. Pitt's wishes—and indeed at some risk, as it seems, of impairing their political and even their private friendship—endeavored to discredit the ministry by censure and ridicule in the press, and by occasional sarcasms in parliament. These missiles not producing the desired effect, he, in concert with Lord Malmesbury, formed a plan which, without compromising Mr. Pitt, who (as they all knew) would listen to no such expedients, should force Mr. Addington to be the instrument of his own downfall.

As a specimen of the candid inconsistency of Lord Malmesbury's diary, we may quote the following character which he gives of Mr. Canning at this period of his life:—

'Jan. 24, 1803.—Canning has, been *forced*, like a thriving plant in a well-managed hothouse; he has prospered too luxuriantly—has felt no check or frost. Too early in life, he has had many, and too easy, advantages. This, added to very acute parts, makes him impatient of control. Astonished to find obstacles and difficulties in his way; angry with those who conceive less quickly and eagerly than himself, or who will not keep pace with him in his rapid plans and views; and indulging an innate principle of vanity, he under-rates others, and *appears* arrogant and contemptuous, although really not so. This checks the right and gradual growth of his abilities; lessens their effects, and vitiates the very many excellent, honorable, and amiable qualities he possesses. The world, who judge him from this, judge him harshly and unfairly; his success accounts for his manners. Rapid prosperity never creates popularity, and it requires a most careful and conciliating conduct to make the two compatible.'—pp. 169, 170.

We quote this—not as a just, and still less as a favorable character of an early friend, for whose public and private qualities we preserve and cherish the highest admiration and the most affectionate regard; but—for the sake of observing that it was with this *spoiled child*, as he thought him, that Lord Malmesbury—at the age of near

threescore, and professing to have retired from public life—chose to associate himself in an intrigue, as absurd in all its parts as can well be conceived. Its details would be tedious; but the substance was this—

‘Nov. 1, 1802.—It was thought right to draw up a paper to be signed, if approved, by persons of eminence in different public avocations, in each House of Parliament, to be presented by them to Mr. Addington; its object, as will appear from the paper itself, was to prevail on him to remove spontaneously, and prevent the matter being brought before the public.’—p. 87.—

and ‘when signed by a sufficient number of leading and independent men of all descriptions in each House,’ from whom it was supposed to emanate, it was to be presented simultaneously to Mr. Pitt and Mr. Addington, and, by the *Duke of York* (whom Lord Malmesbury had already initiated into the design), conveyed to the King. So far, so well. We can fancy our young political *Hotspur* exclaiming, ‘Our plot is a good plot as ever was laid—our friends true and constant; a good plot—good friends and full of expectation—an excellent plot, very good friends. Why my Lord of *York* commends the plot and the general course of action!’ Alas! when all those ‘good friends’ and the many ‘persons of eminence’ were to be assembled to sign the important document, it was found that there were no such persons in *rerum naturâ*—not one—and that the whole confederacy consisted of no soul but the original *cotere* which had imagined it, Mr. Canning, Lords Granville Leveson and Morpeth, and our venerable diplomatist;—but genius and art united are never without a resource—and behold, Mr. Canning writes to Lord Malmesbury—

‘Nov. 15th.—If, after all, neither imposing signatures nor spokesmen can be had, the last resort is to send the paper unsigned, with something like the enclosed *præscript*.’ (!)

‘PROPOSED PRÆSCRIPT.’

‘It is thought to be most respectful to Mr. Addington and Mr. Pitt, that the enclosed paper should be transmitted to them without the signatures, which are ready to be affixed to it.’—p. 103.

We can easily conceive the spirit of fun in which Mr. Canning penned this ingenious *præscript*—the very title of which would have revealed its author;—but when Lord Malmesbury lent his graver and more

deliberate countenance to the device of signifying signatures to be *ready*, since *none were to be had*, he could not have had in his thoughts that excellent maxim, which he afterwards so forcibly inculcated on another young friend,—

‘April 11th.—It is scarce necessary to say that no occasion, no provocation, no idea, however tempting, of promoting the object you have in view, can *need*, much less justify, a falsehood. Success obtained by one, is a precarious and baseless success. Detection would ruin not only your own reputation forever, but deeply wound the honor of your cause.’—p. 414.

We need not pursue this bubble to its bursting and vanishing into nothing; but we must just notice the extraordinary efforts of Mr. Canning and Lord Malmesbury to persuade Mr. Pitt not to attend the House of Commons, lest his presence should seem to countenance the Ministry—and the ludicrous gravity with which Mr. Canning deplores the failure of his ‘*capital measure*,’ which was a device to prevent Pitt’s keeping an engagement to dine with Addington at Richmond Park, which the infatuated ex-minister, contrary to the most earnest efforts of his young friend, persisted in doing. All this is very amusing as we read it, but it is humiliating to think of; and in this case, as in others of the *Diary* already noticed, we think that the person who was most disliked makes really the best figure, and that the sober good sense and good faith of Mr. Addington contrast very favorably with the various ingenious, but not very ingenuous devices, that were employed to supplant him.*

As to Mr. Pitt’s share in these transactions, we are glad to be able to say that, though the hopes and wishes of Mr. Canning and Lord Malmesbury may seem to throw some doubts over the candor of his conduct towards Mr. Addington, all that

* We are glad to be able to say that Lord Sidmouth’s papers are in the hands of his son-in-law, the Dean of Norwich, and we have reason to hope that the Dean is preparing for the press a work that will do to that honest minister and excellent man more justice than has yet been done to his abilities and public services. Lord Malmesbury seems to have been much prejudiced against him by the influence of Mr. Canning’s pleasantries. We have, however, ourselves seen evidence, which we hope may exist in Lord Sidmouth’s papers, that at a subsequent period Mr. Canning, in a very frank and generous manner (as was his nature), expressed his regret for their former differences.

he himself was responsible for—his own words and actions—are not liable to any serious reproach:—to none at all, we think, in the *earlier period* of the Addington Administration—for the evidence of Lord Malmesbury leaves no doubt that he was perfectly and zealously sincere in his endeavors to restrain the hostility of his younger friends who had resigned with him, as well as to confirm the support of those of his former colleagues who had taken part in the new Government;—so much so that when Mr. Pitt heard accidentally on the 10th March, 1801, that the Duke of Portland intended, on his own part and that of his other colleagues, to propose to Mr. Addington to recall Mr. Pitt—the latter waited on the Duke, and in the most peremptory manner prohibited any such interference with Mr. Addington (iv. 42); and when on the 14th, in pursuance of the same views, Mr. Canning pressed Mr. Pitt for a categorical answer as to his real feeling towards Mr. Addington, Mr. Pitt—

‘Without hesitation, and in the most unqualified manner, replied, that it was impossible to have behaved with more confidence, more openness, more sincerity, than Addington had done, from the first moment to this; and that the manner in which he had conducted himself, added to his long friendship for him, had raised him higher than ever in his good opinion.’—p. 46.

And amidst not a few subsequent provocations on the part of Mr. Canning and his ‘young friends,’ who were exceedingly dissatisfied and angry at his reserve, he steadily adhered to his engagements with Mr. Addington.

As time lapsed, and circumstances changed, so, no doubt, did in a certain degree the mutual relations of the late and existing ministers, and Mr. Pitt became naturally more and more reluctant to attend in parliament the discussion of new measures which he had not advised and might not approve, but which his general inclination to support Mr. Addington disabled him from opposing. In the spring of 1803, however, this state of affairs was essentially altered, by Mr. Addington’s making him an overture for his return to office, but on terms which Mr. Pitt thought he could not accept. The particulars of this transaction are given by Lord Malmesbury in much and interesting detail; and we are bound to say that the conditions were such as we do not think Mr. Pitt could have

accepted, though his refusal was somewhat too haughtily stated. This affair, however, seems to us to have placed the rival parties on new and independent ground; it was a fresh point of departure; and though Mr. Pitt appeared still very reluctant to oppose the ministry, his connexion became gradually less cordial. Mr. Addington about this time fancied that he strengthened himself by offering office to Mr. Sheridan and others of the old Opposition, and by actually bringing into his government Mr. Tierney, who a few years before had fought a duel with Mr. Pitt. This seems to us to have fairly released Mr. Pitt altogether:—and at last, after many moves on the political chess-board, which may be followed very agreeably in Lord Malmesbury’s Diary, Mr. Pitt concurred with Mr. Fox and the old Opposition in several important votes, particularly one on the Defence Bill, in which Mr. Addington had a majority of only thirty-seven, on which he resigned, and Mr. Pitt returned to office—almost *alone*.

Lord Malmesbury details the circumstances in which this short-lived and unfortunate administration was formed on so narrow a basis, after Mr. Pitt had proposed for office his new ally Mr. Fox, and his old connexions the Grenvilles, &c., for whose sake he, no doubt, had broken off the negotiation with Mr. Addington in the spring of 1803. The King had now positively excluded Mr. Fox, and though the latter very generously desired that this might not prevent the accession of his friends to office, they all made common cause with him. Mr. Canning and Lord Granville Leveson were zealous for the introduction, first of Mr. Fox, and then of the Grenvilles—but all parties adhered to their resolutions, and Mr. Pitt, instead of forming a new government, found himself in the necessity of doing little more than taking Mr. Addington’s place in the old one. We have heretofore ventured to express our doubts as to Mr. Pitt’s policy in all this affair—his original breaking up of the great party of which he was the head—his present failure to reunite it—his ousting Mr. Addington’s government before he knew on what basis he could replace it—and, above all, the way in which, first and last, he dealt with the Roman Catholic question. Lord Malmesbury’s details are too long to quote *in extenso*, and too connected to be separated, but they will be read with interest, and the result may be thus stated—that the preca-

rious state of the King's mental health, never so liable to disturbance as from the Catholic question—the peculiar difficulties created by Mr. Fox's former profession of French principles, and his consequent removal from the Privy Council—and the great and growing perils of the country, both internal and external, afforded not merely an obvious apology, but—in the opinion of Lord Malmesbury, the Duke of Portland, and the great majority of Mr. Pitt's friends, and, no doubt, in Mr. Pitt's own conscientious conviction—a full justification of proceedings which, in opposition to such authority, we can hardly persist in blaming, though we can never cease to regret. These difficulties helped to accelerate his death, if they did not absolutely cause it, by anxiety, disappointment, and affliction; the impeachment of Lord Melville, and the battle of Austerlitz, filled the cup of bitterness, and he died, as was emphatically said, at 46, of old age and a broken heart.

In alluding to the last moments of this illustrious man, whose glorious eloquence we heard with youthful admiration, we have a melancholy pleasure in laying before *our* readers, whom we may presume to be admirers of the name and character of Pitt, the following interesting anecdotes, which the noble Editor has given us from the note-book of his amiable and able father, the second Earl of Malmesbury, while he was Lord Fitzharris, and a member of Mr. Pitt's last Board of Treasury.

'On the receipt of the news of the memorable battle of Trafalgar (some day in November, 1805), I happened to dine with Pitt, and it was naturally the engrossing subject of our conversation. I shall never forget the eloquent manner in which he described his conflicting feelings when roused in the night to read Collingwood's dispatches. Pitt observed, that he had been called up at various hours in his eventful life by the arrival of news of various hues; but that whether good or bad, he could always lay his head on his pillow and sink into sound sleep again. On *this occasion*, however the great event announced brought with it so much to weep over, as well as to rejoice at, that he could not calm his thoughts, but at length got up, though it was three in the morning.'

'The battle of Austerlitz and its consequences, which he saw in their true light, greatly disappointed and depressed him, and certainly rather accelerated his end. I well remember walking round St. James' Park with him in November, 1805. He was naturally of a sanguine disposition. His plans were vast

and comprehensive, and held out to his powerful mind the hope of establishing a European Confederacy, that should crush the French ascendancy. When *that battle* was fought, the last ray of hope was so dimmed as to leave him without the possible expectation of seeing the fulfilment of that for which he had so long, so strenuously, and so successfully exerted himself, and which he felt (if ever accomplished) must be brought about by other hands than his. He resigned himself to the will of that Providence to whom he had always looked up, as well in the days of victory as in the hour of peril, and calmly awaited that last call to which we must all respond, with the true spirit of a Christian, and felt that his sand had too nearly run out for him to think any longer of worldly matters. He went to Bath, and only returned to Wimbledon (where he had a villa) to die there.'

'I have ever thought that an *aiding cause* of Pitt's death, certainly one that tended to *shorten* his existence, was the result of the proceedings against his old friend and colleague, Lord Melville. I sat wedged close to Pitt himself the night when we were 216 to 216; and the Speaker, Abbot (after looking as white as a sheet, and pausing for ten minutes), gave the casting vote *against* us. Pitt immediately put on the little cocked-hat that he was in the habit of wearing when dressed for the evening, and jammed it deeply over his forehead, and I distinctly saw the *tears trickling down his cheeks*. We had overheard one or two, such as Colonel Wardle (of notorious memory), say, they would see "*how Billy looked after it*." A few young ardent followers of Pitt, with myself, locked their arms together, and formed a circle, in which he moved, I believe, *unconsciously*, out of the House; and neither the Colonel nor his friends could approach him.

'I met Pitt at Lord Bathurst's in Gloucestershire, where he passed some days [in December 1802]. We went to church at Cirencester. In discoursing afterwards on the beauty of our Liturgy, he selected the *Thanksgiving Prayer* as one particularly impressive and comprehensive. The one, "In Time of War and Tumults," he thought admirably well drawn up, as well as that for the Parliament; but added with respect to the first of the two, that he never in hearing it could divest himself of the analogy between "Abate their pride, assuage their malice," and the line in the song of "God save the King," "Confound their politics, frustrate their knavish tricks." I observed, that Pitt was constantly taking down and quoting from *Lucan*, of which author he appeared to be extremely fond. Nothing could be more playful, and at the same time more instructive, than Pitt's conversation, on a variety of subjects, while sitting in the Library at Cirencester. You never would have guessed that the man before you was Prime Minister of the country, and one of the greatest that ever filled that situation. His style and manner were

quite those of an *accomplished idler*.—*Lord Fitzharris's Note-Book for 1805—1806.*—vol. iv. pp. 341—347.

After the death of Mr. Pitt and the accession of the Talents Administration, there is little to notice till we arrive at the celebrated attempt to inveigle the King into the first step towards a concession of what were called the Catholic claims, which ended in the dismissal of that arrogant and fraudulent ministry, in whose detection and discomfiture Lord Malmesbury took more part, as we have already hinted, than was commonly supposed.

'On the 9th of March [1807], I found that a bill was actually preparing, evidently as a sort of preliminary step to other bills still more explicit, to take off the restrictions now existing against the Catholics. The Bill in the first instance was stated to be one that had no other object in view than to give the Irish Catholics, serving in England, the same security against the pains and penalty of the law against Popery as they enjoyed in Ireland by the Bill of 1793, which bill enabled them to hold commissions in the army as far as the rank of Colonels.

'The Union made these regiments liable to serve in England and Scotland, and the Act as it now stood (they said) gave them security in Ireland only. This appeared a just measure if pursued, and one not to be opposed.

'To this Bill the King did not object, and in this shape it first appeared in the House of Commons, as a clause attached to the Mutiny Bill, of which it was naturally to make a part. But, *Ministers finding this go down with scarce any remark made upon it*, thought they might go a step further; they withdrew the clause to the Mutiny Bill, and substituted in its room a Bill which, by one stride, gave to the Catholics in every part of His Majesty's dominions, the privilege of entering into the army or navy, of holding *any* rank in either, and of being allowed to attend their own places of worship. This gave rise to a very spirited debate, in which Perceval, with great force and ability, showed to the House the radical alterations such a measure would make in our Constitution, and the dangerous innovations with which it would be attended both in Church and State. Government was violent in support of it, and Lords Howick and Temple talked vehemently.

'Strong symptoms, however, soon appeared, that they met with opposition in the closet, as the second reading of the bill was postponed from day to day. On Wednesday, the 11th, the King came to town, and saw his Ministers as usual at the Queen's House, to whom (it was told us) he expressed himself very distinctly, that to such a measure *he never could assent*.—vol. iv. pp. 358, 359.

At this crisis Lord Malmesbury—forgetful of all his former indignation against Lord Auckland for a like conduct—urged the Duke of Portland, with whom he had always maintained his early relations of confidence, to communicate to the King his Grace's sympathy on what he heard of His Majesty's feelings on this subject, and to acquaint him that if he should be driven to extremities by his present ministry, there were others who were ready to undertake the responsibility of office on the adverse principle. This letter was dated the 12th of March, 1807; but before it was despatched—indeed before it was written out fair—the King himself had anticipated its advice by sending for Lord Grenville, complaining of the deception attempted to be practised on him, and declaring that he never had consented, and never would consent, to Lord Howick's Bill. The Duke of Portland's letter arrived no doubt opportunely to confirm the King's resolutions, which were also supported by some of the existing Government.

'The King said the *Prince* had come down on purpose on Saturday [March 14] to declare his intentions of acting *and speaking* against the bill; that the Chancellor (Erskine) has also been from the beginning against it, as well as Lord Ellenborough and Lord Sidmouth. This last he said had behaved handsomely.'—vol. iv. p. 373.

And upon this the King gave the Duke of Portland *carte blanche* for forming that administration which, with many serious modifications, and the sudden or premature deaths of no less than five of its leaders—Portland, Perceval, Londonderry, Liverpool, and Canning—and many vicissitudes of difficulties and prosperity, terminated the most perilous, but eventually the most glorious war recorded in our annals by the most triumphant peace—and may be said to have lasted till, by a series of mistakes and misfortunes, it was led—as always happens to a party too long and too completely prosperous—to terminate by suicide an existence of five-and-twenty years. In the Duke of Portland's ministry Mr. Canning received the Foreign Seals, Lord Fitzharris became his under-secretary—Lord Granville Leveson went as ambassador to Russia—and Lord Malmesbury, confidentially consulted by Mr. Canning, brings down to the Battle of Wagram and the Convention of Cintra—but with little de-

tail and no novelty—his summary of our foreign and domestic transactions.

'Here,' says the Editor, in his parting words—

'Here Lord Malmesbury appears to have closed this Diary.

'Of the journal which I have published, and which composes this fourth volume, it may be said that it contains much matter already known to the reader. I have not suppressed it on that account, because I think that no corroborative evidence of history can be produced so unobtrusive as a diary, in which events and conversations are regularly recorded within a few hours of their occurrence, and that by an intelligent observer (like Lord Malmesbury), whose personal ambition has been satisfied with high rewards, or arrested by incurable infirmity. The man who is in this position, having nothing to hope or to fear, and writing for no immediate purpose of the day, will probably relate history with as little excitement or prejudice as can possibly be found in any active mind.'—vol. iv. pp. 411, 412.

To some of these last observations we have by anticipation replied in the distinction we took between the sincerity of the journalist and the accuracy of the facts or justice of the opinions he records: with that reservation we grant to the noble Editor all the merit that he claims for his grandfather, who is beyond doubt entitled to as much credence as any *journalizing* politician and *quidnunc* can be entitled to. But, however trustworthy the author may personally be, it by no means follows that we are to give him that kind of implicit confidence which the Editor seems to challenge. In the first place he is very often deceived by a second-hand narrative of facts; but even when the naked fact is true, it may be so disguised by being clothed in black or in white as not to be recognizable. Of such a diary it may be said, as the Stoic said of human life in general—*ταράσσει τοὺς ἀνθρώπους οὐ τὰ πράγματα, ἀλλὰ τὰ περὶ τῶν πραγμάτων δογμάτα*—no one alive would, we believe, be much disturbed by any of the facts recorded by Lord Malmesbury, if simply and accurately narrated, though great and serious pain has been inflicted by the color that he gives them and the opinions which his grave authority pronounces upon them. No man, however honest, or even kind-hearted, can be free from temporary impressions and personal prejudices—which, though they should have only flashed momentarily across his mind, stand permanently *Daguerreotyped*

in his Diary—so that truth itself becomes an auxiliary to falsehood. On the whole we are bound to say, this publication seems to us to be in principle wholly unwarrantable—that as regards either political events or personal character, it would be in general a very fallacious guide;—that any historical value it may have is nearly counterbalanced by the false impressions it so frequently creates—and, finally, that the confidence and security of private life—the great foundations of society—are seriously compromised by a precedent, which is the more dangerous from the amusement that it affords, and the respectable names with which it is unfortunately connected.

MISS BERRY ON FRENCH AND ENGLISH SOCIETY.

From the Quarterly Review.

England and France: a Comparative View of the Social Condition of both Countries, from the Restoration of Charles the Second to the present time. To which are now first added: Remarks on Lord Orford's Letters—the Life of the Marquise du Deffand—the Life of Rachael Lady Russell—Fashionable Friends, a Comedy. By the Editor of Madame du Deffand's Letters. A New Edition. London, 1844. 2 vols. 8vo.

We rejoice in the publication of this excellent and useful essay, as the avowed production of Miss Berry, because the value of its original remarks upon the society of both countries, in which she has so long moved as a member at once admired and beloved, is greatly increased by the authority of her name, a name never to be pronounced without the respect due to talents, learning, and virtue. We place in the front of our criticism that which all rightly constituted minds must regard as the highest panegyric, that she who has experienced and enjoyed the pleasures of fashionable as well as literary intercourse more and longer than any living author, has passed through both the frivolities and the corruptions of her times, in Paris as well as in London, without a shadow of a taint either to her heart, her feelings, or her principles. The historian of society in her own as well as in former periods, the fond admirer of genius,

whatever form it assumed, and the partaker with a keen relish of all the enjoyments which the intercourse of polished life affords, she has never shut her eyes for a moment to either the follies that degraded or the vices that disfigured the scene, nor has ever feared to let her pen, while it described for our admiration the fair side of things, hold up also the reverse to our reprobation or our contempt. It was a great omission in our journal never to have an article on any of the former editions of this 'Comparative View'—though we have more than once quoted it as an authority. It now appears, however, with not a few improvements—and with the addition of some other pieces partly published before in separate forms, partly new to the world.

The difficulty of giving a sketch of society in any country, still more of exhibiting a comparative view of it in more countries than one, most of all in tracing its varying forms through successive stages of its history, needs hardly be stated or illustrated in any detail. The artist who would execute such a delineation must bring to the task not only a very extensive knowledge of the sciences, the arts, the letters that flourished in the community at different periods, but an intimate acquaintance with the human character, and what is not quite synonymous, an acquaintance with men both in action and seclusion. But, above all, whoever would undertake this task will feel a vast proportion of his materials wholly wanting in all the books that can be written and read; and must draw conclusions from the facts recorded, reasoning according to probabilities, and guided by a nice and familiar knowledge of mankind and of the world. Accordingly, in this branch of history or of moral painting there is hardly any work, the gossiping of numberless memoirs excepted, that can be cited to satisfy a curiosity naturally raised by the great interest of the subject. The few pieces or rather fragments that we could name are exceedingly slight, much affected by prejudice and personal feeling—altogether unsatisfactory. That Miss Berry has entirely succeeded in accomplishing so arduous a work, and has left no room to lament blanks and deficiencies, we shall not undertake to affirm. But it is quite undeniable that she has presented us with a sketch of great power, the result of various and accurate learning, instinct with deep but sober reflection, ever exhibiting a love of justice and of virtue, nor deformed by affectation any more than it is

tinged with unworthy prejudice. The sex of the author, as well as the nature of the subject, naturally suggests a comparison with Madame de Staël; and it is a high praise to say that though the latter might have written such an Essay as this with more passages of striking eloquence, and a greater variety of original thoughts, might have shown more imagination, and declaimed more roundly, her page would have wholly lacked the sober judgment, the careful attention to the truth of her representations, which makes Miss Berry so safe a guide; while it would have abounded in mere conceits, far-fetched fancies, extravagant theories, wholly unsuited to the dignity of the inquiry as destructive of all its uses.

The most honorable characteristic of these volumes we have noted; their unexceptionable tendency, their perfect purity in all respects. But they who set a higher value upon talents than upon virtues, will be charmed with the sagacity and temper of the observations, with the fine perceptions, the acute penetration of which the delicacy and quickness of the female mind seems alone capable; while the style is pure, easy, and wholly unaffected, showing the familiarity of the writer both with the study of good models and with the habits of good society. It is not among the least recommendations of the work, that though apparently dealing with a general and even abstract subject; nothing can be more entertaining and even amusing; which is owing, no doubt, to the judicious union of *belles-lettres* with philosophy, the copious admixture of anecdote, personal and literary, the avoiding of all tiresome dissertation, and, above all, the shunning of political argumentation. Many years have passed since we have taken up a more readable book to enliven the appointed dullness of our ordinary labors.

Desirous of presenting our readers with a sample of the manner as well as the lively matter of this work, we meet with one at the threshold. Nothing can be more appropriate than the design, nor happier than the execution of the comparison or simile with which it opens. Here are the first three paragraphs of the Introduction:—

'In considering and comparing the manners and habits, the opinions and prejudices, of England and France, it is remarkable that two nations so contiguous, so long and so intimately connected, and having always, either as friends or as enemies, seen so much of each other, should still continue so essentially dissimilar.

'Like country neighbors, of uncongenial

characters, we have never, during our hereditary and necessary intercourse with each other, continued long upon good terms, and have generally fallen out when any attempts have been made to increase our intimacy or unite us more closely.

'Even when upon the most friendly footing, we have neither of us disliked hearing our neighbors abused, their peculiarities laughed at, and their weaknesses exaggerated, and have seldom been disposed to do them justice, except when we conceived that we had humbled and worsted them.'—vol. i. p. 1.

Miss Berry begins by taking a brief view of the state of England and France in the time of Charles I. and the Commonwealth, and as much of the state of society in both countries as is necessary before entering on the proper subject of her work, the history of its changes after the era of the Restoration. The comfort of the people at large in England, the general diffusion of moderate wealth and enjoyment of ease, without the modern contrast of superabundant riches and squalid poverty: the insulation of the country from the continent, with which all the connexion of travel and foreign residence, so usual in former ages, had ceased in consequence of religious differences: the austerity of religious feelings and demeanor in the bulk of the nation, and the relaxed morality of the prominent section of the patrician order, all afford a marked contrast to the lofty refinement of manners which distinguished the nobles as a class in France, including all the landed proprietors of any account—the freedom from restraint whether of religious or moral ties which all polished society enjoyed—and the wretched poverty of the great body of the people, the cultivators of the soil, the dealers in merchandises, the handicraftsmen, the few who exercised any thing like manufacturing industry; in a word the *gens taillables et corvéables*, as they were wittily and truly called in reference to the state-taxes they paid and the feudal burthens they endured.

The work properly begins with a compendious account of English society after the Restoration. It presents a still greater contrast than even that of France to the republican times which immediately preceded. The extreme severity of the fanatical days, in which asceticism was blended with religion, and made almost the test of faith, had been united to levelling opinions and rebellious conduct. The destruction of the Commonwealth, which its excesses and the misconduct of its chiefs had brought about, also left the democratic

party in the lowest state of discredit; and the Restoration at once eradicated all the rigorous observances of the Roundheads, and set the fashion of the day universally in favor of the Cavaliers; introducing a loose morality, an elegant life, and a free intercourse with the continent, long interrupted; but especially an intercourse with France. Miss Berry makes Buckingham figure largely in the scene; indeed lets him occupy rather a disproportioned space in her narrative and description. The entertainment, however, received from his humors, and especially from his controversy with the Irish Friar, sent by the Duke of York (James II.) to convert him, form a very agreeable ingredient in the composition. Upon the principle of *corruptio optimi pessima*, we think she has judiciously selected as the most striking proof of the immoral and indecorous state of society the scene in which the judges who had a day or two before condemned Algernon Sidney to die, exhibited themselves in a drunken debauch at a city marriage, attended by the mayor, the sheriffs, the aldermen, and many of the nobles. At the same time our author most justly remarks that the indecent and licentious manners of the great in the metropolis by no means indicate those of the people at large. The regard for religion was still maintained among the venerable gentry who seldom stirred from their provinces, and even in towns generally among the middle and humbler classes; their moral habits were assailed, but not overcome or changed; and the ancient virtue of the rural gentry, clergy, and yeomanry, as well as the tradesmen, remained entire, to overthrow the tyranny of the restored family under the next reign, and to save, with the liberty and religion, we may truly add, the monarchy of England.

Then follows a full and interesting account of society in France during the same period; but rather than abridge or analyze it, we shall extract the judicious and correct statement which our author gives of a very important subject—the differences of the French and English national character, as exemplified in the civil and military transactions of the two countries in these times of trouble.

'The difference of national character is perhaps nowhere more strongly marked than in the motives and conduct of the contemporary civil wars of France and England. The Fronde was directed entirely against individual character—our Rebellion against princi-

ples of government. Both may be said to have failed in their object, the one by the establishment in power of Cardinal Mazarin, the other by the Restoration of Charles II. But the war against principles had served to develop the human mind, and to throw light on the real end and only true means of government. The war against individual character had debased the mind, and given expansion, only, to private pique and hatred. It took away all dignity of motive, and all shame of abandoning or supporting leaders, except as they rose or fell with the wheel of fortune. The Parliament of Paris, after having put a price on the head of Mazarin in 1653, publicly harangued him as the saviour of the state in 1660, without any other change in circumstances than his having established his authority. By this conduct they lost the power ever to do more than make useless remonstrances against measures which they had neither the right to oppose, nor the virtue to control.

But the Parliament of England, which had defended five of its members from the King himself in person, when coming to seek their punishment in 1642, preserved and developed within it the seeds of that power, which, in 1676, voted the exclusion of the only brother of the reigning King from the succession to the throne, and, in 1688, spoke the voice of the nation in declaring that brother for ever an alien to that throne, of which he had proved himself unworthy.

Nor is the difference of the two national characters less remarkable in the conduct than in the motive of their civil commotions.

With us, the troops were enlisted, not as the follower of such or such a leader, but called on to defend by arms, in the last resort, a solemn league and covenant between the governors and the governed, which they had all individually sworn to observe and to maintain. The few followers who surrounded the standard of the unfortunate monarch, when first erected against such opponents, proved how entirely a conviction of the identity of their own rights, with those they were called on to assert, was necessary to bring them into action.

The great Condé, and the still greater Turenne, while enlisting troops, throwing themselves into fortresses, and making treaties with Spain to expel a powerful minister the moment he opposed their individual pretensions, appear to the unprejudiced eyes of posterity merely employing a morbid activity to get possession of power which they knew no more than their opponent how to use. All idea of bettering the condition of the country was alike out of the question on either side. Nor were these leading personages, in fact, better informed of their real interest and real duties, or less vulgarly ignorant of every principle of civil liberty, on which they supposed themselves acting, than the lowest follower of their camp.—vol. i., p. 108—111.

It is no small praise to Miss Berry, that

in these passages she anticipated so much of what has since been exhibited and expounded more fully in the historical pages of M. de St. Aulaire and Lord Mahon.

The sketch which is subjoined of the female society in the two countries is exceedingly entertaining, and fully proves the contrast between the two to be in this particular much greater than even that of their respective statesmen, and courtiers, and churchmen. The Duchess de Longueville here, of course, occupies a large space: in fact she is treated of with disproportioned fulness, and even minuteness, as Buckingham had been in the English chapters. The same want of keeping may be charged upon the length of the dramatic criticism, and the comparative view of the Irish and English theatres; but it has a redeeming virtue in the accuracy of its description and the unbiassed fairness of the judgments pronounced. It is, indeed, one of the most remarkable portions of the work before us.

The era of the Revolution and the subsequent reigns of Queen Anne and the two first Brunswick princes, afford the materials for copious and interesting sketches, both of a general kind and of individuals whose eminent qualities affected the state of society; and here our principal fault with this essay is to be found. The account is quite accurate, and is both distinctly and luminously given, of the low state into which the arts fell under princes so little capable of appreciating their value as our illustrious deliverer and his very submissive but little significant consort, and her dull though worthy sister, with whom we may justly in this particular class the two first Georges. The description of society, too—correct, unenlightened, unrelieved, unvariegated, sombre—is well, if it is somewhat succinctly given; and it forms a great contrast to the political features of the age, full of what the newspaper language of our day—borrowed from novels, and mixed with slip-slop, any thing but English—terms ‘stirring,’—marked by public violence, by foreign wars and civil strife, and even in peace full of factious broils and tainted with parliamentary corruption. *‘Plenum variis casibus, atrox præliis, discors seditionibus, ipsa etiam pace sævum.’* But our objection lies to the individual portraiture and to the principle upon which the author has confined her pencil to those traits which she conceives alone belonged to their social intercourse. Thus, she appears to have thought that we had only to contemplate

the great writers of the English Augustan age (as it is called, we think with her, somewhat affectedly), in respect of their character, and especially their manners and their currency as members of society; their good or bad lives might influence it by way of example; their social powers might diversify it and variegate its aspect; but their immortal writings she seems to consider as almost wholly foreign to her purpose. Hence it is that hardly any note is taken of Pope, while of Swift an elaborate and most unfavorable character is given, entering into his conduct towards Stella and Vanessa with much particularity; while for aught that appears in her pages, Pope might never have written the 'Dunciad' or translated Homer, nor Swift given to the world the immortal 'Travels of Gulliver.' Indeed, but for a stray allusion to the 'Essay on Man,' rather in reference to Bolingbroke, its suggester, than to its author, neither Pope might have been supposed a poet or an author at all, nor Swift anything but an Irish parson and an ill-user of two unfortunate women. This silence on authors, as such, is, moreover, not sustained consistently and throughout; for the greatest pains are bestowed upon dramatic writers, the stage, and its actors, as if society took much of its color from this department of literature, and none at all from other compositions, except in so far as their authors mixed in social intercourse; and, indeed, another exception is made in favor of Bolingbroke, whose whole character, literary and political, as well as social, is somewhat largely dwelt upon. We hold it to be quite clear that there is the greatest fallacy in this classification. Swift's personal manners and demeanor in company could exercise very little influence on society at large; his concealed habits, whether amorous, or avacious, or capricious, could exercise none at all; while his writings must needs have produced, as they still do produce, a great effect upon the intellect, the taste, the language, and, generally, the condition of England.

The French history and description during the period to which our remarks are applicable—the latter portion of Louis XIV.'s, the Regency, and the whole of his successor's reign—is rich in various instruction and amusement. The account of the Regent's licentious life is, perhaps, too little relieved with the set-off which should have been admitted of the vast benefits conferred upon his country and upon

Europe by his steady love of peace and his excellent administration—the results of his great, and, indeed, brilliant talents. But, in general, the whole of this part of the work is executed with ample knowledge of the subject, as well as with most exemplary fairness. The account of Louis XIV. and of Madame de Maintenon is admirable; the lesser figures of the group, both in their time and in that of his grandson, are given with spirit and with truth. So are the Voltaire and the Rousseau—if a little too much is made of the more than half-mad, more than half-bad Jean Jacques. One only error we can think the author has fallen into. She catches at a publication by Voltaire's *valet de chambre*, (Longchamp,) in order to expose, not so much his master's weaknesses as those of his celebrated, but very unamiable friend, Madame du Chatelet. Now, this is really a kind of evidence so tainted that in the courts of literature it should be held inadmissible, as in the courts of law it is, generally speaking, held unworthy of credit. The peace and the safety of 'Social Intercourse' depends upon this rule being held nearly inflexible; and we lament that the able and just historian of that intercourse should have committed a breach of it, probably through inadvertence to the principle which we have just ventured to lay down.

The author approaches to our own times, and gives a strongly-drawn, though not at all exaggerated picture of the Revolution in 1789. We gladly cite a passage in which profound sense is conveyed in striking language:—

'No wonder that a proud and high-spirited people should wish to shake off any part of the weight of degradation which fell on the whole nation during the three long years of the Reign of Terror. No wonder that they wish to confine the atrocities and the follies (for they remained inseparable) which stain this disgraceful period to a few individuals, sold to foreign influence, and the general acquiescence of the country to a combination of circumstances. This combination will be found to resolve itself into what we have already mentioned as the more than efficient causes of the national disgrace,—the previously degraded political existence of a people remarkable for the quickness and mobility of their feelings, and the talents and ambition of the middle orders of society, who, unprepared by any previous education for the exercise of civil liberty, found themselves suddenly in possession of absolute power. This quickness and mobility of feeling, which often originated, and in every instance increased the evils of

the Revolution, was likewise the cause of those sudden and momentary returns to humanity which sometimes illumed the blackest periods of its history. Some bold reply, some flash of heroism, struck the giddy minds of their murderous mobs, or more murderous juries, and gave them back for a moment to mercy, although not to common sense.

'The same habits of thoughtlessness came to the aid of their oppressed victims. In the crowded prisons and houses of detention, where the fatal sledges came every day to take a part of their inhabitants to the certain death then implied by trial before the revolutionary tribunal, the remaining inmates diverted their attention from their own impending fate, and from that of their companions, by making epigrams on their persecutors, by music meetings, by singing, and every other amusement of which a large society was capable.

'This animal courage, for surely it deserves no better name, has been celebrated by their writers more than it would seem to deserve. One of their historians, the most devoted to what was then nick-named liberty, himself an agent and a victim of the demagogues of the day, after coolly reporting contemporary horrors, seems to be insensible of the character he imposes on his country, when he says, "*Le peuple prisonnier, ou non, mais asservi sous une tyrannie épouvantable, sembloit jouir avec ses chaînes. On le forçoit, pour ainsi dire, à rire de son esclavage.*"* A nation which plays with its chains, and laughs at its own slavery, has much to learn and much to suffer before it can be capable of freedom. Had we laughed at ship-money, and satisfied ourselves with epigrams on the five members of the House of Commons demanded by Charles I., he would have reigned in uncontrolled power. Had we taken Cromwell's major-generals and military division of the country as a joke, we, like France, might have been liable to the prolonged establishment of a military despotism. Had we trifled and diverted ourselves with the awkward strides of James to arbitrary power, we should never have attained the honor of resisting that power, which all but crushed Europe under the iron arm of Buonaparte.'—vol. i. pp. 327-329.

Although in all other parts of her work Miss Berry has cautiously avoided political matters, she possibly may be thought to have made one exception to this rule of abstinence imposed upon herself, in giving a sketch of Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox, of the policy which the former supported, and of the personal qualities and social habits of the latter. This account is by no means to be charged with partiality beyond what the writer's honest opinions would naturally, almost unavoidably occasion, for nothing can be more free, indeed more severe,

* Dulaure, *Esquisses Historiques*, tome iv. p. 69.

than her condemnation of Mr. Fox's dissipated life, and its fatal effects upon his public influence and his whole success as a candidate for the direction of state affairs. Yet are there such errors in the view of Mr. Pitt as cannot be ascribed to difference of political party, but must be set down to the score of mere mistake. Thus besides saying that he was prime minister at the age of twenty-three (vol. i. p. 343), whereas he was nearly in his twenty-sixth year, that is, he was within a month or two of being twenty-five complete, she represents him as never having seen anything of the continent, his travels being confined to the road between Downing-street and Holwood (ib. p. 345); whereas he had resided many months in France, where he and Mr. Wilberforce travelled together, visiting the court and the capital after a considerable sojourn at Rheims. He was then of matured age and faculties, having been in Parliament some years, and filled for some months the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer under Lord Shelburne's government. No one can doubt that he was more likely, with his sober temperament and reflecting habits, in such circumstances to profit much more by his continental excursion than his great rival did by a longer residence in Italy, when only seventeen, and immersed in the dissipation begun at his first visit to the continent with his father when only fourteen, and before he had left Eton. But again our author is wholly wrong in supposing that Mr. Pitt was himself friendly to an anti-revolutionary war with France. It is certain that he dreaded the effects of that both there and here, nor would he have been driven to it but for the atrocious acts of the Convention in contempt of the rights of independent nations, combined perhaps, and co-operating with the all but universal feeling so strongly excited in this country, and especially in the upper and middle classes, of alarm for the safety of our institutions, menaced by the anarchy of Paris. Whoever studies Lord Malmesbury's 'Correspondence and Diaries' will concur in this opinion: we refer to a previous article in this number of our Review. As for the failure of so many coalitions and plans of hostility against the new republic, surely the untried nature of the crisis, in which Mr. Pitt consulted for England and for Europe, makes it exceedingly rash to pronounce that either Mr. Fox or any other statesman would have had better success; while all must admit that the policy of holding out against France and

keeping alive the sacred fire of national independence in Europe, which he pursued steadily under good fortune and under bad, never cast down by multiplied reverses, nor dispirited even by the defection of his well-subsidized allies whose battle he was fighting, merits the praise of the impartial historian, as it merited the success which finally crowned his system.

The Consulship and Empire are described faithfully and graphically. We have only room for one extract more, giving a curious account of society during the short and insecure, though necessary peace of Amiens. We the rather cite this, because it is the report of an eye-witness, and it describes a state of things now not believed to have survived the Republic, properly so called :—

'The exaggerated and impossible equality of the democratical republic of 1793—the profligate and degrading manners of the Directory—the newly acquired power and efforts of Buonaparte to establish a better order of social life—the remnant of the old nobility, who, intrenched in the recesses of the Faubourg St. Germain, had carefully preserved every prejudice, and (as has been justly observed) had neither forgotten nor learnt anything; all these discordant elements, at the peace of Amiens, formed strange and irreconcilable discrepancies in society; while every party still believed its forces so nearly poised, that all had hopes of reassuming the dominion they had successively lost. The Republican forms of language, and its calender, were still in use—were still those of the Government, and of those employed by it. You were invited on a *Quintidi* of such a *Décade* of *Ventose*, or of *Prairial*, to a dinner, or an evening meeting; and you were received in an apartment which bore no mark of change from former monarchical days, excepting the company it contained :—the women in the half-naked costume of Directorial fashion, or the Grecian tuniques and Grecian coiffures of more recent days;—the men in civil uniforms of all sorts, and all colors of embroidery, with which the Directory (to separate themselves from the *bonnet rouge* and the *carmagnole* of the Republicans) had thought proper to decorate themselves and all those put in authority under them. Among these figured the brilliant military costumes of the conquering generals, who had many of them risen from the ranks by merit which fitted them more for distinction on the field of battle than in a drawing-room: the manners of their previous life forsook them not in their peaceful capacity, and the habits of a guard-room followed them into the saloons of Paris.'—vol. ii. pp. 42, 43.

Let us add, what, with all that we before knew, or thought we knew of the subject, we confess was quite new to us. 'No man, whatever his poverty or station in life,

would condescend to wear the livery of another, and no servant in Paris would accompany his *employer*, for the term of *master* had ceased, otherwise than by walking at his side.'—*Id.* p. 46.

We have left ourselves no room to dwell on the accounts of the Bourbon Restoration, or the chapter on the Revolution of 1830, further than to point out a great exaggeration, the only one we have found in these pleasing and instructive volumes, where mention is made of the proceedings to which the reaction gave rise, after the Hundred Days had been closed with the fight at Waterloo, and the second occupation of Paris had been effected by the allied forces. It is marvellous to find such a statement as that which represents (vol. ii. p. 89) the Assembly of 1815 and 1816 'under its constitutional king as almost rivalling the judicial cruelties of the revolutionary tribunals, and the agents it employed, their violence.' 'Almost' is certainly a wide word, and of very great power and application, if it can be used to bring the deeds of that Assembly, little as we are disposed to be its panegyrists, under the same class with the wholesale murders of 1794, when fifty or sixty victims were condemned to death in a day, and the Carrières, the Collots, the Billauts, made the rivers flow with blood, and pointed the civic artillery against the second city of France.

The Life of Rachael Lady Russell is the most important piece added to this edition; it is a republication. The comedy of 'The Fashionable Friends,' acted for some nights and withdrawn, is published now for the first time; as is the 'Defence of Lord Orford' (Horace Walpole) against the attacks of a critic in the 'Edinburgh Review,' whose knowledge of that celebrated person was as correct as his information respecting the history of the sciences; representing the author of the best letters in our language, one of its most powerful tragedies, one of its most original romances, as a person, 'whose thoughts were made up of affectation, and would be reduced to nothing were that taken away,' and asserting as a thing admitted, that France received directly from us all great discoveries in physics, metaphysics, political economy; the country of Lavoisier, Berthollet, Clairaut, D'Alembert, La Grange, Laplace, Quesnai,* having made none. The defence

* The father of the new system, to whom Adam Smith had intended to dedicate his 'Wealth

of her deceased and steadily attached friend by Miss Berry does honor to her heart. If she leans too exclusively to the favorable aide, we cannot quarrel with that in the lady who herself will always form the most delightful feature in the retrospect of Horace Walpole's career. His approbation of her is a grand redeeming point—it is in his letters to her that we have the most agreeable glimpses of his inner man. It is a passage in both their lives which beautifully exhibits the high sense of honor in the one, and may justly give pause to all who have thought with unmixed severity of the other, that when the Earl laid his coronet at her feet, she refused to be a countess because their ages were so unequal, and that he continued his respectful devotion to her after this offer had been declined.

The republication of the Life of Madame du Deffand leads us only to observe that the friendship for Lord Orford, that lady's oldest and most attached associate, also prompted this Essay in all probability—certainly blinded its amiable writer to many an unamiable trait in that clever, hard, selfish person's character, more especially to her detestable treatment of Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse, of which no adequate defence, or even explanation, is or can be given.

We need not sum up our review of this interesting work by general reflections, having prefaced it with a general description of its merits. But the reader who may have honored us with a perusal of these pages will now be better prepared to admit that our eulogy was not founded on fanciful notions, or on any other ground than the great and rare merits of the book, as well as of its accomplished and virtuous author.

THE PLEASURES OF GRUMBLING.

BY ANGUS B. REACH.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

LORD NORTH once excused the imposition of an additional duty upon some article of general consumption, because, as he said, nobody would begrudge the payment of an

of Nations.' Miss Berry, however, is herself rather unlucky in classing Chaptal as a discoverer (vol. i. p. 304), and in describing 'the analyzation of air, begun by Priestly and Black, as first applied to asroetation in France.' (*ib.*)

additional halfpenny in the pound for the pleasure of abusing the minister. And the plea showed a thorough knowledge of nature—at least of English human nature. We are, without dispute, a grumbling people. We are as fond of a grumble as of roast beef. Both are indigenous products of the soil—both grand characteristics of the people. Not that we are discontented—nothing of the sort. Not that our grumbling is ill-conditioned—it is the nature of the animal. It is one of our prime wants—not to say chief luxuries. We could not be perfectly satisfied with any state that afforded us no opportunity for indulging our favorite propensity. Every evil has a bright side—and the bright side of half our evils is the opportunity they afford to the grumbler.

It will be observed, that it is generally the mere *petites misères* of humanity which we grumble at. There is no grumbling at a great misfortune. We grumble the more, the more comfortable we are—just because the intensity of the pleasure we enjoy excites a yearning for something more exquisite still. Refinement makes us sensitive. We should be much more likely to grumble for claret—were we put upon a regimen in which port formed the most delicate beverage allowed—than were we absolutely to be confined to Barclay and Perkins.

Again—a man will grumble excessively should his boots be sent home a misfit, who would be a perfect model of resignation were his leg to be cut off. He will grumble more earnestly at the discomfort of his toes—than at their loss altogether. A gentleman tumbles into the river—he is fished out nine parts dead—and—if the light the Royal Humane Society is at such trouble in spreading upon the subject be not clear in the pericraniums of his savers,—he is hung up by the heels, as an antidote to the effects of his ducking. Suppose him to recover this course of treatment, he is as meek and thankful as a man can be. How he will grumble and sulk if he is caught in a shower of rain, and his new beaver damped.

It is your well-fed, comfortable fellow who grumbles most. After Paddy has floored his friends from love at Donnybrook, he is as happy as a grig upon potatoes and salt—or the still greater because more imaginative delicacy of potatoes and point. He grumbles neither over the one or the other. The canny Scot changes his oatmeal for something better as soon as he

can, but even after the step is effected—when rolls take the place of bannocks, and anchovy toast of porridge—he grumbleth not, nor turneth up his nose at the remembrance of his former fare. On the contrary, he lauds it—he proves it to be the very best sort of food a man can have set before him—he expatiates on its excellence—is eloquent on its thousand good qualities—in short, he does every thing he can to establish its virtues—but eat it!

Your true Englishman is a very different sort of animal. Were he kept to herrings or oatmeal—great would be the grumble. When he is promoted to something better, he grumbles for another step—when he gets it, he is all agog for a still further elevation—and at length were you to set him down to the very best dinner in *rerum natura*, he would grumble at *rerum natura* for not affording a better one. If he cannot grumble with his beef, it is hard if he cannot be indignant with his mustard. “A capital dinner,” you remark. “Capital—really good—but the waiting—disgusting.”

Now there is not a particle of carping, cynical ill-nature in all this. Nine times out of ten a man grumbles from habit. Did he think the muttered expression of his dissatisfaction would hurt a living being—no one readier to give a gulp and swallow it. But, in fact, he grumbles without being dissatisfied. He grumbles not to injure another—but to relieve himself. He grumbles as a sailor swears, not that he means any thing serious by it, but because he rather likes it, and it is a style of expression which every one around makes use of. He grumbles, too, not because a thing is bad, but because it is not better. He grumbles that the positive is not the comparative—the comparative not the superlative—and the superlative not something more superlative still. He grumbles because he has not something better than he has it—if he had it not at all, he would probably strive only to get it. He quarrels with his bread and butter, but if he had no bread and butter, he would not quarrel—and although he does quarrel with it—he takes care to eat it.

Viewed in this light, grumbling proves a high stage in civilization, as well as a peculiar phase of national character. Comfort begets comfort—refinement produces refinement, and grumbling is the process of their elimination. We suspect that there was very little grumbling among our

forefathers when ochre was the rouge in use, and sheepskins the dress-coats. Instead of grumbling if any thing did not exactly suit their tastes, they probably dispatched the offender at once if they could—or were dispatched by him for the attempt if they could not. Savages cannot comprehend the pleasure of the civilized grumble—they only understand the war-whoop. Marvellously uncomfortable must have been our ancestors’ steel garments—extremely unpleasant must it have been to live like the genii picked up by the fisherman—ensconced in an iron pot—or a series of pots and magnified steel-purses. An existence more free than easy must it have been to scour over the country—fighting with every other unknown iron-bound gentleman you chanced to meet. But we warrant there was little grumbling among the crusaders, and a knight-errant would lay himself down under an oak to ponder upon the charms of his mistress—and probably feel the charms of rheumatism without a muttered syllable of discontent.

We maintain, that the more civilized we get, the more do we grumble for what we have not yet obtained; and, indeed, there seems little doubt that civilization and grumbling will attain their acmé together.

Eating and drinking, as they supply us—let spiritualists say what they may—with some of the pleasantest hours we enjoy, also give rise to the greatest amount of grumbling. If there be any thing over which more pathos is expended than another, it is a bad dinner. An earthquake is talked of—an eruption of Mount Vesuvius, sweeping off half-a-dozen Neapolitan villages in the lava, like flies in treacle, and you reply, “God bless me—very melancholy—very—hum—but ah, by the by, that reminds me—You should have seen, Snobbins, my boy, the dinner that fellow Clumper gave us yesterday. Now, would you believe it, the soup was more than half cold, and—he might say what he liked—but I knew the mutton wasn’t Welsh. It’s horrible to be done in that sort of way—isn’t it now?”

The weather is, of course, an inexhaustible topic for the grumbler, and verily our climate seems to have been given to us to encourage our national propensity. But a true Englishman grumbles as much under Italian skies as groping in a London fog. If he does not find the sky too thick, he may very well quarrel with its clearness. In fact, he would come down several pegs in his own estimation—and very high he

stands in that—were he to acknowledge to himself even that he can find no cause for grumbling. There is a philosophy in finding evil as well as good in every thing—and there is still more philosophy in enjoying the one while you make the other conducive to your enjoyment by grumbling at it.

No beast so fierce, but knows some touch of pity,
saith the poet, and

No day so good, but knows some touch of badness,
saith the grumbler. Was there ever such a thing as an Englishman found acknowledging that the weather was faultless?

"A fine day this, eh, Peterkin?"

"Yes; but the evenings are chilly."

"Magnificent night, ain't it, Thomson?"

"Yes; but it was so hot all day."

"That breeze now—how fresh!"

"Yes; if it wasn't for the dust."

"Well, we shall have a shower soon to lay it, I hope."

"Yes; and to wet us—I wish you would not talk such nonsense."

Now all this time Peterkin and Thomson are enjoying the weather lustily; they only want to excite some sort of sympathy for themselves, in order to add to their stock of pleasurable sensation, and they do it by pretending to suffer inconvenience arising from the very source of the enjoyment. They would be apparently much more contented in a simoom in the desert, or a snow-storm in Nova Zembla.

We have all of us heard of being

Lull'd in the rack of a too easy chair,

some of us, moreover, may have felt the torture. The line expresses in a breath the doctrines we have been attempting to lay down. The inconvenience, the complaints, result from the very easiness, the very desire, to do away with inconvenience and complaint. We admire comfort, and the liberty of grumbling we rank as the very essence of the comfortable.

And sometimes the very deficiency in the one is made up for by the license thereby given to the exercise of the other. John Bull goes a-travelling; in France he declares against dishes—like man—"fearfully and wonderfully made," and against wines, which it is his special delight to characterize as vinegars; his very boots turn up at the toes with indignation at treading on brick floors instead of sinking in Brussels and Kidderminster. So in Spain, John loathes garlic; *olla podrida* is to him a mass

of abomination; the constantly recurring omelette his gorge rises at; he compares mules with locomotives, and muleteers with railway-conductors, and his contempt breaks forth—still he travels. In Italy he grumbles at macaroni; in Germany he is indignant at sourkrout. Every where out of his own little isle of the sea, he finds roads bad, and the animals that run on them worse—hotels execrable, and the animals that run in them more execrable still. Yet he travels, like the prince in the fairy tale, "further, and further, and further than I can tell;" and, if it be not for the pleasure of abusing nine-tenths of every thing he meets, one very much wonders why he travels at all. Any less grumbling people, finding less comfort abroad than at home, would naturally stay at home. Not so John, he finds more to grumble at abroad than he does at home, therefore he naturally goes abroad. Were he seated amid all the gods on high Olympus, with Venus to flirt with, and Apollo to chat with, and Momus to laugh with, he would complain of the unpleasantness of lying in damp clouds, and start grave doubts as to whether the nectar above was better than the old crusted port below, of course giving the preference as naturally to the latter as on this "dim speck, which men call earth," he would award it to the former, for the precise reason that here he can't get it.

One source of grumbling not to be lost sight of in this grave treatise, is that which is supplied by our own feelings of self-importance, and innate dignity. People think it beneath them to be too easily pleased; they are not the sort of folks that any thing will do for—not they, and they seek to prove by grumbling at what they have, the superior quality of what they ought to have. How many are there who are nothing if not critical, but it is not their discernment that makes them spy faults, it is the wish to be thought to have discernment. Talent is proved in their estimation by fault-finding: they grumble over a work of art, not so much to show what a stupid fellow the author is, as what clever fellows they are for having found out his short comings. Goldsmith taught a golden rule to the art-grumblers. "Say that the picture would have been better painted had the painter taken more pains." Safe and sure, no criticism enunciated, no theory advanced, but a grumble successfully achieved. The grumbler thinks that if he professes too much pleasure with a picture

or a statue, he is showing himself to be one of the mere herd, "pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw;" he picks out defects, and upon these stepping-stones, he hopes to spring into the dignity of knowledge and ability. Your regular professed grumbler—the cream and quintessence of the worthy folks alluded to by Lord North—is generally a gentleman inclined to be stout, and partial to a snooze after dinner. He is probably beginning to exhibit the increasing belly and the decreasing leg. He affectionates ample folds of broad cloth—is curious in the matter of worsted comforters for keeping his throat warm, and small India-rubber boats for keeping his feet dry. He is a comfortable man—very precise and regular in his habits—and has a comfortable house—with every thing in it as precise and regular as himself. He hath no great misfortunes to bewail:—consequently he grumbles at the *petites misères*. His very comfort turns into the serpent that stings him. He is perpetually finding out subjects for pathetic complaint. If he be not eloquent upon the dust in the streets, he will be overpowering upon the mud. The weather always seems to be engaged in a conspiracy against him.

The east wind he holds to be the ring-leader. He is persuaded that it was only created to waft rheumatism on its wings, and keep up the average supply of sciatica. If, however, the weather be still, and close, and hot, he knows very well that fever is brewing—he is sure of it, mark his words—nothing else can be expected from this confounded choky day. If he goes out without his umbrella and the clouds gather and the rain falls, he is almost speechless with indignation. It is always so, always his luck—were he to have encumbered himself with a great awkward umbrella, the rain would never have thought of coming on—never. To hear him you would suppose that the clerk of the weather office was a real personage—that he and the grumbler had quarrelled in their youth—and that the official in question, being of a spiteful turn of mind, had never forgotten the old grudge.

Our grumbler walks about a good deal, and comes home laden with grievances. You are perfectly astonished at the number of times he has been "within an ace of being run over" by the stupidity of omnibus men:—never of course by his own. Besides, he can make your hair stand on end with narratives of the attempted im-

sitions of cabmen. He never hailed a hackney coach in his long life, the driver of which, by his own account, did not try to cheat him. The grumbler is a mighty discoverer of grievances. He invented the word nuisance. He is perpetually discovering new nuisances, and perpetually wondering what the authorities are about.—There are the smoke nuisance—the street band nuisance—the iron hoop nuisance—the no thoroughfare nuisance—the omnibus nuisance—the fruit-selling nuisance—the lucifer nuisance—the orange-peel nuisance, *cum multis aliis*.

His having unluckily on one occasion tumbled over a bit of the latter slippery, yellow abomination was a perfect god-send to him. He spoke of nothing else for a month. He inveighed against the sinfulness of orange-sucking—thought government should prohibit the introduction of such raw material for nuisance, or that the Azores should be ignominiously scuttled in the Western Ocean. The grumbler rarely goes out that he does not come home to dinner with a perfectly new and original nuisance, which he develops in all its enormity over the soup—discusses in all its collateral bearings over the fish—points out plans for its abolition over the roast, and inveighs against its originators while he is dispatching the pudding. The grumbler loves to grumble in print. He is perpetually teasing newspaper editors with his sufferings and his wrongs. He frequently concludes his epistle by indignantly asking what the police are about? Nobody ever tells him. He likes twanging Latin names for signatures—sometimes he is *Investigator*—anon he changes to *Denunciator*—now he takes the character *Clericus*, grumbling ecclesiastically—again we find him as *Vindex*—often as *Judex*. Proteus-like, he slips from the syllables of *Probitas* into the letters of *Civis*—from *Aruspex* to *Amicus*. Sometimes, however, he is content with plain English, and is generally allowed to be the original "Father of a Family." The ordinary grumblers are mere "Constant Readers" and "Subscribers."

Nothing is too remote for the grumbler to be displeased with. From the state of the pump in the next street but one, he comments upon the oscillations of the planetary system; he has been heard indignant at the sun for the impropriety of having spots upon his face, and thinks the moon would be much more useful were she always to keep full.

And so he goes on—leading on the whole a tranquil life—exercising himself by grumbling as doctors tell us infants do by crying—never very seriously incommoded by any thing—but always making himself appear a little incommoded with every thing. Yet in the main he is good natured and sleek; but his good nature and sleekness are clothed with grumbling as with a garment. He receives, and grumbles at the smallness—pays, and grumbles at the largeness, of the amount. Grumbling is his employment, as well as his amusement. His life is one eternal grumble—he is born and grumbles—lives and grumbles—dies, and,—then and not till then—grumbles no more.

ON THE ORIGIN OF THE HAMAIYARIC AND ETHIOPIC ALPHABETS.

From the Asiatic Journal.

The accompanying paper, by James Bird, Esq., which was read before the Bombay Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society, and which will appear in the next number of its Journal, is forwarded to the *Asiatic Journal* in the belief that it will interest its readers.

In making public translations of the Hamaiyatic inscriptions from Aden and Saba, it was my intention to reserve a consideration of the question, "whether this alphabet be of Greek or Semitic origin," till a more convenient opportunity might permit me to analyze the character of individual letters. My public engagements will not, however, at present admit the execution of this plan, and I am, therefore, obliged to submit an imperfect outline of my opinion on the subject, in deference to the advice of a friend, who suggested the propriety of publishing, along with translations of the inscriptions, an alphabet of the character. At no distant period I will resume the subject of the Hamaiyatic and Ethiopic alphabets, and endeavor to show that the former had its origin from the ancient Phœnician, made apparent by the accurate researches of the learned Gesenius; and that the latter differs not materially from the former, except in having adopted the system of seven Greek vowels, expressed by particular marks and modifications of the letters in the first column, which, Dr. Wall remarks, has been termed Ghiz, or 'the free,' in order to mark its pre-eminence; because the letters are not restricted to particular vowel terminations, but constituted the entire system when the Bible was translated from Greek

into Ethiopic, and the Abyssinians, converted to Christianity, in the time of Frumentius, received the Greek Scriptures, between A. D. 325 and 335.

The Syrian, like the Hebrew and Phœnician, consists of an alphabet of twenty-two letters, written from right to left; which are either separate or joined with the preceding or succeeding characters; but the Hamaiyatic of inscriptions, found on the coast of Southern Arabia, has, on the contrary, an alphabet of twenty-five, if not twenty-six letters, written from left to right; for it is probable that further research will discover that the Hamaiyatic embraces the whole twenty-six letters, composing the alphabet of the Ghiz, or modern Ethiopic. The scheme and arrangement of the latter, called, from two syllables of the series belonging to its first letter, *Ho He Ya T*, differs from that of the Phœnician and Hebrew, which commences with *Aleph* and *Bet*; but an inspection of the alphabetical table will render evident to the most unlearned observer, that the names of twenty-two letters in modern Ethiopic, corresponding in character with the Hamaiyatic of inscriptions from Arabia, and the Ethiopic of inscriptions from Axum and Tigree, differ in no respect from the names and power of the twenty-two Phœnician and Samaritan Hebrew letters from which they were derived. In some of the inscriptions, copied by Messrs. Hulton and Smith, from the neighborhood of the Bedwin town of Dhees, distant only four hours from Ras Sherma, on the southern coast of Arabia, the following letters, *Bet*, *Waw*, and *Mai*, retain their original Phœnician character.

The names of the Hamaiyatic letters, corresponding as they do with those of the Hebrew and Phœnician, obviously indicate its Semitic origin; and no doubt can exist that these constitute the character anciently known among the Arabs as *Al Musnad*, or the 'propped;' being in many cases not materially different from the Hebrew and Syriac characters, having only the addition of foot-props. This and other forms of the Arabic alphabet, including the Kufic, were borrowed from the Phœnician and Hebrew letters that were in current use among the Jews from the second century before Christ to the seventh of the Christian era. Michaelis, in his *Grammatica Syriaca*, pp. 22, 23, correctly asserts, "*Quo tempore Arabes a Syris literas sumserunt mutuas, quod factum est Muhammedis ætate, seculo septimo ineunte aut paulo antea, tres modò vocales*

habuisse Syros necesse est, tot enim ab illis acceperunt Arabes, Fatha, Kesre, Damma, quas et Cuphica jam scriptio habuit; totidemque vocales, literis ipsis innexas Sabiorum seu Galatæorum alphabetum habet.

The Hamaiyarc, like the character of the Palmyrene inscriptions, seems altogether deficient in vowel signs, which, as Dr. Wall satisfactorily shows, were not in use when the Septuagint version of the Bible was made; all the letters of the Hebrew text being, at this time, employed as signs of syllables, beginning with consonants and ending with vowels.* The letters of the alphabet were all consonantal, inclusive of

ء of the Arabic, or the *Ain*, *Alif*, *Waw* and *Yod*, of the Hebrew and Syriac, which were termed quiescent in the pointed texts of the Bible; but were afterwards employed as vowel signs, as seen, from the Hamaiyarc inscriptions, by a comparison of these with the corresponding words in Arabic. The Syrians had at first only three vowels, corresponding to the same in Arabic; but, as the literati advanced in translating the Bible and other works into Greek, they endeavored to express all the sounds of the proper Greek name, substituting at first five Greek vowels, and subsequently carrying them as far as seven; † which number was also adopted by the Ethiopians on the transfer of the Hamaiyarc character to the shores of Axum. The quiescent letters of both the Arabic and Ethiopic alphabets possess no sound in themselves, till animated by points; and the *Waw*, on the coins of the Maccabees, or the Hebrew *Waw* so modified, is found to retain this character in some other inscriptions, such as the Bactrian Pali, from Shah Baz Ghari; which, as can be clearly shown, has a kindred origin with the Pehlvi writing on the Persian monuments of Nakhshi Rostam, Nakhshi Rajib, and Takhti Bustan, and are closely allied to letters of the Palmyrene inscriptions; of which the first dates not earlier than the year 135 of our era. The opinion of Dr. Wall, therefore, "that it was from reading Greek that the Jews learned the use of vowel signs, and in consequence applied three of their letters occasionally to

this use, precisely in the same manner as the cognate letters were afterwards employed in unpointed Syriac, and are, at this moment, employed in unpointed Arabic,"* is so consonant to truth and the practice followed in the Hamaiyarc inscriptions from Southern Arabia, as to bring home to us conviction that, while the Hamaiyarc is a derivative from Phœnician, it at the same time employed four additional characters to express the Greek consonantal sounds of *Zeta ζ*, *Eta η*, *Pi π*, *Psi ψ*, as apparent in the comparison made of the several alphabets. Along with this adoption of Greek vowels and additional consonantal characters, the Hamaiyarc and Ethiopic alphabets use, as numbers, certain figures derived from the numerical system of Greek letters.

If the opinions regarding the origin of the Hamaiyarc and Ethiopic alphabets be correct, and of which I entertain not a doubt, it will follow, as a matter of course, that the Hamaiyarc inscriptions from Aden should be read from left to right, like modern Ethiopic; and made use of diacritical points, such as appear to have been introduced into Syriac by the Nestorian Christians. The Ethiopic inscriptions, on the reverse of the Greek tablet, at Axum, published in Mr. Salt's *Voyage to Abyssinia*, and written in precisely the same character as the Hamaiyarc of Southern Arabia, read from left to right, and record that John, Bishop of Ethiopia, taught from the neighborhood of the river (Nile) the Sabæans of Hazramaa. He is the same John who was sent, as appears, into Ethiopia, during the reign of the Emperor Justin, A. D. 521, in order to settle the Christian faith of that country, and was accompanied by several missionary assistants. This and other facts give probability to the opinion that the Hamaiyarc of inscriptions, in Southern Arabia, are of comparatively modern origin, and cannot, at the utmost, have an antiquity beyond two hundred years before the birth of Christ; when, on the coins of the Maccabees, we find many Hebrew letters cognate with those of the Hamaiyarc inscriptions. The language of those now translated is a mixture of Ghiz and modern Arabic; and as the adjectives found in the inscriptions are formed on the principles of Ethiopic grammar, while the preposition *Ba*, used both in Persian and Ethiopic, is found in them, it must necessarily follow

* Examination of the ancient orthography of the Jews, and of the original state of the text of the Hebrew Bible, by Charles William Wall, D. D., Professor of Hebrew in the University of Dublin, vol. ii. p. 271.

† *Grammatica Syriaca* Joannis Davidis Michaelis, p. 24, et *Bibliotheca Orientalis Assemani*, tom. i. p. 522.

* Wall's *Examination of Jewish Orthography*, vol. ii. p. 221.

hat these inscriptions can be but little anterior to the commencement of the Christian era, and are, in all probability, several centuries after it, when the Hamaiyarc sprung from the Phœnician, altered to express Greek vowels and proper names.

The comparatively modern origin of the Hamaiyarc alphabet may be also deduced from what we know regarding the origin of the Coptic, which cannot be traced back further than the first century of our era, though the language itself existed at an earlier period. When the early Christians translated the Bible into Coptic, the versions of it from the Septuagint were written from left to right; and where Coptic sounds could not be expressed by Greek letters of similar force, additional Coptic letters were used. In this manner seven additional Coptic characters were added to the twenty-four letters of the Greek alphabet; exhibiting, in this respect, a remarkable similarity with the practice pursued in the Hamaiyarc characters, and in the translation of the Scriptures from Greek into the Ethiopic. We not only observe this analogy between the systems of the two alphabets, but can distinguish an almost identity of character between the seven additional letters of the Coptic alphabet and those similar found in Ethiopic. The following seven letters, not in the Greek alphabet, or *sh, f, k, h, z, s, ti*, will, on a comparison with the alphabetical table of the Hamaiyarc, be found to be almost identical in character.

The Semitic origin of the Hamaiyarc letters, and their derivation from the Phœnician, may be yet further accounted for by what Masudi, in his *Golden Meadows*, and other Arabic historians, relate, that the descendants of Khatan or Yoktan, inhabiting southern Arabia, used the *Suryani*, or Syriac language, previous to the amalgamation of the several dialects now constituting the Arabic language, which probably derived its title, posterior to the Exodus, from the Hebrew כּרִיב, *Arab*, signifying a mixed people. Philostorgius further relates that Syrians were settled in the neighborhood of the Ethiopic Ocean, "*Ad maris rubri, inquit, exteriorum sinum, in sinistro latere, degunt Azumitæ, ex vocabulo metropolis ita appellati: urbium enim caput Auzumis dicitur. Ante hos autem Auzumitas, Orientem versus, ad extimum pertingentes Oceanum, occolent Syri, ab eorum quoque regionum incolis ita dicti. Etenim Alexander Macedo eos ex Syria abductos, illic collocavit: qui quidem patriæ Syrorum lingua etiam-*

num utuntur;" and Strabo notices that, towards Arabia Felix, in the Indian Ocean, there were colonies of Sidonians, Syrians, and people of the island of Arwad.*

I must, therefore, dissent from an opinion expressed in a late publication on the historical geography of Arabia, that the Hamaiyarc characters only consist of twenty letters, or can be the first alphabet of mankind.† Mr. Forster terminates his observations with this remarkable conclusion: "There is every moral presumption to favor the belief, that, in the Hisn Ghorab inscriptions, we recover the alphabet of the world before the Flood:" but neither palæography nor philology will bear him out in so unphilosophical a conclusion. I may briefly recapitulate the chief points which argue against the correctness of his interpretation of the Aden, Hisn Ghorab, and Nakab-al-Hajar inscriptions: 1st. The Hamaiyarc inscriptions on the coast of Southern Arabia are precisely in the same character as the Ethiopic inscriptions found on the opposite coast of Axum, and on the reverse of the Greek tablet there; which dates not earlier than the fourth century of our era.— 2d. The existence in Hamaiyarc of three quiescent letters used by the Syriac as vowels, and the change of *Ain* into *a, i, or u*, a practice which had not existence prior to the commencement of the Christian era.— 3d. The striking similarity between the *ancient* Hamaiyarc and alphabetic characters of the *modern* Ethiopic, which had not an antiquity greater than the time of Frumentius; while the probability is, that it is considerable later, or about A. D. 508, while Philoxenus translated the Scriptures into Syriac, and adopted the system of the Greek vowels. 4th. The introduction into Hamaiyarc of three, if not four, additional letters to express Greek sounds, which differed from those of the Hebrew or Phœnician. 5th. The figure of a *cross* accompanies most of the inscriptions from southern Arabia, and is very apparent below the Hisn Ghorab inscription, indicating its comparatively recent and Christian character. Such seem to me strong reasons for differing from Mr. Forster, and from his system of reading the inscriptions from right to left, instead of from left to right, as in modern Ethiopic.

At some future time I will return to this subject.

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FROM SHAKESPEARE'S ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

See Plate.

THE barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burn'd on the water: the poop was beaten gold;
Purple the sails, and so perfumed, that
The winds were lovesick with them: the oars
were silver;
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water, which they beat, to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own per-
son,
It beggared all description: she did lie
In her pavilion, (cloth of gold, of tissue,)
O'er-picturing that Venus, where we see,
The fancy outwork nature; on each side her,
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
With diverse-color'd fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid did.

Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes,
And made their bends adornings; at the helm
A seeming mermaid steers; the silken tackle
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,
That yarely frame the office. From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
Her people out upon her; and Antony,
Enthron'd in the market-place, did sit alone,
Whistling to the air; which, but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,
And made a gap in nature.

THE VIOLET'S WELCOME.

THE world hath a welcome yet for thee,
Thou earliest born of flowers!—
Though many a golden hope was gone,
And dream that lighted her rosy dawn,
Ere the toil of these latter days came on;
And her weary children's steps have strayed
From their first green dwelling, in the shade
Of Eden's blessed bowers,
Too far to find on our earth a track
That yet might guide the wanderers back.

But still from her bright youth's memory comes
A voice to welcome thee:
It sounds in the song of the early bird,
Through waking woods by the south winds
stirred,
When the steps of the coming Spring are heard;

It bursts from the heart of childhood, clear
As a stream from its native fount, that ne'er
Was aught but bright and free,
And feared no future winter's frost,
Nor the sands where mightier waves were lost.

And we, who look from the lattice pane
Or the lowly cottage door,
On lengthening eves and budding trees,—
As comes thy breath on the day's last breeze,
Bringing its dew-like memories
To the heart of toil and the brow of care,
Through the clouds which time hath gathered
there,
From green haunts sought no more,
But ever known by the light that lies
Upon them from life's morning skies,—

We know thy home, where the waving fern
With the moss-clad fountain chimes;
But we greet thee not with the joy of yore,
When our souls went forth to meet thee, o'er
Far hills which the earliest verdure wore:—
We have hoped in many a spring since then,
But they never brought to our hearts again
Those vanished violet times,
With their blooms, which it seemed no blight
could mar,—
The early shed and the scattered far!

Gather them back, ye mighty years,
That bring the woods their leaves!—
Back from life's unreturning streams—
Back from the graves that haunt our dreams,
And the living lost, from whose lips our names
Have passed—as the songs of greener bowers
And the tones of happier years from ours,—
From all the faith that cleaves
To the broken reeds of this changeable clime,
Gather them back, restoring Time!

Alas! the violets may return,
As in Springs remembered long;
But for us Time's wing can only spread
The snows that long on the heart are shed,
Ere yet their whiteness reach the head!
Thou comest to the waste and wold,
But not, like us, to grow sad and old,—
Wild flower of hope and song!
We bless thee for our childhood's sake,—
For the light of the eyes no more to wake,—
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The water, which they beat, to follow faster,
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son,

It beggared all description: she did lie
In her pavilion, (cloth of gold, of tissue,)
O'er-picturing that Venus, where we see,
The fancy outwork nature; on each side her,
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With diverse-color'd fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
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That yet might guide the wanderers back.

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A voice to welcome thee:
It sounds in the song of the early bird,
Through waking woods by the south winds
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When the steps of the coming Spring are heard;

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And feared no future winter's frost,
Nor the sands where mightier waves were lost.

And we, who look from the lattice pane
Or the lowly cottage door,
On lengthening eves and budding trees,—
As comes thy breath on the day's last breeze,
Bringing its dew-like memories
To the heart of toil and the brow of care,
Through the clouds which time hath gathered
there,
From green haunts sought no more,
But ever known by the light that lies
Upon them from life's morning skies,—

We know thy home, where the waving fern
With the moss-clad fountain chimes;
But we greet thee not with the joy of yore,
When our souls went forth to meet thee, o'er
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And the spots we loved when our love was free,—
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FRANCIS BROWN.

LOOK HOW MY BABY LAUGHS!

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

It is a lovely sight to see
 An infant laugh delightedly;
 But lovelier the silent smile
 In the rapt mother's eye the while
 To mark. The pupils wide dilated
 Reveal her heart's intoxicated
 With a pleasure inexpressive,
 Yet, at the same time, excessive;
 Quite, quite a transcendental joy
 At the merriness of that blest boy!

A vision I beheld like this,
 And, oh! methought no terrene bliss
 Could ever equal such a scene;
 Nor Cupid and the Paphian queen,
 In beauty match the artless pair,
 That revell'd in enjoyment there;
 The mother a mere girl indeed—
 The babe just from his swaddlings freed—
 One as the other, innocent,
 An angel o'er a cherub bent.

Her sweet employment a blush brought,
 Which must in the moss-rose be sought,
 Upon her cheek. A pearlier hue,
 Just pencill'd with faint veins of blue,
 Her infant's wore,—the stranger sun
 Not yet a ruddier tint had won;
 As careless on her lap he sat,
 He look'd one dimpling heap of fat,
 Uniform'd—but beautiful—a thing
 Of Carracci's imagining!

Her gorgeous hair, with sportive grace,
 She shook in her young upturn'd face;
 The dancing curls, like flashing light,
 So radiant—so intensely bright,
 He snatch'd, yet his imperfect hold,
 Could not retain those threads of gold;
 So, with affected force she drew
 The curls from his soft fingers through.
 "Look! how he laughs! look, only look!"
 And then again her curls she shook.

Oh! magic curls! Oh! Beauty's dower!
 Awak'ning with enchanting power,
 The gladdest laugh in infant mirth,
 That e'er resounded from the earth
 To the blue skies,—to echoed be
 By kindred seraphs pure as he!
 It was a picture passing fair,
 And, bless'd be God, by no means rare,
 For the same ineffable joy
 Each mother feels,—and too, her boy.

LET THE DEAD SLUMBER SOFTLY.

LET the dead slumber softly, recall not a name
 That breathes to the living an echo of shame;
 If souls must account for the ills they have done,
 'Tis sinful to murmur the race they have run!

But, oh! if their deeds were the sunshine of
 life,—
 If they lived far apart from seduction and
 strife,—
 If they charm'd the rude world, and sooth'd
 down its pain,—
 Oh, name them for ever, again and again!

I love those who lend to their country a charm,
 Who can soothe every sorrow and ward off each
 harm,
 Who can guide through each fierce-rolling tem-
 pest that blows
 The weak bark of life that is loaded with woes!
 Then tell me of those who are offsprings of
 Fame,
 Who have left in our breasts their endearment
 and name;
 These charm'd the cold world and smooth'd
 down its pain,
 Oh, name them for ever, again and again!

Oh, speak not of tyrants who ruled with the rod;
 Of oppression, that crush'd every flower where it
 trod;
 Of minions, who bent low the knee to the same,
 And made them more bold in their actions of
 shame!
 Such men are a curse to the earth we enjoy,
 Inventors of discord and friends of alloy;
 So tell me of those who have charm'd all our
 pain—
 Oh, name them for ever, again and again!

THE BAPTISM AND THE BRIDAL.

BY A DREAMER.

I.

MYSTIC rites are thine, O Death,
 Baptism and the bridal wreath!

Pale and wan, on weary bed,
 A dying maiden drooped her head.

Her large eyes gleam with spectral light,
 The dizzy world swims through her sight!

Her long dark tresses fall unbound
 In wavy coils the pillow round.

Fitful flushes stain the skin
 That rivalled mountain snows within.

And where her thin form lies unseen,
 The couch and coverlet between,
 You scarce could mark the place, I ween.

Weeping friends are standing round,
 Stifled sobs the mother drowned;

But manlier grief the father held—
 His lips close-pent his tears repelled.

"Fling the casement open wide,
 O mother dear," the maiden cried;

"Let the glorious sunlight pour
Its streamings on my face once more ;

"And the breath of wind-kissed flowers,
Thoughts will bring of childhood's hours—

"Sunny hours of meadow-playing,
Streamlet plashing, forest-straying.

"Ah ! the change from life-full gladness,
To this weary hour of sadness.

"Lift me ! closer yet behold me.
Father ! while thine arms enfold me,
Scarce the sickness seems to hold me !

"And, mine own true love ! draw near,
Whom I loved this many a year.

Henry ! wilt in time to come
Think upon my early doom ?

"Future years will come and go,
Each will bring its joy and woe,

"But the memory of the dead,
Passes with the tears ye shed
Vainly o'er the buried head ;

"And the grave once strewn with flowers,
Rank weeds shows in after hours.

"Dear ! I loved with passion's dream,
Till this lovely world did seem
Steeped in heaven's own lustrous gleam ;

"And I deemed no vows of mine
Worthy that deep love of thine,
Which my being did enshrine.

"Now a voice hath summoned me,
And I go away from thee.

"Death-dewed hours hope not to bear
Rose wreaths, such as brides should wear !"

Now the light of those dear lips
Fades before a dense eclipse.

Low and faint her broken tones
Sink away in empty moans.

Fainter yet her breath is given—
He ! that frame asunder riven
By a soul which springs to heaven.

And the dulled and glazing eye
Straight has done with agony.

DEATH, the mighty lord, stood near,
Unseen, yet felt in nerveless fear.

The thickened dew-beads on her brow,
He sprinkled from his gaunt hand now.

"Thus I vow thee mine," he cried,
"Here the badge is certified.

"Here in garments white as snow,
I pledge thee at the fountain's flow—
My baptism this cold sweat, I trow !"

II.

Thrice the sun hath risen again,
Thrice he sank beneath the main.

Within the coffin's cold embrace
Her calmly-sleeping form they place ;

And that casket now doth hold
Treasure more than gems or gold.

Lift her gently, bear her slowly
To her rest in churchyard holy.

What a burst of light doth pour,
As they issue through the door
Forth to the bright world once more !

Forth to that sweet breathing earth
Where her gentle joys had birth.

Ah ! her own loved birds are here,
Long they've wished her to appear.

Long they watched with patience vain
The summons to her window-pane.

Long they sung their blithest lays ;
But no kind voice spoke in praise—
No white hand the bolt did raise.

And her flowers—her little flowers—
How they droop, these sultry hours !

Dear ones, that she loved to cherish,
Soon like her ye too will perish.

Well she loved your beauteous dyes,
Colored by the summer skies.

Cross the meadows—bear her slowly
To her sleep in churchyard holy.

Now the greenwood paths are near,
Soon the church-tower will appear.

Hark ! the distant fitful swell
Of the solemn passing bell.

Now the hallowed ground they tread
Slowly with uncovered head.

Virgins four-and-twenty bore
The tasselled pall to the church-door ;

And from rush-wove baskets strewed
Flowers for hapless maidenhood—

Pansies, love-cups, violets blue,
Lilies, roses of each hue.

Now within that sacred wall,
Slowly pass the mourners all.

On the trestles in the aisle
Rest the coffin for awhile.

Softly, gently lay her down ;
'Tis to slumber she has gone—

Slumber sweet that fears no breaking,
Rest that brings no tears at waking.

See, the reverend priest doth stand
With prayer-book open in his hand.

Tears flow down his furrowed cheek,
While the holy man doth speak

In prayer to God—the heart's appealing
For the wounded spirit's healing.

Thankful blessings also given
For a sister passed to heaven.

"Dust to dust," that solemn word—
How the beating heart is stirred
While dust is on the coffin poured!

DEATH, the mighty lord, stood near,
With sparkling eyes fixed on the bier.

"Maiden mine, my youthful bride!
Here our troth is ratified.

"Priestly blessing nought may sever;
Marriage vows stand fast for ever.

"To fond embrace I welcome thee,
Our bridal-bed the grave shall be,
Where thou shalt slumber noiselessly!"

A SPRING CAROL.

THE spring's free sunshine falleth
Like balm upon the heart;
And care and fear, dull shadows!
Are hastening to depart.
Oh! time of resurrection
From sadness unto bliss;
From death, decay, and silence,
To loveliness like this.
Oh! season of rejoicing,
That fills my heart and brain
With visions such as never,
Methought, should come again.
Oh! blessed time, renewing
The light that childhood wore;
Till thought, and hope, and feeling,
Grow earnest as of yore!

Though youth has faded from me,
Perchance before its time,
Like a flower, pale and blighted,
Amid its gayest prime;
Though now I value lightly
The noisy joys of life,
And deem it vain ambition,
A mad and useless strife,
Thank God! the fount of feeling
Hath deep, exhaustless springs,
And the love once poured so freely
On frail and worldly things,
Is now more freely given
To the blossoms of the sod,
So the trees, whose leafy branches
Are whispering of God.

The young green lime bends o'er me,
Through its boughs the sunbeams pass,
Making here and there bright islands
'Mid the shadows on the grass.
The butterfly is wending
Its way from flower to flower,
Like a freed and happy spirit—
Meet emblem of such hour!
Loud sings the hidden cuckoo
In his bow'r of leaves all day,
And many a voice of gladness
Is answering his lay.
The rose is opening slowly,
The lilac's scented cones
Are musical till nightfall,
With the wild-bees' drowsy tones.

The oaks, moss-grown and aged,
How beautiful they seem;
With glory wrapt about them,
Like the glory of a dream!
How lovingly the sunshine
Clings round the tufts of green;
And all is fair and joyful
As if winter had not been!
Far off, the furze is blooming,
With spaces, far and near,
Of lawn, where now are straying
Large herds of graceful deer;
And turfey pathways wending
Through sunshine and through shade,
And wooded hills enfolding
This lovely forest glade.

I turn, and see the fruit-trees
With blossoms pink and white,
Like gems of Eastern story
In the gardens of delight;
And strewn like fairy favors
Are flowers of every hue
Among the grasses shining,
Red, yellow, white, and blue.
The pines, so tall and regal,
Their shadowy branches wave,
Like plume-crown'd pillows standing
Round a mighty monarch's grave.
Less sorrowful than stately
Those dark unbending trees
Give out a silv'ry murmur
To the gentle evening breeze.

In this season of life's triumph
Man's spirit hath a share,
It can see the grave unclosing,
Yet feel all ends not there.
It smiles to see the conquest
Of beauty o'er decay,
With the merry lark up-soaring
It greets the dawning day.
Not vainly by such gladness
The poet's heart is stirred,
These sights and sounds not vainly
By him are seen and heard.
All fears that crowded o'er him,
Like clouds asunder roll,
Spring's hope and joyful promise
Sink deep into his soul.



SCIENCE AND ART.

COLOSSAL STATUES OF THE APOSTLES FOR THE ISAAC'S CHURCH, ST. PETERSBURGH.—The sculptor, Vitali, has just completed models of the twelve colossal statues of the Apostles; to be cast in bronze, and placed over the great gate of the Isaac's Church in St. Petersburg. The pediment has been already ornamented by bas-reliefs from the same hand; and the Government having made the frescoes and mosaics which are to decorate this greatest of the Christian temples of the East the subjects of public competition, the cartoons of the candidates are now exhibiting in the halls of the Academy of Fine Arts, in that city.—*Athenæum*.

ARTIFICIAL ARM.—M. Magendie read a report before the Paris Academy of Sciences, on an artificial arm, the invention of M. Van Petersen. The report was favorable. The members of the committee state that they had seen the apparatus tried on five mutilated persons, and that it answered in every case admirably. One was an invalid, who, in the wars of the Empire, lost both arms, retaining only the mere stumps. With the aid of two of these artificial arms, he was able to perform many of the functions which had hitherto been performed for him. In presence of the committee he raised, with one of the artificial hands, a full glass to his mouth, drank its contents without spilling a drop, and then replaced the glass on the table from which he had taken it. He also picked up a pin, a sheet of paper, &c. These facts are conclusive as to the mechanical skill evinced by M. Van Petersen, and which is particularly shown in the lightness of his apparatus, each arm and hand with all its articulations, weighing less than a pound. The mode in which the motion is imparted to the articulations of the apparatus is ingenious. A sort of stays is fixed round the breast of the person, and from these are cords made of catgut which act upon the articulations, according to the motion given to the natural stump. The report ends by stating that the invention is superior to any sub-

stitute for the natural arm hitherto made.—*Athenæum*.

EDUCATION IN RUSSIA.—A letter from St. Petersburg, of the 11th instant, states that an order has just been issued, regulating the education of women in Russia. The Emperor, in accord with the Empress, has determined to submit their mental culture to the jurisdiction of a central board of directors, divided into three sections—for St. Petersburg, for Moscow, and for the provinces respectively. Prince Peter, of Oldenburg, is appointed President of the Board.—*Ath.*

MAGNIFICENT CARPET.—The Revue de Paris speaks of an immense and magnificent carpet for the Great Hall of the Ambassadors at Versailles, which has just issued from the Royal manufactory of the Gobelins. This work, which was commenced in 1783, has a border composed of garlands of flowers and arabesques of consummate execution; and at its corners are four large bouquets of roses, after water-color drawings, executed by Madame Elizabeth, the sister of Louis XVI., including every species of rose known in France towards the close of the eighteenth century.—*Athenæum*.

MISS JANE PORTER.—This amiable lady has just received a very gratifying testimony of respect and admiration from a united body of the booksellers, publishers, and authors of New-York. It is in the form of an easy chair, richly carved, and covered with crimson velvet; and the letter which accompanies it expresses the sentiments of the donors and of thousands of American readers towards the authoress of "Thaddeus of Warsaw" and the "Scottish Chiefs," as "one who first opened up the path that has been still further embellished by the kindred genius of a Scott," and "whose charming productions have taught in so graceful and captivating a manner the lessons of true virtue" over the length and breadth of the land.—*Lit. Gaz.*

ON THE BRAIN AND SPINAL CORD.—After alluding to the interest manifested in the lectures on the physiology of the nervous system delivered on former occasions by himself, before the Royal Institution, Mr. Solly entered upon the description of the protective apparatus of the very important organs, the brain and spinal cord, the centres of the nervous system. The arch-like construction of the skull was pointed out, its thicker and stronger parts being at the sides and base, in the manner of abutments. The two tables of the skull, or the outer and fibrous layer, calculated to resist a blow, and the inner or porcelain layer, suited to resist the entrance of a point, were shown. Next the hard and dense membrane immediately attached to the bone, the dura mater, with its processes, the great falx, preventing lateral shaking of the brain, and its tentorium, preventing vertical shaking, and protecting the little brain, were described. And then the delicate spider-web membrane, secreting its lubricating fluid, and covering the inner surface of the dura mater and the outer of the pia mater, or that membrane which immediately and accurately encloses the brain, and serves to retain its form and convey blood-vessels to its substance. The spinal column was described as a hollow, flexible tube, having different curvatures, and formed of 24 joints or vertebrae: the spinal marrow passes down this canal, not in contact with its sides, but protected by fluid and short processes of the dense dura mater, which here and there on each side are attached to the sheath of the cord and the sides of the canal, acting like stays, and called the ligamenta denticulata:—the fluid was proved by Majendie to fill the cavity of the canal completely, so that when the outer membrane was laid bare and punctured, it jetted out. This is a great source of protection. In the supply of blood to the brain, Mr. S. pointed out the curves of the carotid arteries (just as they enter the skull), which serve to retard the violent injection of the blood, and prevent injury. In ruminants a more complicated provision of this kind exists, many contortions being made so as to break the force of the current without diminishing the supply. It is considered that this is so formed to prevent the additional impetus which the blood acquires from the downward position of the head in grazing so constantly; and it is remarkable that in the giraffe it is not found, for this animal crops the branches of trees. The veins of the brain have no valves, and open into large sinuses which are always kept patent, and thus allow of a free exit of the effete blood. In speaking of organs for diversion, Mr. S. mentioned that M. Simon considers the thyroid gland to act in this way towards the brain; and it is curious that in the cretins or idiots of the Vallois we find this body almost always in a state of great enlargement. The lecturer then took a brief view of the spinal cord and its protective means in the lower animals. After mentioning the grand division made by comparative anatomists into vertebrate and invertebrate animals, he showed that in the crustacea and insects the cord having no protecting case is placed on the ventral surface of the animal, thus having the whole thickness of the body above it for its protection. In the lamprey there is just a cartilaginous tube, a rudiment of the column which contains the cord. In the sturgeon there are small

pieces of bone on each side of the vertebrae; and in the codfish the vertebra is pretty well formed, having two spines and intervertebral substance. An interesting example of the use of anatomical knowledge to paleontologists was given. Dr. Buckland having observed that scales like those of the armadillo's armor were often found fossilized with the bones of the megatherium, concluded that this animal must have been like the armadillo; but Mr. Owen, knowing that the vertebra of this little animal has three noral spines placed at angles, so as to take the great bearing which its armor can sustain, said that if the megatherium had been of the armadillo kind, its vertebrae would have had more than the one noral spine which they possess; it is therefore decided that these scales must belong to another animal. Mr. Solly takes the ganglionic view of the brain and cord; he considers both a collection of ganglia. His arguments in favor of this view with regard to the cord were founded on the fact of gray matter being found in the centre of the cord, and that in the whitening the cord consists of several ganglia joined together longitudinally. He is of opinion, too, that the brain cannot become intellectual if the skull do not expand. Another point interesting to anatomists, the communication or not of the fluid of the cord with that of the brain, and that of the ventricles of the brain with the fluid exterior, Mr. Solly said he did not consider there was any communication beyond that of endosmosis.—*Lit. Gaz.*

INTERMENT IN TOWNS.—Mr. Mackinnon has brought forward in the House of Commons his salutary measure to regulate, or rather to prevent, the interment of the dead in the midst of the dense population of towns; the principle of which was affirmed on a division. What obstacles stand in the way of so obviously wise and needful a course we are not exactly aware; but sure we are that either church interests or vested individual interests ought to yield to the paramount consideration of general health and moral feeling. Let the best possible compromise be made with those who are affected in purse; but do not let every object which advanced knowledge, altered circumstances and state of society, civilization, and religion demand, be sacrificed to partial claims. You overthrow houses to make new streets, you run railroads through gardens and parks—surely, by similar legal steps, you may remove the greatest offence and nuisance that exists from the very heart of the metropolis and other populous cities! The public is deeply indebted to Mr. Mackinnon for the unremitting zeal and unwearied perseverance with which he has sought to obtain this national benefit.—*Lit. Gaz.*

COLORLESS INK.—Sir George Mackenzie has invented a substitute, in a colorless fluid, for black ink, "the fastness of which," he says, "has been submitted to for ages." A history of the invention was lately read by him to the Royal Society of Edinburgh. A properly prepared paper, however, is required; and the ink becomes blue or black, according to the sort used. We have tried the ink on the prepared paper, and found it excellent—on unprepared paper it remained colorless. Neither will it, like common ink, stain the fingers, or anything else, except silver, and then

may be easily removed. It is obvious that its cleanliness is the chief advantage of the invention, which will commend itself accordingly to the drawing-room, boudoir and library.—*Athenæum*.

BUDDHIST BOOKS.—Particulars relative to a great collection of Buddhist Books, preserved at Thibet, have been furnished by a Mongolian priest to some French Missionaries; and are made the subject of an appeal by the *Journal des Débats* to the government on behalf of the *Bibliothèque Royale*,—to which such a collection would form a valuable addition. It is known to many Orientalists that the universal collection of Buddhist volumes, kept in that city, forms two vast compilations, called the Gandjour (108 folio volumes), and the Danjour (240 folio volumes), but it has been generally unknown in Europe, that these two encyclopædic collections have been published at Pekin, by the Emperors of the reigning dynasty, in the Chinese, Mandchou, Mongul and Thibetan tongues, and that the 1392 volumes composing these four translations, may be there purchased for about £1560.—*Athenæum*.

"GUTTA PERCHA."—It is the juice of a large indigenous forest tree in Singapore; and is obtained by cutting notches through the bark, when it exudes in the form of a milky juice which soon curdles. In its chemical properties it somewhat resembles Caoutchouc, but is much less elastic; it however possesses qualities, which that substance does not, which will render it of considerable value as a substitute for medical instruments in hot climates. The Gutta Percha, when dipped in water nearly at the boiling point, can readily be united, and becomes quite plastic, so as to be formed (before it cools below 130° to 140° Fahrenheit) into any required shape, and which it retains at any temperature below 110°; in this state it is very rigid and tough, and is used in Singapore for chopper handles, &c., in preference to buffalo horn, and does not appear to undergo any change in the hot damp climate of the Straits of Malacca.—*Athenæum*.

THE LATE PROFESSOR DANIELL.—The late John Frederic Daniell, professor of chemistry in King's College, London, lecturer on chemistry and geology at the Hon. East India Company's Seminary at Addiscombe, one of the examiners in the University of London, foreign secretary of the Royal Society, D. C. L. (Oxon.), &c., was born in Essex-street, Strand, March, 12, 1790. At an early age he became a pupil of Professor Brande, in whose society he made several tours, and of whom he spoke as one endeared to him by kindred pursuits and early recollections the day before his death. In 1816, associated with this gentleman, he started the 'Journal of the Royal Institution,' the first twenty volumes of which were published under their joint superintendence. He married, in the following year (September 4), Charlotte, youngest daughter of the late Sir W. Rule, surveyor of the navy, and subsequently became managing director of the Continental Gas Company, to forward the interests of which he visited the principal cities of France and Germany with Sir W. Congreve and Col. Landmann, making those arrangements by which many of them have since been lighted. On the formation

of King's College, in 1831, he was appointed professor of chemistry, and found himself at length in the position he was so well suited to occupy. His inaugural lecture, eminently characteristic of the Christian philosopher, gave a good earnest of the spirit in which his instructions would be conveyed. Of the extent of Professor Daniell's scientific labors some idea may be formed from the fact that, independent of his 'Meteorological Essays' and 'Introduction to the Study of Chemical Philosophy,' he communicated to various scientific periodicals upwards of forty original papers; of these thirteen relate to meteorological subjects, nine to electricity, and the remainder to chemistry and other branches of physical science. Of their intrinsic importance some notion may be obtained from the circumstance that he received all three of the medals in the gift of the Royal Society. In 1820 he published an account of his new hygrometer—an instrument which, for the first time, rendered regular and accurate observations on the dryness and moisture of the air practicable. It has since been extensively employed in all climates, and has enabled hygrometry to take an exact and definite form. It still remains the only accurate instrument for making such observations. In 1823 appeared the first edition of his 'Meteorological Essays,' of which he was engaged in revising proofs of the third edition at the time of his death. This work was the first synthetic attempt to account for meteorological phenomena as a whole, the known laws of which regulate the constitution of gases and vapors. In the following year (1824) appeared his essay on artificial climate in the 'Horticultural transactions,' the practical bearing of which on culture in general, and particularly of plants grown under shelter, is daily becoming better appreciated, and which, according to Dr. Lindley, has done more for the improvement of this art than any single circumstance besides. He received the society's silver medal for this paper. In 1830 and in 1831 he published his new pyrometer, an instrument still the best for measuring high temperatures, such as those of fusing metals, and furnaces in general. The Royal Society deemed this an invention of such utility and importance, that they, in 1832, conferred on him the Rumford medal for the most important discovery relating to heat that had been made throughout the whole civilized world during the three preceding years. In 1836 appeared a paper of his in the 'Philosophical Transactions,' describing his valuable improvement in the voltaic battery, by which he showed the means of obtaining a constant and unlimited supply of electricity. The importance of this discovery was recognized immediately throughout the whole scientific world. In appreciation of its merit the Royal Society, in 1837, honored him with the Copley medal, for the most important scientific discovery of any description made in any part of the world during the previous year. Several other valuable papers appeared in the 'Philosophical Transactions' for the following years, and for two of these he, in 1842, received one of the Royal medals.—*Times*.

M. THIERS'S STUDY.—A French paper describes M. Thiers's study at his residence in the Place St. Georges. "Let the reader imagine a large square apartment, with a richly ornamented

ceiling, and the floor covered with one of those splendid thick carpets such as they make at Gobelin or at Aubusson. Two windows light the room, and two doors, on opposite sides, lead to it. In the middle of the room stands an immense desk, carved in the fashion de la Renaissance. Around, and breast-high, there are book-cases, laden with books: standing on the top of these cases, there are numerous beautiful little statues, busts, Japan vases, globes, &c. A lovely Venus is in front of the desk, and on the right is the statue of Mercury. An arm-chair, a la Voltaire, is placed before the desk: it is that belonging to the master of the house. Twelve beautiful but smaller chairs stand round the room, near the book-cases; and lastly, valuable and costly pictures literally cover the walls."—*Spectator*.

FRENCH ANTIQUARIAN INTELLIGENCE.—A curious document has been lately published by the Comité Historique, concerning the completion of the Louvre and the Tuileries. It belongs to M. A. Lenoir, and was once in the office of the Grand Provost of France. It appears from this paper that all masons and other handicraft men could be forced to work upon the king's buildings, by order of the provost, to the exclusion of all other buildings, which they were obliged to abandon for the time being. The king (Louis XIV.), after ordering all due preparations to be made for the collecting of stone, &c., commands that, while these palaces shall require the aid of a considerable number of hands, no workman in Paris shall be allowed to work on any other edifices whatever; and further, that no persons shall presume to erect any building in Paris and within ten leagues round, under penalty of 10,000 livres fine for the first offence, and the galleys for the second.—*Lit. Gazette*.

AUGUSTUS WILLIAM SCHLEGEL.—Letters from Bonn mention the alarming illness of Augustus William Schlegel, said to be from aneurism of the heart, and threatening the worst results to a subject of seventy-eight years old. The King of Prussia had sent his physician to tend the sick philosopher; each day a deputation from the professors, and another from the students, of the university, presented themselves at his door for a bulletin; and the inhabitants of Bonn, of their own free suggestion, would suffer no carriage to pass through the street in which he lives.—*Athenæum*.

SUBTERRANEAN TOMB ON THE RHINE.—A letter from Hanover speaks of an interesting archaeological discovery which has been made in the village of Weyden, lying on the road from Cologne to Aix-la-Chapelle. This object of antiquarian curiosity—the burial-place of a family—is reached by a staircase of eleven steps, and is a sepulchral cave, surrounded by lateral niches and covered by a vaulted roof. According to all appearance, the tomb has always been subterranean, and indicated externally only by a *tumulus* or a simple stone. From this cavern have been exhumed, besides a number of vases, and instruments of vulgar use, a sarcophagus ornamented with figures, representing the Genii of the Four Seasons, and three busts in marble, one male, the others female, and all of the life size. These

busts are said to be so superior to anything hitherto discovered on the banks of the Rhine, that it is conjectured that some rich family, the tenants of this sepulchre, may have brought them from Italy, or commissioned some Italian sculptor. Among the jewels found in the tomb, is a small female figure, 3½ inches in height, of a light-blue opal, the perfection of whose chiselling, with the style of its drapery, have caused it to be assigned to the third century of the Christian era. It is said that several Belgian *virtuosi* are in treaty for this monument for which they have offered a large sum, with the view of taking it to pieces and transporting it into Belgium. We quite agree with the letter-writer, that the removal of such monuments from the localities to which they belong, is justifiable only for the preservation of the monuments themselves—as in the case of the Elgin Marbles—and always disturbs a portion of the interest attaching to them. In such a case as this, he says, very sensibly, the thread of local tradition is broken by removal; and a work of art or of antiquity is preserved to the future—valuable, no doubt, in any keeping—but whose history and origin become, in the lapse of time, an enigma.—*Athenæum*.

SHAKESPEARE'S TAMING OF THE SHREW.—A discovery has lately been made of a rarity of some value—a quarto edition of Shakspeare's 'Taming of the Shrew,' of a date prior to the folio of 1623, in which year it has hitherto been thought to have been first printed. This adds another quarto to the twenty printed by Steevens. The title-page is unfortunately wanting; but on the first leaf is written, in a hand of the time, "1607, stayed by the authors;" meaning, we suppose, stayed the printing,—a not uncommon occurrence at that time. This mention of "authors" is confirmatory of the view maintained by many, that more than one person was concerned in writing that play. The volume is in Mr. Collier's hands, and will be printed forthwith, as a supplement to Steevens' Twenty and Mr. Amyot's 'Taming of a Shrew,' recently issued by the Shakspeare Society, from the Duke of Devonshire's unique edition of 1594.

BEETHOVEN MONUMENT.—The monument of Beethoven is finished; and a grand musical festival is to be held at Bonn, on the occasion of its inauguration, in July next. The festival is to be of several days' duration; and the leading musicians of France and Germany are expected to take a part in its celebration.—*Athenæum*.

LOCUSTS.—A letter was received from M. Levassant, the commandant of the garrison of Philipville, in Algeria, stating that on the 18th ult. that province was visited, notwithstanding the season of the year, with a swarm of locusts, which extended, he estimates, to a length of from seven and a half to ten leagues. They were in nearly a starved state, and devoured with rapidity all the vegetation that fell in their way.—*Athenæum*.

INUNDATIONS.—The Continental papers teem with accounts of inundations in Germany,—exceeding, it is said, in extent and amount of disaster, the most terrible calamities of a similar kind in that country (those of 1655 and 1784) recorded for the last two centuries.—*Athenæum*.

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Great Britain.

Practical Observations on the efficacy of Medical Inhalations in the treatment of Pulmonary Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Chronic Cough, and other Diseases of the Respiratory Organs, and in Affections of the Heart. By Alfred B. Maddock, M. D. 2d Edition. 8vo, pp. 137. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

SECOND Edition saves us from an elaborate analysis of Dr. Maddock's treatment of diseases of the lungs and respiratory organs by medicated inhalations. It is impossible not to believe that, combined with other professional means, such a *modus medendi* is particularly applicable to the treatment of diseases of the respiratory organs, although very generally neglected by physicians. The introduction of tar by Sir A. Crichton in 1817 created at first a great sensation; but the anticipations held out by its use were not corroborated by experience. Creosote, introduced by Dr. Elliotson, was still more speedily discontinued. Dr. Hastings next introduced the pyro-acetic spirit, but with an equal want of success. Iodine was introduced in 1829, by Sir James Murray and Dr. Scudamore, and this powerful substance, combined with sedatives, is what Dr. Maddock uses; as also chlorine, which he speaks of as very nearly approaching a specific in pulmonary consumption. This is, strictly speaking, a professional question, and can only be decided by experience; but it is one which involves so many interests, dear to us all, that we have deemed it a duty to notice and second any endeavors to extend our knowledge of the efficacy of medicated inhalations.—*Lit. Gaz.*

Shakespeare's Play of King Henry the Fourth, printed from a contemporary Manuscript. Edited by James Orchard Halliwell, Esq. F. R. S., &c. Printed for the Shakespeare Society.

"On the 23d October 1844, the Reverend Lambert B. Larking, . . . then on a visit to Sir Edward Dering, Bart., of Surrenden, was occupied in making some researches among the valuable charters and manuscripts preserved in the muniment-room of that ancient seat," for objects connected with a forthcoming history of Kent. In one of the chests Mr. Larking discovered an ancient MS. of *Henry the Fourth*; which is here printed by the Shakespeare Society, with notes and an introduction by Mr. Halliwell.

According to such evidence as is convincing to palæographers, the manuscript was most probably written about the reign of James the First; but as there are various corrections of the text, held to be in the handwriting of Sir Edward Dering, the first Baronet, who died in 1644, the conclusion drawn is, that it *must* be earlier than that date. The apparent use of this manuscript was for getting up "private theatricals" at Surrenden; and it is inferred that it was altered by some playwright or player for that purpose (though possibly not for this particular occasion); the two plays being compressed into one, on the evident principle of embracing the whole history. With this object, the First Part has been operated upon; but the Second is very greatly curtailed,

containing in fact little more than the opening and the scenes relating to the King's death.

A MS. formed under such circumstances can, of course, have no *authority*; and besides, there are occasional references in the handwriting of Sir Edward Dering to a published edition—"Vide book." Still it is a curiosity; and we agree with Mr. Halliwell and the Society that it was worth publication, *verbatim et literatim*. Nor is it altogether without use for its various readings; some few of which seem worthy of adoption in the same way as a lucky emendation by an editor, not an authorized text. Some, however, are mere blunders or injudicious attempts at improvement. There are also some obvious interpolations.

The book has been well edited by Mr. Halliwell, in his account of the MS., his view of its value, and the notes by means of which he supplies for all useful purposes a fac-simile of the original. It has perhaps a further value than this; at least it has so struck us. Stripped of the large Spirit of Shakspeare, as it often is by the necessity of reducing two dramas into one acting play, the wonderful universality of his characters becomes still more remarkable. Falstaff, cut down and sometimes prosified as he is here, does not so much look like "the unimitated the inimitable" as the counterpart of hundreds of good fellows, who in every age have haunted good houses of ready entertainment, "living men know not how, and dying men know not where."—*Spectator*.

A New Mode or Method of more Speedily and Effectually Tanning Hides and Skins. By Alexander Turnbull, M. D.

DR. TURNBULL, of Russell Square, has long and deservedly enjoyed the reputation of being one of the first physicians of the day. In diseases of the eye and ear, he has no superior—a fact which has been abundantly attested by many of the most popular periodicals and journals of the day. To him humanity is indebted for the discovery of aconitina, and various other powerful agents now in general and successful use among the medical profession. The genius which has raised Dr. Turnbull to distinction in the medical world, has lately led to an important discovery in the art of tanning leather. Dr. Turnbull has taken out a patent for his discovery; and its nature and advantages are described in detail in the pamphlet before us. A good deal of the pamphlet is necessarily occupied with technical matter, and consequently is not suited for transfer into our pages. Among the recommendations of this new discovery, are these: the process of tanning will be performed in a fourth-part of the time required by the mode at present in use. It will also be done at considerably less expense, while the leather will be very greatly superior to any which can be prepared by the present process. Another and very great benefit which will be derived from Dr. Turnbull's mode of tanning, will be, that it gives a greatly increased weight to the leather.

But perhaps it will give a better idea of the advantages of Dr. Turnbull's process, if we quote his own words from the pamphlet before us:—

"My method," says he, "of extracting lime from hides or skins, when the hair has been removed by lime, and my method of removing the hair without the use of lime by the means before described, are such decided improvements, that hides and skins when so prepared may be tanned in the common or ordinary manner by *terra japonica* purified as above, and by other ordinary tanning matter, with much greater facility than heretofore; and the leather thus produced is of far greater weight, and much better quality than any heretofore produced."

Dr. Turnbull then proceeds to specify some of the peculiarities of the process. His statement on this point will be read with interest by scientific men, as well as by those more immediately concerned.

"Having thus stated the nature of my improved methods of tanning hides, and the plan of separating or extracting the japonic or catechuic acid or catechili, or other extractive and deleterious matter from the tannic acid, and preventing the formation of gallic or ellagic acid in the tanning liquor, and the manner of carrying them into effect, I think it essential to state, that I do not claim the principle of tanning hides or skins by sewing them into bags, nor by simply filling them with liquor; but I do claim, and my invention consists in, the following improvements in the tanning of hides and skins. First—I claim the discovery of the means of extracting the lime with which hides and skins are impregnated in removing the hair, by the application of sugar or other saccharine matter, whether obtained from honey, sawdust, turnips, potatoes, or other substances. Second—I claim the discovery of the means of removing the hair or epidermis from hides or skins without the use of lime, by the application of sugar or other saccharine matter, whether obtained from potatoes, sawdust, beet-root, turnips, or other substances. Third—I claim the discovery of the means of removing the hair or epidermis from hides and skins without the use of lime, by the application of muriate of soda or common salt. Fourth—I claim the discovery of the means of separating the japonic or catechuic acid, or other extractive or deleterious matter, from the tannic acid in *terra japonica*. Fifth—I claim the discovery of the means of obtaining tannic acid from the refuse or deposit of the *terra japonica*, in purifying *terra japonica*. Sixth—I claim the discovery of the means of preventing the formation or generation of gallic and ellagic acid, when oak bark, sumach, *divi divi*, *valonia*, and other materials are used. Seventh—I claim the discovery of an improved means of tanning leather by means of endosmosis and exosmosis with the materials and in the manner before described, and without the aid of hydrostatic pressure. Eighth—I claim the discovery of an improved mode of tanning by means of a general and constant agitation and circulation of the tanning liquor, composed of the materials before mentioned, from top to bottom and from bottom to top of the pits. Ninth—I claim the improved method of tanning hides or skins in pits in the common and ordinary manner, by first extracting the lime from the hide or removing the hair without the use of lime, and using *terra japonica* when purified, or other tanning liquor in the manner before described."

SELECT LIST OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Dissenter's Plea for his Nonconformity, exhibited in a Course of Lectures, by the Rev. W. Jones, M. A.

Ecclesiastical Architecture of Ireland, comprising an Essay on the Round Towers of Ireland. By G. Petrie, R. H. A.

Grammar of the Latin Language. By C. G. Zumpt, Ph. D., translated from the 9th German edit., by L. Schmitz.

'Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation,' its Argument Examined and Exposed. By S. R. Bosanquet. 2d edit.

Illustrations to Adventure in New Zealand. By Edward Jerningham Wakefield. Esq.

Practical Guide to the Study of German. By C. A. Feiling.

GERMANY.

Geschichte von Port-Royal. Der Kampf des Reformirten und des jesuitischen Katholizismus unter Louis XIII. u. XIV. Von Dr. H. Reuchlin. Hamb.

Corpus inscriptionum Græcarum. Edid. A. Boeckh et J. Franz. Vol. III. Fasc I. Berlin.

Ueber die Minervendole Athens. Von E. Gerhard.

Die Ethische Bedeutung der Geschichte für die Gegenwart. Von H. Gelzer. Berlin.

Beiträge zur Charakteristik der Vereinigten Staaten Von Nord-Amerika. Von W. Grisson. Hamb.

FRANCE.

Etudes historiques, politique et morales, sur l'état de la société Européenne, vers le milieu du dix-neuvième siècle. Par le Prince de Polignac. Paris.

Français I. et la Renaissance 1515-1547. Par Capefigue. Paris.

Œuvres de St. Denys l'Aréopagiste, traduites du Grec, précédées d'une Introduction par l'abbé Darboy. Paris.

Les Manuscrits Français de la Bibliothèque du Roi, leur histoire et celle des textes Allemands, Anglais, Hollandais, Italiens, et Espagnols de la même collection. Par A. Paulin. Paris.

Histoire de l'Armée de Condé. Par T. Muret. Paris.



THE MARRIAGE



THE ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

JULY, 1845.

PRESCOTT'S CONQUEST OF MEXICO.

From the Edinburgh Review.

History of the Conquest of Mexico. By William H. Prescott. Three volumes, 8vo. London: 1843.

MR. PRESCOTT has long been honorably known as author of one of the most valuable historical works produced in the present age. He has here undertaken a task, less arduous perhaps to himself, but certainly not less interesting to his readers. He has fixed upon one of those great and romantic episodes which are so frequent in the history of the Middle Ages; has made himself thoroughly acquainted with its particulars; and has embodied these in a narrative, which, considered merely as a work of amusement, will bear comparison with the best romances in the language. The 'Conquest of Mexico' is probably of less importance as a collection of facts, and of less merit as an intellectual effort, than the 'History of Ferdinand and Isabella;' but we think it even more secure of universal popularity. It is impossible to write a masterly history of the first nation in Europe for forty years, without raising controversies and advancing questionable theories.

VOL. V.—No. III. 19

There are probably many historical students, who have found statements and opinions in Mr. Prescott's former work from which they are inclined to dissent; but we doubt whether any intelligent reader has laid down that now before us, without acknowledging it to be one of the most delightful narratives in his recollection.* We regret much that other pressing calls should have thus long delayed the communication of our sentiments regarding it to our ordinary readers.

We shall not pretend to have examined a narrative which has given us so much pleasure, with the keen scrutiny of a severe criticism; but we can conscientiously affirm, that we remember little or nothing in the manner of its execution which we could have wished otherwise. Mr. Prescott appears to us to possess almost every qualification for his task. He has a pure, simple, and eloquent style—a keen relish

* The wish has more than once been felt by us, that Mr. Prescott would turn his thoughts to a History of the Spanish Expeditions in quest of *El Dorado*—a subject quite untouched as a whole, and which, with its collateral inquiries and results, would form a Historical work of high and romantic interest, peculiarly suited to his pen. See this Journal, Vol. lxxi. p. 22.

for the picturesque—a quick and discerning judgment of character—and a calm, generous, and enlightened spirit of philanthropy. There is no exaggeration in asserting that his 'Conquest of Mexico' combines—some allowance, where that is necessary, being made for the inferior extent and importance of its subject—most of the valuable qualities which distinguish the most popular historical writers, in our own language, of the present day. It unites the chivalrous but truthful enthusiasm of Colonel Napier, and the vivacity of the accomplished author of the 'Siege of Granada,' with the patient and ample research of Mr. Tytler. And when we call to mind that these delightful volumes were, like his preceding work, composed under the pressure of the severest physical privation to which humanity is subject,* we cannot refrain from adding, of new, the expression of our heartfelt admiration of the heroic, the noble philosophy, which could sustain the cheerful vigor of mind necessary for such tasks.

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We shall, therefore, endeavor to lay before our readers a clear and simple outline of Mr. Prescott's work—well content if we succeed in refreshing the memory of such as are already acquainted with its events,

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Towards the southern extremity of the North American Continent, close to its termination in the Isthmus of Darien, and at a point nearly equidistant from the Atlantic Ocean and the Mexican gulf, lies the beautiful valley of Mexico. It is about sixty-seven leagues in circumference, and in its centre are four large lakes, occupying one-tenth of its surface, and either communicating with one another, or separated by narrow necks of land. The central and largest lake, which is that of Tezcuco, is of an irregular shape. At its southern point is a strait, connecting it with the lake of Xochichalco, which is long and narrow, and lies in a south-easterly direction. The two remaining lakes, those of Xaltocan and Chalco, are separated by causeways, the former from the northern end of the Tezcucan, and the latter from the southern of the Xochichalcan lake. Upon an island near the western shore of the lake of Tezcuco, stood, at the commencement of the sixteenth century, the imperial city of Mexico, or Tenochtitlan, the renowned and splendid capital of the Aztec dominions. It communicated with the shore by three large artificial dikes, one of which pointed to the north, a second nearly to the west, and a third to the south—the latter, however, diverging halfway into two branches, which met the shore on each side of the strait opening into the lake of Xochichalco.* At the north-eastern point of the lake of Tezcuco lay the royal city of the same name; nominally the equal ally, but, at the date of our narrative, in fact the dependent, of her mighty neighbor.

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This taste for cruelty was encouraged, or rather inspired, by the strict observance of a religion perhaps the most horrible and revolting ever professed by human beings. The murderous rites of Moloch, Bhowanee, or Jaggernaut, were not to be compared in atrocity to those of Tlaloc and Huitzilopochli—the Aztec Neptune and Mars. Human sacrifices—usually regarded by the most fanatical idolaters as an awful resource for the expiation of extraordinary crimes, or the propitiation of extraordinary favors—were a necessary and familiar part of the ordinary Aztec worship. Every Mexican altar was literally a human shambles; and every Mexican temple a charnel-house—in which the traces of daily butchery were so abundant, that the Spaniards forgot at first their religious horror at the sight, in the irrepressible physical disgust which it excited. The number of victims annually slaughtered throughout the Mexican dominions has been variously calculated. But some idea may be formed of its probable amount from the undisputed fact, that 136,000 skulls were counted in the temple of Huitzilopochli—making an average of 680 yearly murders in honor of a single idol, during the two centuries of Aztec independence!

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chanical arts, the Aztecs displayed remarkable ingenuity. Their dwellings and apparel were very commodious, and abounded in gorgeous, though somewhat fantastic, decoration; they were eminently skilful in the preparation of delicious dishes and beverages; and their system of agriculture was far from deficient. But of all pursuits which require the prolonged exercise of the reasoning faculties, and even of most pleasures which appeal to the imagination, they were wholly and contentedly ignorant. They were altogether unacquainted with alphabetical writing, and even with any system of symbolical hieroglyphics; and their sole records of the past consisted in charts filled with grotesque paintings of the events commemorated—most of which were represented in so arbitrary and irregular a manner that even the Priests, to whose care the national archives were committed, found themselves unable to agree as to their interpretation. Their language was rude, but at the same time singularly cumbrous and artificial in its construction; and must have been in its pronunciation—to judge from the rugged knots of consonants by which European writers have endeavored to express the proper names belonging to it—one of the most uncouth ever articulated by human beings. Of painting and sculpture, considered as imitative arts, they may be said—with all their mechanical skill in coloring and carving—to have been wholly ignorant. The representations of visible objects in their hieroglyphical maps, were sketched with barely sufficient care and skill to show for what they were intended; and the huge idols which adorned their temples, were invariably hideous and shapeless monsters, which the superstitious Spaniards might well regard as the accurate resemblances of infernal spirits. Even in war, the pride and delight of the ferocious Aztecs, they displayed their characteristic incapability of forethought and combination. Both their weapons of offence, and the defensive armor worn by their chiefs, were so well constructed, that we find Cortes arming his infantry with the copper-headed lances of Chinantla; and many Spaniards, who were unable to provide themselves with the panoply of a cavalier, preferring the quilted tunic of the Aztec, to the buff-coat or leather corslet which formed the usual garb of an European private soldier. But of military tactics, or even of the common rules of military discipline, the Mexicans

were unable to form any conception. Their choicest armies were little better than resolute and well-armed mobs, unable to manœuvre in concert, destitute of mutual reliance, and liable to be routed at a stroke by the fall of a leader or the capture of a standard. And to these, the ordinary defects of a tumultuary force, they added an infatuation peculiar to themselves—the opinion that it was far less glorious to slay an enemy than to drag him as a living victim before the shrine of Huitzilopochli. Of this absurd and atrocious superstition we need only say, that it was on two occasions, if not more, the undoubted means of preserving Cortes himself from inevitable death.

Early in the sixteenth century, an ominous foreboding prevailed among the nations of Anahuac, that the downfall of the Aztec empire was at hand. Vague rumors began to circulate among them concerning the race of mysterious and irresistible conquerors who had subjugated the West Indian archipelago; and whom the most orthodox sages of Tenochtitlan conjectured to be the descendants of the exiled demigod Quetzalcoatl, returned to verify the prophecies of ancient tradition by claiming the abandoned Empire of their ancestor. The Emperor of Mexico, at this period, was Montezuma, second of the name—a name which classical superstition would have placed among the sounds of evil omen forbidden to human utterance. He was a man revered and dreaded by all Anahuac for deep policy, success in war, princely dignity of demeanor, haughty serenity of disposition, and rigid sanctity in the observance of his dreadful religion. But his high and resolute spirit was quelled by superstitious awe, and he now awaited, in resigned despondency, the appearance of his predestined destroyers.

At length the fatal news arrived. In the spring of 1519 a hieroglyphical scroll was transmitted to Montezuma by the viceroy of a district upon his eastern coast, containing an elaborate delineation of several huge canoes, wafted by linen sails, which had disembarked from five to six hundred strangers on the spot where the city of Vera Cruz now stands. The visitors, or invaders, were represented as men wholly differing in personal appearance from the tribes of Anahuac; but as resembling, in a remarkable manner, the traditional portrait of the mysterious Quetzalcoatl. Many of them carried deadly weapons, which were said to dart forth thun-

der and lightning at their pleasure; and their leaders were sheathed in complete armor of a beautiful and impenetrable metal. Above all, they were accompanied by several stately and powerful quadrupeds, far superior in size to any known in Anahuac, which were trained to carry their masters, completely armed, upon their backs, and to overthrow their enemies in battle. These astounding strangers were, in fact, a Spanish expedition from the island of Cuba, consisting of sixteen horsemen, and five hundred and fifty-three foot soldiers, under the leading of the renowned Hernando Cortes.

It might be difficult to point out, in the history of mankind, a race of more formidable conquerors, or more ruthless masters, than the mighty nation for whom this little band of adventurers acted in some sort as a forlorn hope. Spain, in the sixteenth century, was undoubtedly the first nation in Europe for military power and enterprising ambition. At the great battle of Ravenna, the Spanish infantry had been found superior in arms and discipline to those formidable Swiss phalanxes, whose victories over the Burgundian chivalry may be regarded as the origin of the modern system of warfare. There needed no more to place the conquerors where the Swedes afterwards stood under Gustavus, the Prussians under Frederick, and the French under Napoleon—at the very head of European soldiery. This power was wielded by a race whose thirst for conquest was inflamed by every feeling which can at once change men into beasts of prey—by the insatiable pride of the Roman, the greedy rapacity of the Hun or the Goth, the fanatic zeal of the Crusader, and the romantic vanity of the knight-errant. The Spanish cavalier may be described, with little exaggeration, as a champion who united the pugnacious ardor of Cæsar, of Alaric, of St. Dominic, and of Amadis de Gaul. And his enthusiastic bravery was generally supported by that constitutional insensibility to hardship and privation, and that apathetic calmness under disappointment or defeat, in which even the English soldier, so justly famed for his physical strength and his undaunted intrepidity, has been found inferior to the degenerate descendants of the American conquerors. But these qualities were unfortunately combined with others, which went far to justify the mingled dread and abhorrence with which even our proud and fearless ances-

tors regarded their perpetual enemy 'the Spaniard.' The energetic Castilian, so indefatigable in pursuing his own selfish ends, displayed much of that callous insensibility to right and justice, and much of that listless indifference to the sufferings of others, which distinguish the natives of Southern Europe. He was, moreover, easily excited to active crimes of the deepest dye, by the intolerant bigotry which was the disgrace of his age, or by the vindictive sensibility to offence which is still the disgrace of his nation. And he frequently added to these grievous failings a burning thirst for wealth, which never flinched from the most fearful danger while a hope of gratification remained. The more ignoble vices of the Spanish character were never so effectually repressed, as by the truly remarkable man who now commanded their army.

Hernando Cortes was the descendant of an ancient and honorable family in the province of Estremadura. He was born in 1485, at the little town of Medellin, and left Spain at the age of nineteen to settle in the West Indies. In a few years he was master of a flourishing estate in the new colony of Cuba, married to a young and beautiful wife, and in high favor with the governor, Velasquez—a weak, haughty and violent man, from whose resentment Cortes had, at his first arrival, incurred considerable peril. In this situation he attained the prime of life. Every thing seemed to promise an old age of peaceful privacy to the wealthy and prosperous colonist. But there was in him an adventurous spirit, which was lulled only, not extinguished, by tranquillity; and he no sooner learned that Velasquez was fitting out a squadron for a voyage of discovery to the American continent, than he used every effort to procure the command. His acknowledged merit, and the interest of his friends, at first prevailed with the governor; but the jealous temper of Velasquez, and his knowledge of the lieutenant's daring and ambitious character, induced him, while the fleet was actually fitting out at St. Jago de Cuba, to change his mind, and determine to appoint another commander. Cortes acted in this emergency, with his usual unhesitating audacity. He got under way by night with all his ships, half stored and equipped as they were, and sailed from Cuba, never more to return—thus at once embracing the alternative of complete success in his enter-

prise, or of irretrievable ruin from the enmity of his employer.

After touching at one or two places on the coast, where they met with a friendly reception, the Spanish fleet arrived in the river Tabasco in March 1519. The natives obstinately refused to permit any communication with the shore; nor was their subjugation in any manner essential to the great object of the expedition. But Cortes, urged by the spirit of knight-errantry, which sometimes overcame his natural good sense and humanity, and, we must in fairness add, by a sincere though mistaken zeal for the honor of Christianity, resolved to plant the cross among these contumacious idolaters. He landed in spite of a desperate resistance, took possession of the neighboring town, and, when the warriors of the nation assembled to repel him, encountered and signally defeated their whole force upon the neighboring plains of Ceutla.

It is not always easy for the pacific reader to form an accurate judgment of the real merit and peril of such an exploit as this, and many others of the same nature hereafter to be noticed. A victory by a small body of troops, over an army twenty or thirty times their number, appears at first sight so prodigious an achievement, that we are apt to account for it in our own minds as we account for the feats of Achilles, or Rinaldo, by ascribing superhuman powers to the one party, or contemptible imbecility to the other. But a moment's reflection will show the real possibility, and the real difficulty, of such a victory. Every man, whether a soldier or not, will readily comprehend, that though fifty thousand men may make a simultaneous charge upon five hundred, it is physically impossible for more than a very small proportion of the assailants to come at any given moment into actual collision with the assailed. When the latter are overpowered, it is not in consequence of each soldier finding himself engaged with several enemies at once, but by the united weight of the hostile column breaking their ranks, or by a rapid succession of determined charges. Both these means of attack require at least the rudiments of military discipline; and consequently an army not possessing those rudiments, can very seldom bring their whole force to bear upon an inferior body drawn up in close order. In such a case, the task of the assailed party consists in repulsing a certain num-

ber of desultory onsets, each of which is made by an enemy inferior in arms, in mutual confidence, and probably in number, to themselves. In other words, the assailants can only hope to succeed by resolutely coming forward to be slaughtered, until their opponents are either exterminated man by man, or overpowered by bodily fatigue. This is a task which human resolution will seldom long support; and when once the courage of an army is quelled, it signifies little whether the panic-stricken multitude be more or fewer in number—for as a modern military writer has shrewdly remarked, a loss which would frighten fifty men will equally frighten fifty thousand. It may therefore be fairly asserted, that almost the only real antagonists defeated at Ceutla, were a few hundred of the bravest Tabascan warriors, and that the rest of their army, except so far as their presence tended to encourage their champions and dishearten their enemies, might as well have been encamped on the shore of the Pacific. The true merit of these singular victories—and it was merit of the very highest order—consisted in the calm and steady confidence with which the Spaniards discerned the weakness of their opponents, and availed themselves of their own strength. A few hundred Swiss pikemen or English archers, would probably have been an obstacle more physically formidable than the largest armies of Anahuac; but to perceive this fact must have required all the cool circumspection which is the highest characteristic of true heroism. The assault of an Indian army was, in short, one of the many trials which are easily surmounted by the brave, but become fearfully perilous to the timid and irresolute.

The Tabascans, now convinced of their inferiority in strength, had none of the motives for persevering resistance which induced the haughty Aztec to prefer death to submission. The day after the battle of Ceutla, an embassy arrived in the Spanish camp bearing offers of peace and homage, which were, of course, readily accepted. Presents were exchanged, allegiance sworn to the King of Spain, and mass celebrated in the principal temple of Tabasco. After this, Cortes continued his voyage along the coast, until he anchored, as we have seen, off Vera Cruz on the 21st of May.

There was naturally great doubt and great difference of opinion, in the royal council at Mexico, whether the Spaniards

should be received in a friendly or a hostile manner. 'But Montezuma,' says Mr. Prescott, 'preferred a halfway course—as usual, the most impolitic. He resolved to send an embassy with such a magnificent present to the strangers, as should impress them with a high idea of his grandeur and resources; while, at the same time, he would forbid their approach to his capital. This was to reveal at once both his wealth and his weakness.* We are rather inclined to dissent from this censure. We think that the determination of Montezuma was upon the whole the wisest that could have been taken; and we suspect, from the conduct of Cortes, that he strongly felt the difficulty thus thrown in his way. It would have been folly to admit the formidable strangers into the heart of the Aztec Empire, if they could be kept out. It would have been equal folly to rush into hostilities against them, if they could be kept out peaceably. But there was a chance that, if neither welcomed nor provoked, they might depart in peace; and this chance we think Montezuma did right to essay. Indeed, there can be no doubt that his policy was very nearly successful. An invitation to the capital, or an unsuccessful assault upon the Spanish camp, would infallibly have been the signal for an immediate march upon Mexico. But the firm yet courteous prohibition of the Indian emperor, discouraged the Spaniards without exasperating them; and they became eager to set sail on their return to Cuba. Cortes himself was indeed, as usual, sanguine and resolute; but it is impossible to conceive that he could have prevailed on his followers to support him, had not a fortunate accident given him the means of raising their hopes of success.

Very shortly after the unfavorable message of Montezuma had been received, an embassy arrived in the Spanish camp from the Totonacs—an Indian tribe inhabiting the coast to the northward of Vera Cruz, and lately subdued by the Aztecs—bearing offers of allegiance, bitter complaints of oppression, and entreaties for protection. 'This communication was eagerly listened to by the general. . . . An important truth now flashed on his mind; for his quick eye discerned, in this spirit of discontent, a potent lever, by the aid of which he might hope to overturn the barbaric empire.† With as little delay as possible,

he marched with his whole army to Cempoalla, the chief city of the Totonacs; where he was welcomed with the utmost delight and veneration. The whole nation was formally taken under the protection of Spain; the idols in the Cempoallan temples were thrown down and replaced by the crucifix; and a Spanish fortress or colony, to be named La Villa Rica, was founded upon the neighboring coast. Some Aztec envoys who chanced to arrive in Cempoalla, and who threatened the Totonacs with the heavy displeasure of Montezuma, were arrested and expelled from the town; and owed their lives to the politic protection of Cortes himself. An embassy was speedily received from their master, remonstrating in very mild terms against this proceeding, and requiring an explanation. Cortes sent back a courteous but evasive answer; and concluded by stating his intention to visit Mexico, and justify his conduct to the Emperor in person.

It was now, we think, that Montezuma was found wanting to his country and himself. After the communication received by Cortes at Vera Cruza, his present message, however respectful in terms, was, in fact, an open defiance of authority. A firm and temperate warning of the consequences, backed by a formidable show of preparation for resistance, might yet have induced the adventurers to pause before they suffered their leader to plunge them into a deadly conflict with a great Empire, of whose power and resources they were wholly ignorant. But Cortes, who perhaps feared such a measure, guarded against its possible effect, by a stroke of that prompt and perilous daring in which he surpassed all men. He exerted his authority and influence to procure a report from the pilots in charge of the fleet, that the ships were unseaworthy; and he unscrupulously acted upon this report, by ordering the whole squadron to be dismantled and sunk by a party of his most devoted followers, without the knowledge of the army. Had this measure been adopted by general consent, it would still have been one of the most daring recorded in history. But the peril which Cortes shared with his followers was trifling compared to that which he incurred from their resentment. The Spanish Chroniclers have not given us the particulars of the mutiny which took place, when the army first learned that their retreat had been wilfully cut off by their leader; but they agree that never was

* Prescott, i. 287.

† Ib. 299.

Cortes in greater danger, and that never did he more dexterously and manfully confront it. It is certain that the indignation of the soldiers was speedily appeased; and that in a few hours they were eagerly summoning their general to lead them at once to the gates of Mexico.

On the 16th of August, the Spanish army, leaving a small garrison in Villa Rica, set forth from Cempoalla on their march to the capital. Their forces amounted to fifteen horsemen, four hundred foot soldiers, and thirteen hundred Totonac warriors; and they were provided with seven pieces of cannon. They proceeded for several days in undisturbed security; for Montezuma had shrunk from resenting the disobedience of Cortes as became an insulted sovereign. But the resistance which the Aztec Emperor dared not require from his own subjects, was soon attempted with the utmost valor and obstinacy by his hereditary enemies.

About halfway between Cempoalla and Mexico, lay the small mountainous state of Tlascala. It was remarkable for containing the only tribe of Anahuac which had successfully resisted the Aztec arms. The Tlascalans, though ruder and poorer than their kinsmen of Tenochtitlan, were in many respects the nobler race of the two. They were as pitiless in their enmity, and as sanguinary in their religious rites; but they were peaceable and inoffensive when unprovoked, eminent for honesty and good faith, and the most resolute and successful warriors in all Anahuac. Upon reaching the frontier of this province, Cortes halted and sent forward a Cempoallan embassy; requesting the alliance of the nation, and offering to assist them against Montezuma—whose enemy he now professed to be. But the Tlascalans either disbelieved his assurances, or, more provident than the Totonacs, suspected that the remedy might prove worse than the disease. With a duplicity very unlike their usual character, they pretended to accept the alliance of the Spaniard; but, at the same time, they made every preparation to resist his further progress. The invading force was successfully encountered by two powerful Tlascalan armies, under their renowned general Xicotencatl. We wish that we could gratify our readers by extracting Mr. Prescott's animated account of the desperate engagements which followed—of the brilliant array of Tlascalan warriors, resplendent in gold, jewels, and feathered mail—of the

hideous shriek or whistle which accompanied their onset—and of the ferocity with which they attacked the Spaniards, cleaving down horse and man with the powerful *maquahuil*.* The conquerors may have afterwards met with greater peril of discomfiture, but they were never so manfully withstood in the open field. At length, however, the horses, the fire-arms, and the discipline of the Europeans, directed by the genius of their Commander, prevailed over the tumultuous efforts of the Tlascalans, who were little superior to the other races of Anahuac in military skill or intelligence. One more effort was made, at the urgent entreaty of the indomitable Xicotencatl, to surprise the Spanish camp by night; but Cortes was upon his guard, and the assailants sustained a bloody repulse. This stroke finished the campaign. An embassy was sent to the Spaniards, requesting peace, and inviting them to Tlascala. They were hospitably received in that city on the 23d of September, and from that day the gallant mountaineers—as faithful and generous in friendship as they were fearless in war—became the most devoted allies of Cortes and his followers.

After residing about three weeks among their new confederates, the Spanish army continued their march, attended by 6000 chosen Tlascalan warriors, to the neighboring city of Cholula, whose inhabitants had sent offers of hospitality to Cortes. Cholula was an ancient and beautiful town, and was looked upon as the metropolis of the Mexican religion—the Benares or Mecca of Anahuac. The adventurers were courteously and splendidly welcomed by the natives, and were quartered in one of the massive temples of the place, where they passed several days in security. But the sharp-sighted Tlascalans, who had frequently warned Cortes against the wily and perfidious character of the Cholulans, speedily brought him intelligence of secret preparations in the city for the destruction of the Spanish army. These suspicions were soon after confirmed by the wife of a Cholulan Cacique; from whom Cortes succeeded in procuring complete information of the intended treachery. The Spaniards were to be attacked and overwhelmed by numbers while leaving the city, in situations where their cavalry and

* The *maquahuil* was a sort of two-handed sword, resembling a quarter-staff, and edged with sharp and brittle blades of obsidian.

artillery could not act; and a force of 20,000 Aztecs was actually encamped near Cholula, in readiness to assist the inhabitants in their perfidious design. The news gave great anxiety to Cortes, for he was already in the toils, and could only baffle the intention of his enemies by submitting to be blockaded in his quarters. But he thought it possible to tempt the Indians to a premature assault upon his present position, and thus to inflict a severe and discouraging blow upon them without exposing his own men. With this hope, he requested the Cholulans to supply him with 2000 warriors, to act as *tamanes*, or porters for the baggage of his army; and in compliance with his request, the required number was, on the morning fixed for his departure, marched into the square or court around which the temple occupied by the Spaniards was built. Then Cortes, secure of his advantage, turned sternly to the Cholulan Caciques, and suddenly upbraided them with their attempted treachery. Before they could recover from their guilty astonishment, the fatal signal was given to the troops. A heavy fire was suddenly opened upon the panic-stricken *tamanes*, and a desperate charge made among them by the exasperated Spaniards. The Cholulan forces lying in ambush without fell into the snare. Overcome by rage and consternation at the news of the massacre, they deserted their posts in the town, and made a tumultuous attempt to storm the temple. But every preparation for defence had been warily made; and the Cholulans were not men to carry a strong post against means of defence which had foiled the warlike Tlascalans in the open field. The assailants—swept away by the artillery, driven back by the charges of the horse, and suddenly attacked in the rear by the zealous Tlascalans, who had been encamped without the city—speedily fled on every side; and the Spaniards, sallying forth in pursuit, plundered the city, until recalled by the orders of Cortes.

Mr. Prescott, always zealous in the cause of mercy and generosity, speaks with severe but not uncandid censure of the massacre of Cholula. He palliates it as the crime of an adventurous soldier in semi-barbarous times, and under bitter provocation; but he acknowledges that it has left a deep stain upon the memory of Cortes. We certainly think that he might have taken much higher ground in defence of his hero. He does not seem to consider that the as-

sault upon the *tamanes* was not an act of vengeance, but a necessary stratagem to obtain deliverance. It was only by throwing the Cholulan ambushes off their guard, that Cortes could hope to tempt them from their advantageous posts in the city. Nothing could have effected this more surely than the actual sight and sound of a conflict, in which their accomplices were perishing for want of rescue. The slaughter of so many defenceless men was no doubt a stern necessity, and we hope and believe that Cortes felt it as such; but we must remember that it *was* a necessity, and that the sufferers had helped to make it so by their own perfidy. Had they been dismissed unhurt, or had their countrymen possessed sufficient coolness to perceive the hopelessness of attempting to save them, the Spaniards could only have left Cholula by fighting their way through a labyrinth of narrow and blockaded streets—an enterprise which, even if finally successful, might well have anticipated the worst disasters of the *Noche Triste*.

Some days after this catastrophe, Cortes quitted the humble city of Cholula, and entered the hereditary dominions of the Aztec race. Here he was forsaken by the Totonac warriors who had followed him thus far. They had stood by him most bravely and faithfully throughout his perilous campaign in Tlascalala; but not even the protection of the mighty strangers could embolden them to confront the offended presence of Montezuma. They were honorably dismissed by Cortes, and then the Spaniards and Tlascalans proceeded to surmount the rugged *sierra* which girds the valley of Mexico. After a toilsome march of two or three days, they arrived in sight of the promised land, lying at their feet in its belt of dark porphyry, and resplendent in the pure and lucid atmosphere of the Tropics. It was a scene of extraordinary beauty, blooming with rich cultivation, adorned with noble sheets of water and stately forests of oak and cedar, and gemmed with the white towers of towns and villages—some nestling amid the luxuriant foliage of the woods, and others appearing to float upon the blue surface of the lakes. So striking was the spectacle, and such a promise of power and prosperity did it display, that the feebleness among the invaders were ready to abandon their enterprise in the very crisis of its fate; and it required all the energy of their resolute leader to restore their zeal for the trial.

Descending the slope of the mountains

which form the southern bulwark of the valley, the adventurers proceeded without opposition until they reached Ajotzinco, a large town at the southern extremity of the Lake of Chalco; where they were visited and welcomed by the King of Texcuco, formerly the ally and colleague of the Mexican Emperor, but now the greatest of his vassals.

Under this honorable guidance, Cortes marched across the causeway which divides the lakes of Chalco and Xochichalco; and proceeded along the eastern shore of the latter to the beautiful city of Iztapalapan. And on the 8th of November he quitted this, his last halting-place, and advanced upon the eastern branch of the great southern causeway of Mexico. During his passage, the lake, on both sides of the dike, was filled with canoes, and even its edges were crowded with eager spectators. The feelings of the Aztecs—a conquering and imperious race, who suddenly saw their power defied, and their homage claimed by a band of wandering strangers, the allies of the detested Tlascalans—may be more easily imagined than described. But those of the triumphant invaders were far from those of unmixed exultation; and the boldest Spaniards confessed that their hearts sank within them, when the closing gates of the fort of Xoloc announced that they were fairly enclosed in the stronghold of the great Montezuma.

At this point—a gateway placed at the spot where the two branches of the southern causeway united—the army was received by the Mexican Emperor in person—a man well qualified, in outward show at least, to represent the barbaric prince. He was in the prime of life, graceful in presence, and handsome in countenance. His portrait, with its regular features, its mild and melancholy eye, and its general air of calm and mournful dignity, bears some resemblance to that of another victim of Spanish ambition—the Moorish prince Boabdil el Chico—so like Montezuma in his character and his misfortunes. Not all the tormenting anxiety of his mind could disturb the self-possession of his deportment; and the Spanish Cavaliers—always excellent judges of politeness—were charmed with the lofty courtesy of his manners, at once full of the consciousness of superiority, and wholly free from its assumption. We pass over Mr. Prescott's picturesque description of the courtly greetings which masked the fears of Montezuma, and the wary distrust

of Cortes; as well as of the barbaric splendor with which the Spaniards and their allies were welcomed to the imperial city. They were quartered in a large range of buildings near the centre of the city, which had formerly been the palace of the Emperor Axayacatl, Montezuma's father; and here they passed several days in repose, constantly visited by the Emperor, and supplied with every comfort by the citizens.

This state of security could not long endure. Cortes, though he somewhat mistook the real character of the Aztec nation, was not so far deceived as to doubt their impatience of his presence. Montezuma had indeed let fall some complimentary expressions, which implied willingness to acknowledge the supremacy of Spain; but it was doubtful whether, supposing him to be in earnest, his subjects would allow him to carry out such an intention. It was soon a subject of anxious consideration with Cortes, what security against a revolt of the city he could find a pretext for demanding; and his plans were hastened by unfavorable tidings from the coast. An Aztec Cacique, named Quauhpopoca, had assaulted the new settlement at Villa Rica; and had been only repulsed after a severe battle, in which the Spanish Commander and several of his men lost their lives. Cortes resolved to make this outrage a plea for the extraordinary measure of requesting, and if necessary compelling, Montezuma to take up his residence in the Spanish quarters—in other words, to become a hostage for the peaceable behavior of his subjects. The Emperor was at first deeply indignant at this daring proposal. But the courteous entreaties of Cortes were backed by the menacing looks and weapons of his most resolute officers; and Montezuma, with his usual timid anxiety to postpone the struggle which he ought to have seen was inevitable, gave a tardy and reluctant consent. He passed with his whole personal retinue, amid the silent consternation of his subjects, to the palace of Axayacatl, where he was received by his captors with the most profound respect. This surprising event took place only a week after the first arrival of the Spaniards in Mexico.

Here, again, we think Mr. Prescott has been somewhat too rigid in his judgment upon the conduct of Cortes. He considers it merely as a stroke of policy, intended to enable the Spaniards to govern in Montezuma's name; and pronounces it 'a proceeding to which few men could have been equal who

had a touch of humanity in their natures.* But we must remember that the lives of the adventurers were at stake, as well as their influence. Rightly or wrongly, they had placed themselves in a position of fearful peril; and it is too much to expect any extraordinary delicacy from men so situated. We should be sorry to argue for expediency against morality; and we by no means assent to Mr. Prescott's concession, that, if the conquest of Mexico were a duty, whatever was necessary to effect it became right also. But though to do evil that good may follow can never be justifiable, it may, where the evil is trifling and the good important, become far from inexcusable. We think the severest moralist might pause before pronouncing a General insensible to humanity, because he cared little for the pride of an Indian prince when the lives of his own followers were at stake. But this is conceding too much. We do not admit that the mortification inflicted on Montezuma was undeserved. We do not admit that his seizure was, what Mr. Prescott calls it, the 'kidnapping of a friendly sovereign.' It was the disarming of a secret enemy. No doubt, he had received the Spaniards with an imposing show of courtesy and friendship. But, while making these professions, he was, as we shall soon find, instigating the assault upon Villa Rica; and, just before, had been in all probability the originator of the conspiracy at Cholula. Surely it was not for such a man to complain that the Spaniards showed want of consideration for his feelings and his dignity. It was something—for Spanish adventurers in the sixteenth century it was much—if they forbore to conflict upon him the fate which he had intended for them. We firmly believe, that Cortes was the only Captain of his day in whose hands Montezuma's life would have been safe for a single moment, after it had become possible to destroy him.

In the mean time Quauhpopoca had been deprived of his government by the authority of his sovereign, and sent under arrest to the capital. Upon his arrival, he was tried and executed, his proceedings being solemnly disowned by Montezuma. But the unfortunate Cacique and his principal accomplices united in throwing the blame of their enterprise upon their perfidious master; and we are sorry to add, that Cortes, giving faith to their assertions, vented his passion by ordering his royal guest to be confined in fetters. His better nature

* Vol. ii. 163.

soon made him ashamed of so useless and ungenerous an insult, and he did what little he could to soothe the anguish inflicted by his cruelty; but nothing could restore the peace of mind and self-respect of the unhappy captive.

Every thing appeared, for three or four months after the seizure of Montezuma, to favor the projects of the Spaniards. The Aztecs continued to obey their Emperor with their usual submissive loyalty, although he remained under restraint. Montezuma himself was induced, without any apparent reluctance, to perform his promises by publicly swearing allegiance to Spain. Cacama, king of Tezcucoc, who protested against this abandonment of national independence as the result of compulsion, was deposed in favor of his brother, a boy of fifteen. Above all, one of the principal Mexican temples was assigned as a place of worship for the Spaniards, the idols were removed, and mass was solemnly performed in the face of the whole city. But this last innovation was too much for Aztec fanaticism. The whole influence of the Priesthood was immediately exerted to inflame the resentment of the people, and it soon became clear that an open struggle was at hand. Montezuma himself warned the Spaniards that the gods had spoken; that he could no longer protect them; and that instant departure was their only hope of safety. Cortes so far acted upon his information, as to make every preparation for a resolute defence; though it seems clear that the past submission of the Mexicans still caused him, acute as he was, to undervalue their stubborn and vindictive bravery. But while affairs were in this state of menacing tranquillity at the capital, tidings arrived from the coast, which warned the Spanish General of a new, an unexpected, and a formidable danger.

Velasquez, the capricious and offended patron of Cortes, had not failed to vow revenge for the very justifiable stratagem by which his Lieutenant had baffled his tyrannical designs. He lost no time in assembling an army and equipping a fleet; the command of which he entrusted to Panfilo de Narvaez, a brave but rash and arrogant officer. This new armament consisted of eighteen vessels, carrying a force of eight hundred infantry and eighty cavalry—the whole, as Mr. Prescott remarks, forming the most powerful armament ever till then equipped in the western hemisphere. On the 23d of April, 1520, Narvaez arrived at

the anchorage of the fleet destroyed by Cortes; and immediately sent messengers to the settlement at Villa Rica, announcing his authority to supersede and arrest Cortes, and requiring an immediate surrender. Villa Rica was at this time commanded by Gonzalo de Sandoval, one of the bravest, and decidedly the most skilful, the most trustworthy, and the most attached, among the companions of Cortes. He promptly sent off the messengers of Narvaez, under close arrest, to Mexico; and then proceeded, with a stubborn resolution worthy of the great soldier whose favorite pupil he was, to prepare his handful of followers for a desperate defence of their post.

The news might have shaken any heart less stout than that of Cortes. Beset as he was in the capital of a hostile Empire, he now found his principal support—the name of the power as whose representative he had appeared—taken from him, and likely to be used for his destruction. His first step was to send back the envoys of Narvaez with cordial offers of friendship, and earnest representations of the common ruin to which hostilities between them must lead; and he then resolutely made his preparations for the worst. He knew that, if he remained at Mexico, he must sooner or later be overpowered; for Narvaez had expressed his determination to set free Montezuma, and the whole Aztec nation were sure to join him against the dreaded *Malintzin*. A sudden and successful *coup-de-main* was his only chance of escape; and that chance, desperate as it seemed, Cortes embraced. He was well aware that Narvaez was indolent and reckless; and that he had become unpopular among his troops, who cared much for the plunder of Tenochtitlan, and little for the punishment of its captors. He thought that though a decisive victory was impossible, a partial disgrace might easily be inflicted upon such a General, and must greatly disgust and dishearten such an army. A single superficial triumph would be sure to make an opening for intrigue and for mutiny; and he might thus at once get rid of his enemy, and procure a powerful reinforcement. Thus reasoning, Cortes set off from Mexico with seventy picked followers, leaving a strong garrison in the palace of Axayacatl; and, drawing in one or two detachments on his route, arrived at the coast with two hundred and sixty-six men. The success of his daring scheme was far more rapid and complete than he could

have ventured to hope. The troops of Narvaez were quartered in the town of Cempoalla, with scarcely the ordinary precautions against surprise, which every small foraging or reconnoitering party adopts in the presence of an enemy. Cortes selected a dark and stormy night—entered Cempoalla with his whole force, and, penetrating to the quarters of Narvaez, made him prisoner, with all his personal attendants. A few desultory attempts to assist or rescue the captured General were easily repulsed—the whole loss on both sides amounting to only eighteen men slain. In the morning the main body of the discomfited army—some discouraged by the loss of their commander, and others, no doubt, heartily glad of an excuse to exchange the service of so incompetent a chief for that of the renowned Cortes—surrendered without further resistance. Fortunate it was for all parties that such was the result; for had Narvaez overpowered his enemy, and taken the command at Mexico, not a Spaniard would ever have returned to tell the tale of the *Noche Triste*.

Scarcely had this formidable peril vanished—scarcely had Cortes secured his triumph, by reconciling the jealousies of his old and new followers—when a messenger arrived from Mexico, bearing the dreaded news that hostilities had actually commenced. The Spaniards had been assaulted more than once, though not yet seriously; and were now upon the point of being blockaded in their quarters by a rapidly increasing force. The prospect of danger was most formidable; but Cortes, even could he have persuaded himself to relinquish the capital, was not a man to desert his comrades. He left Cempoalla at once, with all his own men, and as many of the late followers of Narvaez as he could prevail upon to accompany him; and with this force, amounting to 100 foot and 100 horse, he arrived at Mexico on the 24th of June. He was permitted to cross the valley and enter the city without opposition; and, indeed, he every where remarked, with great anxiety, the ominous distrust with which the natives avoided his line of march. But the deadly provocation which the Aztecs had received in his absence, and the implacable vehemence of their resentment, far surpassed his gloomiest anticipations.

Pedro de Alvarado, the officer left in command at Mexico, was a Cavalier of daring courage and brilliant accomplishments; but reckless and imprudent in his

conduct, and of a rash, fiery, and sometimes ferocious temper. He had the folly and the wickedness to perpetrate, in the great temple of Huitzilopochli, a massacre, which only differed from that of Cholula, in being apparently unprovoked, and certainly unnecessary. Six hundred Aztecs, including many nobles of the highest rank, were said to have perished in it; and the consequence was, of course, the rising in arms of the whole nation. The outrage was as senseless as it was atrocious. Alvarado himself could only excuse it by a vague and improbable tale of concealed weapons and intended treachery; and his real motives are so inexplicable, as to reduce some Spanish historians to the shameful conjecture, that their countryman actually murdered the unhappy Indians, in order to despoil them, like common thieves, of their dress and ornaments. Cortes was struck with consternation by this dreadful tale; he listened to the report of Alvarado in silence, and turned from him, at its conclusion, with a brief and bitter rebuke. But the mischief was irreparable. To inflict the heavy penalty which he had often justly exacted for far less guilty excesses, would have been an act of unjustifiable, because useless and impolitic severity. No reparation could have pacified the infuriated Aztecs; and the bravery of the delinquent, together with his powerful influence over the soldiers, were likely to prove of the highest value in the impending struggle. Nothing therefore remained, but a contest for life or death, between about 1200 Spaniards and 8000 Tlascalans on the one side, and the whole Mexican Empire on the other.

It should seem that the Aztecs, although they might easily have overpowered Alvarado and his garrison, had purposely refrained from pressing the assault, in order to lure back Cortes and the rest of his followers to the capital, and crush the whole invading army together. But scarcely was it known that *Malintzin* was returned to the palace of Axayacatl, when the deserted streets of Mexico were filled with an innumerable army, headed by all the chivalry of the Empire; and the Spanish quarters were desperately assaulted on every side. The attack continued with unabated fury during the five or six following days; though, fortunately for the wearied garrison, the prejudices of the Aztecs forbade any attempts to surprise the place by night. But from sunrise to sunset the besiegers kept up a constant and harassing flight of missiles;

and made such daring efforts to enter the palace, that it was more than once upon the point of being carried by storm. The Spaniards, on the other hand, behaved with their usual skill and valor. They had thirteen pieces of cannon mounted, which never failed to inflict severe loss upon the Aztecs as they advanced to scale the walls; and they met the surviving assailants with such determined resolution, that all who succeeded in penetrating the outer defences perished to a man. The streets were frequently cleared for a considerable distance by the desperate sallies of the cavalry; and these charges were invariably led by Cortes himself, who excited the enthusiastic admiration of the whole army by his prowess in the *mêlée*, and above all, by his self-devotion in rescuing such of his comrades as were in danger of capture. Upon the third day of the siege, it became necessary to drive the enemy out of the great Temple of Huitzilopochli, which commanded the Spanish fortress; and the place was accordingly stormed by three hundred picked men, headed as usual by Cortes, though he was partially disabled by a wound. The defence was desperate; but, after a conflict of three hours, the Temple was carried sword in hand, and the Aztecs who occupied it were almost all cut off. But all these feats of valor seemed ineffectual. The losses of the besiegers were supplied by constant reinforcements, and they persisted in their attacks with undiminished ferocity.

Several attempts at negotiation were made by the garrison, but all proved wholly unsuccessful. The Aztecs would give no answer except the declaration, that the whole invading army should perish upon the altars which they had violated. But what appalled the sagacious Cortes far more than the most boastful threats of vengeance, was the calm and rational view which the enemy seemed to take of their real strength and prospects of victory. They knew, they said, that they could only hope to succeed after numerous failures and severe loss. But they also knew, that success was sooner or later certain, and they were content to buy the life of every Spaniard with those of a hundred Mexicans. Men who could reason thus were dangerous enemies; because they were comparatively secure against the demoralizing influence of defeat, usually so fatal to barbarian armies. It was, however, thought by Cortes, that the influence of Montezuma, who still re-

sided in the palace of Axayacatl, might be exerted to procure favorable terms for the garrison. The captive Emperor willingly consented to make the attempt; for he knew that the unmolested departure of the Spanish army would effect his own liberation; while a triumph over them, achieved in his absence and against his known desire, might be fatal to his authority over his warlike subjects. On the morning of the third day of the siege, he appeared upon the ramparts of the besieged palace, clad in his royal robes, and attended by his whole retinue. He addressed the assailants with his usual dignity, and was at first listened to with profound respect. But when it appeared that he was recommending a truce with the invaders, he was interrupted by curses and revilings, and at length received a severe wound by a volley of missiles from his infuriated audience. The injury was not in itself mortal: but the grief and mortification of Montezuma at such an unprecedented outrage, were too much for his haughty spirit to endure. He expired—to appearance of fever, but in truth of a broken heart—on the 30th of June. He was treated with every possible attention during his short illness; and his body was surrendered to the Aztec chiefs by the Spaniards, all of whom seem to have felt sincere sympathy for the misfortunes of their gracious and courteous host.

The present state of affairs could not last. Nearly three hundred Spaniards, and a great number of Tlascalans, had already been slain or disabled; and another week like the past would leave the garrison incapable of manning the walls of their fortress. Provisions and ammunition were becoming scarce; and, above all, the untried and undisciplined levies of Narvaez were fast losing their self-command, and had already shown ominous symptoms of insubordination. The sole resource left to the besieged, was a desperate effort to cut their way through the enemy to Tlascala; and such was their reluctant determination. The arrangements for their retreat were soon made. The van of the army was commanded by Sandoval, the main body by Cortes himself, and the rear by Alvarado and Velasquez de Leon—a brave and high-born Cavalier, who had led the assault upon Cempoalla. The line of march was to be the western causeway, which connected the capital with the neighboring town of Tlacopan or Tacuba, and was the shortest of the three.

On the night of the 1st of July 1520—a night memorable for its terrors in the annals of New Spain—the besieged army, after hearing mass, marched forth in deep silence from the palace of Axayacatl. They traversed the city unopposed, and apparently unobserved, and arrived in safety upon the causeway of Tacuba. It was about two miles in length, and was intersected by three wide moats or trenches. The first was easily crossed by means of a portable bridge, which Cortes had taken the precaution to provide. But, in the mean time, the alarm was given; the great Mexican war-drum sounded from the summit of the Temple of Huitzilopochli; the dashing of oars was heard rapidly advancing through the stillness of the tropical night; the lake was covered by a rush of innumerable canoes; and the Aztec warriors scaled the causeway on both sides with their usual impetuosity. But amid the fearful tumult of the night-attack, the Spaniards still preserved their presence of mind, and fought their way steadily forward, without any serious loss, until they reached the second gap in the dike. Here the great disaster of that fatal night took place. The portable bridge was eagerly called for, but it was found that the passage of the artillery had wedged it so firmly into the earth of the causeway, that its extrication was impossible. These dreadful tidings shook for a time the firmness of the boldest veterans; and a disorderly rush was made through the shallow water, in which many lives were lost. It is easy to imagine the advantage which the Aztecs, in their canoes, possessed over men swimming for their lives; and, indeed, nothing but the assistance of the horses, most of which perished in this desperate service, and the daring exertions of their riders, enabled the Spaniards to obtain a footing beyond the trench. This, however, was at length effected; the water, being choked with carriages, rubbish, and the bodies of the slain, became tolerably passable; and the army passed slowly on, though still assaulted on every side. It now seemed as if the worst were over; for Cortes, and most of his choicest followers, outstripping the main body of the assailants, arrived at the third trench, and passed it with comparative expedition. But it was soon perceived that the rearguard was making no progress to join them. They were hemmed in by the Aztecs, and would have been already cut off but for the exertions of the fierce Alvarado, who, though wounded and unhorsed,

continued to rally his soldiers, and make good his hopeless post against the enemy. The attempt to rescue him appeared utterly desperate; but the heroic Cortes did not hesitate for a moment. Wounded and weary as he was, he plunged at once into the lake with Sandoval and all his surviving horsemen; reached the scene of action; and, driving back the Mexicans by a desperate charge, enabled most of the infantry to cross the third trench unmolested. But the enemy quickly rallied: the cavalry sustained some loss before they regained the mainland; and none of those whom they left behind succeeded in escaping, except Alvarado himself. He was almost the last man to attempt the passage, and his fate seemed certain; but upon reaching the water's edge, the desperate soldier sprang clear over the trench, with an effort so tremendous, that even his infuriated pursuers paused in astonishment at the sight, and the spot was long after known as the Leap of Alvarado. The battle was now nearly at an end. The remnant of the Spanish army had reached the termination of the causeway; and the Aztecs, whose loss must have been exceedingly severe, showed no desire to intercept their retreat, by renewing the conflict upon the mainland.

There can be no doubt that the passage of the Tacuban causeway would have been regarded, under any ordinary circumstances, not merely as a most providential deliverance, but as a stronger proof of Spanish superiority, than the most decisive victory upon equal terms. An army of little more than seven thousand men, compelled to force their way through such formidable natural obstacles, and that opposed by a force of probably ten times their number, might well consider any thing short of utter annihilation as a glorious triumph. The escape of Cortes himself, with most of his chief officers, and so many of his bravest followers, might therefore have been expected to fill the Mexicans with disappointment and mortification. But the present was no common contest. It was a contest in which the one party openly acknowledged the superior prowess of the other, and risked their hopes of final success solely upon obstinate perseverance in braving defeat. Every success, no matter how imperfect or inglorious—every loss to the enemy, no matter at what expense inflicted—nay, every defeat which helped to exhaust the strength of the victors—was a subject for exultation to the vindictive Aztecs. A few

more months of struggles and sufferings—a little more patience under disgrace and discomfiture—and the mighty invaders would be remembered with the Mammoth and the Mastodon, the evil genii of Indian tradition. The present victory, if victory it could be called, was at all events sufficient to destroy the *prestige* of Spanish invincibility. It was the first conflict in which they had failed to overthrow the army opposed to them. It was the first in which they had abandoned the field of battle to their enemies. Above all, it was the first in which they had sustained a loss of life at all proportioned to the apparent severity of the action. About four hundred and fifty Spaniards, besides nearly four thousand Tlascalans, had been drowned, slain, or taken prisoners. All the horses but twenty-three had perished; the artillery was, of course, entirely lost; and even the muskets and ammunition had been abandoned during the desperate exertion of fording the trenches. Not more than five hundred Spaniards and two thousand Tlascalans remained in fighting condition; and these could only hope for safety by forcing their way through the triumphant enemy, until they should reach Tlascala. It is true that this loss had fallen chiefly on the soldiers of Narvaez, who composed the rearguard; that, except the gallant Velasquez de Leon, few or no Cavaliers of distinction had fallen; and that Cortes had the consolation of seeing most of his old companions—the veterans of Tabasco and Tlascala—still around him. But the prospect was nevertheless most dispiriting; and the fatal battle upon the Causeway has constantly been known in Spanish history by the gloomy title of *La Noche Triste*.

For seven days the Spaniards continued their toilsome march around the northern extremity of the Mexican lakes, and through the *sierra* upon the north-eastern side of the valley. They suffered much from hunger and fatigue; and something from the assaults of the natives, who frequently occupied the heights commanding the road, and annoyed the army with their missiles. But no serious attempt was made to interrupt the retreat, and Cortes began to hope that he should reach Tlascala without any further difficulty. He was soon terribly undeceived. Upon surmounting the ridge which commands the valley of Otompan or Otumba, the Spaniards found their road beset by the whole force of the surrounding country, in such numbers, that

the plain appeared to be filled to the very horizon with weapons and banners. It was a sight which might have chilled the boldest heart: 'and surely,' said the dauntless Cortes himself, 'we all believed this to be the last of our days.' But the habitual cruelty of the Aztecs defeated its own object.

Could the Spaniards have hoped for safety in captivity, it is probable that few, wearied and disheartened as they were, would have followed their General to the assault. But the recollection of the *stone of sacrifice* in the bloody temple of Huitzilopochli, gave unnatural energy to every man among them; and they charged their enemies with their usual determined valor. The encounter was far more arduous and doubtful than usual; for the Mexicans, no longer kept at bay by the fire-arms, closed so resolutely and in such rapid succession, that, although continually beaten off, they were on the point of overpowering the Spaniards by the bodily fatigue of the struggle. The progress of the little phalanx through the disorderly multitude became every moment more laborious; and nothing but the occasional respites afforded by the desperate charges of the cavalry enabled them to keep their ranks. At length the infantry, worn out by wounds and labor, came to a halt; and the weary horses could scarcely repel the assailants, who crowded upon them, says a Spanish Chronicler, like breakers round an islet. But the army was rescued, in this desperate crisis, by the coolness and daring of their General. It chanced that they had penetrated in a direction towards the post of the Mexican Commander-in-chief; and that, during their last deadly struggle, his banner and retinue were visible close in the rear of the assailants. Cortes perceived at a glance the unexpected chance of rescue and victory. He made a sudden and furious charge, cut through the enemy with a few of his bravest Cavaliers, and killed the Mexican General upon the spot with his own hand. Strange as it may seem, the Indians were terror-struck at the moment of victory, by the fall of a man who appears to have been a mere spectator of the battle. They paused in their attack; and their confusion was rapidly changed to a panic and a rout by the resolute advance of the Spanish army. Faint and weary as the victors were, their pursuit was bloody and unsparing. The inveteracy of their enemies had roused them to ferocity; and now, in the simple but significant language of one

who shared in their sufferings and their revenge, 'their wounds no longer pained them, and they ceased to feel hunger and thirst.' The overthrow was complete; and on the succeeding day the Spaniards passed the frontier of Tlascala.

It was still an anxious doubt with Cortes, how far his allies might be disposed to take advantage of his forlorn condition. But he soon found that the single-hearted mountaineers were far superior to so inglorious a revenge. They had begun to regard the Spaniards with the affection which the brave man feels for the faithful comrade of his perils and victories, and they now welcomed them with the warmest compassion and admiration. Nothing was omitted which kindness could do to relieve the wants, to cheer the hearts, and to raise the hopes of the fugitives; and Cortes was solemnly assured by the Chiefs of the Republic, that they would be 'his sure and true friends, even to the death.' An Aztec embassy, sent to request the Tlascalans to make common cause with the nations of Anahuac against the invaders, was dismissed with a peremptory refusal; and when Xicotencatl—who possessed the courage and constancy, but not the generous simplicity, of a Tlascalan warrior—ventured to support their demand, he was driven from the council-chamber by the insults of his indignant colleagues.

Cortes, undismayed by his late disasters, was now more confident than ever of the final conquest of Mexico. He saw that he had miscalculated the spirit and the resources of the nation—that they were not men to allow their capital to be seized by a handful of invaders, however formidable for military skill and prowess. But he also saw great prospect of his being able to meet them with equal forces and on equal terms. He found himself in secure possession of a place of refuge in the heart of Anahuac, from which the whole power of the Aztec Empire could not hope to expel him. He knew that many of the surrounding tribes were disaffected, and that few or none were sincerely devoted to their tyrannical masters. It would be easy, he thought, to sally forth from the mountains of Tlascala; gradually to extend his campaigns over the neighboring country; and to add to his alliance, by force or by persuasion, the principal subject races of Anahuac. He might thus make his army the nucleus of a confederacy, whose forces would be sufficient to invade the valley of

Mexico, besiege the capital, and crush for ever the Aztec dominion.

It took some time to cure the wounds and revive the spirits of the exhausted Spaniards; but still it was early in the autumn when the indefatigable Cortes left Tlascala with his whole army and a strong body of auxiliaries. He first marched against the Tepeacans—a powerful neighboring tribe, who had been active in interrupting and massacring certain Spanish stragglers during the retreat from Mexico—and overthrew their forces in two pitched battles. The Tepeacans—probably sincerely desirous to side with the stronger party, and caring little which might prove so—readily offered their submission; and Cortes fixed his headquarters in their capital. He then besieged two towns on the Mexican frontier which were garrisoned by the Aztecs, stormed them both, and signally defeated an Aztec army which advanced to relieve them. The Cholulans eagerly offered him their alliance—several smaller districts were reduced by his lieutenants—and, in short, the whole country, from the *sierra* of Mexico eastward, was overrun by the Spanish arms. In the mean time, the army received a considerable force of recruits, with a supply of arms, artillery, and ammunition, from some ships which chanced to touch at Vera Cruz; and Cortes now thought himself strong enough to recommence his unparalleled enterprise. He passed some time at Tepeaca, using every means to confirm and conciliate his new allies; and then returned in triumph to Tlascala, to prepare for a second invasion of the valley of Mexico. On the 28th of December, the conqueror took his final departure from Tlascala. His army consisted of 600 Spanish soldiers, with nine cannon, and about forty horses; and of a very large body of Indians, comprising the flower of the Tlascalan, Cholulan, and Tepeacan warriors. Thus provided, he traversed the *sierra*, descended unopposed into the valley, and, on New Year's-eve, fixed his headquarters in the royal city of Tezcuco, whose King and citizens deserted their dwellings at the approach of the invaders.

Cuitlahua, the brother and successor of Montezuma, had died suddenly during the operations in Tepeaca and the neighboring provinces; and their nephew Guatemozin—a youth already eminent for courage, ability, and a deadly hatred of the Spaniards—was now Emperor of Mexico. After

vainly attempting to move the resolute spirit of his new opponent by threats and promises, Cortes, about a week from his arrival in Tezcuco, commenced hostilities by marching upon the neighboring city of Iztapalapan. He defeated the Aztec garrison, stormed the place, and destroyed a considerable part of it. But he was near paying a heavy price for his victory; for the retreating Indians broke up the dikes which protected the streets from the waters of the lake, and it was with considerable difficulty that the army extricated themselves from the flood. The General's next step was to send a detachment under Sandoval to occupy Chalco, a town upon the eastern shore of the lake of the same name, whose inhabitants had intimated their desire to shake off the Aztec yoke. The Spaniards were again victorious; they repulsed the Aztecs, gained possession of the town, and returned in safety to Tezcuco. In the mean time, Cortes himself was diligently employed in reconciling the feuds of his Indian allies, and in preparing for a reconnoitering expedition to Tacuba.

Early in the spring, accordingly, the army left Tezcuco, marched round the north-eastern side of the valley, and succeeded in storming an insular town named Xaltocan, which lay in the northern extremity of the lakes. They then turned to the southward, by the same route which so many of them had traversed in disorder and despair after the battle upon the causeway; reduced several towns of inferior consequence; and finally, after a severe battle and a complete victory, entered Tacuba. Here they remained for six days—in sight of the capital, and engaged in constant skirmishes with its defenders—and then returned to Tezcuco by the way they left it, administering upon their march a bloody repulse to an Aztec detachment which endeavored to harass their rear.

Another expedition to the relief of Chalco, commanded, as before, by the trusty Sandoval, was still more completely successful than the former. The brave Cavalier defeated the Aztecs in a pitched battle; stormed, with incredible toil and danger, two strongholds among the skirts of the southern *sierra*, which had been garrisoned to overawe the revolted city; and returned to Tezcuco with little loss. About the same time a strong reinforcement, and a considerable supply of stores, arrived at the camp from Villa Rica, where three

Spanish vessels had arrived, freighted with supplies for their adventurous countrymen.

Upon the 5th of April 1521, Cortes set forth upon a second reconnoitering expedition, in which he intended to make the circuit of the whole valley. He marched southward by Chalco, entered the neighboring *sierra* by the same passes which Sandoval had penetrated in his last expedition, and, after repulsing several attempts at annoyance by the natives, and storming the strong city of Cuernavaca, emerged again from the mountains upon the south-western side of the valley. Xochimilco, a large city upon the western shore of the lake of Xochichalco, was the next object of his attack. He expelled the Aztec garrison, occupied the place, and defeated, after a desperate battle, a large force sent from Mexico to recover it. The Spaniards then proceeded without opposition to Cojohuacan, a town commanding the western branch of the great southern causeway of Mexico. They even advanced along the dike, and stormed the fort of Xoloc, but did not venture to assault the city. After this, they left Cojohuacan, reached Tacuba after a sharp skirmish with the enemy, and then, pursuing the same route as on their return from the former reconnoitering expedition, regained Tezcuco after an absence of three weeks.

We have hurried as rapidly as possible through these preliminary operations—the soarings and wheelings of the falcon before stooping on his prey—in order to come at once to the great closing struggle of the Aztec monarchy. But, uninteresting as in our hands they may appear, we think that no reader acquainted with Mr. Prescott's work will be surprised at our reluctance to pass them over in entire silence. There is scarcely one of the marches and skirmishes thus briefly and dryly enumerated which does not recall to the memory some feat of heroism, some romantic trait of character, or some perilous vicissitude of fortune. We would gladly fill whole pages with Mr. Prescott's spirited descriptions of the flood at Iztapalapan, the storming of the precipice at Jacapichula, the fearful passage of the ravine at Cuernavaca, the exploits of Sandoval upon his chestnut steed Motilla, or the capture and rescue of Cortes at Xochimilco. Such, indeed, were the dangers confronted and the courage displayed by the Spaniards, that not even their continual success can

diminish our anxious interest in their fate. We follow the little army through its adventures as landmen watch a vessel in a tempest. Long as they have floated in safety, we constantly expect to see them overwhelmed by the next coming wave.

Cortes, on his return to Tezcuco, found every thing prepared for the siege of Mexico. He had a force of nine hundred Spanish soldiers, eighty-seven of whom were horsemen, and a hundred and eighteen musketeers; and he possessed eighteen pieces of cannon. He had, moreover, procured the construction of twelve brigantines, or small sailing craft, which had been built at Tlascala under the direction of a skilful architect named Lopez, taken to pieces, and transported across the mountains by a body of Indian *tamanes*—a thing, said Cortes—and he was no boaster—marvellous to see or hear of. These vessels were by this time completely put together and rigged, and they were launched, as soon as the General had inspected them, amid universal exultation. The largest among them was probably scarcely larger than a modern revenue-cutter, for we find that the crews necessary to work them averaged only a dozen hands each. But to the ignorant Indians the flotilla of *Malintzin* no doubt seemed composed of so many floating castles.

These preparations were, however, interrupted by a strange and dismal event. The Tlascalcan prince Xicotencatl, whom the Spaniards had long found a surly and reluctant ally, could no longer endure to assist in an enterprise so likely to make the hated strangers supreme throughout Anahuac. He abruptly left Tezcuco, and scornfully rejected every command and solicitation to return. The moment was thought to require prompt and severe measures, and Cortes was not a man to lose his authority for want of them. The unfortunate Cacique was seized at Tlascala, sent under arrest to the camp, tried, condemned, and publicly executed as a traitor. His punishment was clearly according to the laws of war; but nothing except urgent necessity could justify the strict enforcement of those laws in the case of an untutored Indian. What particular circumstances induced Cortes to make so formidable an example, we are not informed; but, as he had no conceivable personal motive for the act, and as the Tlascalans appear to have acquiesced without a murmur in its justice, we may hope that the de-

section of the chief was a more dangerous crisis than at first sight it appears.

At length, on the 10th of May, two divisions—each consisting of two hundred Spaniards, and about two thousand five hundred Indian warriors, and commanded, the one by Alvarado, and the other by a distinguished Cavalier named Christoval de Olid—left Tezcucó for the environs of Mexico. The two Captains performed the circuit of the northern end of the lakes without opposition, and established themselves at their appointed posts before the capital—Alvarado in Tacuba, and Olid in Cojohuacan. Sandoval was then dispatched with a similar force to Iztapalapan, of which place he gained possession after some resistance;—thus making the Spanish masters of three out of the four great avenues leading from the mainland into the city. Lastly, Cortes took command of the flotilla, in which were embarked three hundred men, one half of whom were to serve as mariners. He sailed across the lake, dispersed or destroyed with ease some hundreds of the Aztec canoes, and appeared in triumph off Mexico. He then anchored at the fort of Xoloc, landed part of his men, and easily dislodged the garrison. Sandoval was then ordered to march round the lake, and occupy the town of Tepejacac, which commanded the great northern causeway. And thus the blockade of the devoted capital, both by land and by water, was finally completed.

After some days employed in skirmishing, and in strengthening the positions of his army, Cortes commanded a general assault. He himself, with his own division and that of Olid, pushed forward from Xoloc; forced his way through all the defences into the town; stormed the great Temple of Huitzilopochtli, and made good his retreat, though not without peril and difficulty, to his quarters. At the same time, Sandoval and Alvarado advanced along the causeways of Tacuba and Tepejacac, and engaged the Aztecs in the suburbs, but did not enter the gates of the city. Several attacks were afterwards made in the same manner, by which much damage was done to the capital; and the palaces of Axayacatl and Montezuma were burned to the ground. But these destructive incursions—though they clearly proved that no part of the city was secure from immediate storm—did not seem to shake the constancy of the besieged; and Cortes, against his better judgment, was induced, by the impatience of his followers,

to make another grand attempt at carrying the city by assault.

Early upon the appointed morning, the main body of the army advanced in three divisions from Xoloc; while Alvarado and Sandoval, uniting their forces at Tacuba, marched along the western causeway to its support. They all penetrated the city with less resistance than before—with so little, indeed, that their sagacious leader soon suspected a stratagem. His anxiety was increased by the alarming discovery, that the Cavaliers who commanded his vanguard had neglected, in the eagerness of pursuit, to fill up a large ditch or canal which intersected the street; and that, consequently, their retreat, if hard pressed by the enemy, would be exceedingly difficult. But while Cortes and his followers were zealously laboring to supply this fatal omission, the horn of Guatemozin—a signal already dreaded by the bravest Spaniards—was heard to sound from the summit of a neighboring temple. In a few minutes, the tumult of battle was heard rolling fearfully back through the deserted streets; and the van of the Spanish army, overwhelmed by an innumerable force of Aztecs, appeared in full and disorderly retreat. Cortes, though he had still time to retire unmolested, was, as usual, faithful to his distressed comrades. He charged the enemy without hesitation, and fought desperately to cover the passage of the fugitives through the canal. But all his exertions could not prevent great confusion and considerable loss. He was himself in the most imminent personal danger; he received several wounds; and he would have been actually carried off prisoner by the Aztecs, but for the devoted exertions of his men, several of whom, both Spaniards and Tlascalans, perished in his defence. At length, however, the passage was completed; order was restored; and the army—its rear still protected by the indefatigable General at the head of his cavalry—retreated steadily to Xoloc. Alvarado and Sandoval, who had entered the city with more caution, were likewise desperately attacked by the Aztecs, and had considerable difficulty in effecting their retreat. The whole loss of the Spaniards must have amounted to nearly a hundred men, of whom sixty-two were taken alive by the enemy.

The consequences of this repulse were, for a time, most alarming. The defenders of the city were filled with enthusiasm; and the priests openly announced the solemn promise of the Gods of Anahuac, that,

within eight days more, the sacrilegious invaders should be utterly destroyed. This prediction, combined with the failure of the late assault, had so great an effect upon the Indian auxiliaries, that they all—except a few of the most distinguished Tlascalcan chieftains—deserted the Spanish camp—some withdrawing to a short distance, and others setting off for their respective homes. The Spaniards themselves were overwhelmed with grief and despair at the sight of the human sacrifices which took place upon the summits of the Mexican temples; where, for several successive days, most of the unfortunate prisoners were massacred in cold blood by their captors. But Cortes did not allow himself to be disheartened. He knew that his own men, with their flotilla, their cannon, and their strong intrenchments upon the causeways, were well able to maintain the blockade; and, shutting himself up in his quarters, he waited patiently until the last faint gleam of Aztec prosperity disappeared. The eight fatal days passed by; and still the besiegers commanded the lake with their ships, and maintained their posts at Xoloc, Tacuba, and Tepojacac. The Aztecs, less patient than certain political dupes of our own day, lost all confidence when convinced of the palpable falsehood of their oracles. The auxiliaries—ashamed of their irresolution, and alarmed for its consequences—returned in great numbers to their posts, and were graciously welcomed by the polite Cortes. And thus, within a fortnight after the defeat in the city, the confidence of the besiegers was completely restored, and the deliverance of the besieged seemed as remote as ever.

The system of attack next adopted by Cortes, was one which nothing but the sternest necessity could justify. The city was every where open to assault; but it was clear that his soldiers could not penetrate the streets without imminent danger of being overpowered by the defenders. His only resource was therefore to destroy as he advanced every building which could be made a post for defence; and this terrible resolution he at length, not without bitter reluctance, resolved to carry into execution. Shortly after the return of the allies to the camp, the whole besieging army advanced from Xoloc and Tacuba, and established themselves in the suburbs of the capital. A large body of Indian pioneers then proceeded—Cortes setting them the example with his own hands—to level the streets and houses with the ground, and to fill up the canals with the

rubbish. In the mean time the Spaniards, with the choicest Indian warriors, occupied the best positions for the protection of the workmen, who were, of course, greatly exposed to attack. The sallies of the despairing Aztecs, though frequent and formidable, were constantly repulsed; but they inflicted considerable loss upon the imperfectly armed allies by a constant discharge of stones and arrows. Still the Indians—all, by inheritance, either the deadly enemies or the oppressed slaves of the Aztec race—persevered in their task of revenge with unabated zeal and firmness. The very stones of Tenochtitlan were to them objects of abhorrence, and they had no sympathy for the natural regret felt by the Spaniards at the destruction of so splendid a trophy. In this manner, day after day, and week after week, the besiegers continued to work their way through the perishing city, until the summer was far advanced. The palace of Guatemozin himself was destroyed; the principal Temple was stormed and burned to the ground by Alvarado; and at length the Spaniards established themselves in the great square or market-place of Tlatcölco, which had witnessed the overthrow of their vanguard on the day of the general assault. Seven-eighths of the whole magnificent capital were a black and desolate waste; and the surviving citizens were now crowded in the narrow and ruinous streets which had formed its north-eastern quarter.

In the mean time, famine and pestilence had fearfully aided the Spanish sword in thinning the ranks of the besieged. We cannot follow Mr. Prescott through his eloquent but painful description of their miserable sufferings. It is enough that the sight filled the Spaniards, stern and not unjustly exasperated as they were, with horror and compassion. Terms of peace and security, far more favorable than a civilized Commander would have ventured to expect, were earnestly and repeatedly offered to Guatemozin. But the Aztec Emperor was obdurate; and his followers, if unequal to their enemy in the shock of battle, possessed all the invincible passive heroism which distinguishes the aboriginal warrior of America. Exhausted as they were by toil and suffering, they continued to defy and harass the besiegers; and constantly boasted of the ample revenge which they would inflict, when their probation should at length be complete, and the outraged Gods of Anahuac should descend to exterminate their impious enemies and their apostate wor-

shippers. It is impossible to read the description of their patriotic infatuation, without calling to mind that strange conjecture of certain Ethnologists, which ascribes to the North American tribes a Hebrew origin. No two passages of history were ever more precisely similar, in all their moral characteristics, than the siege of Jerusalem by Titus, and that of Mexico by Cortes.

The last scene of the war was now at hand. The surviving Aztecs had been at length brought to bay within limits so narrow, that the besiegers could venture to carry them by storm; and on the 14th of August, Cortes, after long delay and repeated efforts to procure a surrender, unwillingly gave orders for a general assault. The Spaniards—long ago sated with revenge, and filled with disgust at the necessity of butchering men helpless from disease and privation—constantly offered quarter, and saved many lives. But the allies—true to the character of merciless inveteracy which distinguishes their race—were deaf to the commands of Cortes, and spared not a single Aztec who fell into their power. The battle, or rather the massacre, lasted nearly two days, and would probably have been maintained until the besieged had perished to a man, had not an unexpected accident brought it to a sudden conclusion. Among the crew of a Mexican canoe, which was captured by a Spanish brigantine while attempting to reach the shore, was a youthful warrior, whom the captors immediately recognized as Guatemozin himself. The fatal news became generally known to both parties upon the second evening of the assault; and when the besiegers drew off their forces, it was clear that all resistance was at an end.

Upon the morning of the sixteenth of August, 1521, the Aztecs signified their submission. Cortes withdrew his forces from the dreary and pestilential ruins to Cojohuacan; and the remnant of the Aztecs were allowed to retire to their neighboring towns, by the northern and western causeways. They were not more than thirty or forty thousand in number; at least one hundred and twenty thousand souls having, by the most moderate computation, perished in the siege. In three days the last of the forlorn exiles had disappeared; and all that remained of the imperial Tenochtitlan was a bare and desert island, encumbered with ruins, strewed with carcasses, and scathed by fire. Such

was the final extinction of Mexican grandeur and independence.

Here we must reluctantly conclude our brief and imperfect analysis of Mr. Prescott's delightful narrative. Neither the subsequent history of the conqueror himself, nor that of the beautiful country which he subdued, are pleasing subjects of contemplation. Cortes, indeed, lived and died in possession of the wealth and honors which he had so dearly earned. But his noble projects of new discovery were frustrated by the indolence or the jealousy of the Spanish government; and his life was embittered by the insults and chicanery of his enemies, and by the ungrateful neglect of the court. New Spain shared the fate of Naples, of Flanders, of Spain itself—of every country, in short, which underwent the withering influence of the despotism established by Charles V. The Indian tribes degenerated into a drove of heartless slaves, and the colonists into a dynasty of effeminate tyrants, incapable of defending their rich possessions against a few boats' crews of English bucaniers.

The conquest of Mexico has been most unjustly confounded, in the memory of most readers of history, with those of the West Indian and South American provinces—conquests achieved over a timid, harmless, and contented race, and sullied by unprovoked and atrocious cruelties. The conqueror himself is generally regarded as a heroic robber; just so far superior to Pizarro, as ambition is superior to avarice, and unscrupulous sternness to wanton thirst of blood. Nor have any voices joined in this thoughtless cry more eagerly, than those of the degenerate race who now enjoy the fruit of his victories! and to whose tyranny, avarice, or supine indifference, the evils which they impute to him are really owing.

In the first place, we shall not heistate to say, that the liberation of Anahuac from the Aztec yoke was a justifiable enterprise. We hold that, among nations, as among individuals it is a good and honorable action to protect the weak against the oppression of the strong, in all cases where the probable benefits of the attempt appear materially greater than its probable evils. Thus, a declaration of war by France against England to procure the dissolution of the Irish union, or by England against Russia to procure the independence of Poland, would be in the highest degree blamable and ab-

surd: because success would in both cases be very improbable, and could in neither be any compensation for the necessary miseries of such a contest. But no one, we apprehend, would maintain that a European Admiral had acted improperly in forcibly preventing one tribe of South Sea Islanders from massacring another, because here the good effected would be certain and important, and the suffering inflicted comparatively trifling. If this principle be acknowledged, it cannot surely be denied that there has never been a system of oppression more inhuman, or more urgently requiring the interposition of all civilized nations, than that practised by the Mexican Emperors. If we have any fault to find with the conduct of Cortes in undertaking its destruction, it is merely that he suffered his ardor to hurry him into the enterprise with such apparently insufficient means. The obstinacy with which the Aztecs prolonged the war, and by which they inflicted so much loss upon their enemies, and such dreadful miseries upon themselves, must in part be ascribed to the effects of this precipitate rashness. Had a powerful Spanish armament appeared upon their coast, they would, in all probability, have consented to resign their supremacy over the tribes of Anahuac as soon as they found the impossibility of preserving it. It was the apparent certainty of final victory over so small a force as that of Cortes, which tempted them to continue their struggles until long suffering had inflamed their resentment to vindictive desperation, and their courage to reckless impatience of life.

We are far from maintaining, that the sole or the principal motive of Cortes was humane anxiety for the deliverance of the Indian tribes. That would be claiming for him a degree of disinterested virtue which it would scarcely be safe to ascribe even to a Washington. We contend that he acted like a man, not of romantic generosity, but of probity. He found the nations of Anahuac suffering under a most cruel tyranny, and he offered to free them at the risk of his life, upon condition that they would become the vassals of his own sovereign. It may be true that he would not have undertaken their protection, had he not hoped to win the crown of Mexico for Charles V., and the fame and rewards of a hero for himself; but we have no right to say, and no reason to think, that he would have suffered his own interests to lead him into unjust aggression. To pursue purely noble

ends by purely noble means, is the praise of those rare philanthropists whose enthusiastic love of mankind has raised them above the weakness of humanity. To pursue justifiable ends by noble means, is the praise of a great and good man. And he deserves that character of whom we can say—as we say of Cortes—that he achieved a marvellous exploit, and conferred a great benefit upon his fellow-creatures, partly from generous love of justice—partly from sincere and devout, though misguided religious zeal—and partly from selfish, but neither sordid nor unscrupulous, ambition.

It is no answer to this to say, that the good done by Cortes was, in the end, more than counterbalanced by its evil consequences; and to draw a declamatory contrast between the supposed prosperity of the Indian tribes at the discovery of New Spain, and their degradation since the conquest. We must remember that the despotism of the Aztec was cut short in its infancy, while that of the Spaniard has grown to complete maturity. The destruction of Mexico took place only two centuries after the very first appearance of the Aztecs upon the plateau of Anahuac; and most of the provinces subject to their dominion had been subdued within the memory of man. No degree of misgovernment could be expected to destroy all the signs of prosperity in so short a time. But we know that the oppressions of Montezuma had already excited the bitterest discontent among his subjects; and we may safely assume that, but for their opportune deliverance, they would have undergone the most crushing miseries of tyranny in as short a time as human skill could possibly have produced them. Even if we admit the Spanish conquest to have been a great evil, it would be the height of injustice to make Cortes responsible for its worst consequences. He could not prevent the degeneracy of his countrymen. He could not tell that, while the gallant soldiers of Charles V. were fighting for his honor abroad, their sovereign was destroying their rights at home by the miserable war of the *comunidades*. He could not foresee that the grandsons of the high-minded Cavaliers who fought before Granada, would be sordid courtiers, slaves to the Inquisition, and patrons of the *auto-da-fé*. But it is a fact, that he took every precaution in his power to guard the natives of New Spain against the oppression of the colonists; and, though his successors were far from imitating his enlightened policy,

he has at least the merit of having preserved the tribes of Anahuac from the utter extermination which Spanish cruelty had inflicted upon those of the neighboring archipelago.

Mr. Prescott, though generally warm and eloquent in the commendation of his hero, is ready to allow that there are passages in his history which his most zealous admirers would find it impossible to defend. We shall not dissent positively from his authority. But we must in justice add, that with the single exception of the death of Guatemozin, we are unable to recall any important act of his public life which we think would deserve strong reprehension—we will not say in a Spanish adventurer three hundred years ago—but in a British officer at the present day. We have already stated our opinion, that the massacre of Cholula, and the seizure of Montezuma, were justifiable acts of severity—as being well deserved by those upon whom they were inflicted, and absolutely necessary for the safety of those who inflicted them. The miserable ruin of the great city of Mexico, together with the inflexible heroism and dreadful sufferings of its defenders, have afforded a fruitful theme for accusations of cruelty against Cortes. No doubt these terrible disasters would have fearfully aggravated the guilt of an unjust invader. Nor do we refuse our admiration—nay, our warmest and most compassionate sympathy—to the patriotic self-devotion of the unhappy Aztecs. They were ignorant savages; and may be excused for thinking, as wiser tyrants have often thought, that their fellow-creatures were created to be tormented at their pleasure. We are willing to respect them as intrepid martyrs, though not as martyrs in a good cause. But if these men were, in point of fact, robbers and murderers, fighting in defence of their title to rob and murder—if the rights for which they laid down their lives consisted in the privilege of fattening on the spoils, and decimating the youth of the surrounding tribes—surely it would be as unjust to make Cortes answerable for their sufferings, as to blame the commander of a lawful cruiser for the death of a pirate who sinks with his colors flying. It is possible that we may have overlooked the precise transactions which have chiefly induced Mr. Prescott to censure the conqueror of Mexico; but there can be no doubt, that in the morality and humanity of his ordinary conduct as a soldier, Cortes was little behind the

present age, and greatly before his own. In good faith, in forbearance, and in enlightened policy, he was far superior to his contemporaries—far superior to our own countrymen who colonized New England a hundred and fifty years after him. He repressed license and rapacity with just and exemplary vigor—he did all in his power to prevent unnecessary slaughter in the field—he persevered to the last in pressing his offers of life and liberty upon enemies, who constantly murdered every Spaniard on whom they could lay hands. It is true that we have only his own authority, or that of his companions, for these facts. But what Spanish Captain of the sixteenth century, who did not really possess such feelings of humanity, would have thought it worth his while to affect them?

Respecting the high intellectual qualities of Cortes, there can scarcely be any great difference of opinion; though we certainly are inclined to think that common estimation has scarcely done him full justice. To us he appears to have possessed in an eminent degree, many of the greatest qualities of a great Captain. In the scientific combinations of modern strategy, he may have possessed no great skill. But he knew how to form a handful of adventurers into an army, and an army into a state. He knew how to cement confederacies, and how to reconcile the bitterest and most threatening enmities. Above all, he possessed, and in a remarkable degree—that singular faculty of fascinating the imagination, and guiding the resolves, of common men, which is perhaps the surest test of extraordinary natural powers; and which so strongly marks the distinction between the man intended for command by nature, and the man fitted for it by education. Unlike most of the celebrated leaders who have flourished since war became a science, he possessed all the dazzling personal qualities which are necessary to the vulgar idea of a great soldier. Without them, it is probable that all his powers of mind would have failed to achieve the conquest of Mexico. His wild followers would have felt little respect for a chief, however brave and invincible, who travelled in a coach-and-four on the march, shut himself up in his tent with charts and diagrams at the halt, and gave orders through his aides-de-camp on the day of battle. Such men could not appreciate the profound policy which discerned at a glance the weak points of the Aztec Empire. But their rude imaginations

were filled with enthusiasm for the best Lance and the boldest and handsomest Champion of the army; and their hearts glowed with ardent affection to the leader who was ever ready to risk his own life to save that of a companion in arms,—to the kind and cheerful comrade, whose affability and cordiality enlivened alike the march and the bivouac. All those who had fought under his command continued to the last his devoted admirers; and regarded with bitter contempt the efforts of his enemies to depreciate his reputation and to vilify his character. 'It was perhaps intended'—such was the devout conclusion of one of the bravest and most single-hearted of his followers—that he should receive his recompense in a better world; for he was a good Cavalier, most true in his devotions to the Virgin, to the Apostle St. Peter, and to all the other Saints.*

THE LIFE OF THE REV. JOSEPH BLANCO WHITE.

From the Athenæum.

The Life of the Rev. Joseph Blanco White, written by Himself; with Portions of his Correspondence. Edited by John Hamilton Thom. 3 vols. Chapman.

THIS is one of the books which impose the greatest difficulties upon the critic; lest, if we approve, we should be found implicated in its opinions, and if we condemn, we should be accused of injustice towards its subject. The Rev. J. Blanco White was a man who, in his time, was alternately applauded and calumniated, as he passed from one body of religionists to another; maintaining all along, however, a high rank for literary talent, and being honored with the correspondence of the eminent men of his day. Alike the *protégé* of Lord Holland and Mr. Southey, he was set up as it were for a mark—as a man whose changes of opinion were to stand as types of mental growth in the field of theology, and whose inconsistencies were to serve as data for philosophical investigation. Mr. Blanco White seems to have felt that this was the ground on which his reputation stood, and accordingly assumed a license in the conduct of religious thought, which, in other men, would have

been called apostacy or infidelity, but which in him was accepted for eccentricity or original genius. We, however, confess that we see not, in the memoirs before us, evidences of growth, but only a perpetual struggle for light:—while the tendency of his mind was for liberty and absolute independence, his destiny was to pass from one sect to a narrower one, and at length to culminate in the narrowest of all. He wished to burst the thralldom of superstition, but was wanting in the requisite philosophy to achieve his emancipation. He was born a slave, and spent his existence in a vain attempt to cast his shackles. His earliest effort was the most desperate; he first inclined to atheism, next to doubt, next to faith; then he left the church of Rome for that of England, attaching himself to the Evangelical party in it; meantime, as his notes and memoranda show, he was all along teeming with Arian notions, until at last they obtained complete ascendancy over his mind, and led him into the Unitarian connexion.

Under ordinary circumstances, we should dismiss the narrative of such a life to the care of the theological reviews; but Mr. Blanco White's literary reputation commands some respect. Much of the work before us is autobiographical. He drew up two accounts of himself; one a narrative of the events of his life, and the other 'A Sketch of my Mind in England.' To these very frequently also are appended notes written at a subsequent period, severely criticising and correcting the text. Then we have also his Journals and Letters, which have a personal and literary interest; making together a chaos of materials not without value in themselves, and abundantly suggestive of reflection; but leaving to the reader himself to supply the requisite form and order.

The narrative of his life in Spain was sent in weekly portions to Dr. Whately, Archbishop of Dublin, at his Lordship's request. Regarding his family, Mr. B. White tells us that the King of Spain granted to it all the privileges of the Spanish *noblesse*, in perpetuity, by a patent "granted to Don Guillermo White, a native of Waterford, and his descendants, in consideration of his having proved the high respectability of his family, in Ireland," and adds, that, "my family, in fact, may be considered as a small Irish colony, whose members preserve the language and many of the habits and affections which its foun-

* Prescott, iii. 323.

der brought to Spain." At an early age Mr. Blanco White was initiated into mercantile pursuits, but soon announced his preference for the Church. This being just what his mother desired, was a wish easily gratified, particularly as the grave divines who were consulted declared he had a true call. His parents, accordingly, endeavored to bring him up consistently with the models proposed by the Church of Rome:—

"By keeping me from the company of other children, they imagined they could preserve my mind and heart from every contamination. They thus made me a solitary being during my childhood. I well recollect how I looked on the children of the poor who were playing in the streets, and envied their happiness in being allowed to associate with their equals. Had my two sisters, who were younger than myself, resided with my parents when they had grown up to be my playmates, my lot would not have been so hard. But they were sent to a convent, (where my mother had a sister,) to receive their education. This indeed was, in a great degree, a measure of necessity; for my mother, about that time, was taken ill, and continued suffering for many years, so as not to be able to pay the attention she wished to the education of her daughters."

We need not enter into the particulars of the course of school divinity and ascetic practice, which mark the ecclesiastical education of the Roman Church. Mr. Blanco White early sought emancipation therefrom. The works of Feyjoo, a Benedictine, who about the beginning of the eighteenth century, made a bold attack on the scholastic system, and recommended experimental philosophy on the Baconian principles, fell into his hands, and excited in him a great hatred of *established* errors. Shortly afterwards Bacon's *Organum* itself was lent him by a friend. Another friend and fellow student had in his study of Canon Law met with a class of books which, in the spirit of the Jansenist party, aimed at the reduction of the papal power, without questioning the Pope's right to the centre of Christian unity. As many of those books were in French, they studied the language, and thus became introduced to a literature of free-thinking. Singularly enough, Fenelon's *Télémaque* disposed Mr. Blanco White to skepticism. His delight in the descriptions of the sacrifices offered to the gods being intense, and feeling a strong sympathy with the principal personages of the story, the difference, he says, "between

their religion and my own struck me very powerfully, and my admiration of their wisdom and courage suggested the question, why should we feel so perfectly assured that those who worship in that manner were wrong?" But at length a "title" was obtained for him; he received "the four minor orders," and had to submit to the usual devotional tasks, which seem always to have been irksome to him. An accidental holiday at San Lucar, however, came to his aid. The widow lady to whose care he was intrusted, designed a visit to Cadiz. It was violating his parent's injunctions to go thither—but this difficulty was thus disposed of:—

"It was quite inhuman (so, I believe, the good old lady thought to herself,) to keep me a prisoner, and separate me from her own boys, who would not easily part with one, who, to say the truth, was the chief contriver and leader of their sports. Was it lawful to send me to Cadiz, by stealth, and against my parents' injunctions? A knotty point this; but in a country where every person's conscience is in the keeping of another, in an interminable succession of moral trusts, the individual conscience cannot be under the steady discipline of self-governing principle: all that is practised is *obedience* to the opinions of others, and even that obedience is inseparably connected with the idea of a dispensing power. If you can obtain an opinion favorable to your wishes, the responsibility falls on the adviser, and you may enjoy yourself with safety. The adviser, on the other hand, having no consciousness of the action, has no sense of remorse; and thus the whole morality of the country, except in very peculiar cases, wants the steady ground of individual responsibility. Though this observation is too serious to be illustrated by the puerile concern of my going or not going to Cadiz, yet the illustration may be, as it were, *translated* into events and circumstances of more importance. My father could not complain of any breach of trust, if the old lady consulted her priest, and her priest decided in my favor, not by strict law, but by the milder rule of equity—the *flexibility* of the case, as the Manuals of moral Divinity, not otherwise abundant in Greek, technically name this kind of decisions. Fortunately for me, the priest was in favor of a mild interpretation, and I was not allowed to proceed to Cadiz, as a parcel of smuggled goods. My father was not to hear of it; and to avoid all danger on that point, I was not to visit some relations of mine who lived in that city. As those relations had never seen me, my not calling upon them was enough to prevent their finding me out. One thing, however, in the opinion of my gentle keeper, atoned for whatever guilt might attach to the deception. We were not to go to the Play. This was

solemnly promised, and the promise was kept."

Mr. Blanco White, having taken priest's orders, was elected rector of his college, and afterwards became one of the chaplains of the Chapel Royal of St. Ferdinand. At the age of twenty-seven, he was thus possessed of an honorable and comfortable subsistence. A free examination, however, of what he calls "that spurious, but admirably contrived, form" of Christianity in which he had been reared, was preparing the way for its rejection altogether:—

"When I recovered from the trepidation which this violent change had produced, my thoughts were turned to the difficult circumstances of my situation. How was I to act? To be a hypocrite, Nature had put out of my power, even if it had been my wish to act in that character. To relinquish my profession was impossible: the law of the country forbids it, and construes a voluntary relinquishment of all priestly offices into a proof of heresy, punishable with death. Unless I quitted the country, my acting as a priest was inevitable. But how could I expatriate myself without giving a death-blow to my parents? Could any thing justify a step which must be attended by such consequences?"

The circumstances of his sister taking the veil conspired with others to hasten his decision. He seriously thought of emigrating to the United States, but lingered. Then came the Spanish Revolution, during which he acknowledges that he was justly thought an indifferent patriot. He felt, indeed, that a sentence of banishment out of such a country would be a blessing. To remain in Spain was to live on terms with the priesthood, and himself to wear a mask which he now abhorred. Political events seem at last to have compelled him to depart for England.

On his arrival here, it will be in the memory of literary readers that Mr. Blanco White, having previously in Spain made the acquaintance of Lord Holland and Lord John Russell, was at once admitted among the *élite* of English society; through Mr. Children, also, he was introduced to Sir Humphrey Davy, and other scientific and literary characters. He had, at first, great difficulty in mastering the English language, but at length acquired a style of composition which must be pronounced, not only surprising for a foreigner, but good in itself; at once ornate and simple. In due time, Mr. Blanco White was intro-

duced to the French bookseller, Mr. Dulau, and through him to a French emigrant, Juigné, who had become a printer. In conjunction, they set up a Spanish journal—the *Español*. His principle in its management, he tells us, was to promote "the improvement of his native country, by means of a cordial co-operation with England." It continued from the spring of 1810 to that of 1815. In addition to this labor, Mr. White undertook the study of Greek, and also that of the Christian religion, which now he identified with Protestantism, and was a regular communicant in the Church of England. While, however, he was carrying on the publication of the *Español*, he was unwilling to apply for admission as a clergyman of the establishment. But as soon as, by the restoration of Ferdinand and despotism, the Peninsula was closed against his journal, he subscribed to the Thirty-Nine Articles, and established himself at Oxford in the year 1814. In the following year he became, at Lord Holland's solicitation, the tutor to his son and heir, the Hon. Henry Fox. In this office, notwithstanding the kindness of his patron, he found himself miserable, and abruptly left it in 1817. The morbid restlessness of his temperament indisposed him for the task. In 1820 he wrote for the *New Monthly Magazine*, to which he contributed "Doblado's Letters." Such was their success, that they acquired for their author consequence in the book market; and he was solicited by Mr. Macvey Napier for a contribution on Spain to the 'Encyclopedia Britannica,' and by Mr. Ackermann to edit a Spanish journal for Spanish America, which came out quarterly, under the title of *Las Variedades*. Mr. Butler's 'Book of the Roman Catholic Church,' however, now began to attract his attention; and Mr. Blanco White's 'Evidence against Catholicism' being published by Mr. Murray, and turning out successful, he resigned his connexion with Mr. Ackermann's journal, and resolved thenceforth to devote his energies to the cause of religion. His works entitled, 'The Poor Man's Preservative against Popery,' and 'The Second Travels of an Irish Gentleman in search of a Religion,' were among the results of this resolution. In 1829, however, he joined in an enterprise of a more literary character—the *London Review*, of which only two numbers were published. Subsequently, Mr. Blanco White left the Church of England and joined the Unitarians. Notwithstand-

ing this secession, the present Archbishop of Dublin most generously settled on him an allowance of 100*l.* a year, and the Queen presented him out of the Royal Bounty Fund with no less a sum than 300*l.* at one time. He had, therefore, nothing to complain of in the way of persecution for his heresy. In fact, we have scarcely ever read the life of a man who, depending on the most precarious of literary resources, contrived more easily to pass through the perils of his position. Yet it is remarkable, that there is scarcely an arrangement with which Mr. Blanco White does not habitually express great discontent, save and except the pension and bounty above mentioned.

Whatever we may think of Mr. Blanco White's character, and however we may view his mutations of mind, the excellence of his style as an author is such, that these volumes must prove attractive. It only remains to select some specimens of their contents. Take a few passages (the first in a letter to J. S. Mill, Esq.) of a purely literary character :—

"Your notes in pencil would draw out a good article even from my tired brain, if age and illness had not exhausted it. But if I recover a little, I will try what I can do. In point of taste, I agree with Kant, who, if I have not misunderstood him, acknowledges that it cannot be subjected to universal principles. Still, when the model is presented, the principle of approbation or disapprobation should be made out by the *reflecting judgment*. I certainly thought that the observations from which my disapprobation of Lamb's style of humor proceeds, were more generally received than your remarks imply. I ought, however, to have remembered that there is a set of very able men, writing constantly as critics, whose principal fund of humor arises from the *royalting*, (I use their own descriptive word,) carousing, eating, and drinking spirits, which they take a pleasure to bring out before the public, with the same kind of satisfaction as a set of half-drunken noblemen and their parasites at Oxford would feel in showing the world what freedom they can use with it. Their humorous writing is a kind of *Row*. It is unquestionable that much of the *talk* which you find, especially in Blackwood, would be impertinent and coarse in refined company; how then can it be tolerable when addressed to the *public*? I cannot bear Fielding in many parts of his works, though I greatly admire his talent. As for *Gil Blas*, I am a perfect heretic. You have in a few words stated the very ground of my objection: Le Sage's novels are a collection of epigrams upon morals and manners, *made up* for that very purpose. The truth of Nature is to me too sacred to be

so handled. I think I must re-write the article, but whether I succeed or not, I shall not grudge the labor. I have obtained the *Memoirs of Godoy*, which I am reading for the purpose of writing upon them. The barbarous treatment which that man has received, excites my indignation. I am aware that the readers of the Review must not have too much of by-gone Spanish politics; but for the honor of the Review itself, I wish to take the necessary trouble to treat the subject in a manner, that may call up some sympathy for a man whom Europe has not only condemned, but trampled under foot, because a set of people, calling themselves Spanish Patriots, chose to inflict summary punishment on the object of their long-dissembled envy. I have seen Spain licking the dust to flatter him. I have read your Article in the fourth Number with great pleasure. Your father's observations on Architecture coincide with my own. The triumphal arch at the new palace was an eyesore to me when I was in London. It is strange that the architect should not perceive that, unless you stand right before it, the arch throws the whole building out of perspective. The article is written in a masterly style."

On another occasion we have a still more elaborate criticism on *Gil Blas* :—

"I had made an attempt many years ago to read *Gil Blas* a second time, in order to form a well-grounded opinion of its merits; for I have never considered it as a work worthy of the reputation it enjoys; but I was soon tired by the never-ending string of stories, which are brought from every corner of the domains of invention, to swell up the history of a worthless rogue. I have this time surmounted my reluctance: and my final judgment is this. The whole merit of the Romance in question consists in the smoothness of the narrative; and that kind of ingenuity which, by a certain disregard of probability, can turn common life into a source of adventures, interesting to idle curiosity, especially that of the young. But I declare that, in a moral point of view, it is impossible to read any thing more revolting, more pallying to the soul. There is not one trait of disinterested virtue in the whole of the work. Tom Jones is not a flattering representation of life; but how full it is of invigorating pictures of the noble qualities with which nature endows many a heart. In *Gil Blas*, mankind, without exception, consists of odious reptiles; another Mosaic Deluge, but with no ark, would be the fittest end for them: nothing else can satisfy the mind when wishing to free the earth from such a disgusting tribe of reptiles. Moses must have read *Gil Blas* prophetically before he described his *Cataclysmos*. The Spaniards need not be jealous of *Gil Blas*. In my opinion Le Sage must have made use of a large collection of detached Spanish *Novelas*, which abounded in manuscript from the time of Philip II. to that of the

Bourbons. But the talent with which the materials are managed is entirely his own. The most obvious proof of this conjecture arises from the frequent mangling of Spanish names. Le Sage must have been often puzzled by the Spanish hand, in words which are either formed according to no general analogy, or express such allusions as must escape a foreigner—especially one who (as it is ascertained) had never been in the country. I cannot guess, for instance, what word he distorted into *La Coschina*, the name he gives to the gipsy, the mother of *Scipion*; but any Spaniard will instantly perceive that the combination of s, c, l, is repugnant to his language. There are numerous instances of this kind. Le Sage's mind might have for its symbol a snake, agile, flexible, smooth, and cold, with a great readiness to use its sharp teeth. He had no sense of beauty whatever—either physical or moral. There is not a description of scenery in the whole work: his female beauties are slightly described, and just so far as to be made *appétissantes*. Virtue, to him, is an *accident* arising from circumstances; and he is anxious to caution his readers that it is a most dangerous and, after all, a most useless thing in the world. The moral of the whole work is—*Be a clever villain*. I shall carry a thorough hatred of *Gil Blas* to my grave."

We will now extract a few remarks on Shakespeare:—

"It is curious that my Admiration of the great poets has regularly increased with Age. This especially happens to me in regard to Shakespeare. When I came to England, though to a certain degree I had spoken the Language of the country from Childhood, I did not understand it sufficiently to enter into the spirit of Shakespeare's Plays. Nevertheless there were in them Characters, and passages, which I admired, and which, by their peculiar attraction, brought me constantly back to those Compositions. Without making his dramatic Works a peculiar Study, at any time, I have never dropt them for any considerable period. The Marks in my old little Copy prove this. Unfortunately I had it originally only stitched; and upon getting it bound many of those Marks were pared off with part of the Margins: else I could show the progress of my Approbation by the gradual addition of the parallel lines, which I have long used as a Sign of liking a Passage. For a person whose usual Standard of Taste has been the ancient Classics, especially if (as it happened to me) he has studied the French Writers anterior to the Revolution, the stumbling-block in Shakespeare is found not so much in the want of the Unities, as in the novelty and boldness of his Metaphors. It requires a perfect familiarity with the living World of the Poet's imagination, to perceive, at once, the Analogies from which his Metaphors proceed. In external Character and Form those Meta-

phors are so like the figurative language of *Euphuism*, that any one who knows and properly detests it in the extravagant compositions of certain Italian and Spanish Poets, feels an instinctive dislike to many passages of Shakespeare, merely from that *external* resemblance. But the difference between the Bombast of the former, and the true and natural richness of the English Poet, is immense. The two styles have nothing in common except the *Novelty* of the Figures. The *Euphuist* seeks that Novelty blindly, rashly, extravagantly: Shakespeare finds it without effort, under the Inspiration of his Genius. His Metaphors are full of the truest and most vigorous Life. He shows you the secret ties of Relationship by which Nature connects the, apparently, most distant notions. But it must be confessed that he fails in a few instances, and runs into the Bombast which, in his time, had begun to corrupt the Taste of all Europe. Here, as in all cases of superstitious Veneration, the blind Worshippers will stop their ears and cry,—Heresy! Such want of Discrimination, however, shows that the Taste, of which such people boast, is more Profession than Reality. Much indeed has been written on Shakespeare; but I conceive that there is still room for—or rather a real Want of—a work to guide the young Mind in the Study of his Plays—I shall probably be laughed at when I say that I think I could write such a work.—Let the scorning doubt continue: I am not likely to make the trial. * * Last night, just before going to bed, I opened Hamlet, and, reading on for awhile, came to one of the most beautifully tender, as well as original illustrations, which can be met with in any Poet. It had never struck me in the same degree it did this time. The Genius of Shakespeare seems to have dropt a Simile of the greatest beauty almost unconsciously, as the Queen of the Fairies would drop a pearl of immense value, without much thinking when, where, or how. It is the beginning of Laertes' leave-taking Speech to Ophelia.

For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favor,
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood;
*A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent; sweet, not lasting;
The perfume and suppliance of a minute;
No more.*

The simile is so appropriate, and yet so novel; it is so full of Tenderness and Life, that I cannot well express all I feel in its Presence."

We have, too, a clever criticism, whether right or wrong, on Wordsworth:—

"I have just now received the last two volumes of Wordsworth's Poems, stereotyped edition. My efforts to find out that extraordinary excellency which W.'s friends would proclaim in the tone of a Crusade against the infidels who do not think with them, have been repeated and sincere; but I remain still a

heretic. In this extensive collection there are indeed compositions of a very high merit: but there is also a great mass of things which, though scarcely ever without some merit, may be said to be published by an act of wilfulness, and for no other reason whatever. Wordsworth has been spoilt by a *colerie* who, having formed a joint-stock company of wit (wit in the old sense) at school, have carried on its concerns with the most inflexible perseverance. By admiring and praising each other for half a century, they have, as it were, dunned a great part of the public into their interest. Whatever, therefore, owing to habit, to early friendship, to association with the scenery among which the poet has spent his life,—nay, with his wife and children (all of whom, I hear, are amiable)—whatever, I say, revives in the Poet's friends any pleasant recollection, be it even the most childish baby-rhymes, produces delight; and that delight is proclaimed over the country, through Papers, some way or other, in their interest. To those who have not such associations, the Collection in six volumes is exceedingly fatiguing. One is angry almost at every other page, and yet there is so much that makes one respect the writer, that there is no avenging the annoyance by throwing the book away. But, in regard to myself, the most unpleasant result of reading a considerable part of this collection, page after page, is the incessant perception of something like a wailing note, uninterruptedly sounding, with no other change but that which arises from its approaching not unfrequently to a howl, like that of a man under the impression of inspiration, at the sight of sin. This mental drone-pipe is to me intolerable. 'Wail, wail, daughters of the English Jerusalem, for all men are not priests, and all the world is not Tory; there are still wicked men who do not think Buonaparte a fiend incarnate. Woe, woe! Woe to the Church, Woe to the Constitution!' In a word, Mr. Wordsworth is too frequently a *party poet*, and not a small part of his inspiration comes from fanaticism.

"P. S.—If a good musician took it into his head to write down every thing he whistles to himself, or to his children—every idle voluntary which comes up when he sits at the piano, he would produce a collection of music similar to that of Wordsworth's poetry. I do not deny that if the musician were as eminent in his art as W. is in his, there would be many excellent pieces in the collection; but it would contain a great quantity of trash."

The impression which we have received, on a perusal of these volumes, is, that the opinions of Mr. Blanco White were equidistant from those of all religious parties whatever. We have, that is to say, failed, as we hinted at the beginning, to find in the epochs of his destiny the growth of his intellect. There seems to us to be no evolution—but what he was at first, that he

appears to have been at last; with this only difference, that what he named Infidelity or even Atheism, while within the Church of Rome, he denominated Christianity after he forsook the Church of England. Even with the Unitarians, whom he nominally joined, he had little in common, as his correspondence with Dr. Channing, Professor Norton, and George Ripley abundantly shows. They were all willing to claim more validity for the Imagination than he was willing to concede. Any system of opinions may be called Christianity upon the plan adopted by Mr. Blanco White. The logical formula of it is this: "Truth is Christianity: my opinions are true; therefore my opinions are Christianity." These opinions, we repeat, continued substantially the same throughout all his transitions from sect to sect. The modifications they received were merely superficial. From the defects of his education, and the accidents of his position, Mr. Blanco White had, unfortunately, accustomed himself, like many of his countrymen, to disguise his sentiments; he felt it irksome to do so, but he did it; and waited until it was quite *convenient* to throw off the cloak. This he did, both with the Church of Rome and the Church of England. His apology is, that he was incapable of seeing in either case, *à priori*, the evils inherent in these establishments; that he had to discover them by experience; that when he had made the discovery, he struggled to get himself free from contracts into which he had been deluded; and that it was a still longer time before he was satisfied of the conclusion that such evil belongs to all institutional churches. The decision of Mr. Blanco White's honesty depends on the assumption of this as a fact; whether it be so or not, fortunately not having been the keeper of Mr. Blanco White's conscience, we are unable to form a judgment.

MONUMENT TO THE MEMORY OF COLUMBUS.—From Turin, we hear that the king of Sardinia has subscribed 50,000 livres, and the French government 1,000 francs, towards the monument about to be erected at Genoa, to the memory of Columbus, and that it is intended, if possible, to be ready for its inauguration on the 15th of September, 1846,—the day when the Congress of Italian Savans will open at Genoa.—*Athenæum*.

THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

From the British Quarterly Review.

This interesting and valuable article is from the pen of Dr. Vaughan, the worthy Editor of the British Quarterly.—ED.

History of the Colonization of the United States. By George Bancroft. Vols. i. ii. iii. Boston and London.

It is instructive to observe how much is done in the government of the world by the ignorance of men more than by their knowledge. What we do from design is a small amount compared with what we do beyond our forethought. In all our plans we prophesy in part. The action of to-day generates the action of to-morrow. The scheme widens as it advances from purpose towards accomplishment. The one thing intended, brings along with it a host of things not intended; and as our vision takes in a wider compass, consequences and contingencies are seen to multiply. One man creates the void, and another gives it occupancy. One agency unlocks the stream, and a multitude are in waiting to affect its course and issue. Evil comes from good, and good comes from evil. Thus mockery is cast over all human foresight. In this twilight of perception the greatest men have labored—Wycliffe and Luther, Columbus and Bacon. Much that was in their heart they have done, but much more which their heart never conceived have they accomplished. Being dead, they still speak, and they still act—but the further the undulations of their influence extend, the less is the semblance between the things which are realized and the things which were expected. They have done less than they hoped, and more—much that they would have done, and much that they would not have done. In short, in the providence of our world, enough is plain and fixed to give pulsation to virtue and hope in the right-hearted; but enough is obscure and uncertain to rebuke impatience, and to suggest many a lesson of humility.

It was the pleasure of Elizabeth, and of her successors James and Charles, to take upon them the office of the persecutor. In that honorable vocation they found coadjutors of suitable capacity and temper, in Whitgift, Bancroft, and Laud. The sovereign and the priest gave themselves to such employment, in the sagacious expectation that the opinions of men were matters to be shaped according to the royal pleasure,

with little more difficulty than the order of a court ceremonial. But the policy intended to secure an abject submission at home, became the unwilling parent of an enlightened independence abroad. Intolerance of freedom forced it upon new experiments, and proved eminently favorable to its development and power. The seed cast out found a better lodgment, and sent forth a richer fruit. The new world afforded space for its germination and growth which the old could not have supplied; and the new world has re-acted upon the old in the cause of freedom, as the old could not have acted upon itself. Even now, also, we are only in the beginning of that great outburst of enterprise and improvement which we trace to those memorable times, and in great part to the narrow and selfish policy of the agents above named.

The mind of the people of England two centuries since teemed with thoughts and excitements, of which the men of our time have no just conception. Our knowledge in this respect must depend on the force of our imagination, hardly less than on the extent of our reading. The great questions, both in politics and religion, which then agitated society, were comparative novelties. The wonders of the new world, and of the whole southern hemisphere, were discoveries of yesterday. National questions, accordingly, were debated with a degree of passionateness and earnestness, such as we seldom feel; while distant regions loomed before the fancies of men in alliance with every thing shadowy, strange, and mysterious. The old world seemed to be waking at their side, as from the sleep of ages; and a new world rose to their view, presenting treasures which seemed to be inexhaustible. The wonder of to-day was succeeded by the greater wonder of to-morrow, and the revelations seemed to have no end. At the same time, to very many their native land had become as a house of bondage, and the waters of the Atlantic were the stream which separated between them and their promised home.

That feeling is now among the bygone in our social history. But the traces of it are still at times discoverable. The broader and deeper stream, now rolling on, leaves its nooks and eddying points, where something of the past still retains a place, and still secures to it some influence over the present. It is now about twice seven years since we passed a few pleasant weeks in one of the less peopled districts of Dor-

setshire—that county which Charles II. is said to have described as the only county in England fit to be the home of a gentleman. What the qualities were which, in the estimation of royalty, gave so much of the air proper to the home of gentle blood to the county of Dorset, it will not be difficult to conjecture. Dorsetshire is remarkable for the almost total absence of the usual signs of trade and manufactures. It is no less remarkable, as a natural consequence, for the absence of any considerable middle class to separate between the serfs who till the ground, and the lords who own it. Even agriculture is prosecuted within such limits as may consist with leaving an ample portion of its surface in the good feudal condition of extended sheep-walks and open downs. Such Dorsetshire has ever been, such it still is; but, thanks to projected railroads, such we trust it is not always to be.

On the occasion adverted to, we were indebted for a season to the hospitalities of an honest yeoman, whose residence had been occupied in other days by personages of much higher pretension than our host. It was an ancient mansion on a hill-side, overlooking an extended valley, which from the corresponding forms of the hills fronting each other, resembled the bed of some departed Ganges or St. Lawrence. The lower part of the valley was cultivated and wooded, but the high slopes of the hills were treeless and shrubless, except on the spot where the dwelling of our yeoman friend presented itself. That structure, with its somewhat castellated front, with its long ascent of half decayed steps, its mutilated balustrades, and its ample terrace, rose amid lofty elms and chesnuts, forming a picture not the less pleasant to look upon from its contrast with the surrounding barrenness. Altogether this Dorset mansion was of a sort to work powerfully on that superstitious feeling and credulity, which are so deeply rooted in the mind of every rural and secluded population. The sounds which came after nightfall, in the autumnal and winter season, across that valley, from the distant sea, and which passed in such wild and strange notes through the branches of those ancient trees, and through the crazy apertures of that more ancient building, did not fall upon the ear without some awakening effect upon the imagination. The dead, who once had paced those terrace walks were not forgotten; and where could there be a more fitting haunt for

those sights which “we fools of nature” shrink from, than the spaces covered with the deep shadows of those overhanging trees—the living things, which budded and grew in the times of other generations, and which seemed to lift themselves aloft, as in a proud consciousness of being more associated with what has been than with what is. Within, also, there was much to strengthen fancies of this complexion. There were the gloomy stairs, with their dark walls, their long worn steps, and their railwork of massy oak. Apartments, with their antique panellings, their faded tapestry, and their concealed doorways. At night, the birds, who chose their lodgment amidst the ancient masonry of the chimneys, failed not to send their tokens of inquietude into the chambers below, as the gale from the neighboring channel came with tumultuous force upon the land. Part of the building, also, had become a ruin, thickly mantled with ivy, where owls might have pleaded their long holding as a right of tenantry, and from which they sallied forth at such times, as if glad to mingle their screams with the night storm, or to flap their wings against the casement of the sleeper.

To one apartment in that interior a special mystery attached. It bore the name of the book-room. Of that room the master of the house always retained the key. It was a part of his tenure that the contents of the book-room should on no account be disturbed. Among those contents, beside a curious library, were many other curious things—such as a bonnet, said to have been worn by Queen Elizabeth when visiting those western parts of her dominions; also a fan, which had been wielded by that royal hand; a whole suit of kingly apparel, reported to have been worn by Charles II., and to have been left at the mansion by its royal visitor. Above all, a skull was there. It was the skull of a murdered man. The mark of the death wound was visible upon it. Tradition said that the victim of human violence was an African—a faithful servant in the family which once found its stately home beneath that venerable roof. Amidst so much pointing to the dim past, we may be sure that the imagination of the dwellers in the old hall on the hill-side was not by any means unproductive.

Of course we must not confess to any participation in such susceptibilities in our own case. It was, however, a dark night, and a rough one too, when we obtained

our first admission to the mysterious book-room. By the aid of our lamp, we explored the matters of virtu which it contained; examined the dreaded cranium, and found the mark of the wound upon it, strictly as reported. But our attention was soon directed from the curiosities to the literature. The contents of the library we found in no very orderly condition, and not a few of its treasures had evidently suffered much from the state of uselessness to which the whole had been for so long a time reduced. The books were partly on shelves and tables, and partly in heaps upon the floor. Among them were many existing in all the venerableness of the times before the invention of the printing-press. One of these sets proved to be an illuminated vellum transcript of the epistles of Innocent III.—a pontiff who, in common with many of his race during the middle age, conducted a correspondence exceeding that of all the princes of Europe taken together. Many such works were there, and many learned volumes which had strayed from their fellows, and which bore upon them the marks of having suffered much in their wanderings. But the point which has brought the old Dorset hall on the hill-side in this manner to our memory is, that, among the printed works in this long-neglected library, was a number of tracts, and pamphlets, and small publications, relating to the countries of the new world, and to the marvels of recent voyaging. Some of them bore date as far back as the time of Elizabeth, but most of them were of the time of James I., and a little later.

Some hours passed, and we were still beguiled by the perusal and comparison of these remains, which, like some newly-discovered fossil bed, pointed our imagination to a former condition of society, if not to a former world. We felt as though drifted back to those times. We thought we saw good Mr. White, the puritan minister of the neighboring town of Dorchester, as he went forth the spiritual leader of the little band, who, more than two centuries since, sought their spiritual as well as their natural home on the shores of New England. We seemed to listen to the talk of such men as the brave John Smith, and the governor Winthrop; and to be witnesses to the conferences of such men as the lords Say and Brooke, Harry Vane, and John Hampden, as they cogitated their schemes of settlement for injured and free-hearted men on the other side the Western Ocean.

We remembered Queen Elizabeth, too—the grave men who were honored as her counsellors, her own stately presence, her pliant but masculine temper, and the skill with which she dispensed the tokens both of her pleasure and of her pride. Her arts of cajolery to-day, her haughty invective to-morrow, her ambition—her innate love of rule at all times, and in all things. Her successor, also, we remembered—the king whose flesh gave signs of fear at the sight of a drawn sword. One of the most timid among men, having the place of chief over the bravest of nations. The monarch who presumed that he was born a great king, and who supposed that he had made himself a great clerk. The ruler whose soul was below all feeling of enterprise, presiding among a people with whom that feeling was strong, irrepressible, almost boundless. The frivolous imbecile, whose days were spent at the chase or at the cock-pit, and whose nights were given to court gambols, sensuality, and drunkenness; while around him were minds teeming with principles of the most solemn import, and with feelings of the purest and loftiest aspiration. The king who hated the name of freedom, and who strained his feeble and tremulous nerves to curb the genius of a people determined to be free. The least manly of all the sovereigns of Europe, claiming to be honored as a demi-god by a nation animated with the stern thought, and full-grown feeling of manhood, beyond any other nation in Christendom, and perhaps beyond all the nations of Christendom collectively in that age.

In all this we see a large amount of the unnatural, and the source of much inevitable mischief. But this mischief fell with its greatest weight on religion, and on the consciences of devout men. Many of the restless spirits of the time—the gallants as they were called—manifested their iniquitude beneath this unc congenial control; and no scene of action being open to them, either as soldiers abroad, or as inviting them to do some fine thing at home, they many of them turned their attention to the newly-discovered regions of the earth, and to plans of colonization. But your gallants are not good at colonization. That sort of enterprise demands something more rare than courage, and something more valuable than ordinary worldly sagacity. Social virtue is nowhere tested as in infant settlements. Men who goupon such experiments need rooted principle, no less than stoutness of heart, and a spirit of patient endurance.

In England, at the time to which we refer, it was on minds of this better order that the pressure in favor of emigration came with its greatest force. Elizabeth was the sovereign of a double empire. She claimed dominion over the soul as truly as over the body. By her ecclesiastical supremacy, she took under her jurisdiction, not only the things which belonged to Cæsar, but the things which belonged to God. Her prescriptions on the matter of religion, embraced all that her people should believe, and all that they should do. From her pleasure they were to receive every article of their creed, and every direction, even the minutest, in regard to worship. No pontiff had ever exercised a more rigorous domination in this respect, when seated in the midst of his cardinals, than was exercised by Elizabeth, when presiding in her assembly of ecclesiastical commissioners. The men who should deny the right of the pope to assume such powers might be burned before St. Peter's. The men who made the same denial in respect to Elizabeth were hanged at Tyburn. The queen indeed was head of the church in a more intimate degree than of the state, her ecclesiastical functionaries being generally much more manageable in relation to the one, than her parliaments were found to be in relation to the other. Her power in this department was greater than in any other; and by her proud Tudor temper it was guarded with proportionate solicitude, and exercised with proportionate freedom. In her view, to deny her right to rule the conscience of her subjects, was to deny her right to rule at all, and therefore treason, and an offence to be punished as treason.

In stating thus much, we are not venturing upon ground open to debate. We merely refer to the unquestionable facts of history—facts deplored, we presume, by the modern churchman as sincerely as by the modern dissenter. The quarrel between Elizabeth and the puritans did not involve any direct impeachment of the ecclesiastical supremacy of the crown. The complaint of the puritan was, not that the queen had presumed to meddle with church affairs, but that she had not exercised her authority in such matters after the puritan fashion. It was deemed just that the sovereign, as such, should uphold sound theology, and scriptural discipline and worship; but the puritan claimed to be the judge as to the doctrine, regimen, or ritual, which

should be so regarded. Hence conflict ensued between the royal-conscience and the subject-conscience. Opinions which the crown had ruled as being scriptural, the puritan denounced as erroneous; and regulations enjoined as seemly and devout by the one, were described as superstitious or profane by the other.

In the ecclesiastical history of England, the genius of presbyterianism has never proceeded beyond this point. In Scotland, of late years, it has been otherwise. But in our own earlier history, the adherents of that system, while they claimed exemption in some things from the interference of the civil power, in other, and in greater things, they have clung to the aids of that power with a marked tenacity. The history of English presbyterianism, accordingly, has been too much a struggle for ascendancy, and too little a struggle for freedom. But ascendancy not based on right, must not be expected to work rightly. It is the rule of the strongest, and it must be sustained by mere strength, more than by principle, virtue, or goodness.

Even in the age of Elizabeth, however, there were men who had passed beyond the point adverted to—men who could draw the line, not with an infallible, but certainly with a vigorous hand between the secular and the spiritual—men who maintained that membership in a Christian church should be restricted to persons of Christian character; that the ministers of churches so constituted should be Christian men, approved as such by the persons to whom they minister; and that the worship and discipline of those voluntary assemblies should be determined wholly by themselves, and not at all by the secular power. In the reign of Mary, an act of state had set forth the whole people of England as constituting a popish church. On the accession of Elizabeth, an act of state had set forth the same nation as constituting a protestant church. In both cases the people were the same, and the priesthood for the most part remained the same. The bold men to whom we refer demurred to this manner of proceeding. The mixed multitude of people so spoken of, no doubt included many enlightened and sincere Christians, but could not, it was alleged, be described in any sober sense as being truly a church. In like manner, the ministry of such a church might include many devout men; but the validity of a ministry so appointed must rest on moral grounds, and not in

any degree on the state sanctions which might be urged in its favor.

These principles, simple and harmless as they may now seem, struck at the root of ecclesiastical supremacy then claimed by the crown. Elizabeth saw that if such doctrines became prevalent, the one half of her empire, and the half which she especially valued, must pass to other hands. Opinions of this nature, accordingly, were in her view treasonable—treasonable in the worst sense. They embraced that very principle of divided allegiance which had caused Romanism to become so obnoxious. The catholic gave his conscience in religious matters to his particular church. This new sect of protestants gave their conscience immediately to God. In either case, the body and the outward only were reserved in allegiance to the throne, the soul and the inward were given to another. In the judgment of Elizabeth, the man holding such a doctrine could be only half a subject, and its natural tendency was to reduce every crowned head to the condition of being only half a sovereign.

Robert Brown, a clergyman by education and office, and a kinsman to the great Lord Treasurer Burleigh, distinguished himself, about the middle of the reign of Elizabeth, as the promulgator of such opinions. This divine was a personage of ready, earnest, and impassioned utterance, and in his pulpit exhibitions was eminently popular. Crowds assembled to hear him at Cambridge, and subsequently at Norwich, where he was beneficed. As a preacher he was well known through great part of England, and with his itinerant and irregular services in that capacity, he connected the publication of his opinions from the press. One seal of an apostle was not wanting in his instance. In prosecuting his vocation, he found that bonds and imprisonment commonly awaited him. These he bore through many years with the most dogged obstinacy, if not with the most exemplary patience. It was his boast that he had been committed to more than thirty prisons, in some of which his hand could not be seen at noonday. To escape from this inconvenient usage, and from some more severe treatment with which he was threatened, Brown fled to Middleburgh in Zealand, and instituted a church in that city after his own model. But the pastor soon found occasion of disagreement with his new charge, and returning to England, he submitted to the authorities to which he had

been so much opposed, and again became a beneficed clergyman. Brown lived to an extreme old age, but the last forty years of his life were the years of a sorry worlding, and his death is said to have been brought on by one of those fits of passion and self-will to which he was liable.

The story of this unhappy man is instructive. He was one of a class—a zealot in religion, without being religious. His hatred of some real or supposed Christian abuses, was presumed to be evidence of his own Christian character; but while doing so much to mend the religion of other men, it was ere long to be manifest that he had no religion of his own. Passionate opposition to error is not the surest way to truth. Piety is self-government in its highest form. It is the Christian temper which must regenerate Christian institutions.

It was natural that the men who embraced the principles once avowed by this apostate should be solicitous not to be called by his name. But their enemies were no less solicitous to fasten that reproach upon them. To call them Brownists, was to identify them with the extravagant, the fickle, and the base, in the career of Robert Brown. What theologian, or what philosopher even, could be expected to forego so felicitous an occasion of using a nickname. The principles of the said Brown were one thing, and the character of the man another. But how much was to be gained by not seeming to perceive that distinction? The learned and the vulgar—philosophy and Billingsgate—are found, on such occasions, to possess much more in common than is commonly supposed.

But whatever may have been the case with their persecutors, the conscientious men holding the principles which Brown had abandoned, were philosophers enough not to allow themselves to be scared from great truths by the accident of an infelicitous association. They held their secret assemblies. They possessed a private printing press, and issued tracts and treatises, sometimes grave and sometimes satirical, impugning the order of things in the established church, and inculcating their own widely different views on such subjects. In some of these pieces the language employed was not always the softest which might have been chosen. But men perishing under the weight of hard blows, may be excused if they sometimes use hard words. Proclamations were issued to suppress these irregular proceedings, and many

of the alleged delinquents were made to feel that these intimations of the royal pleasure were not so much empty threatening.

Two Brownist ministers, named John Copping and Elias Thacker, were imprisoned in Bury St. Edmund's, on the charge of dispersing books opposed to the ecclesiastical supremacy of the crown, and acknowledging the authority of the queen in civil matters only. Within our own memory, confinement in a jail, especially in some provincial districts, has been connected with enough of the loathsome and the horrible. But of the miseries of such a duration in the age of Elizabeth, we have little conception, except as suggested by some of those painful descriptions which have reached us from the cells of such sufferers. Copping and Thacker might have obtained their liberty on renouncing their errors, and promising conformity. During five long winters their wants and wretchedness were made to plead on the side of submission, but though examined once and again, they wavered not. At length they were apprised that their life would be the cost of their contumacy. On the 4th of June, 1583, Thacker was led to the place of execution. The books which he had been convicted of dispersing were burned in his presence, and the injured man gave noble proof that his religious principles were stronger than his fear of death. Two days afterwards, Copping was conducted to the same spot, and having witnessed the same proceedings, died with the same martyr firmness. It is something to meet death as the soldier meets it, when multitudes share in the common peril; it is more to submit to it in the comparative solitariness of martyrdom, when nothing can come from man except the influence of distant sympathy or admiration; but these sufferers bade adieu to earth amidst circumstances which left them no sustaining power, beside their simple hope of heaven. The scattered and bleeding remnant who would honor their memory, were a people despised as much as they were wronged. The heart is formed to crave a sympathetic power from other hearts, and can be strong without it only as strength shall come to it from a much higher source. Man becomes superior to the terrors of this world, in such circumstances, only as he can take firm hold on a better.

The houses of persons suspected of embracing the opinions professed by these men were often rigorously searched. The

officers employed on those occasions frequently ill-treated even the women and the children of such families, and, under various pretences, often added the spoiling of their goods to insult and oppression. In 1592, fifty-six men of this sect were apprehended while holding a secret assembly for religious worship in a large room in the parish of Islington. The place of meeting was that in which the persecuted protestants had often worshipped during the reign of Queen Mary. These persons were committed to the dungeon in Newgate, the Fleet, Bridewell, and other prisons in the metropolis. One of their number states that their persecutors 'would allow them neither meat, drink, fire, nor lodging, nor suffer any, whose hearts the Lord would stir up for their relief, to have any access to them; purposing, belike, to imprison them to death, as they have done seventeen or eighteen others, in the same noisome jails, within these six years.' Most of these men were needy persons, with families dependent for subsistence on their industry. Their offence was declared to be unbailable, and according to the bad usage of those times, a jail delivery, in place of coming at brief and certain intervals, as with us, was an event which the government managed to evade in particular cases, so as to punish, by means of imprisonment, to any extent, denying to the imprisoned their right to an open, a legal, and a speedy trial. Many, accordingly, died in prison, and the prayer of the men who had been apprehended at Islington was—'We crave for all of us but the liberty either to die openly or to live openly, in the land of our nativity; if we deserve death, it beseemeth the majesty of justice not to see us closely murdered, yea, starved to death with hunger and cold, and stifled in loathsome dungeons; if we be guiltless, we crave but the benefit of our innocence, that we may have peace to serve our God and our prince, in the place of the sepulchres of our fathers.'

Among the persons apprehended in 1592, were Henry Barrow and John Greenwood. In the records of the proceedings against these recusants, the former is described as 'gentleman,' the latter as 'clerk.' Barrow was the author of a petition to parliament on behalf of himself and his suffering brethren, from which the above extracts are taken. The indictment against Barrow and Greenwood charged them with holding and promulgating opinions which impugned the queen's supremacy; with

forming churches, and conducting religious worship contrary to law; and with having indulged in libellous expressions concerning some eminent persons. On these grounds sentence of death was passed on them; and in pursuance of that sentence, they were both conveyed from Newgate to Tyburn.

The rope was fastened to the beam and placed about their necks, and in that state they were allowed for a few moments to address the people collected around them. Those moments they employed in expressing their loyalty to the queen, their submission to the civil government of their country, and their sorrow if they had spoken with irreverence or with improper freedom of any man. They reiterated their faith in the doctrines on account of which they were about to suffer death, but entreated the people to embrace those opinions only as they should appear to be the certain teaching of Holy Scripture. When they had prayed for the queen, their country, and all their enemies and persecutors, and were about to close their eyes on the world, the proceedings were suddenly stayed, and it was announced that her majesty had sent a reprieve. The revulsion of feeling which ensued may be imagined. Consciousness of life suddenly flowed back to hearts from which it seemed to have passed away, and men as 'good as dead' again began to live. The breathless people shared in this reflux of emotion. The condemned men gave expression to their joy as became them—the people did so in loud acclamations; and, as the victims were reconducted from the suburbs of the metropolis to Newgate, the populace in the lanes and streets, and from the windows of the houses, hailed their return as a happy and righteous deliverance. On that day, Barrow sent a statement of these occurrences to a distinguished relative, having access to Elizabeth, pleading that, as his loyalty could no longer be doubtful, he might be set at liberty, or at least be removed from the 'loathsome jayle' of Newgate. But early on the following morning, the two prisoners were again summoned from their cells. All that had taken place on the preceding day proved to be a mockery. It was not true that the bitterness of death had passed. They had again to gather up the strength of nature which might enable them to meet that stroke from the hands of a public executioner, and thus, mentally at least, it was their hard lot to undergo the

penalty of a double dissolution. They were now conveyed to the same spot with more secrecy, and were there disposed of in the manner in which society has been wont to dispose of marauders and cut-throats.

The case of John Penry was similar to that of Barrow and Greenwood, but, in some respects, is a still more affecting illustration of the tyranny of the times. Penry was a native of Wales. He had studied at Cambridge, and had taken his degree at Oxford. He was a young man of considerable scholarship, of sincere and fervent piety, and in the warmth of his religious zeal he ventured to publish a treatise, in which he complained, with some vehemence, of the pride, and secularity, and popishness of the state of things in respect to religion, with which the English nation appeared to be so well content. A warrant was issued for his apprehension, which he eluded, by seeking an asylum in Scotland. But returning to London soon after the execution of Barrow and Greenwood, he was speedily apprehended; and he appears to have foreseen from that moment all that would follow. Lord Chief Justice Popham passed sentence of death upon him, on the ground of certain papers found in his possession, which were construed as seditious. It was pleaded by the accused that no public use had ever been made of those papers, that some of them were not his own, and had not even been more than very slightly examined by him. But defence was vain. He was admonished that his case admitted of no plea that could avail him. From his prison Penry addressed a protestation to the lord-treasurer, containing the following characteristic passages:—

'I am a poor young man, bred and born in the mountains of Wales. I am the first, since the last springing of the gospel in this latter age, that publicly labored to have the blessed seed thereof sown in those barren mountains. I have often rejoiced before my God, as he knoweth, that I had the favor to be born and live under her Majesty for the promoting of this work. And being now to end my days before I am come to the one-half of my years in the likely course of nature, I leave the success of my labors unto such of my countrymen as the Lord is to raise after me. An enemy unto any good order or policy, either in church or commonwealth, was I never. All good learning and knowledge of the arts and tongues I labored to attain unto, and to promote unto the uttermost of my power.

Whatsoever I wrote in religion, the same I did simply for no other end than the bringing of God's truth to light. I never did any thing in this cause (Lord, thou art witness !) for contention, vain-glory, or to draw disciples after me, or to be accounted singular. Whatsoever I wrote or held besides the warrant of the written word, I have always warned all men to leave. And wherein I saw that I had erred myself, I have, as all this land doth now know, confessed my ignorance. Far be it that even the saving of an earthly life, the regard which in nature I ought to have to the desolate outward state of a poor friendless widow, and four poor fatherless infants which I am to leave behind me, or any other outward thing, should enforce me, by the denial of God's truth, contrary to my conscience, to sell my own soul. The Lord, I trust, will never give me over to this sin. Great things in this life I never sought for, not so much as in thought. A mean and base outward state, according to my mean condition, I was content with. Sufficiency I have had, with great outward troubles, but most contented I was with my lot, and content I am, and shall be, with my undeserved and untimely death, beseeching the Lord that it be not laid to the charge of any creature in this land. For I do, from my heart, forgive all those who seek my life, as I desire to be forgiven in the day of strict account, praying for them as for my own soul, that although upon earth we cannot accord, we may yet meet in heaven, unto our eternal comfort and unity. Subscribed with the heart and the hand which never devised or wrote anything to the discredit or defamation of my sovereign Queen Elizabeth, I take it on my death as I hope to have a life after this. By me, John Penry.'

Penry wrote in terms equally noble-hearted and devout to the brethren of the fugitive church adhering to his principles, and still existing in London. On the eighth day after his trial, a warrant was issued for his execution; and on that same day, preparations were made for giving it effect. He was taken in a cart from the Queen's Bench Prison, Southwark, to St. Thomas Waterings, the place where the gallows then stood. All had been done with indecent haste. No crowd had assembled to stimulate him to manhood by their presence, or to greet him with their sympathies. No friend stood near to drop one word of counsel or encouragement. He had his place alone. To God only—the last refuge of those deserted by man—could he look.

The life in his veins flowed in its full vigor, for he was still in the thirty-fourth year of his age. But the power to which he was subject had no pity; the rope was placed about his neck: the signal was given, and for a cause which scarcely merited punishment at all he hung there until dead—the scholar, and the man of piety, consigned to the same doom with the murderer.

But the good people of England, and especially of the metropolis, had their musings and speeches about these proceedings. The men so dealt with were known to be sound protestants,—men of piety, loyalty, and learning; and concerning the government, the prelates, and, above all, concerning Whitgift, the archbishop of Canterbury, and the great patron of these measures, much was said, which conveyed a meaning that could not have been welcome in those quarters. From this time the punishment of such alleged offences by hanging was deemed inexpedient. It was accounted more safe to pursue the same course by means of imprisonment or banishment. The instincts of humanity have often risen up in this form, as a monitory and controlling power, which even the strongest despotism has not reckoned it prudent wholly to disregard. The most successful tyrants have been thus made to learn that there is a point beyond which outraged humanity must not be expected to be silent or submissive.

But imprisonment in those times, from its duration and its miseries, was hardly less terrible, to those who really knew what it meant, than capital punishment; and the long harassed people to whom we refer began to think very generally of voluntary exile as their wisest expedient. Even this course, however, was beset with difficulty. They could escape only by secret means; to be detected was to fall into the snare they were so much concerned to avoid. But the thought of the religious freedom which might be enjoyed in Holland was so welcome, that for that object numbers became willing to bear the pains of separation from their native land, and to brave the dangers of attempting to withdraw from it. Many made that attempt with success, but some were less fortunate. An instance of the latter kind is recorded in the history of Robinson, a clergyman, who had embraced the principles of the Brownists, but who so far modified those principles on some points as to bring them more into the form of modern congregationalism, and who on that account, is generally regarded as the father

of the English Independents. Robinson, and a large company, contracted with the master of a ship for a passage to Holland. They were to embark at Boston, in Lincolnshire, on a certain day, and from a point agreed upon. The captain was not punctual. At length, however, the vessel arrived, and, under cover of the night, the men, and women, and children, all reached the ship in safety. But the captain was a villain. He betrayed them to the officers of the port. The passengers and their goods were immediately removed from the vessel to several boats in waiting to receive them. All their property was turned over and examined, and not a little of it rifled. The persons of the men were searched 'even to their shirts,' and the women were treated with indelicacy and rudeness. When these unhappy people reached the town, crowds assembled to gaze upon them, and many mocked and derided them. Nor was their condition improved when brought before the magistrates. Several were bound over to the assizes, and all were committed to prison. Some were released after a confinement of a few weeks, others after a longer period.

This happened in 1602. In the following spring, Robinson and his friends resolved on making a second attempt of this nature. They made an arrangement for this purpose with a Dutch Captain; and their plan now was, that the men should assemble on a large common, between Grimsby and Hull, a place chosen on account of its remoteness from any town; while the women, the children, and the property of these parties, were to be conveyed to that point of the coast in a barque. The men made their way to the place of rendezvous, in small companies, by land. But the barque reached its destination a day before the ship. The swell of the sea was considerable, and as the females were suffering greatly from that cause, the sailors ran the barque into the shelter of a small creek. The next morning the ship arrived, but through some negligence on the part of the seamen, the vessel containing the women, their little ones, and the property, had run aground. The men stood in groups on the shore, and that no time might be lost, the captain of the ship sent his boat to convey some of them on board. But by this time, so considerable a gathering of people in such a place, and in a manner so unusual, had attracted attention; information had been conveyed to persons of authority in the neighborhood; and as the boat which

had taken the greater part of the men to the ship was proceeding again towards the shore, the captain saw a large company, armed with swords and muskets, and consisting of horse and foot, advancing towards the point where the barque was still ashore, and where the few remaining men had grouped together. Fearing the consequences of his illicit compact, the captain returned to the ship, hoisted sail, and was speedily at sea. Robinson—honest and able general as he was in every sense—had resolved to be the last to embark. He was a witness, accordingly, of the scene of distress and agony which ensued. The outburst of grief was not to be restrained. Some of the women wept aloud, others felt too deeply, or were too much bewildered, to indulge in utterance of any kind; while the children, partly from seeing what had happened, and partly from a vague impression that something dreadful had come, mingled their sobs and cries in the general lamentation. As the sail of that ship faded away upon the distant waters, the wives felt as if one stroke had reduced them all to widowhood, and every child that had reached the years of consciousness, felt as one who in a moment had become fatherless. But thus dark are the chapters in human affairs in which the good have often to become students, and from which they have commonly had to learn their special lessons. The ship soon encountered foul weather, and after being driven far along the coast of Norway, all hope of saving her being at one time abandoned, she at length safely reached Holland. In the meanwhile, persecution at home was found to have become a more tedious and odious affair than formerly, and it so happened, in consequence, that by the year 1608, Robinson and the remainder of his company succeeded in leaving their native country, and in obtaining a quiet settlement in Leyden.

In that city the church under the care of Robinson increased until it numbered more than three hundred members, consisting almost wholly of English exiles. Robinson himself was greatly respected by the clergy of Leyden, and by the professors in the university, and on more than one occasion the pastor of the congregational church in that city gave public proof that his piety, his amiableness, and his eminently practical understanding, were allied with sound scholarship, and with much intellectual vigor and acuteness. He succeeded, also, in communicating much of his well regula-

ted temper to his charge. We have good reason to believe that no church in Europe in that age exhibited more of the wise simplicity of a primitive church, or more of that correctness of habit by which we suppose the primitive churches to have been distinguished.

But there are affinities between certain seeds and certain soils, and where these are wanting, the husbandman may labor never so wisely, and still reap only a small return. It is with the mental in this respect as with the physical. This fact is illustrated in the history of Independency in Holland. In the hands of Robinson that system was exhibited with every advantage, but the Hollanders were not to be attracted by it. On the contrary, the intermarriages between the exiles and the Dutch, the necessity laid upon many of the young to quit the homes of their parents, and some other causes, tended to diminish the number of the Independents, so that, after the lapse of ten years, it began to be apprehended that if some new course were not taken, the principles of the settlers, so far, at least, as Holland was concerned, were likely to become extinct; and, which was more painful still, there was as little prospect as ever of those principles finding any friendly shelter in England. It was this state of things which suggested the expediency of attempting a settlement in the New World. Persecution in England, and apathy in Holland, seemed to point to that course. Nor were the feelings of loyalty without their influence in this matter. Even in the land of the stranger, this much-injured people never failed to evince some pride in speaking of King James as their 'natural prince;' and they manifestly shrunk from the thought of seeing their children cease to be subjects of the British crown. England was still their mother-land; its institutions were the bequests of their own noble-hearted fathers; and, after all their ill treatment, to no spot on earth did the generous nature of these exiles turn with so much force of affection. Their fear, they say, was, 'that their posterity would in a few generations become Dutch, and so lose their interest in the English nation;' while their own desire rather was, 'to enlarge his majesty's dominions and to live under their natural prince.' Moreover, 'a great hope and inward zeal they had of laying some good foundation, or, at least, to make some way thereunto for the propagating and advance-

ment of the gospel of the kingdom of Christ in those remote parts of the world—yea, although they should be but as stepping-stones unto others for the performance of so great a work.' These reasons in favor of such an enterprise were first debated in private. The more they were weighed, the more did obedience to them appear to be a duty. At length they were propounded in public. Solemn days of humiliation were then appointed, that the Divine will might be known. Some of those days were given to private meditation and prayer. On others, the heavenly guidance was sought by conjoint supplications in the house of God. In the end it was agreed—'that part of the church should go before their brethren into America, to prepare for the rest. And if in case the major part of the church should choose to go over with the first, then the pastor should go along with them; but if the major part stayed, that he should then stay with them.'

Our own age is not likely to appreciate the spirit which prompted to this movement in the age of which we are writing. Our philosophy, in connections of this sort, vain as we sometimes are of it, is, for the most part, a very superficial affair. Our greatest pretenders to sagacity in this shape, judge too much of other times by their own, and of other men by themselves. The theology of the congregationalists in Leyden was that of all the reformed churches, but their principles in relation to church polity and religious worship were peculiar to themselves. These principles, moreover, were not adopted as so many points of the expedient or the seemly, but were regarded as taught in the Scriptures, and as taught there no less certainly than the doctrines of their theology. In their judgment, the hand from which they had received the one had given them the other. The polity had come with the theology, because the former was in its nature the best adapted to secure the ends of the latter. Ages of darkness had obscured both, but the time had come in which the influence of the spirit of the Reformation should be extended equally to both. Care about the one was as truly a religious duty as care about the other. Churches constituted as those maxims required, were churches which must cease to be of the world, and must stand forth as the manifest work of God. In them the power of the worldly, which had done so much to obscure the re-

ligion of the gospel could have no place. In their instance, the religious must be fully emancipated from the control of the secular; and the church, possessed of her proper freedom, be prepared to enter on the discharge of her proper mission. Every such church is an enfranchised body, vested with the full power of self-government. It is the government of the religious in the church, adumbrating the just government of the virtuous in the state. It exhibits man religiously as man should be socially. It exacts a moral fitness, preparatory to the conferring of this franchise, and it confers the franchise wherever that fitness is realised. It is a polity devised by Infinite Wisdom to conserve religious truth and religious order; and it contains many suggestive lessons, which, if wisely applied, might suffice to regenerate the condition of the world. Among the means of human improvement, accordingly, these principles are entitled to the highest place. Men have done well in having done so much to rescue from threatened oblivion the remains of ancient literature and art. But in these religious principles, so long buried amidst the ruins of the middle age, there were treasures of much greater worth. The precious things of the scholar or the virtuoso were so many fragments recovered from the past genius of man, but these elements of spiritual government were so much wisdom recovered from the lost revelation of God—the former might contribute to embellish the present, the latter possessed a power to embellish and ennoble the present and the future.

Robinson and his coadjutors may not have been accustomed to express themselves in these precise terms, but the thoughts which these terms convey were all familiar to them; and it was with views thus devout and expanded, that they contemplated their removal to the distant regions of the west. Seed so precious was not to be lost, and how best to conserve it until its wider diffusion should place its extinction beyond all danger, was their great solicitude. It is manifest, from their subsequent history, that in some respects they still needed further light concerning the province of the magistrate in regard to religion, but to the extent above stated they had fairly proceeded. It may be said, indeed, that all this was so much delusion; the notions so valued are not taught in the New Testament, nor can they be shown to be pregnant with any such marvellous tendencies

as are thus ascribed to them. Our answer is, that we are not concerned just now with the question of the truth or falsehood of these opinions, nor with their real or supposed tendencies. We look to these principles simply as having been entertained, and as having been thus viewed; and in this matter of fact alone, we find enough to impart to the conduct of the Pilgrim Fathers the strictest consistency, and, withal, a dignity—a high moral heroism, which has not been surpassed, and which can hardly be said to have been equalled, in the history of ancient or modern nations.

Until 1614, the whole extent of country from Florida to Canada bore the name of North or South Virginia. From that year the northern division began to be known by the name of New England. James had chartered two companies of merchants, the one in London and the other in Plymouth, empowering them to make and regulate settlements along that extended coast, and to the distance of a hundred miles inland.

The Plymouth Company had made little use of their patent, until occasion was afforded them of doing so by the project of the congregation at Leyden. So many of those persons as had resolved to become colonists sold their property and threw the proceeds into a common stock, and their first expenditure from that fund was in the purchase of a small vessel of sixty tons, which bore the name of the *Speedwell*. In that vessel several of the brethren, who were deputed to make some requisite negotiations in England, performed their voyage and returned. But the *Mayflower*, a ship of one hundred and eighty tons, was hired in London, to sail in company with the *Speedwell*. The former vessel was secured for the voyage only, the latter the colonists meant to retain for the service of the settlement. When the *Speedwell* reached Delft Haven, the brethren of the deputation proceeded inland to Leyden, and reported faithfully to the congregation the result of their embassy. They had obtained a document which secured to them liberty of worship, and had made the best terms they could, in other respects, with the company of merchant adventurers at Plymouth.

And now came the season for separation. He was a bold man who was the first to commit himself to a passage across that world of waters which has been since found to separate between the shores of Europe and Africa, and those of the great

western continent. We have sometimes thought, that of all the tests which have been applied to the courage and firmness of the human spirit, that must have been the greatest. Nor was it soon that the dangers and hardships of such a voyage began to be thought inconsiderable. Pirates, and the ships of hostile nations, generally infested those seas. The vessels of those times, also, were few of them of a structure adapted to brave the perils of such a voyage; and the interior economy of ships, if we may so speak, down to a comparatively recent period, left those who made long voyages subject to inconvenience, want, and disease, in a degree happily little known to us. It was from these causes that so long an interval passed after the discovery of North America, and so little was done towards establishing any important relation between that continent and Great Britain. We can excuse the pious men and women of the congregation at Leyden, if when they looked forward to such a voyage, and to the possible beyond it, they had their moments in which the prospect awakened in them something like dismay. But with them prayer had always been the antagonist of fear. To look to their God in the time of trouble was to become strong. On this memorable occasion, accordingly, they gave themselves to religious exercises of special solemnity. A day of humiliation was appointed. On that day their pastor addressed them from the language of the prophet Ezra—'I proclaimed a fast there at the river of Ahava, that we might afflict our souls before God, to seek of him a right way for us and for our little ones, and for all our substance.' Many suitable counsels were given to them, of the nature of which some judgment may be formed from the following passage:—

'Brethren,' said Robinson, 'we are now quickly to part from one another, and whether I may ever live to see your face on earth any more, the God of heaven only knows; but whether the Lord has appointed that or no, I charge you, before God and his blessed angels, that you follow me no further than you have seen me follow the Lord Jesus Christ.

'If God reveal anything to you by any other instrument of his, be as ready to receive it as ever you were to receive any truth by my ministry; for I am verily persuaded the Lord has more truth yet to break forth out of his holy word. For my part, I cannot sufficiently bewail the condition

of the reformed churches, who are come to a period in religion, and will go at present no further than the instruments of their reformation. The Lutherans cannot be drawn to go beyond what Luther saw: whatever part of his will our good God has revealed to Calvin, they will rather die than embrace it. And the Calvinists, you see, stick fast where they were left by that great man of God, who yet saw not all things.

'This is a misery much to be lamented, for though they were burning and shining lights in their times, yet they penetrated not into the whole council of God; but were they now living, would be as willing to embrace further light as that which they first received, for it is not possible the Christian world should come so lately out of such thick antichristian darkness, and that perfection of knowledge should break forth at once.

'I must also advise you to abandon, avoid, and shake off the name BROWNIST. It is a mere nickname, and a brand for the making religion and the professors of it odious to the Christian world.'

There is enough in the enlightened candor and vigorous perception evinced in this passage, to justify the highest praise bestowed on this eminently gifted man. In the religious service adverted to, instruction was followed by prayer, prayer became that of deep feeling, and deep feeling found its vent in abundance of tears. The majority of the congregation determined to remain for the present in Leyden, and Robinson, as before provided in that case, was to remain with them. The number of the colonists was about one hundred and twenty. Most of their brethren, especially the more aged, accompanied them from Leyden to the neighboring port of Delft Haven; and thus, says their own historian, 'they left that good and pleasant city, which had been their resting place about eleven years.' They found the ship in readiness for departure. Some of their friends, who could not accompany them on their leaving Leyden, now contrived to join them; others came from Amsterdam, all being desirous of seeing them once more, and of deferring their farewell to the last moment in which it might be uttered. One night still remained to them. It was a night, we are told, of little sleep; and was employed 'in friendly entertainment and Christian discourse, and other real expressions of true Christian love. The next day they went on board,

when truly doleful was the sight of that sad and mournful parting; to hear what sighs, and sobs, and prayers did sound among them; what tears did gush from every eye, and pithy speeches pierced each other's heart; that sundry of the Dutch strangers who stood spectators could not refrain from tears!

But the tide now seemed to rebuke these delays. Separation, however painful, could be deferred no longer. Robinson fell upon his knees, the whole company around threw themselves into the same posture, and while every cheek of man, of woman, and of their little ones, was bedewed with tears, the man of God sent up his parting prayer from their midst for the much needed blessing of Heaven upon them! Mutual embraces followed, and that leave-taking came, which, to the greater number, was a last leave. The wind was fair. The ship now now glided from her place; all her canvass was spread, and soon the eye, straining to retain the sight of the faint and cloud-like sail, saw nothing save the blue line of the distant sea!

The Speedwell soon reached Southampton, where the Mayflower, with some brethren on board who had not returned to Holland, was awaiting her arrival. The colonists being all now assembled, expressed their mutual congratulations, and directed their thoughts more intently towards their new home. Several weeks, however, were still occupied in making the necessary provisions for so responsible an undertaking. At length, on the 5th of August, in the year 1620, the Speedwell and Mayflower sailed from Southampton. But they had not proceeded far, before Reynolds, the master of the Speedwell, complained of that vessel as being in an unsound state, and insisted that it would be perilous to venture across the Atlantic in her, without considerable repairs. Both ships, accordingly, put in at Dartmouth, from which place, after the Speedwell had been caulked, they again set sail. But when they had run about a hundred leagues, Reynolds again complained of the ship, and both vessels returned to Plymouth. The Speedwell was there abandoned, and the whole company committed themselves to their voyage in the Mayflower. It proved afterwards that Reynolds was treacherous, either fearing that the provisions would not be adequate, or that the expedition from other causes would be a failure. The Speedwell performed several voyages subsequently

without danger. These delays were the more to be regretted, as the summer was now past, and the prospect was that of a winter voyage. On the 6th of September, the Mayflower sailed from Plymouth, and made her way, with a fair wind, to the southwest, until the faint headlands of Old England became to the pilgrims like so much faded cloud, and at length wholly disappeared. They had most of them sighed farewell to the coast of their mother country before, when they had fled from her shores in search of a resting-place in Holland. But this farewell must have been uttered with a deeper feeling, as being more like their last!

The voyage was long, rough, and painful, and at more than one time perilous. In the ninth week the pilgrims came within sight of land, which, on a nearer approach, proved to be that of Cape Cod. The Hudson River, their place of destination, lay farther southward. But the weary voyager, on regaining the sight of the green earth, is eager to plant his foot upon it. The pilgrims yielded to this impulse, and as they reached the shore, 'fell upon their knees, and blessed the God of heaven who had brought them over the vast and furious ocean, and delivered them from many perils and miseries.' It is not too much, to say, that in that first prayer from the soil of the New World, ascending from so feeble a brotherhood amidst a wilderness so desolate, there were the seeds of a new civilization for all mankind, the elements of all freedom for all nations, and the power which in its turn should regenerate all the empires of the earth. Half a day was thus spent. The pilgrims then urged the captain to pursue his course southward. But the Dutch had resolved to establish settlements of their own in those parts, and had bribed the commander to frustrate the purpose of the colonists in that respect. This he did by entangling the ship amidst shoals and breakers, instead of putting out to sea, and foul weather coming on in the early part of the second day, they were driven back to the Cape. It was now the middle of November. The shelter offered at the Cape was inviting. The captain became impatient to dispose of his company and return. He admonished them that nothing should induce him to expose himself and his men to the hazard of wanting provisions. Unless they meant, therefore, that he should at once set them and their goods on shore, and leave them to their course, it

would behave them to adopt their own measures and to act upon them without delay. They knew that the documents they had brought with them from England gave them no authority to attempt a settlement on the land now before them. But the plea of necessity was upon them, and was more than enough to justify them in selecting a home wherever it might be found. The voyage had reduced most of them to a weak and sickly condition. The wild country, as they gazed upon it from their ship, was seen to be covered with thickets and dense woods, and already wore the aspect of winter. No medical aid awaited them on that shore, no friendly greetings, but hardship and danger in every form. They felt that their safety, and such poor comfort as might be left to them, must depend in their power to confide in God and in each other. Hence, before they left the *Mayflower*, they constituted themselves as subjects of 'their dread sovereign, lord King James,' into a body politic, and bound themselves to such obedience in all things as the majority should impose. The men all signed the instrument drawn up for this purpose, but they did not exceed forty-one in number, themselves and their families numbering one hundred and one.

Mr. John Carver was chosen as their governor for one year, and the first act of the new chief was to place himself at the head of sixteen armed men for the purpose of exploring the country. When they had extended their inspections to somewhat more than a mile from the coast, they discovered five Indians, whom they followed several miles further, in the hope of bringing them to some friendly communication, but without success. Directing their steps again towards the shore, they came to a cleared space, where some families of Indians had been not long since resident. But no spot proper to become their home presented itself. One of their number saw a young tree bent down to the earth, apparently by artificial means, and being curious to know what this thing meant, the white man ventured near, when on a sudden the tree sprung up, and in a moment our good pilgrim was seen suspended by the heel in the air. He had been caught in an Indian deer-trap, and we can suppose that even so grave a company would be somewhat amused at such an incident, especially when they had fully extricated their incautious brother without further mischief.

The Bay of Cape Cod is formed by a

tongue of land, which juts out from the continent for thirty miles directly eastward into the sea; it then curves to the north, and stretches as a still narrower strip in that direction to about the same extent. The bay itself, accordingly, is somewhere about thirty miles across either way, being bounded by the main land on the west, by a curved tongue of land on the south and east, and being open to the sea, in its full width, on the north. The second exploring expedition from the *Mayflower* was made with a boat, under the direction of the master, and consisted of thirty men. They sailed several leagues along the coast without discovering any inlet which could serve the purpose of a harbor. In running up a small creek, sufficient to receive boats, but too shallow for shipping, they saw two huts, formed with stakes and covered with mats, which, on their approach, were hastily deserted by the natives who inhabited them. Some of the company would have attempted a settlement at that point, the ground being already cleared, and the place being such as promised to be healthy, while it admitted of being put into a posture of defence. The setting in of winter, of which the colonists were made more sensible every day, manifestly prompted this counsel. But others advised that an excursion should be made twenty leagues northward, where it was certain they might secure good harbors and fishing stations. The boat, however, returned, and a third expedition, which should go round the shores of the whole bay, was resolved upon.

The chief of the colonists were of this company; Carver, Bradford, Winslow and Standish,—all afterwards men of renown,—were of the number, with eight or ten seamen. It was the sixth of December, when they descended from the deck of the *Mayflower* to the boat. So extreme was the cold, that the spray of the sea as it fell on them became ice, and was shaken in heavy fragments from their apparel, which at times was so overlaid as to give them the appearance of men clad in mail. The landscape, as they coasted along, presented little to attract them. Its forests were black and leafless, and its open spaces were covered with snow more than half a foot deep. As they looked round on that scene, they had to remember that they were five hundred miles from the nearest English settlement, and that Port Royal, the nearest French colony, was at a still greater distance. In prospect of such a region, they

might well have prayed that their landing might not be in winter—but such was their lot. That day they reached the spot now known by the name of Billingsgate Point, at the bottom of the bay. Landing in the evening, they passed the night on shore without disturbance. In the morning they divided their company, and directing their course westward, some coasted along in the boat, and others explored the land, crossing its snow-covered hills, and threading its dells and forests with no little difficulty. But this second day was as barren of discovery as the preceding. In the evening, they ran the boat into a creek, and constructing a barricade of trees and logs, they all slept on shore.

They rose at five in the morning, and continued in their prayers till daybreak, when suddenly loud and strange cries were heard, and a shower of arrows was poured in upon them. The Indians had attacked them. They seized their arms, but had not more than four muskets with them, the remainder being left in the boat. The assailants did not disperse on the first fire. One of them, with great courage and dexterity, took his position behind a tree, withstood three volleys, and discharged three arrows in return. But the object of the enemy was to scare rather than to conquer, and when they had retired, the pilgrims again bowed themselves in prayer and thanksgiving before God. They now committed themselves to their third day of search.

Nearly fifty miles of coast they inspected, but the long-sought good—a convenient harbor—was still undiscovered. The pilot, however, had visited those regions before, and assured them that if they would trust themselves to his guidance, they would reach a good haven before night. But the elements did not seem to favor this prediction. The heavens become dark. Heavy rain and snow begin to fall; the wind becomes boisterous; the sea swells; and in the tossings which follow, the rudder is broken, and the boat must now be steered by oars. The men look with anxiety to the sky, the sea, and the land, but all is gloomy, pitiless, and menacing. The storm increases; it is perilous to bear much sail, but all that can be borne must be spread, or it will be in vain to dream of reaching the expected shelter before night. A sudden wave throws the boat upon the wind; in a moment her mast is rifted into three pieces—

mast, sail and tackling are cut away with the utmost speed, and are seen floating on the distant waves. The tide, however, is favorable, but the pilot in dismay would now run the boat on shore in a cove full of breakers. The moment is as the hinge of life to all on board. A stout-hearted seaman exclaims—"If you are men, about with her, or we are gone!" The words are electric; the prow of the boat is again turned to the elements; they make their way through the surf; and within an hour they enter a fair sound, and shelter themselves under the lee of a small rise of land. It is now dark; the rain beats furiously; that dimly-seen shore is the home, probably, of savage men; to descend upon it and to kindle a fire must be perilous—may be fatal. But the men are so wet, so cold, so exhausted! They resolve to land. With difficulty the newly-gathered wood is made to send forth its welcome glow, and then they make such provision as they may for the night.

As the day began to dawn, they found the place on which they had landed to be a small island within the entrance of a harbor. This day was Saturday, and many of their company were so weak and sickly that the greater part of it was given to rest and to such preparations as were necessary for exploring the country. But the next day, being the Sabbath, could not be so employed. The pilgrims felt the advancing season, knew the haste of the captain and crew to return, and remembered the suspense of their families and brethren, from whom they had now been absent three days; but nothing could induce them to overlook the claims of the Christian's day of rest. On the morning of Monday, the 11th of December, old style, these fathers landed at a point, to which they gave the name of New Plymouth, in grateful memory of the hospitality shown them in the last English port from which they sailed. On that spot they resolved to fix their settlement. The anniversary of their landing still calls forth the gratitude and reverence of their posterity, and the rock on which they first planted their foot may be seen with an appropriate enclosure in front of a building of the modern town which bears the name of the Pilgrims' Hall.

In a few days, the *Mayflower* entered the harbor of New Plymouth. But the shore was such, that in landing their goods it was necessary the men should wade con-

siderably in water, which added greatly to the subsequent sickness among them. On the 19th, all quitted the ship, and were immediately employed in building a storehouse, in raising small dwelling-houses, and in disposing of the adjacent ground. In respect to religion, every thing had been determined before their embarkation, and in respect to civil affairs, they had already adopted their polity. Popular government, in its fullest extent, was the element both of the civil and of the ecclesiastical constitution which they had before approved, and which they now confirmed. Their state polity, indeed, was the pure and natural result of circumstances; but their religious polity, as that of an independent or congregational church, they ascribed to a higher source—the authority of Holy Scripture. Had New England been colonized at an earlier period in our history, or had its first successful settlement originated in almost any other manner than that we have described, every thing in its social condition would have derived a strong impression from the older institutions of the mother country. But now all was free, and the great advantage of *beginning* well was secured.

But intent as the settlers were on raising their places of abode, their labor, in that respect proceeded slowly. The season of the year left them only short days, and often on those days only brief intervals, between the storms of sleet and snow, that could be so employed. Nearly all were suffering from fevers, and coughs, and general sickness, brought on by long exposure to unwonted hardships. As the cold increased, disease strengthened, and deaths became frequent. The comparatively healthy were little able to bestow the required attention on the sick, and every funeral was as if the dying had been called to the burying of the dead. At one season there was not more than seven persons capable of performing such offices. Among those who were the earliest cut off, was a son of Carver, the governor. His own sickness and death soon followed, and then his affectionate wife sunk broken-hearted to the grave. Carver was a man of a noble and generous nature. He had sold considerable estates, and had assigned the whole value to the benefit of his companions. In all their trouble, no man descended more readily to the humblest service in behalf of the meanest. The mourning colonists buried him with such military honors as

they could command, discharging several volleys of musketry over his grave. William Bradford, the subsequent historian of the colony, was chosen his successor. But in the course of this melancholy winter, of the hundred and one settlers, fifty were removed by death!

In March, the cold abated, the wind came from the south, and 'the birds sung pleasantly in the woods.' The Mayflower now left the harbor, and returned to England. But after so many had fallen victims to exposure and climate, the remainder were in danger of perishing from want. In the autumn new emigrants arrived. They came without provision. The pilgrim families could not see them die of hunger, and during six months they all subsisted on half allowance only. 'I have seen men stagger, says Winslow, 'by reason of faintness for want of food.' At one juncture, it appeared to be their doom that famine should destroy them. They were saved by the compassion of fishermen, whom foul weather had driven to their coast. Nor did these things soon end. Even in the third year of their settlement, their provisions were so far spent, that, in their own language, 'they knew not at night where to find a bit in the morning.' It is said, that in the spring of 1623, they were reduced to the last pint of corn. That precious pittance, we are told, was parched, and distributed equally among them, and yielded them five grains apiece. In the summer of that year they had no corn whatever, during the space of three or four months. When some of their old friends from Leyden arrived to join them, a piece of fish, with a cup of spring-water, but without bread, was the best supply to which they could bid them welcome. Yet their heart drooped not. The God who had tried them would not forsake them. Such was their faith, and such has become their history.

One cause of this protracted suffering was the common property system, on which the settlement had been founded. Even in a colony of pilgrims, such a merging of the individual in the general interest was found to be too large a demand on the self-denial of human nature.

Religion and philosophy may dream of communities as prospering on such a basis, but it will be all a dream. Amidst the extreme privations of the spring of 1623, it was resolved that this policy should be abandoned. Each family was in future

to possess its own piece of land, and to reap the fruit of its own toil. Contentment and general activity were the result. Even women and children went into the work of the field, and before many more springs had passed, the corn raised in the neighborhood of New Plymouth became an important article of traffic.

Happily, the danger of the colonists from the Indians in those early days was not considerable. Had they proceeded, according to their original intention, to the Hudson River, the tribes in possession of those parts were so powerful as to leave little room to doubt that the fate of so feeble a company would have been to perish by the weapons of the natives. But in the neighborhood of New Plymouth, the tribe which had for some time peopled that district had been of late almost wholly swept away by the ravages of the small-pox—an apt illustration of that freedom from disease which some romantic speculators on the history of society are disposed to reckon among the many felicities of savage life. Is it not strange that these sentimental votaries of primitive barbarism are never seen making any attempt towards returning to the state to which they do such worship? They load our civilization with every sort of abuse, and still they cling to it—cling to it, in all its forms, with a tenacity inferior only to that with which they cling to life. It would be amusing were some of these amiable personages for once to become consistent; but, unfortunately, there is little prospect of such a consummation—this, however, by the way. Some small groups of Indians hovered at intervals in the neighborhood of New Plymouth from the time when the pilgrims took up their abode in it; but it was not until the 16th of March, about three months after their landing, that the first conference took place between the strangers and a native. On that day, an Indian, who had learned a little English from some English fishermen, entered the town; his bow and arrows were in his hand, but his manner, while erect and self-possessed, was peaceful. He exclaimed, and repeated the exclamation—'Welcome, English!' The name of this man was Samoset; the country of his tribe extended to about five days' journey distant.

The settlers showed their best hospitality to the visitor, and obtained from him information concerning the nature of the country, and the number and condition

of its inhabitants. Some days afterwards, Samoset revisited the colony, bringing along with him several of his countrymen. The chief of this company wore a wildcat-skin on his arm, as the badge of his superiority; the rest were partially clothed in deer-skins, but Samoset was naked with the exception of a garment of leather worn about his waist. Their hair was short in front, but hung at great length down their backs. They are described as being tall, well-formed men of a gipsy color in complexion. The colonists feasted their visitors, and their visitors in return amused them with some Indian dances; and, on taking their leave, promised to bring Massasoiet, their king, to pay his respects to his new neighbors, very soon.

On the 22nd of March, Massasoiet, with his brother and about sixty of his people, came to New Plymouth. They came without arms. Captain Standish received them at the head of a file of musketeers, and then conducted the king to the seat of state provided for him, which consisted of three or four cushions piled upon a green rug. The person of Massasoiet was tall and well-proportioned, his countenance was grave and thoughtful, and his words were few. Almost the only ornament which distinguished him from his attendants was a chain of fish-bones, which he wore about his neck. His face was painted of a red color, and on this state occasion both his face and his head were washed over with oil. The governor entered the apartment, preceded by persons who marched to the sound of the drum and trumpet. Massasoiet rose and kissed his excellency, and the governor and king then sat down together. The result of this interview was a treaty of amity between the colonists and the natives, Massasoiet ceding to the pilgrims the possession of the spot on which they dwelt and much of the adjoining territory, and becoming himself a subject of their 'sovereign lord King James.'

These negotiations were much facilitated by the services of an Indian named Squanto. Squanto had been taken captive by the Spaniards, but making his escape to England, and having been kindly treated by the English master into whose hands he had fallen, this rude son of the wilderness manifested his gratitude in his disposition to think well of all Englishmen. He had acted as interpreter between Massasoiet and the governor, in their conference; and when the king returned, the interpreter remained

with the new-comers, and rendered them, in many respects important service.

In the following July, an embassy was sent by the settlers to the residence of Massasoiet, and Squanto was again called to the office of interpreter. In the country through which this embassy passed they saw many corn-fields and considerable pasture land, but the late pestilence appeared to have left every place without inhabitants. The subjects of Massasoiet, who came to meet the ambassadors, showed the friends of their monarch no little kindness—supplying them with the best provisions, bearing their persons on their shoulders across the rivers, and carrying their luggage many miles under the scorching heat of a midsummer sun. When introduced to the king, the Englishmen presented his majesty with a red cotton coat, trimmed with lace, which the monarch received with manifest tokens of pleasure, and in return carried out his utmost notions of courtesy in his conduct towards his visitors. Mr. Winslow, the chief man of the embassy was lodged in the royal bed. That luxury, however, consisted of a few planks only, raised about a foot above the ground. The king and his queen slept at one end, under a thin cover of matting, and two or three of the chief men of the tribe had their place at the other end. As the bed accommodation was indifferent so was it with the board; and if the stay of the ambassadors at the court of Massasoiet was shorter than might have been expected, the plea of hunger is said to have had something to do with hastening their departure.

But the object of the mission was accomplished; the treaty of March was confirmed; the friendly disposition of Massasoiet and his people towards their new allies was strengthened; and the latter had succeeded in inspecting the country, and the numbers and resources of the aborigines, without exposing themselves to danger, or calling forth suspicion. Squanto, the learned person who acted as interlocutor on these diplomatic occasions, with all his good qualities, had a strong infusion of the knave in him. He more than once gave evidence that the morality which trusts to the end to sanctify the means, is an obliquity of the human conscience which must be traced to causes much more remote than the conventionalisms of particular churches, or of particular schools of philosophy. On one occasion, being desirous of frustrating a combination amongst the neighboring tribes

against the people of New Plymouth, this man who had seen the world, gravely assured the belligerents, that should they attack the English, they would find that among the extraordinary powers possessed by that people, was the power of corking up the plague, or of sending it abroad at pleasure. He admonished them that several of the barrels in the storehouse of the colony were assuredly filled with the small-pox; and that were the strangers to loose the bung of one of those fatal vessels, in any district, all the people would certainly be destroyed by means of that pestilence. Squanto, however, in common with all men who pride themselves on this sort of wisdom, was in the end too wise to be prosperous. He died some years afterwards, but not until he had fallen from the responsible office of state interpreter, in consequence of being often detected in the indulgence of his powers of invention, and his fancy for being thought wiser than his neighbors, on occasions which furnished less excuse than the one above mentioned.

In the course of the first summer, the English furnished all necessary evidence to the natives of their being prepared for war, though desirous of peace; and such was the impression made by those timely displays of friendliness and courage, that by the month of September in that year nine Indian chiefs signed a treaty of peace with the colony, and subscribed themselves as subjects of King James. Canonius, a chief of a powerful tribe which had not suffered from the late pestilence, was inclined to pursue a different policy. As his manner of declaring war, he sent to the governor at New Plymouth a bundle of arrows wrapped in the skin of a rattlesnake. Bradford removed the arrows, stuffed the skin with bullets and gunpowder, and sent it back thus charged to the enemy. Canonius shrunk from a conflict with men who could command such terrible means of destruction. He sent no more war messages.

It was before the close of their first year, also, that the pilgrims boldly explored the harbor of Boston, and the whole of the Massachusetts Bay. They regretted much that their way had not been directed thither, rather than to the spot they had chosen, but it was now too late to think of removal. In the following year, an attempt was made by other parties to found a colony in that quarter. No great principle influenced those parties. The desire of gain,

or the pure love of adventure, made them emigrants. They had imagined that the colony at New Plymouth would soon become a thriving settlement, especially by means of its traffic in furs, and they were eager to enter into a division of the spoil. With this view they instituted the colony of New Weymouth, on the south shore of the Boston harbor; and as they commenced under much better auspices than their countrymen in the older settlement, and were not burdened—as they frequently boasted—with women and children, they commenced with the full expectation of soon outstripping their neighbors in the race of power-getting and money-getting. But in the language of those less ostentatious neighbors, these enterprising gentlemen lived much too fast for persons in their circumstances; and it is certain, that in place of making the progress on which they had calculated with so much confidence, they sunk within one short year to such a state of weakness, that they were indebted to the compassion of the Indians for means wherewith to subsist, and to their contempt for permission to live. It is to the immortal honor of the people at New Plymouth that they received these men, as sent out to establish this rival colony, with the utmost cordiality; that they showed them great hospitality when that could not be done without great sacrifice; that they assisted them to commence their settlement, and when they were reduced to their lowest state, interposed, at great hazard to their own interests, to save the remnant remaining from destruction, receiving some to their own home, and furnishing others with the means of returning to England. Men who are childless and alone are not always the men to do great things—the scale often turns on the other side. The family man may have his motives to caution, but how many other motives has he—motives to self-government, endurance, effort—of which the solitary man has no knowledge?

Robinson and the church at Leyden were in constant communication with their brethren, and earnestly desirous of joining them. But the company of merchant adventurers at Plymouth threw constant impediments in the way of their departure. Those thrifty gentlemen were much more disposed to favor the colony at New Weymouth, which they hoped to preserve from puritanism or congregationalism, and to retain in a dutiful relation to the established

church of the mother country. Delay from this cause was protracted until 1626.

In that year Robinson died. The family of that estimable man, and the remainder of the church, succeeded at length in joining their brethren at New Plymouth. Not long afterwards, the people of that settlement purchased an exemption from all further control on the part of the chartered company in England. Friendly and prosperous colonies rose at convenient distances on either side of them; and before the oldest of the pilgrims was removed by death, it became manifest that the small company which left England in the Mayflower had been the means of founding a new empire in the New World—an empire not only additional to all that had gone before, but different in its spirit, its institutions, and its religion, from all that had hitherto obtained a place in history.

While many of the exiled independents removed from Holland to New England, many remained in the former country in hope that the posture of affairs at home might become such as to allow of their return. It was pleasant to think that their ashes might still be laid in the land of their fathers, and that something might still be done by them towards the enlightenment, the freedom, and the happiness of their native country. These hopes were not indulged in vain. In 1642, just about two centuries since, the change came which had been so devoutly wished, and from that time Independency has never ceased to be one of the forms of Christianity professed in this country. But what has been its history?—what is its present condition?—during the times of the civil war and the commonwealth, the sagacity and energy allied with that system were not altogether unworthy of it—but what has it done since? We admit that almost every thing around it has been uncongenial. Its greatest foes, however, have been from within. It has too often fainted in the face of rebuke—it has not always folded its vesture about it, and fronted the storm as it should have done—it has been wanting, too, we think, in some graver matters. Indeed, in all the points in which the Pilgrim Fathers were strong, modern independency has shown itself weak.

Nothing is more marked in the character of the devout men who found their home at New Plymouth, than the clearness with which they apprehended their distinctive principles, and the importance which they attached to them. It was that

they might save those principles from again falling into oblivion that they had become exiles, and that, having become exiles, they still committed themselves to the perils, and hardships, and griefs, of becoming colonists—colonists in one of the most distant and inhospitable regions of the known world. Men who hold principle with a grasp of this order, always hold it to some purpose. The truth thus embraced, is truth that may not die.

Then there were the children of these people. The good most valued by the parents, it was natural they should be most concerned to bequeath to their offspring. Every father in the memorable forty-one who embarked in the Mayflower was as the father of Hannibal—the war against error being committed as a legacy to his children. It was the fact, that some of these were seen falling from their steadfastness by reason of their connection with strangers, and the hope that such danger would be effectually precluded by such removal, that prompted the heads of the pilgrim families to their memorable expedition westward.

But these plain, thoughtful men looked not to their immediate children only; they looked to a distant posterity, to the future church of God—the future generations of mankind. There was magnanimity in them, largeness of thought and largeness of feeling. In their instance, professions of this nature were not so much mere sentimentality—not a selfish vanity taking the guise of better affection. Their conduct towards the settlers of New Weymouth is evidence that they were men superior to littleness of soul—men of exalted and generous sentiments. They lived not to themselves. It was their study that their path might be that of benefactors to the living and to the unborn.

But strong as was the attachment of these confessors to that order in church government and worship which they were so careful to observe, all principle of that nature was viewed as subordinate to piety, and was valued in proportion to its supposed conduciveness to piety. What feeling, inferior to that of a most conscientious homage to the Invisible, could have led these people to expose themselves to so much suffering, or could have sustained them under the pressure of that suffering? In all their ways they sought a higher guidance than that of mortals. 'The day of fasting and prayer went before every step

of moment in their history. Their first act on touching the soil of the New World, was to prostrate themselves in the exercise of their spiritual priesthood before God; and when exploring the winter shores of that region, you see them employed hours before day in presenting thanksgiving and supplication to their Maker. They believed in God; they were assured of his presence; they confided in him with the fear and the affection of children. The elements were of him—men were of him—and could do no more than his bidding. They loved their polity because it aided their piety. In their case it was not a barren framework, thrust into the place of piety. It was valued because it gave them a real Christian fellowship, and because in so doing it strengthened their Christianity.

Hence it happened, that the strength of their adhesion to their principles, as Congregationalists, was not more remarkable than the catholicity of their spirit towards devout men of all other communions. 'Their residence in Holland,' it is said, 'had made them acquainted with various forms of Christianity; a wide experience had emancipated them from bigotry, and they were never betrayed into the excesses of religious persecution.' Such is the testimony of Bancroft, whose work on this interesting department of modern history is the most authentic and able in our language. But this result, so little to have been expected in those times, may be traced to the personal character of Robinson, fully as much as to residence in Holland. In respect to certain great principles, that excellent man concluded that he had arrived at certainty; but in many things, as we have seen from his own language, he supposed that both himself and others were still in need of further light. Independency in his hands was fixed in regard to its great principles, but was left to a candid latitude in respect to lesser things. Hence, Mr. Edward Winslow, some time governor of New Plymouth, speaks of the rule of this first proper Congregational church in respect to communion in the following terms:—'It is true we profess and desire to practice a separation from the world and the works of it, and are willing to discern an appearance of the grace of God in all we admit to church fellowship. But we do not renounce all other churches; nay, if any joining to us formerly at Leyden, or here in New Eng-

land, have, with the confession of their faith, held forth the duty of an entire separation from the Church of England, I have divers times heard either Mr. Robinson our pastor, or Mr. Brewster our elder, stop them forthwith, showing that we required no such thing at their hands, but only to hold forth faith in Christ Jesus, holiness in the fear of God, and submission to every ordinance and appointment of God.'

Such, then, were the elements of character most observable in the Pilgrim Fathers. Do modern Independents possess them? In many they may no doubt be seen—seen in a degree marking a true spiritual lineage. But too commonly we see the obscure in knowledge in place of clearness, and the cold in feeling in place of ardor; or else the substitution of a zeal for polity in the place of a zeal for piety, allied too often with an intolerance of temper, incompatible with a just estimate of the better qualities which belong to the devout of every communion, and leading not only to onesidedness and misconception, but to an indulgence in misrepresentation, invective, and personalities, little consistent with loud professions of attachment to the principles of general freedom. We know that early Independency had its faults of this nature in other connections; but Robinson of Leyden and the men whose character he moulded were nobly free from them. We venture to say that if modern Independents would be the powerful body in this country which two centuries should have made them, it must be by a more general return to that model of temper and action which is before them in the history of the Pilgrim Fathers. Their wisdom will be found in looking thus to the standard they should follow, much more than to those wrongs and provocations—a plentiful crop, no doubt—which naturally dispose them to indulge in the spirit of retaliation. Temptation comes to all, but while some men fall into the snare, others know how to turn it to advantage.

NOTICES OF THE TOMBS OF THE CHINESE.

From The Athenæum.

Hong Kong, Nov. 15, 1844.

BEFORE leaving England, my friend, Mr. Loudon, requested me to collect some information for him upon the manners and

customs of the Chinese in the interment of their dead, as he was then much interested in the building and planting of cemeteries in various parts of the country, with the view to the discontinuance of interments in the centre of large towns. Since that time, Mr. Loudon himself has paid the debt of nature; and those memoranda which I have from time to time made, are now at your service.

In the south of China, the natives form no regular cemeteries or churchyards, as we do in Europe, but the tombs of the dead are scattered all over the sides of the hills, generally in most pleasant situations. The more wealthy generally convey their dead to a considerable distance, and employ a kind of fortune-teller, whose duty it is to find out the most proper resting-place. This individual goes with the corpse to the place appointed, and of course pretends to be very wise in the selection of the spot, as well as the choice of the soil in which the ashes of the dead are to mingle in after years; and, upon trial, should the particular earth appear unsuitable, he immediately orders the procession off to some other place in the neighborhood, where he expects to be more successful in the choice of soil. I believe many of the Chinese have all these points settled before they die; for one day, when one of our principal merchants in China went to call on old Howqua, the late Hong merchant at Canton, a tray was brought in, with several kinds of earth upon it, which the old man examined with great care, and then fixed on one to accompany his remains in the grave. A particular kind of situation on the hill side is also considered of great importance. A view of a beautiful bay or lake, or perhaps what is better, a winding stream, which in its course passes and almost returns again to the foot of the hill where the grave is to be made, is considered as a most eligible situation, and always chosen when it can be found. The director of the ceremonies above alluded to, with a compass in his hand, settles the direction in which the body is to lie, which is another point of great importance. An intelligent Chinese, with whom I was acquainted, informed me, that this individual is often very eloquent in his descriptions of the future happiness of those who obey his directions; he informs them, that they or their children, or some one in whom they are much interested, will enjoy riches and honors in after life, as a reward for the attention and re-

spect they have paid to the remains of their fathers; that as the stream which they then behold when standing around their father's grave flows and returns again in its windings, so shall honors, and riches, and every thing which they can desire, flow into their possession. These fellows are generally great rogues, and play upon the prejudices of the people. It frequently happens, that after interment has taken place for some time, they call upon the relatives, and inform them, that for some cause, it is absolutely necessary to remove and re-inter the body. Should the relations object to this, the answer is, "Very well, I don't care; but your children and relations will also be regardless of you when you die, and you will be miserable in your graves." The feelings of the poor deluded Chinese are thus wrought upon, and a further sum of money is extracted in the finding of a more suitable grave for the relative in question.

In my travels in the south of China, I often came upon graves in the most retired places amongst the hills: they were all less or more of the same form, namely, a half circle cut out of the hill side, having the body interred behind it. Sometimes, indeed generally, there were several of these half-circles with a succession of terraces in front of the grave; and in the cases of the more wealthy, the semi-circles were built of brick or stone, and on rather a more extensive scale. In the centre of the semi-circle, and of course close to the body, the grave-stone is placed with its inscription. M. Callery, who is an excellent Chinese scholar, informed me that these inscriptions are of the most simple kind, merely stating the name of the deceased, that he died in such a dynasty, in such a year. This is the plain and unflattering tale which the Chinese tombstone tells, and might, perhaps, be a useful lesson to those who are so fond of flattering on tombstones in Europe. In some instances—I cannot tell if in all,—after the body has decayed, the bones are dug up, and carefully put into earthenware cans, and placed on the hill side above ground. These, as well as the graves, are visited at stated times by the relatives; they go first to the patriarch, or father of the tribe, and then to the others in rotation; there they perform their devotions, offer incense, and dine together after the ceremonies are over.

Near Amoy, which is a very populous place, the scattered mode of interring the dead has been departed from, and perhaps

necessarily, from its immense population: in the country, however, near that place, I often found tombs in retired and inaccessible parts of the hills, as well as in the more southern provinces; but these were certainly the property of the more wealthy inhabitants.

As the traveller proceeds northward, the circular form of constructing the tombs is less common, and they become more varied in their appearance. In Chusan, Ningpo, and various other places in that district, a great proportion of the coffins are placed on the surface of the ground, and merely thatched over with straw. You meet these coffins in all sorts of places, on the sides of the public highway, on the banks of the rivers and canals, in woods and other retired parts of the country. Sometimes the thatch is completely off, the wood rotten, and the remains of the Chinamen of former days exposed to view. On one hill side on the island of Chusan, skulls and bones of different kinds are lying about in all directions, and more than once, when wandering through the long brushwood, I have found myself with my legs through the lid of a coffin amongst the bones of a poor Chinaman, before I was aware of the circumstance.

The wealthy in these districts I believe, generally bury their dead, and some of them build very chaste and beautiful tombs. There are three or four very fine ones in the island of Chusan, where the paving in front of the mound which contains the body is really beautiful, and the carving elaborate and superb, the whole of the stone work being square, instead of circular as in the tombs in the south of China. Here, as at home—and I believe in almost every part of the world—the Pine tribe are great favorites, and harmonize well with the last resting places of the dead. The Chinese frequently plant them in half circles around their tombs; *Photinia serrulata* is often used in Chusan for the same purpose.

In the Shanghai district I have frequently visited large houses which seem to have been built by the rich to hold their bodies when they die. In these houses I generally found a coffin in one of the principal rooms, and an altar, with all the trappings of idolatry, where incense on high days is burned to the memory of the deceased, and various other ceremonies are gone through by the relatives. These houses are generally in a pine wood, and sometimes the body is buried out of doors, the altar and the records only being kept in the house, where a Chi-

nese with his family is always placed to look after them.

But the most curious tomb of all, was one I once met with during a journey in the interior, near the town of Lun-kiang-foo. It was placed on the side of a hill, and evidently belonged to some very wealthy or important personage in that city. From the base of the hill to where the tomb was—which was about half way up—the visitor ascends by a broad flight of steps, on each side of which a number of figures carved out of stone were placed. As far as I can recollect, the following was the order in which the figures were placed; first a pair of goats or sheep, one on each side, second two dogs, third two cats, fourth two horses saddled and bridled, and fifth two most gigantic priests, the whole presenting a most strange and striking picture to the view. I have since seen another or two of the same kind near Ningpoo, but on a much smaller scale.

The poor as well as the rich often keep their dead in their dwelling houses for a long time after they die: I should imagine, from the numerous coffins which I met with in such circumstances, that many are thus kept for years. The coffins are remarkably thick and strong, and the joints carefully cemented, in order to prevent any unpleasant smell from being emitted during the decay of the body. Much of this respect which is paid by the Chinese to the memory of their deceased relatives, is doubtless a mere matter of form, sanctioned and rendered necessary by the customs of ages; but in charity we must suppose that a considerable portion springs from a higher and purer source, and I have no doubt that when the Chinese periodically visit the tombs of their fathers to worship and pay respect to their memory, they indulge in the pleasing reflection, that when they themselves are no more their graves will not be neglected and forgotten—but will also be visited by their children and grand-children, in whose hearts and affections they will live for many, many years after their bodies have mouldered into dust.

Yours, &c.,

R. FORTUNE.

SCOTTISH CLERICAL AND UNIVERSITY TESTS.

From the Edinburgh Review.

1. *A Plea for the Liberties of the Scottish Universities.* By JOHN STUART BLACKIE, Professor of Humanity in Marischal College, Aberdeen. 1843.
2. *Resolutions agreed to by the Senatus of the University of Glasgow, of University and King's College, and of Marischal College, Aberdeen, in favor of the Abolition of Religious Tests in the Universities of Scotland.* 1844.

ON the recent disruption of the Scottish Establishment, a number, both of the Teachers in the Parochial Schools and of the Professors and Office-bearers in the Universities, seceded from the communion of the Established Church. The former have already been summarily expelled from their offices, and a vigorous effort is now making by the Church Courts to subject the latter to similar treatment. Among others who seceded is Sir David Brewster, Principal of the United College, St. Andrews. This distinguished philosopher having come to the conclusion that the Bill of Lord Aberdeen, and the Decisions of the Courts of Law, have essentially changed the constitution of the Established Church, considered himself bound to abandon its communion. For entertaining this opinion, and acting upon it, he has been considered unworthy of holding the office of Principal of the United College—his colleagues have memorialized the government to remove him—and the Presbytery of St. Andrews have taken measures with a view to his expulsion. In justification of this attempt, it is pleaded that the law requires every Office-bearer and Teacher in the Universities and Colleges of Scotland to conform to the Established Church; and that a due regard for the welfare both of Religion and of the Establishment imperatively demands that it should be strictly enforced. As the subject is one of very great importance to all classes of the community, we propose examining at some length how far the maintenance of the existing religious tests in our Universities and Colleges is calculated to promote the interests either of education or religion; but, owing to the aspect which the question has assumed in this country, it will be necessary, at the same time, to inquire into the nature of the connexion which exists between the Courts

of the established Church and the Academical Institution of the country.

To enter into a detailed examination of the nature and extent of the power which the Church Judicatories exercised over the Universities previous to the Revolution, would be alike tedious and superfluous. The most strenuous advocate of clerical supremacy would scarcely, we apprehend, attempt to support the claims of the Church by a reference to the unsettled period of the Protectorate; or to ground its powers on statutes which, whatever may be their import, have been long ago repealed. When Presbyterianism was established at the Revolution, its adherents manifested a natural anxiety to improve their victory, and to secure themselves against the future assaults of their fallen adversaries. And as care had been taken during the brief reign of Episcopacy, that all the office-bearers in the Universities and Schools should 'submit to and own the government of the Church by archbishops and bishops;'^{*} so now it was determined, as a security against the danger which was apprehended from the adherents of Prelacy, that they should, in their turn, be rigidly excluded from the seminaries of education; and none but sound Whigs and Presbyterians allowed to hold office in these institutions. Accordingly, in 1690, an Act was passed declaring, that no persons should 'be either admitted or allowed to continue in the exercise' of any office in the Universities or schools, 'but such as do acknowledge and profess and shall subscribe to the Confession of Faith, and also swear and subscribe the oath of allegiance.' But this statute conferred no powers on the Church, nor were the clergy recognised in any way as the parties who were empowered to carry it into execution. On the contrary, the Act explicitly asserts it to be 'their Majesties' undoubted right and prerogative to name visitors for the Universities and Schools;' and appoints a Commission for the express purpose of removing from these institutions all the teachers and office-bearers who were disaffected to the constitution in Church or State—in other words, all who were Episcopalians and Jacobites. The nomination of this Commission, consisting for the most part of laymen, as well as the silence of the Legislature respecting any powers of superintendence or control possessed by the Church, show clearly that no such powers were re-

cognised by it as then existing. This is further confirmed by an Act passed three years later, while the commission was still in operation,—subjecting 'all schoolmasters, and teachers of youth in schools,' to the jurisdiction of the Presbytery, while no mention whatever is made of Universities and Colleges. The power of superintendence over schools, as well as academical institutions, had always been the undoubted prerogative of the Crown; but by the statute referred to, the control of these inferior seminaries was delegated to the Presbyteries; while the silence of the Legislature respecting Universities, renders it evident that the superintendence of these institutions was reserved for Parliament and the Sovereign. In corroboration of this view we may mention the fact, that only three days later another Act was passed for the regulation of the Commission, showing, by implication, both the continued recognition of the rights referred to in the Crown, and the limited nature of the powers conferred upon the Church Courts.

The Act of 1690 rendered subscription to the Confession of Faith imperative on all teachers and office-bearers in the Universities; but made no provision respecting the mode in which, or the persons by whom, it was to be received. This was provided for by the famous Statute of 1707,—the latest Act of the Legislature on this subject, which declared that subscription was to be given before 'the respective Presbyteries of the bounds.' The Act of 1707 seems to have been at no time rigidly enforced. At all events, it very soon became at least partially obsolete. It may be doubted whether subscription was ever required from some of the most influential office-bearers in the Universities. This much at least is certain, that the office of Chancellor was at a very early period held by distinguished individuals connected with the Episcopal Church—the members of which, more than those of any other communion, are excluded both by the letter and spirit of the law.^{*} The religious test has thus in many instances been either tacitly dispensed with, or very materially modified.

^{*} In 1724, only seventeen years after the passing of the Act of Security, the Duke of Chandos, an Episcopalian, was unanimously elected Chancellor of the University of St. Andrews; and at his Grace's death in 1744, the Duke of Cumberland, also an Episcopalian, was appointed to the vacant office; so little was the regard paid even in these times either to the Act of Security, or to the recommendations of the General Assembly.

During the period that has elapsed since the Union, a very considerable number of Professors have been admitted into the Universities, by whom no declaration of conformity to the Established Church was given, and from whom it was never asked; and not a few whose well known opinions would have rendered such a declaration an utter mockery. The law has never been strictly observed in any University, and has never, since its enactment in 1707, been put in force against a single individual. In the University of Edinburgh the statute has been in desuetude for nearly a century; and no small number of the most illustrious men who have adorned its annals during that period, must have been excluded had these tests been enforced. In the Universities of Glasgow and Aberdeen, though subscription is at present required from Professors, this has not been the uniform practice. In both institutions, members of the Episcopal Church have frequently held the offices of Chancellor and Rector, without being called upon to subscribe the Confession of Faith; and in the former they have long been admitted even to Professorships, on adhibiting their names to that document.* In the University of St. Andrews subscription is required from the Professors, but not from the Chancellors, though the law is equally applicable to both.

* Thus these decrees
Dead to infiction, to themselves are dead;

and in this condition they would in all probability have been allowed to remain, had they not seemed fitted to furnish the supporters of the Established Church with a weapon which they might employ with effect against the recently enlarged body of Dissenters.

• This revival of the antiquated claims of the Church to exercise authority over the seats of learning, is attempted to be borne out by an appeal to the Statutes of 1690 and 1707, and to certain Acts passed by the General Assembly in 1711 and in 1719; in which that venerable body claim a general power of

* Three of her Majesty's ministers, Sir Robert Peel, Lord Stanley, and Sir James Graham, have within these few years held the office of rector in the University of Glasgow, though all three are Episcopalians. This is the case also with a number of the most eminent both of the late and present professors. In the University of Edinburgh there are about a dozen Nonconformists. Altogether, in the various Universities, there are at the present moment upwards of twenty office-bearers who do not conform to the Established Church.

superintendence over the Universities; and enjoin the subordinate Church Courts to take especial notice of what is taught in these institutions, and to observe the morals and conversation both of masters and scholars. With regard to these Acts of Assembly, it is sufficient to say that they are not sanctioned by the Legislature; they are embodied in no existing Statute; and are therefore unwarranted claims to the possession of powers which the Church never exercised at any period of her history—except perhaps during the brief and stormy times of the Commonwealth. With the exception of one or two unsuccessful efforts, the Church Courts have never attempted to interfere with the Universities since the Revolution. Even though these claims, therefore, were as well-founded as they are the reverse, they have long ago become obsolete. Dating even from the Act of Assembly of 1719, they have not been exercised during a period of one hundred and twenty-five years, and must consequently be regarded as having been long in desuetude. This principle is explicitly recognised in the Report of the University Commission of 1830, where, speaking of the right claimed by the ministers of Edinburgh to 'advise' the patrons of that University in the election of Professors, it is said, that with one exception not favorable to the renewed claim, this clause in the charter of the University has been wholly inoperative, and, according to the *established principles of Scotch law*, must now be regarded as no longer effectual.*

The claim of the Church, then, to these powers and privileges must stand or fall by the acts of 1690 and of 1607. The latter, which as to this point is little more than a recapitulation of the former, for the purpose of being embodied in the Treaty of Union, enacts, 'That in all time coming, no professors, principles, regents, masters, or others bearing office in any University, College, or School within this kingdom, be capable or be admitted or allowed to continue in the exercise of their said functions, but such as shall own and acknowledge the civil government in manner prescribed, or to be prescribed, by the Acts of Parliament; as also that, before or at their admissions, they do and shall acknowledge and profess, and shall subscribe to the foresaid Confession of Faith as the confession of their

* Report relative to the University of Edinburgh, p. 7.

faith; and that they will practice and conform themselves to the worship presently in use in the Church, and submit themselves to the government and discipline thereof; and never endeavor, directly or indirectly, the prejudice or subversion of the same, and that before the respective Presbyteries of their bounds.'

There are two questions which the consideration of this Act presents. What powers does it confer on the Church? And what obligations does it lay on Professors? In answer to the first we remark—what the most cursory view of the statute is sufficient to show—that it merely constitutes the members of Presbytery the statutory functionaries authorized to administer the legal test. It gives them no power of superintendence or control over the Universities. It recognizes in them no right of examination or trial of the Professors, either before or after admission, and no power to depose or to sue for deposition. The only duty which it commits to their charge, is to see the genuine copy of the Confession of Faith subscribed without alteration. Their office is in every respect analogous to that of the magistrate, to whom the administration of the other part of the test, the taking the oath of allegiance, is committed. Their powers emanate from the same source, and are subject to the same limitation. In both cases the duty of the statutory officers is purely ministerial. It is strictly limited to the administration of the test which the law enjoins, and ends the moment that act is performed.*

The question as to the powers of the Church under the Act of Security, has been twice tried before the Supreme Tribunals of Scotland, and in both cases with the same result. The first of these trials occurred in 1756, when the Rev. William Brown was appointed by the Crown to the office of Professor of Divinity and Ecclesiastical History in the new College of St. Andrews. This appointment was resisted both by the University and the Presbytery, on the ground that Mr. Brown was charged with gross immorality; and they resolved to delay his induction to office till the charges brought against him should be fully investigated. Mr. Brown appealed to the Supreme Court for the vindication of his rights, and the judges decided that the conduct of his opponents was 'unwarrantable

and illegal,' ordered the members of the University to admit him to his office, and 'loaded them personally with the expense of the process.' The Presbytery, in a petition which they presented on the subject to the General Assembly, state that Mr. Brown's Counsel, (his Majesty's solicitor, Mr. Pringle, afterwards Lord Alemoor,) 'a man known to be eminent in his profession, not only asserts that the Presbytery have no power to deliberate concerning the character of a minister who, as a professor of divinity, is to be a member of Presbytery; but that *their power is only ministerial*, and that on no account they are to refuse him to sign the Confession of Faith and formula, nor can they on any account impede his admission; but that the judges, by ordaining a man in Mr. Brown's circumstances to be forthwith admitted, and finding the deed of the University delaying his admission until his character should be cleared, illegal and unwarrantable, and loading them with the expense of process, seem to be of the same mind with the solicitor.'* Now, since the Court decided that the powers of the Presbytery were limited to the mere administration of the legal test, even in the admission to office of a theological professor, who is *ex officio* a member of Presbytery, much more must this be the case in the admission of a lay professor.

This question was again raised in 1839, when the Presbytery of Aberdeen, and the Senatus of Marischal College made an unsuccessful attempt to exclude Professor Blackie from the Chair of Humanity, on the ground that he had accompanied his subscription to the Confession of Faith with a public declaration, that he did not subscribe this document 'as his private confession of faith, but in his public professional capacity, and in reference to University offices and duties merely; and that in law a non-theological professor is not subject to the spiritual jurisdiction of the Church. He signs the articles as articles of peace only.' The Judge before whom the case was debated, enters largely, in a Note annexed to his Judgment, into the question respecting the alleged authority possessed by the Church Courts over the Universities. 'In the argument of the Presbytery,' says his Lordship, 'a pretension is urged by them, that they have some right

* See the Faculty Report of the Case, Blackie v. Marischal Coll., Aberdeen.

* Representation and Petition of the Presbytery of St. Andrews in the General Assembly, 1757.

of control and superintendence at common law over the conduct and religious opinions of all professors in our Universities, as teachers of youth in these schools. But the Lord Ordinary conceives that claim to be quite untenable. The jurisdiction of Presbyteries over the parochial schools is defined both by statute and by adjudged cases, and requires no confirmation; but this has never been extended to other teachers of youth, and still less to our Universities. The Church necessarily has ample control over the theological professors, who must be members of one or other of the ecclesiastical bodies before they can fill any of the chairs of theology. But it is a different question whether the Church have any control over the literary and scientific professors in the Colleges of Scotland. The Lord Ordinary has found no authority for any such jurisdiction, either in the statute or in the principles of our common law; and he should think it alike disadvantageous to science and to religion, to give its ministers any right of control either in the admission of lay professors, or over the general course of instruction in our Universities.*

So much for the pretended powers of the Church Courts in the admission of lay professors. The same learned judge gives an equally explicit decision against their claims to exercise authority over teachers and office-bearers in the Universities, after their admission to office—even in those cases where the law may appear to be violated. 'Indeed,' says he, 'even if a case, very different in its aspect had arisen, much doubt might have been felt as to the right of a Presbytery to take any cognizance of the statements and conduct of a Professor after subscription. Suppose that a lay Professor, after signing the Confession of Faith, had, in a few weeks or days after subscription, openly joined in the communion of the Episcopal Church, on the avowal that he did not mean thereby to prejudice or subvert the Presbyterian form of worship, or to question the fundamental articles of the Confession of Faith, the Presbytery of the bounds would find it very difficult to institute any complaint or action before this Court, to recal or cancel the certificate of subscription, or to subject the Professor to any penalty or forfeiture for alleged insincerity or falsehood in his subscription. The answer would be insurmountable, that, let the right of complaint (if any be competent) lie where it may, it has not been con-

ferred on the Presbytery of the bounds.' It is worthy of especial notice, that (as is stated by his Lordship) 'there is a remarkable difference between the penalty enacted by Parliament for the omission of the oaths of allegiance, from that provided in cases of the nonsubscription of the Confession of Faith.' In the former case it is especially declared, that 'if any person shall refuse or neglect to take the oaths to Government, he shall be, *ipso facto*, incapable and disabled, in all cases, and to all intents and purposes, to enjoy the said offices and advantages thence arising, &c., and every office is, *ipso facto*, adjudged void. But the neglect to subscribe the Confession of Faith is attended with no such penalty;† and therefore, when any College in Scotland agrees to waive the act of Queen Anne relative to subscription, it has never yet been ascertained by what authority it is to be enforced. It is believed that, in the University of Edinburgh itself, subscription by the lay Professors has not been insisted on for many years. If any evil were felt from this, or from any other omission of statutory regulation, the remedy does not lie with the Presbyteries of the bounds, to whom no power of review or control over the Universities is given. But the extensive power competent to the Sovereign, of appointing visitations of Scottish Universities, was probably thought sufficient for the exposure and correction of every practical abuse.'

Such is the law on this subject, as laid down by the eminent Judge above referred to. The Presbytery of Aberdeen acquiesced in his Lordship's decision, and Mr. Blackie was admitted to his office without further opposition.

Let us now consider to what extent and effect the parties subscribing the Confession of Faith are bound by their subscription, and what the law holds it to import.‡ The law must have been intended to secure conformity either to the Established Church for the time being, whatever form its govern-

* In 1711, only three years after the Act of Security had passed, on the occasion of a contested election of a Professor in King's College, Aberdeen, the vote of Dr. Bower was objected to because he had not signed the Confession of Faith; but the objection was repelled by the Court of Sessions, who decided that the omission did not disqualify him from exercising the rights and privileges of his office.

† We have taken no notice of the formula attached to the Confession of Faith by the General Assembly in 1694, because it has been decided that 'it is not specially authorized by the statute of 1707, and in some points goes beyond it.'

ment and creed might take; or to the doctrine, discipline, and government of the Church as it existed in 1707, when the Act of Security was passed. A moment's consideration will suffice to show, that the former alternative could not have been the intention of the statute. The grand object of the framers of the law, was to secure the Protestant religion and the Presbyterian form of church government; and with this view they took every precaution to prevent the offices in the educational institutions of the country from being held by those who were disaffected either to the Government or to the Church. This will really be admitted by all. But surely it will not be contended, that a statute framed with this view was designed to secure adherence to the Established Church, even though it should be essentially changed both in doctrine and in government,—rejecting the truths for which the authors of the Revolution settlement had struggled and suffered, and embodying the very errors against which they had lifted up their testimony. The Sovereign might be constituted the head of the Scottish, as really and avowedly as of the English Church. The people might be deprived of every privilege with which they were at that period invested; nay, even Episcopacy itself might again become the established religion of the country; and yet, on the supposition made, the subscribers to the Confession of Faith must be by law bound to adhere to the Establishment, in spite of all these vital changes in doctrine and discipline! We scarcely think that even the most inveterate abettor of the supremacy of the Church, will venture to defend a conclusion so preposterous. It is evident, then, that the Act of 1707 must have been intended to secure adherence to the Church as *then** established; and that those who 'practice and conform to the doctrine, discipline, and government,' as settled at the Revolution, comply with every condition, and possess every qualification which the framers of the statute intended to secure. Is this

the case, then, with the nonconforming Presbyterian Professors? We unhesitatingly reply in the affirmative, and presume that few or none will call in question the accuracy of our statement. It is true they do not adhere to the Established Church as now constituted, but they still acknowledge, and profess, and subscribe the Confession of Faith, as the confession of their faith; and 'practice and conform' to the Presbyterian mode of worship. They agree, in short, with the framers of the Act of Security, in every one of those points, both of doctrine and of discipline, for which they most strenuously contended. It would certainly be very strange, then, were these Presbyterian Professors to be ejected from their offices by the operation of a law, framed for the express purpose of preserving unalterable that very ecclesiastical constitution to which they adhere.

We have hitherto argued the question on the supposition that the law requires, on the part of lay Professors, an assent to the doctrines of the Confession of Faith, precisely similar to that required from ministers of the Church; who, as public expounders of Christian doctrine, are to be understood, by their subscription to the Confession of Faith, as declaring that they have thoroughly studied the whole of that document, and are prepared to give their full and deliberate assent to every proposition which it contains. This, however, is not the case. Such an assent is neither required nor given. The principle laid down by Paley respecting the meaning and objects of religious tests, is recognised both by law and practice. In the vast majority of cases, the articles are signed merely as articles of peace. When Professor Blackie subscribed the Confession of Faith before the Presbytery of Aberdeen, he made an explicit declaration that his subscription was to be understood as merely giving a guarantee that 'he would teach, in the chair to which he had been appointed, nothing contrary to, or inconsistent with, the Confession of Faith of the Church of Scotland, or to the doctrine, discipline, and government of the same.' And these explanations respecting the meaning and object of the test, met with the full approbation of the Judge who decided the case. He 'affirms that they are truly no more than the sentiments which, though not expressed, must be presumed, or understood to be felt, by a large proportion of the persons who are accustomed and called to subscribe this and similar

* This is corroborated by the striking difference which the Act makes between the manner in which the civil government is acknowledged, and that in which adherence is promised to the ecclesiastical constitution of the country. The Professor must 'own and acknowledge the civil government in manner prescribed, or to be prescribed, by the Acts of Parliament;' but no such qualification is made respecting his adherence to the Presbyterian constitution; he is required to promise that he 'will practice and conform himself to the worship *presently in use* in the Church.'

legal tests.' The law, then, as interpreted by this legal authority, has a reference to Professors in their public, rather than in their private capacity; and merely requires from them a guarantee that they shall not, in their professional instructions, impugn the doctrines of the Established Church, nor seek to subvert her discipline and government.

It is evidently for the interests of education that the best men only should be appointed to Chairs in the Universities; and it is equally evident that the wider the range of choice, the greater the probability that this object will be secured. But the enforcement of the Test Act must limit the choice of the University patrons to the best men, not of the whole world, but of one sect, forming a minority even in Scotland, and comprising by no means any exorbitant share of talent and learning. It is right and proper that the Professors of Theology should be selected from among the members of the Established Church; for no man should be appointed to teach what he does not believe. But what connection is there between Calvinism and Chemistry—between Presbyterianism and Pharmacy? A man may surely be an eminent Scholar, and yet have doubts respecting the divine origin of Presbytery; or a profound Philosopher, and yet prefer the Liturgy to extempore Prayers. Had the test been enforced in the University of Edinburgh during the last century, no small number of those distinguished individuals who have shed so much lustre around that institution, would have been excluded from those chairs which they showed themselves so pre-eminently qualified to fill; and it is more necessary now than ever that the range of selection should be rendered as extensive as possible; since so many eminent Scotchmen have been called to occupy academical situations abroad, thereby greatly narrowing the field of choice at home. We believe we are not singular in thinking, that if, unfortunately for the interests of education, the Test Act were brought into active operation, our Universities would be deprived of their brightest ornaments; and where, let us ask, are we to look for those fit to fill their places? If the twenty-three Nonconformists at present holding office in the Scottish Universities, are expelled from the institutions which they adorn, because of their conscientious adherence to their religious principles, the choice of their successors must, of course, be limited to the supporters of the Scottish

Establishment; and where, in the ranks of that Establishment, are we to look for men of European reputation qualified to fill the vacant places? If adherence to the Established Church is to be an indispensable qualification, there is not one man of first-rate attainments either in literature or in science, who would be eligible to the smallest office in any of our Universities.

In such circumstances, a strong case must be made out by the abettors of these obnoxious restrictions, before they can expect the public to aid their attempts to cut down our national institutions to the petty dimensions of sectarian seminaries.

In the first place, they tell us that these tests are necessary for the safety of the Church. This is the old worn-out plea that has been urged for centuries against every proposal to bestow equality of rights and privileges on the different sections of the community. If it be true, that it is necessary for the wellbeing of the Establishment that the Office-bearers in our Universities should be delivered over to a Presbyterial inquisition, the sooner that institutions which require such a safeguard are abolished so much the better. The putting forth of such an argument, in the present condition of the Established Church, seems little short of infatuation. Men 'who had understanding of the times' would rather waive the assertion of privileges to which they had an unquestioned right, than seek to revive claims to the possession of revolting powers, which even, in the brightest days of their prosperity, they found themselves unable to exercise.

Every change which the progress of knowledge has brought about, has been strenuously resisted, on the very same grounds on which the abolition of the University Test Act is now opposed. Every amelioration of our ecclesiastical code, every enlargement of toleration, has been denounced as fraught with certain destruction to the Established Church. When will men learn the difference between an endowed and a privileged church—between an establishment resting its claims to public support on the benefits which it renders to the nation, and one which surrounds itself with invidious privileges, and places itself in opposition to the enjoyment of equal rights and privileges by all classes of the community? But whether the onward march of toleration be favorable to the security of the Established Church or not, it is impossible to stop its progress. The

Dissenters have obtained either too much or too little. There was at least consistency in excluding them from all power and privilege—there is neither consistency nor prudence in retaining the mere remnants of intolerance, which only serve to irritate. A Dissenter, it seems, ought not to hold office in any of the Universities; but a Dissenter may be a member of either House of Parliament, and help to make laws for the government both of the Universities and the Church. A Dissenter cannot be a teacher in the meanest parochial school, but he may be a minister of state, and wield the whole ecclesiastical patronage of the Crown. Several of the University Chairs are in the hands of private patrons, who do not conform to the Established Church. Nearly the whole patronage of the University of Edinburgh is at the disposal of the Town-Council, two-thirds of whom, with the Lord Provost, *ex officio* Lord Rector of the Seminary, at their head, are Dissenters. To this no objection is made. But that a Dissenter should occupy a chair in one of our Colleges, and initiate his pupils into a knowledge of the properties of triangles, would, we are told, be sufficient to convert our academical institutions into 'nurseries of skepticism and infidelity.' What is still more strange—Episcopalians, that very class of Nonconformists whom the law was specially framed to exclude, have, for more than a century, been freely admitted to Professorships without any but the most beneficial results; and yet, to secure by law that which has been thus partially sanctioned by custom, would, it seems, be fraught with ruin both to the Universities and the Church!

All experience has shown the folly of expecting to change men's religious opinions by means of pains and penalties. 'By external pressure things are compacted, as well in the moral as in the physical world.' Where a sect is at variance with the Established Church, an abridgment of civil privileges serves only to render it more zealous and hostile. If men are let alone, sectarian animosity soon dies away. But where a mark of degradation is set upon dissent, and men are told they must not be elected to offices because they cannot believe in this or that speculative dogma respecting the power of the magistrate, or the Divine decrees, every passion of our nature is roused in favor of their creed; and enthusiasm, resentment, or a feeling of honor,

make them cleave obstinately to a religion thus stigmatized and insulted. The advantage to be gained by quitting the proscribed faith, makes it shameful to abandon it. The excluded sectary feels himself not only wronged but degraded. Heart-burnings are excited, angry passions are roused. The spirit of alienation becomes incurable. The quiet, peace-loving Seceder is turned into an active, uncompromising agitator, hostile to the Establishment, because the Establishment is hostile to him, and convinced that its destruction is indispensably necessary to the welfare of the community. This is the precise effect which exclusive laws have ever produced. 'They contain,' as it has been justly said, 'an admirable receipt for converting all those who cannot agree with the doctrines of the Church, into the implacable enemies of its existence.'

We may be told, indeed, that we are ascribing too much importance to the operation of the University Tests; for the number excluded by them is, in reality, very small. But in the first place, it should not be forgotten that every individual feels the insult thrown upon his party. The honor or disgrace of the sect carries satisfaction or dissatisfaction to the mind of the humblest individual connected with it. 'If one member suffer, all the members suffer with it; or one member be honored, all the members rejoice with it.' Secondly, the persons really excluded, are the very men whom every wise statesman would seek most anxiously to admit—the learned, peaceable, and conscientious—the most dangerous enemies and the most desirable friends. And, thirdly, though few may be excluded directly, all are, in a great measure, indirectly. There is probably not one Dissenting teacher in the country who does not regard himself as the victim of injustice, and believe that nothing short of a positive law could prevent him from rising to the highest honors of his profession.

An amiable person takes pleasure in communicating to others the good he himself possesses; and the more extensively it is diffused, the greater is his delight. But there are individuals to be found whose greatest enjoyment appears to consist in keeping the common blessings of life from their fellow-men, and who seem to enjoy less the possession of an earthly good by every additional person to whom it is extended. The truth is, the spirit of monopoly, the love of power, and the gratification of selfish and malignant passions,

have quite as much to do in maintaining the University Tests, as zeal for religion or the Church. The more the field of competition is narrowed, the greater, of course, are the chances of success on the part of those who are permitted to start for the prize. And it is no doubt very pleasant to promote our own interests, and to gratify the insolence of superiority, while, at the same time, we flatter ourselves into the belief that we are discharging a sacred duty.

It has been said, however, that exclusion from power and office, and religious persecution, are not convertible terms—that persecution inflicts positive punishment upon persons who hold certain religious tenets; whereas exclusion from office only declares, that those who hold certain opinions shall not fill certain situations; but that it acknowledges men to be perfectly free to hold those opinions, and allows them to think and believe as they please, without molestation or interference. But how can men be acknowledged to be perfectly free to hold their opinions, when they are distinctly told that the inevitable consequence of their exercising that freedom will be their exclusion from honorable offices which are open to men of other religious opinions? How can it be said that men are allowed to think and believe as they please, without molestation or interference, when their conscientious belief excludes them from honors and emoluments, and subjects them to degradation and insult? Persons who reason in this way, seem to imagine that persecution consists merely in imprisonment or fine. They do not appear to be aware, that degradation is a far greater evil than bodily pain or loss of property. Of all grievances, indeed, none are so keenly felt, none vibrate so powerfully through the human frame, as the brand of inferiority and legal disability inflicted on a man, 'because, on the highest of all considerations, he is led by the noblest of all guides, his own disinterested conscience.' Exclusive laws differ only in degree from the dungeon and the stake. They are just the *maximum* of persecution that the present age will bear.

It will not do to tell us that the evils we have described must be endured, to prevent a greater evil; that these restrictions, however galling, must be submitted to, as necessary safeguards of the Church. All experience has proved, that exclusive laws and invidious privileges are the weakness, not the security, of the institution that has the misfortune to be encumbered with

them. They create hostility instead of disarming it. The best friends of the Church are those who seek to free it from such useless and galling restrictions; and those are its worst enemies who seek to maintain them as a bulwark of defence. And what, after all, is the amount of protection which these laws can, in any circumstances, give the Church? The utmost they can do is to reduce enemies to a state of apparent neutrality. They may restrain those who submit to them from overt acts of hostility, but not from hostile opinions and feelings.

We are fortunately enabled to bring these arguments to the test of experience. We may refer to the case of the Universities of Prussia and Holland, in proof of the good effects which have been produced by the abolition of religious tests. What is, perhaps, still more to the purpose, we have before our eyes the example of the Metropolitan University of Scotland, where the Test has been in complete abeyance during the brightest period of its existence; and yet it is not even alleged that this has in the slightest degree affected the stability of the Established Church.

But secondly, we are told that these exclusive laws must be maintained for the sake of religion as well as of the Church; since all teachers of youth ought to be persons of religious principle—a result which can be secured only by a religious test. We willingly admit, that it is most desirable that all teachers of youth should not only possess the qualifications and attainments proper for the due performance of their special duties, but be truly religious and moral men; but we deny that this ever has been, or ever can be, secured by the operation of a test. The advocates of these restrictions have quietly taken it for granted, that outward adherence to a creed, and genuine Christianity, are one and the same thing. A test may indeed, secure external orthodoxy, but not inward piety—the simulation of an opinion, but not the honest belief of it. True religion is something too spiritual to be created by such coarse and clumsy machinery as the application of a test, or the hope of reward or the dread of punishment. But the mischief does not stop here. The restriction referred to has not only failed to produce the expected good, but has been productive of great and positive evil. It admits those who ought to be excluded, and excludes those who ought to be admitted. It is a

barrier only against the modest, pious, and conscientious inquirer after truth, who has scruples, it may be, respecting a small portion of the test, but who disdains to tamper with the sanctity of an oath; while the unscrupulous unbeliever, with whom

'Oaths are but words, and words but wind,'

takes the test without hesitation—in many cases, it is believed, without even reading it. By offering office, honor, and emolument, as the reward of conformity, an appeal is made not to a man's conscience, but to his sordid passions, and to his vanity, and thus attempts to seduce him to sacrifice principle to selfish and worldly interests. It encourages an external, and not an internal and spiritual religion. It makes earnestness and sincerity a crime, and indifference or neutrality a virtue. The pious Presbyterian Dissenter, who, agreeing in all the important doctrines of the Confession, has the misfortune to regard lay patronage as an unwarrantable usurpation, or to believe that heretical opinions ought not to be punished by civil penalties;* or the Congregationalist, who differs from the former in regard to church government, but agrees with him in all that relates to sound doctrine, is told to stand by on the other side; while the worldly-minded, to whom the whole is a matter of perfect indifference, is freely welcomed. The consequences of such a system have been precisely what might have been expected. It has notoriously failed to secure either Christian piety, or even conformity, to the Established Church; and yet it is strenuously defended, on the ground that it is absolutely necessary to the very existence of religion in our seminaries of education!

It is justly stated, in the Resolutions on this subject, agreed to by the Senate of Marischal College, Aberdeen, that 'such a change has taken place in the mode of life of students in the Colleges of Scotland, as to remove a chief occasion for a reli-

* 'For their publishing of such opinions, and maintaining of such practices as are contrary to the light of nature, or to the known principles of Christianity, whether concerning faith, worship, or conversation, or to the power of godliness, &c., they may lawfully be called to account, and proceeded against by the censures of the Church, and by the power of the civil magistrate.'—*Confession of Faith*, chap. xx. 4. In what way, we would ask, is the good of religion to be promoted by demanding from every Professor an assent to such sentiments as these?

gious test being deemed a requisite condition of admission to a College. Those Colleges were all framed, more or less according to the monkish model; but gradually, steadily, universally, the domestication of students within Colleges has ceased to be a practice. The College buildings in Scotland have become essentially an aggregation of classrooms, with their appendages of libraries, museums, and public halls. The students come to the College daily from their private dwelling-places, to attend the public prelections of the Professors whose branches they may be studying, and assemble in classes, for an hour once or twice-a-day, under each Professor. Such, in the state to which the demands of society have brought all the Colleges of Scotland, is the amount of necessary intercourse between the Professors and the students.' These statements are fully borne out by the Report of the Royal Commission of 1830, which numbered among its members the late and present Presidents of the Court of Sessions, Lord Justice-Clerk Hope, Lords Corehouse* and Moncreiff, the late Lord Advocate Sir William Rae, Lords Roseberry, Melville, Aberdeen, and Haddington, and the Rev. Dr. Cook. These distinguished individuals state, that 'there are few national institutions of long standing,

* The opinion of Lord Corehouse respecting academical subscription to the Confession of Faith, is worthy of especial notice. 'I dissent,' (says that eminent lawyer, legal author, and judge,) 'from that resolution, that all Professors shall be required to subscribe the Confession of Faith of the Church of Scotland. It is proper and necessary that the theological faculty should belong to the Church established in this part of the kingdom; but to extend the same rule to the other faculties, by which not only Dissenters of every denomination, but members of the Church of England, are excluded from teaching science and literature, appears an inexpedient restriction in the choice of Professors. It is true, that subscription is enjoined by the Acts of Parliament cited in the report, but the circumstances and opinions of the country have materially changed since that period; and, in particular, the number of Episcopalians has increased among the best educated classes in the community. Accordingly, the practice of subscription has, for a long time, been generally discontinued in the Universities; and I am of opinion that those statutes, now fallen into disuse, instead of being enforced, should be repealed.' Yet in the debate which took place in the House of Commons (May, 1844) on Mr. Fox Maule's motion, for leave to bring in a bill to repeal the University Test Act, Sir James Graham is reported to have said, that 'Lord Corehouse had concurred in the recommendation that this test should not be discontinued, but, should be more rigorously enforced!'

which have been more powerfully modified by the circumstances of the country than the Universities in Scotland; and they have undoubtedly been gradually adapted in an eminent degree, to the particular demands upon them, arising from the circumstances of the people for whose benefit they were designed.' After noticing the fact, that the Professors must acknowledge the standards of the Established Church, they go on to say, that, 'in other respects, the Universities of Scotland are not ecclesiastical institutions, not being more connected with the Church than with any other profession. They are intended for the general education of the country, and, in truth, possess scarcely any ecclesiastical features, except that they have a certain number of Professors for the purpose of teaching theology, in the same manner as other sciences are taught. . . . Neither constitutions, endowments, nor provisions for public instruction, are founded on the principle, that the Universities are appendages of the Church.'*

It is evident that the Scottish Universities are not mere ecclesiastical seminaries, but national institutions, existing for great national purposes, and supported for the benefit of the whole nation, and not for the exclusive advantage of one sect. Justice, therefore, requires that they should be adapted to the present state of society, and that every man who possesses the requisite qualifications should have free access to their honors and emoluments. No tests are subscribed by the students who are taught in these institutions, and form their chief support, and there is no good reason why any should be subscribed by the teachers.

Some of the advocates of the University Test Act profess themselves willing to carry out their principles to their full extent, and plead for the expulsion from the Universities of all non-conforming Professors and Office-bearers, to whatever religious denomination they may belong. Others, however, wiser or more moderate in their views, shrink from such a measure, and attempt to make a distinction between the case of the Episcopalians and that of the 'Free Church' Professors. They see clearly that to enforce conformity to the

Established Church on all the Office-bearers in the Universities, would inevitably bring utter ruin on these institutions. Hence, alarmed at the consequences to which their own principles must inevitably lead, they wish them carried only partially into effect; and plead for retaining Episcopalians, while they call for the expulsion of nonconforming Presbyterians. The former, they allege, though not conforming to the doctrines of the Church of Scotland, still retain no hostility to that institution; whereas the latter not only dissent from her doctrines, but are engaged in carrying on active warfare against the Establishment itself. Now, it will be observed in the first place, that this is not the ground which the Established Church has hitherto taken upon this subject. She has always insisted that the law requires entire conformity to her 'doctrine, discipline, and government,' and will be satisfied with nothing less. And the Presbytery of St. Andrews, in their libel against Sir David Brewster, affirm that every Professor 'must, previous to induction into his office, declare himself a member of the Established Church of Scotland, and adhere to the same as long as he retains his office.' Secondly, even allowing the distinction in question to be correct, it is a distinction recognized neither by the letter of the law, nor by the spirit of the constitution. The statute either requires adherence to the Established Church on the part of all Office-bearers in the Universities, or it does not. If it does not, then the attempt to eject the 'Free Church' Professors and Office-bearers is altogether illegal and unwarrantable. If it does, then all Nonconformists, no matter to what communion they belong, must be ejected. The revival, for party purposes, of an obsolete penal statute, is bad enough; but this attempted partiality in the application of it, adds immeasurably to its iniquity. If an intolerant law is to be brought anew into action after a slumber of more than a century, at least let it be acted upon with impartiality. It is monstrous to suppose that the country will allow any Court, civil or ecclesiastical, if such a Court could be found, to use the law in so arbitrary a fashion, as to declare that one party may violate its enactments with impunity, while another, who happens to be obnoxious on particular grounds, shall suffer its pains and penalties.

But, moreover, the claim put forth for forbearance towards Episcopalians, while none is to be shown to nonconformist Pres-

* And yet, strange to say, Dr. Robertson is reported to have stated, at the last meeting of the General Assembly, that 'the Universities of Scotland are undoubtedly part and parcel of the Established Church of Scotland, and as such ought to be under the cognizance of that Church!'

byterians, is as groundless in point of fact as it is worthless in law. We have already shown that the latter still hold the ecclesiastical principles which were held by the framers of the Act of Security—they still 'acknowledge' the Confession of Faith, and 'conform' to the Presbyterian mode of worship. But no such defence can be offered in behalf of the Episcopalian Professors. Their admission to office in the Universities is undeniably opposed both to the spirit and the letter of the law. Adherence to a Calvinistic creed, and to a Presbyterian Church, are the two conditions that it requires, neither of which can be complied with by honest Episcopals. Their toleration, therefore, in Scottish Academical Chairs, is a gross violation of that statute which the adherents of the Establishment are attempting to revive against Presbyterian Dissenters. The Act of Security, it is well known, was passed for the express purpose of protecting the Established Church against the supporters of Popery and Prelacy; and had no reference whatever to Presbyterian Dissenters, who (with the exception of a handful of Cameronians) did not then exist. The dreadful persecution which they had recently suffered at the hands of a Prelatical Church, made the Presbyterians of those days regard 'Prelatists' as their most inveterate enemies. Have they ceased to be so now? Do they not brand the Church of Scotland herself as 'Samaria,' and her ministers as 'laymen' and 'dissenting teachers?' Is it not passing strange, then, that an attempt should be made to distinguish between the case of Episcopalian and that of nonconforming Presbyterian Professors, on the ground that the former are friendly, and the latter hostile to the Established Church? And what are to think of those who have not only long tolerated the violation of the law in the case of Episcopals, but who avow that so far as they are concerned it should still remain inoperative; and who yet in the same breath tell us that every Office-bearer in the Universities must adhere to the Established Church as long as he retains office, and declare that they cannot refrain from proceeding against the Free Church Professors 'without being guilty of a flagrant dereliction of duty?' They may rest assured that the attempt will be as futile as it is discreditable. If the Principal of the United College of St. Andrews be expelled from that office on the ground of his secession from the Establish-

ed Church, even-handed justice will require that the same step shall be taken with regard to the Episcopalian Professors of Edinburgh and Glasgow. If the one be removed, without doubt so must the other. The proper course would be, a Royal Commission to 'take trial' of the present Office-bearers in our Universities, and to 'purge out and remove' all, whether Episcopals or Presbyterians, 'who shall not submit to the government of the Church now settled by law.*' The advocates of the University Test Act would do well to ponder the maxim, 'Begin nothing of which thou hast not well considered the end.'

But we are told, that to abolish subscription to the Confession of Faith would be a violation of the act of Union with England. The frequency with which this argument has been brought forward, and the prominent place that has been assigned to it in the discussions which have recently taken place on this subject, would seem to indicate that the advocates of this Test regard it as their grand support. The argument is founded on the supposition, that the Articles of Union are unalterable—a plea altogether absurd. When the Act of Union was agreed to, Scotchmen were naturally jealous lest the institutions of their country should be changed contrary to their wishes, by the vote of English representatives; and therefore, as a security against the apprehended danger, it was stipulated that these institutions should 'remain and continue unalterable.' The result of their anxious precautions shows the futility of all attempts to legislate for posterity. Our legislators have unhesitatingly treated the Act of Union as so much waste paper, whenever it became necessary for the public good to do so. The Courts of Session and Justiciary, the Court of Admiralty, Heritable Jurisdictions, the extent of the Elective Franchise, and the number of Scotch Representatives to Parliament, have all been changed, though it was specially provided in the Treaty of Union, regarding one and all of them, that they should 'continue forever.†' Nay more, the constitution of the Presbyterian Church itself, which was the special object of national anxiety, and

* Stat. 1690, chap. xvii.

† One of the Articles of Union provided for the continuance of the law against all importation of victual from Ireland, or any other place, as 'the importation of provision and victual into Scotland would prove a discouragement to tillage.' Do the advocates of the Test hold that this Article should have been viewed as unalterable?

which was secured unchanged 'to the people of this land in all succeeding generations,' so early as 1712 underwent a most important alteration. Lay patronage had always been obnoxious to the Presbyterians of Scotland. One of the first acts of the Scottish Parliament after the Revolution, was to abolish it; and their 'latest great act, in agreeing to merge the Scotch into a British Parliament, involved the stipulation that Church patronage should not be restored.' And yet, in defiance of these solemn national engagements, in little more than five years after the royal assent had been given to the Act of Union, the yoke of patronage was again laid upon the necks of the people of Scotland by the avowed enemies of Presbyterianism, and for the express purpose of alienating their affections from the reigning family.* Out of this violation of the Act of Security have arisen, directly or indirectly, nine-tenths of Scottish dissent; and so effectually has it wrought, that the adherents to the Confession of Faith, and the Presbyterian form of church government, are now more numerous without than they are within the pale of the Establishment. Now, strange to say, the very persons who resist the abolition of the restrictions on the University Chairs, on the ground that it would be a violation of the Treaty of Union, are the warmest eulogists of this restoration of patronage. According to this mode of argument, the Treaty of Union presented no obstacle to the passing of an Act which, in one way or another, has been the means of driving two-thirds of the people of Scotland out of the Establishment; but it is an insurmountable barrier to any act of legislation that may be calculated to remedy the evils that have thus been produced! It was appealed to in vain,

* Lockhart of Carnwath says—'I pressed the Toleration and Patronage Acts more earnestly, that I thought the Presbyterian clergy would be from thence convinced that the establishment of their Kirk would in time be overturned, as it was obvious that the security thereof was not so thoroughly established by the Union as they imagined.'—*Lockhart Papers*, Vol. i. p. 418. Wodrow states, that, in a meeting of the Commission of Assembly, 'it was owned by all that patronages were a very great grievance, and sinful in the imposers, and a breach of the security of the Presbyterian constitution by the Union.' And in an address approved of by the General Assembly, the passing of the Patronage Act is declared to be 'contrary to our Church constitution, so well secured by the Treaty of Union.'—*Burnet's History of his Own Times*, Vol. ii. p. 595.

by the almost unanimous voice of the Scottish nation, against the act of Bolingbroke restoring lay patronage. Is it just or reasonable, then, that it should be appealed to successfully now, against a change imperatively demanded by the altered circumstances of the country, and which would be welcomed with as great unanimity as the former was condemned?

The question respecting the abolition of religious tests has been raised, not by their enemies, but by their friends. Had they been contented to allow to Presbyterians the toleration which, for more than a century, they have shown to Episcopalians, the demand for the total abolition of these restrictions on the Literary and Philosophical Chairs would not, in all probability, have been made at this time. But since the pretension has been revived, security ought to be taken that these intolerant statutes shall not be left capable of being misused. They are unjust in principle, and injurious in practice. They are equally hostile to the rights of conscience, and to the interests of science. They are prejudicial alike to religion and education. They hold out a temptation to insincerity in religious professions, and inflict a penalty for adhering to honest convictions. They are utterly repugnant to the feelings of the age, and are wholly inapplicable to the present character of our Universities, and the existing ecclesiastical state of Scotland. Let them, therefore, be at once erased from the statute-book. 'It is not wise,' says Burke, 'in a well-constituted commonwealth, to retain those laws which it is not proper to execute.' Like frozen vipers, they may at any time be warmed into vigor by a pestilential atmosphere. One thing is clear, matters cannot remain in their present unsettled condition. Either the Universities must be freed from all sectarian tests, and made in the fullest sense of the term, National Institutions, otherwise the various denominations of Dissenters will feel constrained, however reluctantly, to unite in the erection, on a broad and liberal basis, of a scientific and literary University, in which they may be able to place unlimited confidence. We deprecate such a result. Our object is the conservation of our existing educational institutions, not their destruction. The present system of education is attended with many advantages, which render its preservation an object of national importance. Students of all sects and professions have hitherto ming

led in our Universities without distinction. This arrangement has been productive of the most beneficial effects on the character of all parties. The intimacies thus formed have done much to soften mutual prejudices, to moderate party spirit, and allay the bitterness of controversial feeling. But once let the youth of the various sects be confined, in the choice of their companions, to the members of their own Church, and the manifold evils of our religious dissensions will be fearfully aggravated. As the different classes would never meet, during their earlier years, in any friendly relation, no means would exist of lessening their mutual prejudices, or of producing mutual respect and esteem; they would consequently regard each other with feelings of hostility. Sectarian seminaries of every kind are, from their very constitution, nurseries of bigotry and intolerance; and all experience proves that the education of the youth of the country in such institutions, would do more than all other causes combined, to strengthen the virulence of party spirit, and to embitter and perpetuate religious animosities.

It gives us pleasures to close the foregoing observations with the opinions expressed in the following passage from the eloquent 'Inaugural Address,' which the present Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow delivered on occasion of his recent installation in that high office.* We honor him for the firmness and candor with which he, on so marked an occasion, expressed his own sound and enlightened convictions, before an audience which, whatever may have been the case with the younger members of the University, contained among the Professors some of the most inveterate supporters of the repudiated Test:—

'One thing I do indeed deeply regret, and speaking in accordance with the sentiments of many, and in earnest prayer for the welfare of this University, I trust I may, without offence, express my regret that the same liberality which has opened your schools to the taught has not been extended to the selection of the teachers. Making the proper and necessary exception of those chairs which are devoted to teach the doctrines of the Established Church, may we not ask why the other chairs of this Uni-

versity—its secular chairs—should not be open to a candidate bringing admitted superiority in science—what is not less important, nor less rare, extraordinary power of communicating knowledge, and exciting the emulation of his students—and withal unimpeachable character, merely because he may not agree in all things, possibly in some nice point of church government, with the views of the Establishment? May we not ask whether danger *now* exists to require the rejection from your secular chairs of men—it may be of European celebrity—who would make your schools the resort of all generous and aspiring youth? Shall we still require tests which might have repelled the scrupulous consciences of William Hunter, of Locke, or of Newton? William Hunter has enriched your college by his donations, not of books only and medals, though these are the rarest and choicest of their kind, but by a museum much more valuable—the result of his labors in anatomical science—and showing how much may be accomplished by one man ardently devoted to the pursuit of knowledge. His biographer tells me, that from scruples of conscience he left the profession of the Church, to which his father had intended him; and the same scruples might have prevented you hearing that great master explain the structure of this frame of ours—how fearfully and wonderfully we are made. Locke might have been unable to teach here Logic or Ethics, though the same pen which recorded his Inquiry into the Human Understanding has evinced his piety, and rendered no mean service to Christianity in showing its reasonableness, as demonstrated in Scripture. Newton himself—

"Qui genus humanum ingenio superavit et
omnes
Restinxit, stellas exortus uti Etherius Sol—"

Newton might have been refused admission to the chair, from which it would have been his duty to unfold the mechanism of the heavens, and declare the glories of their Maker.'

* *Inaugural Address by Andrew Rutherford, Esq., M. P., on his Installation as Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow, (Jan. 10, 1845) —p. 10.*

O RABEQUISTA, THE FIDDLER.

FROM THE PORTUGUESE.

From Tait's Magazine.

AMONG the living authors of Portugal, who are little, or not at all, known in this country, but whose merits as poets, dramatists, or prose writers, entitle them to be so, are the brothers Castilho, A. M. de Souza Lobo, Ignacio Pizarro de M. Sarmiento, J. B. d'Almeida Garrett a very distinguished man of letters, and A. Herculano author of the "Harp of the Believer" and "The voice of the Prophet," a young volunteer officer of the Liberal party, at the siege of Oporto, who made himself remarkable by his zeal and bravery, and who, after the death of Don Pedro, instead of hurrying with others to the capital to claim the reward of his services, long remained at Oporto, unsollicitous of court favors, and testified his grief in an elegy on "the romantic Emperor who had fought against tyranny," and who had bequeathed his heart to that "faithful city." Of these and other existing ornaments of Portuguese literature, we may take future opportunities of giving some notices. The following little story is but a very trifling specimen of the abilities of *Antonio Feliciano Cartilho*, whose name appears under it in a Lisbon periodical of recent date; but mere trifle as it is, there is something peculiar in the turn of the adventure.

On a dark night of last winter, there was a wedding ball in a certain village near the foot of the mountain Estrella. The wedding-dinner was over at two o'clock in the afternoon: and from that hour till midnight, the clattering dance of wooden shoes had been almost incessant. During all this time, the merriment had been kept alive by liberal supplies of *green wine*, by love, and by a fiddle, the never failing guest and companion of every merry-meeting in all the hamlets of this neighborhood. The fiddler, who possessed nothing in the world but a musical ear, (for which we do not know how much per centage he paid out of the hours of industry,) had been one of the numerous candidates for the bride; but having been supplanted by the pecuniary charms of his happy rival, he was here on this occasion—no unhappy man either, but in good humor with his ill fortune. A philosophical fiddler, he had not only had the courage to attend the marriage-ceremony without concealing himself behind one

of the church pillars and rushing forth at the critical moment with a romantic cry of despair to the dismay of the assembly, but he had helped to twine the arches of pine-boughs for the passage of the triumphant couple. At dinner, he had filled repeated bumpers to the health of both, and also of a tawny rustic lass who happened to sit next to him; and all the evening afterwards, and all the night, he animated, by his quaint old minuets, and his inexhaustible store of old-fashioned tunes, the fun of the dancers, male and female, of that economical club, whose vagaries were superbly illuminated by four classical iron lamps, stuck against four newly-whitewashed walls. Some malicious judges of motives—for there are such even in the country—did not fail to set down his gratuitous perseverance to a lurking desire of putting off as long as he possibly could, the fatal moment when the company should disperse, and the doors of his ungrateful fair one exclude him from her presence. Others merely supposed that his zeal was inspired by a newly awakened fancy for another pair of bright eyes, and that he was naturally unwilling to quit a scene where the lady of his thoughts saw him unquestionably playing *the first fiddle*. As to us, without rejecting or admitting either of these opinions, we think it more orthodox to believe, that his pure self-love as an artist, is a sufficient explanation. Paganini in the theatre at Paris, or on the stage of the opera-house in London, was not a greater personage than our poor fiddler, in a farm-house of the Estrella mountain.

During one of those brief intervals of the ball, when the din of the music and feet ceased, only to give play to the much more uproarious clamor of conversation, our hero, whom we shall call Baptist, found his opportunity of insinuating a sly compliment into the ear of her to whom his looks had already been still more eloquent; a smile and a modest look of pleased acknowledgment gave him fresh force for a second attack; he dared to whisper the word *love*; he saw her blush, and once more he saw her smile; he ventured to seize a pretty little hand of this damsel fifteen years old; and from the moment of that endured audacity, he considered his felicity certain. He asks her name, *Anna*; her condition, *single*; her residence, *another farm-house*, distant about half a league, in a locality that he is unacquainted with; but which she describes so minutely, that it is evident his visit

there will be acceptable: "In our house," adds Anna, "there lives only my mother and myself. My mother keeps house; I tend our flock on the mountain in the day time, and at night work with my mother. Sometimes we sit together on our hearth with nothing new to say to one another, which is dull; now and then we have the company of some young women who live about a quarter of a league from us: I came with two of them to-day; and we are to return together. But for them I should have missed this wedding; and that would have been a pity."

The dancing was renewed; Baptist surpassed himself, if that were possible. The fiddle seemed animated with all the fire, all the brilliant freshness of a newly rising passion. It imparted more life, more ecstasy to the dancers; and Anna, every time that the mazy whirl brought her near to the musician, showed by a look, a movement, an air, that she felt something more than gratitude for the performer. The Bow of Cupid, to use the phraseology of the poetico-arcadian schools, never twanged off more sharp and quick arrows than did the bow of a fiddle on this night. The bridegroom, fearing that the transport might not subside before sunrise, availed himself of a momentary pause to call Baptist apart into the garden, and there, after some trifling apologetical preamble, with which Baptist would have willingly dispensed, gave him to understand, in as few words as his embarrassment and the sense of his discourtesy would permit, that it was time to close the entertainment, and for the guests to retire. Baptist, who, like all happy lovers, had kept wholly out of view the fact, that such pleasure must have an end, and in whom (trust the hearts of men!) the thought of his first love, now hopeless, was already partially eclipsed by the radiant image of his new star; Baptist stood undecided for an instant whether he should obey the master of the house, thanking him for his good cheer, or break the fiddle about his ears. A visit to the cellar, to which the host sagaciously invited him, gave him time to recover his temper; and, thanks to a copious draught that prepared him for the journey, the inward strife that had arisen between the two spirits that contend for mastery in the human breast, terminated in the victory of the good angel. During this absence of the life and soul of the party, the greater number of the guests disappeared: and Anna, urged by her companions to with-

draw, and persuaded, as were the rest, that Baptist would not come back, sadly set out on her way home.

Returning to the room, and finding it deserted by her who alone had filled it to his eyes, Baptist wished his host good-night. Hardness of heart is not the vice of the truly happy. The bridegroom accompanied him a few steps beyond the threshold, and laughingly told him in a key sufficiently loud to ensure his being overheard by his wife, that the beautiful Anna, the flower and envy of the night, was the best tender of flocks in the district; that she had a good fortune; excellent hands for the spindle, and a voice for singing that charmed all who heard her; that he therefore advised him to cultivate the good graces of the mother, for that he well knew the girl would think herself fortunate to be able to warble her youth away with such an accompaniment:

Oh, life of my life!
Who can show me your fellow
At fiddle or life
On the mountain Estrella?

And with this he bade him farewell; but not before he had further explained, what Baptist had already known above two hours, that the house was situated at the top of a winding steep, between hills; that by day two great oak trees, standing close together, on the right of the road, would show that he was near the place, and that at night he would be led to it by the bleating of numerous goats folded in the pen, so that there could be no risk of going astray among those wilds. The night was still dark. Baptist at first, though his mind was still abroad, took the melancholy road that led to his home. But what was he to do there? Sleep? who ever slept on the first night of a new love-fever?—To lie awake and sigh? that is better and more poetically done on the open stage of nature. To transcribe from the tablets of his heart an account of his sensations and wishes in a letter? Anna probably cannot read; and he himself, satisfied with his talent as a musical artist, never felt any ambition to accumulate knowledge. Baptist does not know how to write. All such of my readers as have passed through the paradise of youth will readily divine, without my telling them, whither the steps of Baptist led him against the bent of his wiser intention. As full of wine and passion as an elegy of Propertius, with his fiddle under his arm, and his Anna

in his heart, and with as good speed as the obscurity of the hour, and the ruggedness and strangeness of the way permit, there he goes, entreating the solitude to favor his blind search of the temple of his divinity, and already, in spirit, making the tour of those walls which he fancies he discovers in every white stone that he discerns before him.

And what a wretched gratification is he seeking! He will not see her; no, he will not hear her voice. At such an untimely season of the night, he will not even, through some compassionate crack in the door, have his eyes fascinated by the flickering gleam of a lamp lighted by that very hand which so lately trembled in his own. She herself will not know to-morrow that he has been keeping watch near her, and surrounding her dreams with his love. No sign will remain to reveal to her the devotion with which he will have been kissing, as a pilgrim kisses a reliquary, the insensible walls that enclose the talisman of his existence! When she shall arise and go forth with Aurora, placid and rosy like her, and, like her, hailed with delight by every thing that beholds her, not a vestige of his kisses will be left on the stones of her house, on the threshold of her door; not one of all the sighs that night shall have gathered in its lap will be felt with the morning breezes, as they sigh among the foliage. No; but he will have enjoyed, in three or four hours of careful vigil, whole ages of felicity. It is even possible, that something of reality may be mingled with his delicious reveries: it may chance, that, while with ear applied to a casement, and breath suspended, he interrogates the silence of the sleeping house, some audible sound, some word addressed by the daughter to her mother, some rustling of a mattress, stuffed with the straw of Indian corn, will aid his fancy to picture the interior of that Eden, and to perceive, as it were, through his ears, the position, the attitude, the expression, the thoughts of the most beautiful of slumberers. He will, at least, hear the bleatings of her goats hard by; and, if the stars be not utterly hostile to his hopes, he may, in the morning, hiding himself where he cannot be discovered, watch her as she passes with her flock, blithely treading the dew in her little slippers of orange-tree wood, her distaff stuck in her girdle, a shade of soft anxiety setting off the sweetest smile that ever dawned from under the broad flap of a large black hat; and, perhaps, he might hear that chant of the

mountain, and now, more than ever, the song for *him*, sent forth to the echoes by the most bewitching voice of the *Beira-alka*,—

Oh, life of my life!
Who can show me your fellow
At fiddle or fife
On the mountain Estrella?

As these fancies thickened upon him, Baptist, who was absolutely carried away with them, and was every moment quickening his pace, less attentive to the road than to the stars, with which true lovers have always an indefinable sympathy, suffered himself to be hurried on, he hardly knew whither, till he suddenly remembered what none but a lover would have forgotten for a moment, that he ought to examine, by the notices which he had been warned to take heed of, whether he was on his right course or not. He stopped, he doubted, he was about to turn back, when lo! he observed on the side of the path, certain trees, which might very possibly be the two oak-trees: he flies towards them; they are the very same; and that is the exact site—a site as familiar to him, now that he views it for the first time, as if he had been born there. He accelerates his speed—his heart leaps as if it wished to get there before him—the sandy and barren soil of the steep seems to him a gentle declivity, matted with rose-leaves; and, to crown his success, he hears the bleat of a lamb close by: he who hears the lamb cannot be far off from the shepherdess. He rushes towards the spot where so tender a greeting invites him. He already discovers the withies of the fold—he almost touches them. All at once the ground gives way under him, and he finds himself at the bottom of a pitfall. Astounded with the shock, though he had lighted on his feet, with his fiddle safe under his arm, he at first imagined that some evil witch had laid this wicked trap for him; and he now called to mind that an old woman at the wedding had very constantly eyed him with an expression of countenance of no good augury:—but after his first confusion was a little allayed, he perceived that he was in one of those deep holes which it is the custom to excavate on the mountain to catch wolves. These holes are made wider at bottom than at top, so as to make it impossible for the prisoner to escape; the mouth is lightly covered with a few slender boughs, which, yielding to the pressure of any weight, let it fall through, and, being elastic, resume their deceitful

appearance: as a lure to the beast of prey at night, it is usual to place behind this masked abyss, and within a strong fence of hurdles, a kid or a lamb, whose cries for the dam entice its enemy to certain destruction. The hopelessness of evasion from such a den, for the rest of the night, was evident to poor Baptist. He tried to accommodate himself to his situation. He had not room to console himself as men incarcerated are wont to do, by pacing to and fro to give life to his imprecations. He laid himself down in the pit to meditate on the abode of his love, which he had left above him in the land of the living. Nature makes but little difference between dreams and the visionary cogitations of lovers.

Baptist was now half-musing, half-sleeping, when he heard the treacherous roof of his den giving way again, and immediately afterwards down plumped some heavy substance. He jumped up in consternation—Who is there?—no answer—With hair on end, head dripping with cold sweat, and tongue tied with terror, he crouched hard against a side of the pit, and endeavored with eyes fixed in stupid amazement, to make out the companion of his misfortune:—and lo, a wolf, a great wolf, an immense wolf! He sees his eyes glaring like lamps, and that ferocious light shows, or seems to show, two rows of perfectly white teeth, with the formidable tusks; a sight sufficient to disconcert, not only one fiddler, but a whole philharmonical society. Without defence, or means of flight, or chance of succor, and watching the steady and gradually emboldened attention with which his adversary measured him, he was attempting in his agony to shrink into the very earth that immured him, when an involuntary touch of one of the strings of his fiddle caused it to sound—the animal was startled and recoiled two steps, which he had at last slowly and with a long pause between each made towards the musician. Baptist, therefore, suspecting that there may be some occult centrifugal virtue in the art of Orpheus, draws his fiddlestick with a tremulous hand across the bow. It is now the wolf's turn to shrink; he cowers as if he would bury himself in the ground: the rage in his eyes is subdued, he turns away his head; he manifests his fears by a thousand signs. Baptist, gathering courage from his enemy's cowardice, without further preparatory tuning flings him off a waltz, and observing that the first effect of his instrument is in

no wise diminished, overpowers him with an inundation of notes, in tune and out of tune, enough to rive the entrails of the earth. It was a genuine scene, worthy of the opera in the Rua-dos-Condes. Minuets, gavottes, country-dances, waltzes, cotillions, jigs, and rigadoons, succeeded one another without break or transition, and with a rapidity, a prodigality, that was marvellous: while now and then he wrenched his eyes off his crouching adversary to look up at the aperture for the glimpse of day, to which alone he could trust for his deliverance. But that night had sworn to last at least fifty hours for the poor fiddler. The centrifugal charm of his violin appeared to have as much influence on Aurora as on the wolf; keeping them both aloof. The perspiration which his fears had at first drawn, was now streaming down him from sheer fatigue. His arm, before so laboriously exercised at the ball, was beginning to fail him, when at last the gleams of day peered through the false trellis-work over his head; and soon afterwards, steps, voices, and laughter, were distinguishable near the cavern. The shepherds who had laid the trap were coming to see if they had caught any thing; and, wondering at the strange subterranean music, they hastened towards it with a thousand wild conjectures. Having removed the boughs that covered the mouth of the pit, they looked down, eager to learn what this extraordinary revel could be. Baptist fearing to lose, by one moment's intermission of his music, the safety he had won at so much cost, answered them in chanted prose, fiddling all the while, and huddling two or three words into every note—

“Pit of terror—Night of horror—How I tremble!”

entreating to be quickly released, and intimating that he would tell them all about it presently. A ladder was the first thing to be procured; one was immediately found in the nearest farm-house, the inmates of which, as anxious as their neighbors to gratify their curiosity, came running with the rest to witness such an unexampled sight. The pit was surrounded with people of both sexes. The ladder was hardly fixed, when Baptist clambered up as fast as he possibly could, without the use of his hands,—for he was still fiddling,—till he reached the top, more dead than alive. Scarcely had he found himself amid kindly human faces, and in the light of one of the loveliest

mornings that ever shone on the Estrella, when, laying down his fiddle to make the sign of the cross, he discovered at his side—his own Anna. Hers was the ladder that had saved him; hers the neighboring farm-house; and the soft scarlet kerchief of cotton that was instantly offered to him to wipe his forehead, was taken from her own neck.

He was conducted to her house (it was possibly only because it was the nearest at hand,) and placed by the hearth, where mother and daughter vied with each other in making him comfortable, and, after serving him with a good breakfast, and giving him a thousand unequivocal proofs of their benevolence, they left him to take five or six hours of delicious repose on a well-filled and well-smoothed palliase of Indian-corn straw.

In less than three months after that breakfast, Baptist was the husband of Anna. The artist who had figured so brilliantly at other people's wedding-parties performed prodigies at his own. The wolf, which Baptist and Anna would not suffer to be destroyed, was carefully secured; and, being of a tameable age at the time of his capture, is now a part of the family, and is kept in better condition than ever wolf was kept before. The friendly evening gatherings at this farm-house are celebrated in the district; and all the neighbors hope and trust that the harmony which reigns there will never be interrupted—that, in the mutual relation of husband and wife, and of mother and son-in-law, the fiddle will never be out of tune.

THE ENGLISH UNIVERSITIES.

From the Edinburgh Review.

1. *The English Universities. From the German of V. U. A. Huber. An abridged Translation. By Francis W. Newman.* Three volumes, 8vo. London: 1843.
2. *The Oxford University City and County Herald, of Feb. 15, 1845.*

THE early history of the University of Oxford is obscure. It appears to have consisted originally of a collection of teachers, united by no condition beyond mutual convenience, and subject to no discipline except the spiritual power of the Bishop of Lincoln, the diocesan, and the temporal jurisdiction

of the authorities of the town. It was the interest of all parties, that each man's pupils should reside under his roof. Hence arose the boarding-houses, at first called Inns and Hostelries, and afterwards Colleges and Halls. The masters of these houses were the rulers of the little scholastic world. They selected a rector or principal to keep order among themselves, who afterwards received the name of Chancellor. But the important step, and that which raised Oxford from a Collection of Schools into a University, was their uniting for the purpose of ascertaining the progress of their pupils, and granting to them certificates of proficiency and licenses to teach. These became, in time, the modern degrees of Bachelor and Master; the first of which gave the applicant merely a limited power of lecturing; the second, which was at first synonymous with Doctor, authorized him to teach generally, to preside at the disputations which were then the tests of knowledge, and to be Master of a House.

Thus grew up the form of university government which still exists. It is a mixed exclusive constitution. The Chancellor forming the monarchical element, the Heads of the Houses the aristocratic, and the other Masters and Doctors the democratic. The excluded, and, as is generally the case in exclusive governments, the larger part of the community, are the under-graduates and bachelors.

As the Heads of Houses were almost always ecclesiastics, and therefore deprived of lineal heirs, and separated by their habits from their collaterals, the houses must, from the beginning, have passed from owner to owner by way of succession rather than of inheritance. This suggested their incorporation. Recourse was had to the Crown, which exercised its prerogative in early times far more readily than it does now. The celebrity of Oxford attracted founders and benefactors. Large buildings were erected, and extensive estates attached to them. Corporations aggregate, consisting of master, fellows, and scholars, were created, who were to enjoy their endowments, partly for the advancement of learning, and partly as instruments of perpetual prayer for their founders' souls. Such was the origin of Colleges.

The houses of education to which no property, beyond the land on which they stood, was attached, became the existing Halls, in which the Principal, by charter or by prescription, is a corporation sole.

Partly for purposes of education, and partly as a weapon in their constant contests with the town's people, the members of the houses obtained a charter incorporating them as a University, which, according to the custom of those times, was frequently repeated, and at length was solemnly confirmed by Parliament;

There exist, therefore, in Oxford, one corporation aggregate, the University, which includes among its members all the members of the other corporations; eighteen corporations aggregate, consisting of the members of the Colleges; and five corporations sole, consisting of the Principals of the Halls.

It does not appear that the Colleges have made much direct exercise of the right, which is incident to a corporation, of making by-laws, or, in Oxford language, statutes. Those which they received from their founders they have retained—we will not say obeyed; for the greater part of the Colleges violated their statutes systematically, and in many respects unavoidably. But the University, from the time of its incorporation, and perhaps from an earlier period, enacted statutes, for the government of its own members as members of the University, and for the government of the Halls. With the internal government of the Colleges it has not ventured to interfere.

For several centuries statutes continued to be passed, often for mere temporary purposes, often inconsistent, and, from the absence of printing, little known, and frequently lost. After several ineffectual attempts had been made by his predecessors, Laud, while Chancellor, succeeded in reducing these rude materials into a consistent whole. With the assistance of a committee appointed by the University, he framed the code called the Caroline statutes. It was enacted by the heads of the houses, doctors, and masters, approved by Laud, and confirmed by the Crown.

By these statutes, the legislative power of the University was materially restricted. The right to explain, and of course, by implication, the right to repeal any statute sanctioned by the Crown, is refused, unless the consent of the Crown be previously obtained. An absolute negative is given to the Chancellor, and also to the Vice-chancellor, and also to the two Proctors. And the House of Convocation, consisting of doctors and masters, by which every new statute must be passed, has no power of initiation or amendment. It can deliberate only on

proposals made to it by the heads of houses, called, in consequence of their weekly meetings, the Hebdomadal Board, and must accept or reject them unaltered. When we add that, except by special permission of the Chancellor, the discussions are in Latin, it may be inferred that Convocation is not a place for debate.

By the Caroline statutes, all persons above the age of sixteen must, previously to matriculation, subscribe the Thirty-nine Articles of 1562; and every candidate for a degree must subscribe the three articles of the thirty-sixth Canon. By these three articles, this subscriber asserts—*1st*, The King's supremacy; *2dly*, That the Book of Common Prayer, and of ordering bishops, priests, and deacons, contains nothing contrary to the Word of God; and *3dly*, That he allows the Articles of 1562, and acknowledges all and every the Articles therein contained to be agreeable to the Word of God. The Canon requires the subscription to be in these words,—‘I, A B, do willingly and *ex animo* subscribe to these three articles, and to all things that are contained therein.’ The Vice-chancellor is empowered to require any person in holy orders to repeat his subscription, and on his refusal or neglect, after the requisition has been thrice made, to banish him from the University.

The matriculation subscription is unexplained by any words. The Vice-chancellor usually states to the applicant for matriculation, that it merely signifies that he is a member of the Church of England. But he has no authority to declare this to be its true interpretation, and it is obviously open to several others. It may be an expression of universal belief—that is, that the subscriber believes every portion of what he has subscribed: or it may express belief general though not universal—that is, that the subscriber generally assents to the Articles, though he doubts, or even denies, some comparatively unimportant portions: or it may express no belief at all, but be a mere declaration of conformity—a mere engagement not to oppose the doctrines of the Articles, leaving their truth undecided.

The subscription on degrees is unambiguous. Every loop-hole through which a tender conscience might escape, is carefully guarded. The subscription is fraudulent if the subscriber thinks, or even suspects, that the Book of Common Prayer, or of ordination, contains a sentence contrary

to the Word of God. It is fraudulent even if it be merely reluctant; *suspiria denotantur*. The subscriber asserts that *willingly*, and *ex animo*, he acknowledges *all and every* the Articles, that is, all collectively, and every one of them separately, to be agreeable to the Word of God. As far as the words of subscription are concerned, intolerance and monopoly have done their work effectually.

But another question remains: according to what rule are the Articles to be interpreted? And this is not so simple a question as it appears at first sight. The subscriber declares his present belief in the facts and opinions stated and expressed by an instrument drawn up nearly 300 years ago. In the interpretation of that instrument, is he so to adopt the meaning which he supposes to have been intended to be conveyed by those who framed the instrument, or that which would be conveyed by an instrument now framed in the same words?

In ordinary cases, all that we search for in a document is the real meaning of the writer. It matters not how obscure may be his language, how much it may deviate from common use, or how much what we suppose to be his real meaning may differ from that which is apparent. The real meaning is all that we have to do with, and if we can decipher that we are satisfied. It is thus that we read the History and the Philosophy of antiquity. It is thus that we read the Scriptures. But when an instrument is framed by one man to bind another, the meaning intended to be conveyed by the former ceases to be the rule of interpretation. In the construction of such an instrument, the general rule is, that the meaning is to be collected from the instrument itself, and that its words are to be understood in their apparent signification; although there may be reason for suspecting, or even for believing, that the framer of the instrument used them in a different sense. Were the rule otherwise, men might find themselves subject to liabilities of which they had no notice. In a question as to the exposition of an Act of Parliament, the lawyer who drew it would not be allowed even to state what was his own meaning. After once the Thirty-nine Articles had been adopted by Parliament, the divines who drew them up could not have been permitted to explain them. And for this obvious reason, that if they had been so permitted, Parliament might have found that it had been entrapped

into a Confession of Faith different from that to which it had intended to assent.

When applied to recent instruments, this construction occasions no difficulty. It merely forces those who lay down for others rules of conduct, or tests of belief, to express their meaning plainly. But when applied to ancient documents, without doubt it produces inconvenience. If the Thirty-nine Articles are to be interpreted according to their apparent meaning, they contain much that is obscure, and much that conveys to our minds very different ideas from those which it conveyed in the sixteenth century. It was the sense of this inconvenience that induced the Heads of Houses, in a proceeding which we shall consider hereafter, to propose a statute which would have impliedly declared that the Articles are to be interpreted in the sense in which they were originally promulgated, 'primitus editi.' But to this rule of interpretation there is an objection that appears to us decisive. It would require from every candidate for a degree a double inquiry. First, what was the sense in which the Articles were originally promulgated; and secondly, whether so interpreted they are agreeable to the Word of God. Such an inquiry, conscientiously pursued, would fill the whole period allotted to academic labor; a period which seldom exceeds nineteen months. Instead of Aristotle and Cicero, or Homer, or Demosthenes, the student must work at Luther and Zwingli, and Calvin and Melancthon, and Eichhorn and Bohlen. Instead of philosophy, rhetoric, poetry, and history, the staple of Oxford education would consist of Oriental, Rabbinical, and Alexandrian antiquities, and polemical, scholastic, and dogmatic theology. At the end of his thirteenth term, the under-graduate would find that he had passed his three most valuable years, not in improving his taste, not in acquiring knowledge available in after life, but in becoming master of the religious and verbal controversies of the sixteenth century. And, after all, what is the probability that he would come to the conclusion, that the historical and metaphysical treatise to which we give the name of the 'Thirty-nine Articles,' is right on every one of the hundreds of disputed questions which it decides? If not,

'Ibi omnis
Effusus labor atque immiti rupta tyrannis
Fœdera.'

The degree for which all this labor, and

waste of time, and of youth was undergone, must be renounced, and with that degree perhaps all the prospects of a life.

But there remains a third theory of interpretation, one which was proposed more than two hundred years ago, which has been lately revived by the Tractarians, and is now put forward in its most naked and unblushing form, by Mr. Ward—namely, that the Articles are to be interpreted, not in their obvious sense, nor again in the sense in which they may be supposed to have been originally framed; but in the sense, whatever it be, which the subscriber, by a mental reservation, thinks fit tacitly to affix to them. This is the *non-natural interpretation*. It has the advantages of relieving the subscriber from all difficulty. A man armed with such powers of interpretation may laugh all tests to scorn. He has only to say to himself—‘When I affirm that the Church of Rome has erred, I mean that certain persons who were members of that church—Luther for instance, and Cranmer, and Ridley, and Latimer—have erred. When I affirm that General Councils have erred, even in things pertaining to God, I mean that they have erred merely in non-essentials; in short, where I say black, I mean white, or at most gray; and he may assent to any formula whatever. But he gains this privilege by the sacrifice of all honor, all veracity—all that enables men to confide in one another. What is there to distinguish the profession of faith made by a graduate from any other declaration, except, perhaps, the peculiar solemnity and deliberation by which it is preceded and accompanied? What better warrant have we for signing the Articles in a *non-natural sense* than for signing in such a sense any other statement, or any other engagement? When such conduct is avowed and defended by teachers, what can we expect from their pupils, but that they will keep their promises non-naturally, and give non-natural testimony?’

For a long time the sounder part of the University looked on in silent shame. But when Tract Ninety appeared, the Heads of Houses published a resolution disapproving of ‘modes of interpretation which reconcile subscription to the Articles, with adoption of the errors which those Articles were designed to counteract. This, however, was a mere declaration of opinion; the opinion without doubt of a very respectable body, but unenforced by any statutory authority. At length when Mr. Ward publicly defied

the University—when he held himself out as an instance of the inability of her tests to exclude an avowed Roman Catholic—when he proclaimed his readiness to subscribe the Articles as often as they should be tendered to him, and, at the same time, his abhorrence of the Reformation and his adhesion to Romanism—the University accepted the challenge. The Hebdomadal Board, which possesses, as we have seen, the initiative in Legislation, resolved to punish the principal, or at least the most recent offender; and by rendering the test of subscription more stringent and more general, to arrest those who now manage to elude it.

For this purpose, on the 13th of December 1844, the Board issued a notice, summoning, for the 13th of February following, a Convocation, in which the three following measures should be proposed: 1st, A Resolution that certain passages in the Rev. W. G. Ward’s *Ideal Church* ‘are utterly inconsistent with the Articles of the Church of England, and with the declaration in respect of those Articles made and subscribed by the said W. G. Ward, previously to, and in order to his being admitted to the degrees of B. A. and M. A. respectively, and with the good faith of him, the said W. G. Ward, in respect of such declaration and subscription.’ 2d, ‘That the said W. G. Ward has disentitled himself to the rights and privileges conveyed by those degrees, and is hereby degraded from the said degrees respectively.’ 3d, A new statute amending the Caroline statute, which authorizes the Vice-chancellor to test clerical members of the University by requiring them to repeat their subscription. By the amended statute, the Vice-chancellor would have been authorized to put the test to every person, whether clerical or lay, and to require him previously to pledge his faith to the University, that he would subscribe all and each of the Articles in the sense in which he sincerely believed them to have been originally promulgated, and now tendered to him as a certain test of his opinions.

The last proposal excited disapprobation, deep and almost universal. It was clearly illegal as an amendment of the Caroline statutes without the consent of the Crown—a consent which was not asked, and certainly would not have been given. It would have been mischievous, as subjecting a new and more numerous class of persons to an inquisitorial power, which is felt to be so hateful that it has not been exercised within

living memory. It would have destroyed the distinction made by the Caroline statutes between subscription on Matriculation, and subscription on Graduation. It would have enabled the Vice-chancellor to test the doctrinal opinions of every member of the University, from the freshman to the senior doctor. It would have enabled him to stand with his test in his hand at the door of the Convocation house, and require every barrister, every physician, and every country gentleman, to state his belief in all and every of the Thirty-nine Articles on pain of expulsion. Every one who refused it was, in the classical language of the proposed statute, to be *exterminatus* and *banniatus*. And lastly, it would have sanctioned a new, and, as we have seen, a most mischievous rule of interpretation.

Each of the other two proposed measures was open to serious objections. The first asserted that the extracts from Mr. Ward's book were 'utterly inconsistent with the good faith of the said W. G. Ward, in respect of his declaration on subscribing the Articles.' Now Mr. Ward's declaration was obviously no breach of faith, unless he disbelieved in the Articles at the time when he made it. But of this there is not the slightest evidence. The presumption is that he then believed them, or at least that, with the carelessness as to subscription which has prevailed up to this day, he signed them with a general feeling of acquiescence which he did not think it advisable to probe too deeply. Nor, of course, can it be said that his subsequent change of opinion was a breach of faith; for even in Oxford, opinion is not yet treated as a voluntary act. That Mr. Ward, in retaining as a Romanist the fellowship which he had obtained as an Anglican, was guilty of a breach of faith, is true. And it is also true that the immorality of this conduct was aggravated by the pretences under which he sought to defend it—pretences which, as we have seen, would destroy all confidence in human promises, and in human testimony. But this breach of faith, and this immorality, the indictment against him omits. With unhappy dexterity, the indictment charges him with a breach of faith of which he is probably innocent, and passes by one of which he is avowedly guilty.

The second proposition, the degradation of Mr. Ward, was, we are inclined to think, illegal. In the first place, Convocation has no penal power. That power is vested in the Chancellor, or, in his absence, in

the Vice-chancellor. And, secondly, the punishment inflicted by the Caroline statutes on those 'who think otherwise than aright on the Catholic faith, or on the doctrine or discipline of the Church of England,' is not degradation, but banishment.

The third proposition was withdrawn, and in its place was substituted a declaration, nearly in the words of the original declaration issued by the Heads of Houses on the appearance of Tract Ninety,—'That modes of interpretation evading rather than explaining the Articles, and reconciling subscription to them, with the adoption of the errors which they were designed to counteract, defeat the object, and are inconsistent with the due observance of the statutes requiring subscription.'

A full Convocation at Oxford is an imposing spectacle. The Theatre, one of Wren's noblest works, with its rostra and semi-circular galleries, is admirably adapted to enable a large assembly to see and be seen, and to hear a person speaking from one of the rostra, or from the centre of the first gallery, though it would be unsuited to a debate in which men spoke from their places. It is fit for its purposes—solemn proceedings, and set speeches. On the 13th of February, it must have contained fifteen hundred persons, for nearly twelve hundred voted, and the neuters must have exceeded three hundred. After the first resolution had been read, Mr. Ward was called on for his defence. He requested to be allowed to speak English, and this permission was granted to him, and to him only; the Vice-chancellor probably thinking that there was more to be lost than gained by discussion.

To those who did not know the state of Mr. Ward's domestic relations, or that the tragedy was after all to end like a comedy—by marriage—his speech in defence must have appeared unaccountable. It was exceedingly well delivered; boldly, clearly, with great self-possession, perhaps too much, for the ease sometimes approached flippancy; but the matter seemed intended *auditores malevolos facere*. Every statement and every inference that could offend their prejudices, irritate their vanity, or wound their self-respect, was urged with the zeal of a candidate for martyrdom.

In deference, he said, to the advice of his Lawyer, he stated that his opinions had entirely changed since the subscription; and, even if the case had been otherwise, he denied the legal right of Convoca-

tion to punish by degradation. These matters, however, (which were the strong points of his case,) he passed over briefly. He then restated his full assent to all the doctrines of Rome; he restated his readiness to repeat his subscription; he repeated that he believed, and was ready to subscribe the Articles in a *non-natural* sense, and he affirmed that the *imponens* of subscription, whether the Church, or Parliament, or the University, for he left it in doubt which of these was the *imponens*, intended that they should be so subscribed. For that if the *imponens* did not so intend, he must have intended that they should not be subscribed at all. He contrasted the Articles in their natural sense with the Prayer-book, with one another, and with the common feelings and opinions of mankind; and then put it to his hearers, High church and Low church, Calvinistic and Arminian, whether their subscription was not as non-natural as his own.

The prohibition of English had its intended effect. Only one speech was attempted in Latin. In consequence of the position of the speaker in the area, and pressed on by a dense crowd, it was impossible to distinguish more than that he opposed the degradation on the ground that Mr. Ward's errors, if errors they were, were not the errors of infidelity. 'Nil dixit,' he exclaimed, 'Dominus Gulielmus Ward, contra Deum Optimum Maximum; nil dixit contra Dei Filium unigenitum nil dixit contra Spiritum Sanctum.' In other words, he said my client never stole a lion; he never stole an elephant; he never stole a tiger. That may be true, would be the answer; but he is indicted for stealing a sheep. His innocence, which we thoroughly believe as to lions, tigers, and elephants, has nothing to do with the question of sheep-stealing.

The first resolution was carried by 777 to 391. The second, by 569 to 511. Had Mr. Ward been silent, it would probably have been rejected.

The third resolution, condemning non-natural modes of interpretation, was put last. But now the two Proctors rose, and uttered (or seemed to utter, for in the uproar which accompanied their rising, no individual voice could be heard) the words which, except on one memorable occasion, no one now living ever before heard pronounced in Convocation. *Nobis Procuratoribus non placet*. Whereupon, without any formal dissolution—indeed, without a word more being spoken, as if such an in-

terposition stopped all business—the Vice-chancellor tucked up his gown, and hurried down the steps that lead from his throne into the area, and thence out of the theatre; and in five minutes the whole scene of action was cleared.

Thus of the three propositions submitted to Convocation, the first and second, against each of which there were grave objections, have been carried. The third, to which we should have supposed that every man of common veracity would have assented, has failed. It is said that Mr. Ward means to appeal as soon as he has found out a Visitor; and that the Hebdomadal Board will propose again the rejected resolution as soon as there are fresh Proctors. If both these things take place, we think it probable that two at least of the decisions of the 13th of February will be reversed;—that Mr. Ward will be restored, and non-natural interpretation censured.

We must warn, however, the majority of Convocation not to fancy that, by degrading Mr. Ward, or by censuring non-natural interpretation, they have advanced towards giving peace to the University. We are convinced that, for that purpose, they must move in a totally opposite direction. The joint exertions of the Tractarians and the Hebdomadal Board have evoked a spirit who appears only at long intervals, and whose appearance while he is in activity, is ever marked by dissension and ruin—the spirit of Nonconformity.

The tranquillity of the Georgian period is over. During those halcyon days men subscribed the Articles upon trust, and as a matter of course. Hereditary and avowed Protestant Dissenters and Roman Catholics were excluded; or, to speak more correctly, they never thought of presenting themselves. But no under-graduate member of the Church of England was troubled by a doubt. The distinction between subscription by matriculation, and subscription at degrees, was little thought of, and indeed little understood. The three articles of the thirty-sixth Canon, on which the binding force of subscription depends, are not to be found in the University statutes, or in any of the ordinary editions of the Thirty-nine Articles. They are not even alluded to in the work which is the Oxford text-book on the Thirty-nine Articles—Prettyman's 'Theology.' We doubt whether one-tenth or one-twentieth of those who have subscribed the thirty-sixth Canon, were aware, three months ago, of its exist-

ence. But this ignorance is at an end. Every candidate for a degree will now be aware that he has solemnly to declare that he objects to nothing in the Prayer-book, and that he acknowledges *all and every* the Thirty-nine Articles to be agreeable to the Word of God. Many, without doubt, will think that they cannot afford to keep a conscience, and will sign blindly without inquiry, lest inquiry should seduce them into doubt. But of those who will feel it their duty to inquire, what proportion will find the result to be universal and perfect conviction?

Some will think it impossible to reconcile the Calvinistic dogmata of the Articles with the Arminian color of the Prayer-book. Others will be startled at the doctrine, that whoever will be saved it is *above all things* necessary that he hold the Catholic faith. They may doubt whether benevolence and justice may not be even more conducive to salvation, than right notions as to the mysteries of substance, person, and procession. Few will be able to affirm that all who disbelieve, or who doubt any portion of that faith—all members of the Greek church—all Arians and Socinians—all mankind, in short, except the comparatively small portion of the world who are orthodox Trinitarians, 'without doubt shall perish everlastingly;' and many will find difficulty in persuading themselves that the damnatory clauses are not part of the Athanasian creed.

Some may be inclined to think it probable that every 'man *will* be saved by the law or sect which he professeth, so that he be diligent to frame his life according to that law, and the light of nature.' Others, though they may admit this doctrine to be erroneous—though they may admit that a virtuous Socinian or Mahometan will be saved in spite of his law, and not *by* it—may not venture to pronounce *accursed* all those who presume to hold it. Some may think it possible that works of charity or self-devotion, though done before the grace of Christ, may be pleasing to God; and many will doubt whether they 'have the nature of sin.' Some may doubt whether it be true that the forms of ordination contain nothing superstitious. They may question the right of the ordainer to say to the interposed priest—'Whose sins thou dost forgive, they are forgiven; and whose sins thou dost retain, they are retained.'

Others may think the Article on a Christian man's oath, a non-natural explanation of the text—'Swear not at all.' Others,

again, may be unable to make up their minds as to the political theories of the Thirty-seventh and Twenty-first Articles. They may doubt whether the Queen's prerogative is that 'which we see to have been always given to all godly princes in Holy Scriptures by God himself.' Some may think that her Majesty reigns by virtue of the Act of Settlement rather than by divine right, and others that there is some danger in making a Sovereign's title depend on his godliness. Others, again, may doubt the lawfulness of capital punishments; others that of wars; and others, again, whether it be true that General Councils may not be called together without the commandment and will of Princes.

Besides their doctrinal and political speculations, the Thirty-nine Articles indulge in historical and philosophical assertions. Is it certain that the Old Testament contains offers of everlasting life? Is it certain that the old Fathers, among whom the authors of Job, of Ecclesiastes, and of the Psalms, of course, are to be included, did not look only for transitory promises? We always supposed that the Divine Legislation proceeded on the contrary assumption. Is it certain that those who arranged the Canon of Scripture were right when they included Ecclesiastes and Cantica, and excluded Ecclesiasticus? Is it certain that the Second Book of the Homilies contains a godly and wholesome doctrine necessary for the sixteenth century? We know that Dr. Arnold was at one time incapable of subscribing, in consequence of a doubt whether the Epistle to the Hebrews did or did not belong to the apostolic age. May not the same doubt afflict others?

We have, we fear, tired our readers, and yet not mentioned one hundredth part of the questionable points with which the Articles swarm. And, we repeat, what is the probability that all candid inquirers will arrive at the conclusion, that *all and every* of them are agreeable to the Word of God? Will one half arrive at the conclusion? Will one quarter? Will one tenth? And what is to become of those who do not? Are they to give up the honors, the privileges, and the emoluments of the University, or are they stubbornly to beat down their consciences, and sign against their will and their conviction? From this time the thirty-sixth Canon will be a grating which will admit the careless, the dull, the ignorant, and the unprincipled, to the degrees,

the fellowships, the tuition, and the government of the University; and will exclude the diligent, the acute, and the conscientious.

We feel, and have again and again expressed indignation at the subtleties by which the test is evaded—we feel much more against the intolerance by which it is imposed. The dishonesty of the slave is only despicable; the cruelty of the tyrant is hateful. All Great Britain was roused a few years ago, by stories of the mischiefs of Factory Labor. We were told that those who had been subjected to it in youth, grew up stunted or distorted. And the interposition of the Legislature was required and granted. But is not the stunting and distorting of the mind a still more mischievous oppression? And can the intellect be more effectually depressed and warped, than by being tempted to seek nothing but premises for pre-appointed conclusions? or the moral feelings be more effectually depraved, than by being engaged in constant internal conflicts in which success cannot be honestly obtained!

To a certain degree, experience assists us in estimating the probable influence of such an education, by comparing the effects of a comparative lax with a comparatively strict test. For many years past, Cambridge has been subject to the former, and Oxford to the latter. It is true that Cambridge is subject to the severer test inflicted on Heads of Houses by the Act of Uniformity; but she herself imposes no test, except a declaration previously to a degree, that the candidate is a *bonâ fide* member of the Church of England. And it is true, also, that the Oxford test has not attracted, in times past, the attention, and consequently has not exercised the influence, which, we believe, will belong to it in future. However, though neither the freedom of Cambridge, nor the slavery of Oxford, has been complete, they have been sufficient to give some indication of the probable results of each system.

We believe that few Oxonians will be bigoted enough to deny, that at the bar, on the bench, in science—in short, wherever success depends on moral and intellectual vigor and independence, Cambridge now has, and long has had, the decided superiority. Nor does this superiority appear to have been purchased, by letting in the errors and the dissensions which it is the supposed office of tests to shut out. Cambridge has been at least as successful as

Oxford in excluding the inroads of Romanism. No establishments for conversion have been erected in her neighborhood. Her fellows do not declare their abhorrence of Protestantism. None of her tutors have been ever suspected of lecturing on the modes of explaining away its doctrines. It is *safe* to send a young man to Cambridge. She has been at least as successful as Oxford in preserving the internal peace of her society. She has not passed a statute declaring her utter distrust in the orthodoxy of the most learned and the most acute among her professors. She has not inflicted on another, less distinguished but still eminent both in station and in learning, a penal suspension from his functions. Her combination rooms are not hostile camps, nor her colleges or her pulpits instruments for the propagation of contradictory precepts. Her public lecture-rooms have not become deserts—nor her divinity schools scenes of wrangling. No Head of a House has posted in his Hall a notice, that all who presume to attend the lectures of the Regius Professor of Divinity will be denied testimonials for orders. No candidate for her degrees has brought a legal action against his examiner, and forced the University first into a suspension of her accustomed modes of examination, next into an abortive attempt to legalize them, and at last, into a recurrence to the old monkish forms of disputation. She summons no Convocation to pass *privilegia* against her members. Her Vice-chancellor is not assailed by defiances from graduates demanding to be degraded. She does not exhibit, in short, the symptoms which precede political dissolution.

How, then, is Oxford to escape the fate which the intolerance that enacted the Caroline statutes, and the apathy not unmingled with intolerance that has preserved them unrepealed, seem to prepare for her? If there were any use in suggesting a course which we know will not be adopted, we should say, by following the advice of Dr. Hampden,* and abolishing all tests except those which Parliament has imposed, and which Parliament, therefore, alone can remove. The next best expedient would be to follow Dr. Paley's advice, and change subscription from a profession of faith into an engagement of conformity. If, as we fear is the case, the *genius loci*, the present

* *Observations on Religious Dissent*, p. 39. 1834.

temper of the place, renders this impracticable, as a last resource the plan might be adopted which has apparently succeeded at Cambridge. No test should be required on matriculation; and no test previously to a degree, except that the candidate is a *bonâ fide* member of the Church of England. An engagement might be added to withdraw from the University on ceasing to hold the doctrines of the Church of England, and a tribunal created to decide on any imputed breach of this engagement. To decide such questions by *ψηφισματα*, by judicial acts performed by a deliberative assembly, is revolutionary. It is an imitation of the worst practices of the worst democracies. Under such an arrangement, no one would be necessarily excluded from the studies or the honors of the place. A Dissenter, or a Roman Catholic, if he thought fit to comply with the usages, and receive the instruction of his College, might pass his examination, and be enrolled in a class, and obtain an under-graduate's prize. But he would be excluded from a degree, and therefore from the government, and, generally speaking, from the emoluments of the University. The sincerity of a graduate's declaration must be left to his own conscience; but, if he broke his engagement of conformity, the proposed tribunal would afford a remedy, which it will soon be found that Convocation does not.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

From the British Quarterly Review.

This article is from the pen of Dr. Vaughan.—ED.

1. *An Essay on the History of the English Government and Constitution from the Reign of Henry VII. to the Present Time.* By Lord John Russell. 8vo. London.
2. *Life of Lord William Russell.* 2 vols. 8vo. London.
3. *Memoirs of the Affairs of Europe from the Peace of Utrecht.* 2 vols. 4to. London.
4. *The Causes of the French Revolution.* 8vo. London.
5. *What have the Whigs done?* 8vo. London.

It has fallen to the house of Bedford to be conspicuously associated with the history

of the religion and liberty of this country. In the times of the Reformation, during the civil war, and, above all, in the struggle to save the ark of civil and religious freedom towards the close of the reign of Charles II., the genius of that house was felt as a potent influence in public affairs.

Lord John Russell inherits most of the higher qualities belonging to his ancestors. In capacity, and in general culture, he is greater than the greatest of them. What he has done as an author, is overshadowed and forgotten by reason of the much greater prominence which he has obtained in the public eye as a statesman. His writings, however, warrant the conclusion, that, had he chosen to steer his course at a distance from the vortex of politics, and given himself to comparative ease and quietude as a man of letters, he might have risen to eminence in that department. His 'Essay on the English Constitution,'—the production of his early life, gave unequivocal token of the taste and capacity which might have led to such distinction. His 'Life of Lord William Russell' exhibited the same varied knowledge, the same disciplined intellect, and the same literary aptitude, but all in a higher tone of maturity. His 'Memoirs of the Affairs of Europe from the Peace of Utrecht,' relate to a section of modern history which interested men previously to the outbreak of the French Revolution, but which seemed to drop at once from their thoughts as that astounding event and its consequences began to develop themselves. The subject, accordingly, was not well chosen, except for persons of calm and aristocratic taste, more disposed to meditate on the repose and tameness of the past, than to sympathize with the onwardness and energy of the present. But the execution of the work evinced a large acquaintance with European affairs subsequent to the death of Louis XIV., much political sagacity, and that greater command of language which comes as the natural result of greater practice in composition. His lordship's subsequent essays on the causes of the French Revolution may be regarded as a supplementary chapter to the preceding work. It shows that the philosophy, the literature, and the state of society generally in France, which propelled affairs towards the crisis of the Revolution, were not only topics about which the author had read considerably, but matters on which he had bestowed some patient reflection.

In respect to literature, however, as in

respect to some other things, his lordship's achievements would have been more conventional than natural; more correct than profound; evincing more of the caution which avoids great mistakes, than of the boldness which strikes out a new path. He might have improved somewhat on the school of Addison and Pope, but, in regard to style, he would have been moulded by it, and in regard to compass of thought, he would never have ventured far in advance of it. With a considerable portion of the progressive spirit, he would not have failed to unite a stately worship of the old landmarks. In all his voyaging, he would have resembled those early mariners, who, wanting the compass, were distrustful of the frail bark beneath them, and always made their way within sight of land—men who might have continued to navigate the old world, but could never have signalized themselves as discoverers of the new.

With regard to that one quality of a statesman, without which every other must be untrustworthy, we deem Lord John Russell to be above fair impeachment. We believe him to be an honest man. No amount of popular misconception, no strength of party invective, has sufficed to produce in us the slightest misgiving in regard to his strict political integrity. We are glad to know that the gentlemen among the frequenters of St. Stephen's of whom so much cannot be said, need no further instruction on that point. All parties of that description have had proof enough that his lordship is not a man to their purpose. He does not touch the unclean thing. In some instances he has drawn the line between the conventional and the absolute in political morality, at a point which we should not ourselves have chosen. But the distinction made, we doubt not, has commended itself, upon the whole, to his own moral judgment. The casuistry of some state questions may be simple enough. Their justice or injustice may be seen at a glance. But the greater number of such questions are not of that order. In general, the wheat and the tares grow up strangely together, so that many an honest man—ay, and many a wise man, too—may be led to the conclusion, that to root out one without destroying the other would be found impossible. Leaving all fair space open to difference of judgment from this cause, we believe that the character left to posterity by Lord John Russell will be, in respect to integrity, of a high order.

It would have been, as we assuredly think, much better for him, and much better for his country, had there been more decision in his denunciation of some abuses; and had his commendation of some great principles been more frequent and more earnest—such as would have carried more manifest heart along with it. Of course, if it were well that his lordship should have spoken more strongly on such occasions, it would have been well if his policy in relation to such matters had evinced greater promptitude and greater vigor. But if he has not conformed himself strictly to our moral standard at such times, we can believe that he has been obedient to his own.

To touch on religion, in its relation to a living statesman, may be to enter upon delicate ground. But Lord John Russell has not scrupled to favor the world with some expression of his views on that subject, and it cannot be amiss to scrutinize what is thus submitted to scrutiny. His lordship's views concerning the different sections of religion in this country, present one very material phase of his own character. The course of his policy also, has been much influenced by those views.

The last chapter in the second volume of the 'Memoirs of Affairs in Europe,' is occupied with a view of the state of religion in England during the former half of the eighteenth century. This retrospect embraces remarks on the condition of the church of England during that interval, and on the rise, progress, and character of methodism. According to the showing of his lordship, the great belligerent churchmen of those times, whose shades are made to pass in succession before his readers, were men so intent on their particular controversies, as to have left the body of the nation in a wretched condition of ignorance, immorality, and irreligion. But the remedy for this neglect, as supplied by the zeal of methodism, is regarded as being on the whole worse than the disease. The labors of Whitfield and Wesley are described as producing a kind of paroxysm, the immediate effects of which were rather injurious than beneficial, while it was sure of being followed by lassitude, and by great moral and religious mischief. Some passages are given, which are meant to exhibit the more favorable view of that great religious movement, and of the character of the extraordinary men by whom it was originated and sustained; but the unfavorable greatly pre-

ponderates, and the general conclusion is as we have stated it.

It is to be regretted, that a writer possessing the candor and discernment of Lord John Russell, should have deemed himself safe, on a subject of this nature, in trusting to such guides as Southey's 'Life of Wesley,' and Nightingale's 'Portraiture of Methodism.' Still more is it to be regretted that his own mind should have performed its office so feebly in regard to the materials which even those writers, together with the facts coming within his own observation, must have supplied. We should have been happy to have seen him distinguish, in the spirit of a high Christian philosophy, between the wisdom and the folly, the good and the evil, of the great moral revolution which was assuredly brought about among the people of this country by the labors of those said Methodists.

We see the errors, and some other faults of graver import, which belong to the earlier history of methodism, no less clearly than his lordship has seen them; but we see the truth and the goodness that were in it, as greatly outweighing their opposites. We regard that memorable outbreak against the heartless formalism, and the low profligacy of the times, not only as having given a new moral and religious character to the English people, but as having extended its leaven of improvement to classes far above the multitude. By elevating the poor, it has done much towards shaming the rich into better conduct. If our courts and baronial halls are not the homes of that factious selfishness, of that everlasting frivolity, or that infidel licentiousness, which prevailed in them during the greater part of the last century, we owe this improvement in high places, to improvement which began much lower down. The regeneration which took place among the lowest, contributed to enforce a moral reformation upon the highest. The pulpit of methodism, moreover, has had its favorable influence on all other pulpits. Thus the character of methodism has given a strong impress—an impress greatly for the better, to our national character. We deny not that it had its extravagances—we deny not that it has them still; but what is the chaff to the wheat? Admitting nearly all that may be alleged against it, it has been the means of disposing millions of our people, who would otherwise have passed their life in sheer worldliness, or in the lowest vice, to give themselves

to instruction, to the cultivation of high comparative moral feeling, and to the influence of those elevating affections which have respect to the Infinite and the Eternal.

What philosophy has ever raised the mind of the rude multitudes of men after this manner? What established church has ever so done, except as it has become a preacher of doctrines, and has been animated by a feeling, which we fear his lordship would be too ready to describe as very methodistical?

In short, we do not mean to conceal that we have long regarded the tone of would-be philosophy, in which some classes of men in this country are wont to express themselves concerning the religion of all persons who appear to be more in earnest on that subject than themselves, with no small measure of dissatisfaction. The shallowness which frequently assumes the air of wisdom on such occasions, is to us very pitiable. The ample candor often evinced by such persons in favor of those who are enemies of religion or of those who profess it in some of its most corrupt forms, stands in singular contrast with the want of such kindly discrimination, when evangelical piety is the matter to be judged. The philosophy which fails to see a preponderance of good even in methodism, is not a sound philosophy. It argues great want of perception, or of humane feeling, when the lesser evil is allowed to prevent men from perceiving its relation to a greater good.

We have felt constrained to make these observations, because the remarks of Lord John Russell on this subject are opposed to the distinctive truths of evangelical religion, as certainly as to some peculiarities which have been grafted on those truths by methodism. Christianity, in his view, does not seem to include anything of the supernatural. The religion of a Christian, on the theory of his lordship, is to consist in the purely natural influence of revealed wisdom on the susceptibilities of the mind. The church of England is regarded as adapted, in an eminent degree, to sustain this sober kind of goodness, while all sects are in danger of verging upon extravagance.

Puritanism, that 'gloomy vortex which was to attract so many of the mauliest spirits'* of the seventeenth century, his lordship has estimated more justly. The reason of this distinction is obvious. Pu-

* Edinburgh Review, Oct. 1844, p. 396.

ritanism was allied with far higher intellectual qualities than methodism. It stood in a more manifest relation to the progress of freedom and of society. Distance, moreover, has greatly reduced the apparent amount of its faults; while the soul which it infused into English history during the thirty or forty years which preceded the Restoration, is such as no remoteness of time can obliterate or obscure.

It is observable, also, that the sober, the properly descended nonconformists of the last century, obtain respectful treatment at the hands of his lordship. They were no brawlers. They were men of unimpeached loyalty. They were proud to lend their aid to whigs and protestants—churchmen though they were—against tories and papists. Their leaders were men known by their theological and general learning. They were the correspondents and friends of dignitaries and prelates. In all their proceedings there were the signs of moderation. The sight of them, especially on one of those occasions when they availed themselves of their privilege to be presented at court, and to address the throne, was as a kind of proem to all that could follow from that quarter. A courtier on a levee day, was hardly more careful about his costume and appendages than was the eminent nonconformist divine of that period. The three-cornered hat, the neatly powdered and largely projecting wig, the coat without the encumbrance of a collar, with its straight front, exhibiting its long row of large buttons on one side, and of finely worked button-holes on the other, the waistcoat descending so low as almost to serve the purposes of waistcoat and apron, and the nicely disposed buckles at the knees and in the shoes,—all were in keeping with that calm and intelligent physiognomy, with that attention to all the lesser courtesies of life, and with the generally stately bearing which distinguished our Annesleys and Doddridges a century since. Much less of a disposition to appreciate the orderly, the established, and the aristocratic, than is observable in Lord John Russell, would have sufficed to mark the wide difference between such men and the conductors of a Methodist love-feast or revival-meeting.

The parties, then, adhering to the old school of dissent, have no reason to complain of any thing said concerning them by his lordship. And the more recent seceders from the established church, who have not been mentioned with the same degree of

candor, will, we trust, be disposed to place the most charitable construction on representations which may seem to them to be greatly wanting in charity. Such truly Christian magnanimity would do them honor, and would be the best refutation of some of the most plausible charges often preferred against them.

With such views of religion and of religious parties, it is natural that Lord John Russell should be a steady adherent to the principle of church establishments. In his view, institutions of that nature may afford all the necessary means of religion to a people, and may preclude, in the greatest degree practicable, whatever tends to the deterioration of religion. It is proper that separatists of every grade should be tolerated, partly because toleration is founded in justice, and partly because to persecute such people would be a very impolitic as well as a very troublesome course of proceeding. But in all cases, the most competent judge in regard to points of theology and matters of religion generally, must be such assemblies as are convened nightly at St. Stephen's, and the best religion for the people must be that which has been so provided for them. Whatever shall find entrance otherwise than by that door, must be at best of an inferior quality, and, to a large extent, of a nature to do harm rather than good.

But here we are strictly at issue with his lordship, both as to the nature of the religion which the church of England was instituted to inculcate, and as to the manner in which she has performed her office in that respect. The most distinguished churchmen of the eighteenth century, such as Hurd and Warburton, Clarke and Hoadley, to whom so much honor is done by Lord John Russell, are poor expositors of the theology set forth in the articles of the established church. By some of these men the husks of orthodoxy were retained, and hot wars were carried on in defence of them. By others, the articles of faith most open to objection on the ground of mystery, when not openly impugned, were skilfully neutralized, or systematically forgotten. The class of persons adverted to had come into the church of the reformers, but were too much the worshippers of the reputable ever to have been themselves reformers. They were men who enjoyed their literary leisure, and set a great value on the stateliness and the means of indulgence which their position afforded them, and for the most part died rich. They scarcely seemed to be aware

that there had ever been such persons as Latimer and Hooper, Ridley and Bradford; and nothing would seem to have been farther from the thoughts of these comfortable dignitaries, than the duty of conforming themselves to that example of piety, of zeal, and of obedience to the stern demand of principle, which is so observable in the history of those justly venerated fathers of the English church.

Would Lord John Russell only bestow as much attention on the devotional works of the reformers of the sixteenth century, as he has given to the literary productions of the great churchmen of the eighteenth, he would, perhaps, be surprised to find how much of affinity there is, both in the doctrines taught and in the spirit of the teachers, between the reformation from the superstitions of Romanism in the former age, and the reformation from the mere forms of protestantism in the latter. In both cases, the great doctrine was justification by faith, and the regeneration of the heart, not merely by a natural influence of divine truth, but by means of a divine power superadded to that truth. In a word, their religion was such as is denoted by the term evangelical; and the new religious feeling which has been diffused through this country since the rise of methodism, is, in nearly all that is distinctive of it, a revival of the piety of the elder puritans, and of the still older protestant reformers.

We are satisfied that this revived piety is, in its substance, the piety inculcated in the New Testament; and it is this persuasion, especially, which prevents us from sympathizing with Lord John Russell in his zealous churchmanship. We see, or think we see, many things in the church of England to which dispassionate and reflecting men may well take exception—such as relate to the manner in which its revenue is obtained, to the inequalities which mark the distribution of that revenue, and to the fact that property and position, derived in so great a measure from the nation at large, should be restricted, by a multitude of obsolete and unnecessary provisions, to no more than a section of it. But we must be permitted to say, that our great exception to the church of England relates to its failure as a *religious* institute. It does not inculcate, speaking generally, the religion set forth in its own articles, and still less the religion set forth in the book from which those articles are said to be derived. Whenever this is done, the

good dispensation comes as so much accident and exception—the not-good comes as a matter of course, and as the rule. In stating thus much, we only state, we presume, what every pious churchman will be prepared to admit and deplore. Lord John Russell views the church of England as the best adapted agency for giving a scriptural religion to the people, and therefore is a churchman. We, on the contrary, are obliged to regard that institution in a different light, and therefore are nonconformists. We judge of it by its average, and not by its occasional fruits, and so judged we find it wanting. Instead of being the best conservator of real piety, it has been itself conserved, in great part, by infusions of that nature which have come to it from without. We are little inclined to dispute about the shape of a cap, or the color of a vesture—greatly too much time and temper have been expended in such debates—but on these weightier matters we have our grave conclusions. The mission of the church is a spiritual mission, and that can never be realized under the mastery of a power which is for the most part worldly. Nor is that all—to give power and supremacy to a system in which the worldly predominates, must be to disparage, to impede, and to imperil, the spiritual as existing elsewhere. We are in our state of separation, not that we should be chiefly employed in pulling down the frame-work of our neighbor's church, but that we may build up men in the intelligence and piety which we regard as belonging properly to all churches.

It is scarcely necessary to observe, that in holding these opinions concerning religious sects and religious establishments, Lord John Russell is not singular. They are the opinions of the great majority of our statesmen, whether whig or tory. If some believe more than his lordship in regard to Christianity, many believe less. Lord John Russell is a more sincere man—a man of more faith in the positive truth and goodness of things, than most of his contemporaries holding a similar position. But this susceptibility in him has been effected peculiarly by circumstances. We think we may venture to say, that his character as a statesman has been formed by these two influences,—by this particular temperament, and by the circumstances which have acted upon it.

His lordship is descended from a line of nobles. With his progenitors, all the pa-

geantries of church and state belonging to the past are associated. Their story is interwoven with that of senators and prelates, of courts and kings. They have been men of marked action, and have bequeathed an example to those who should descend from them. In the feelings of such a man, homage to the past is cherished as a kind of filial duty. The ties of ancestry become almost inseparable from the influences which bind the imagination and the affections to the institutions and usages which point to the bygone. In the mind of Lord John Russell, there is a self-reliance and vigor which will not allow him to be wholly distrustful of new things. But his relation to the old so affects his sympathies, as naturally to curb his desire of change, and to retain it within comparatively narrow limits. He may not talk of 'the wisdom of our ancestors' in the manner of some men, but he is a sincere believer in that wisdom. We may startle some of our readers when we say, that the labors of Lord John Russell as a conservative, will be much greater than his labors as a reformer. But we speak advisedly. The abuses diminished or removed by his means, will be few compared with those which he will leave wholly untouched. He is an innovator, and at times may seem to be a bold one; but our admiration begins to abate, when we think simply of what is done, and not at all of the man who does it—or when we look from the one evil which has been mitigated, to the many which are passed by, and which are to remain undisturbed. On such occasions, our people have shown that they know how to be thankful for small mercies—small, of course, we mean, if compared as things done with those which still need to be done; but great things, if compared with what Englishmen have received from other hands during the last hundred years.

One other course may be mentioned as having contributed to give this restricted character to the policy of Lord John Russell. When his lordship entered public life, the whig party had been long in opposition. The question of parliamentary reform, which began to excite some interest before the French Revolution, was, for a while, totally silenced by that event. The aristocracy became greatly alarmed, and drew more closely together from a sense of common danger. Nor was that alarm confined to nobles and the more wealthy. Burke was only one man among many,

who, from motives hardly open to impeachment, began to think that the time had come when liberal principles must be avowed with more caution than heretofore, if avowed at all. It was in vain that the bolder men of that crisis endeavored to rally their dispersed adherents—to win them by reason, or to shame them by sarcasm. For a while the stream must have its course. Charles Fox alone was a tower of strength in that day; and by the time his warfare approached its close, a powerful phalanx stood ready to come into his place. Among these were such men as Holland and Lansdowne, Romilly and Macintosh. The party of which these names are representatives, had taken their position, had adjusted all their principles and their course of policy, when Lord John Russell entered parliament. But the party to which they stood opposed was still overwhelming. Prudence, accordingly, dictated moderation in speech, moderation in measures. They meddled little with the speculative, but confined themselves almost wholly to the immediate and the practical. Catholic emancipation, and a very limited reform in parliament, were the outposts of the onward which they seemed to contemplate. So long were they employed in pointing attention to the warts, that even they seemed to have forgotten that there were ulcers beneath; and having lived to pass the Reform Bill, a measure so far exceeding anything of that nature which they could once have hoped to realize, the whole party appear to this day as though incapable of disenchanting themselves from the imagination, that a reach in advance, so marked and so powerful, must necessarily include all the seeds of improvement which our social state can require. In the school of politicians—enlightened, patriotic, humane, the main-spring of every thing good in our recent history, but still trammelled, awed, and controlled by the power of circumstances—in this school Lord John Russell found the type of all his opinions, and hitherto the courage to pass beyond that magic circle has not been evinced by him. But the times to come will be different from the times which have been, and our statesmen must keep pace with them, or give place ere long to other men.

It was in the latter years of the Liverpool ministry that Lord John Russell began to be distinguished as a statesman. From the commencement of his career, he saw that there could be no hope of peace for the em-

pire, so long as the one half of its people were excluded from all share in the honors and powers of the state on religious pretences, or so long as the inhabitants of Manchester, Birmingham, and Leeds, and the majority of the middle classes of the three kingdoms, were denied the electoral rights enjoyed by the proprietors of Gaton and Old Sarum, and the immaculate freemen of Liverpool and Stafford. The repeal of the corporation and test acts was the work of Lord John Russell more than of any other man. On that subject, we have had the means of knowing that he was resolute, when many of his coadjutors counselled retreat and delay. He took his full part in passing the Catholic Relief Bill, and the service which devolved on him in relation to the Reform Bill is sufficiently notorious.

Concerning this last measure, it was far from being perfect in its original shape, and unfortunately it was greatly injured in its progress through parliament by the perpetuation of the old freemen, which bound up the living with the dead, and by the enfranchisement of the tenants by will, which has given the landlords a greater influence than ever in county elections.

These mischievous changes, however, were not the work of Lord John Russell, or of the Grey ministry, but were forced upon them by a combination of landlords desirous to preserve their own influence, and of the friends to an extended suffrage, who, in their anxiety to add to the number of electors, lost sight of the great fact, that to enfranchise dependent voters is to create instruments for crushing all real independence. Had not those two changes been forced upon ministers, we should have heard much less complaint with regard to the defective working of the Reform Bill. Even with these grave blunders, which can never be enough deplored, it has annihilated those nests of corruption and intolerance, the close corporations; has thrown open the trade with the Chinese empire, after it had remained for ages in the hands of monopolists; has struck the fetters from the limbs of the slave; and has wrought out the great principle of commercial freedom. In this last principle we have our only effectual remedy for the physical distresses of a large portion of the laboring classes, the only security against commercial convulsions, and the only means by which the interests of all nations can be brought into union, and an effectual counterpoise can be created to the national jealousies, to the lust of empire,

and to those short-sighted views of public and private interests, which have led to such a waste of the earnings of industry, and to the shedding of so much blood.

The points in which the Reform Bill has hitherto most signally failed in producing the benefits which were expected to result from it, are in its effects on the policy adopted towards Ireland, and in its little influence on the physical condition of the masses of the people. These are the two great questions of the age. On the solution of the first of them depends the continuance of the union; on the latter, the peace of the empire. With regard to Ireland, the policy opposed to that of the whig ministry has triumphed. The effect of that triumph has been to make ninety-nine out of every hundred Roman-catholic priests, repealers; it has rendered the English government odious and contemptible in the eyes of foreign nations; and it has been the fatal impediment in the way of every effort to reconcile the people of Ireland to the institutions of Great Britain. Had it not been for the fanatical feeling and factious duplicity, which were manifested on the other side, it is impossible that a policy so just, and demanded imperatively by the interest of the empire and of Ireland, as that adopted when the Marquis of Normanby was lord-lieutenant, and Lord John Russell home secretary, should have failed. With the help of the Irish church, however, it was clamored down as hostile to Protestantism, and the repeal agitation is the result.

Next to the offence thus given, by attempts to do justice to British and Irish Catholics, was that given by the real or supposed sympathy of the ministry with Protestant nonconformists. It was from these two points that their enemies assailed them with the greatest success; and since their decline as the abettors of this generous policy, there have been occasions on which they have shown some disposition to complain of the want of gratitude in the parties whom they endeavored to serve, as well as of a want of fairness in the parties to whom they were so much opposed.

Those who have been most observant of the career of Lord John Russell, will be aware, that his genius as an orator has something of the unequal and the fitful in it. It has often served him with felicitous effect in some of the critical junctures of debate and of affairs. On many occasions, he has been seen to rise, when the timid

have dropped. In fact, he is never more in tone to say or do something brilliant than when men whisper to him from the right and left that mischief is brewing. Danger, which so completely destroys the self-possession of some men, appears to give to him only the fuller command of his resources. It is then that even his lighter faculties—imagination and wit, come most into play. It is something ominous, accordingly, to see him in much higher spirits than usual—to find him walk the room with a quicker step, talk more fluently, spout poetry, and seem to be in one of those happier moods which do sometimes come to mortals. When his lordship gives forth these signs, you may be sure that affairs have some movement in them, and that they are about to have more of it. We have sometimes thought, that had the reaction after the passing of the Reform Bill been as fatal to Lord John Russell, as was the reaction after the loss of the Exclusion Bill to his great ancestor, there would at least have been thus much of solace left to us,—that this second martyr in the cause of freedom from the House of Bedford, would be sure to deliver one of the most admirably poised and admirably pointed dying speeches upon record.

We can imagine, too, another kind of speech, which, if occasion offered,—or we should, perhaps, rather say if occasion provoked,—his lordship would not be slow to deliver; we mean a speech in impeachment of the course pursued by nonconformists and ultra-liberals, since the accession of the Grey ministry, and in defence of the policy of the whigs in reference to those parties. Lord John is not more decided as to the point from which every wise man should move forward, than as to the point where he should stop. He is as little disposed to advance with the man who demands too much, as to remain stationary with a man who does not demand enough. In regard to all public questions, there is a strong infusion of the infallible in his nature, and he must not be expected to show himself pliant and silky towards his friends, any more than towards his foes, if it should be the pleasure of the said friends to place themselves in a false position.

Now let it be supposed that some zealous nonconformist, intent on the diffusion of his principles, and deeply chagrined that so little way should seem to have been made by these principles of late years, should take upon him to declare to his lordship,

that the disappointment felt in that respect, in common with the enfeebled state of the liberal party generally, is to be attributed to the hesitating, vacillating, and timid policy of the late whig governments. His lordship listens to these words of accusation. But as he so does, you see his head take a somewhat more erect position than before, and those keenly-set features become fixed, like a spare but resolute phalanx, to their purpose.

The matters you touch upon, says his lordship, are of a nature not to be comprehended at a glance. They rest, not on one principle, but on many, and each has its separate and relative claim to consideration. Society itself is a complex web, and every social question accordingly partakes of complexity. It would be pleasant, no doubt, if it were otherwise, and if all matters connected with government were as simple as some men appear to suppose. But the gentlemen who belong to this politics-made-easy school, are much better friends to their own ease than they will ever prove to the body politic. Every interest of society being necessarily of a mixed nature, the setting forth of any simple element of change, as a remedy for all social diseases, must carry the presumption of quackery upon its very surface. When society goes wrong, it is always from a confluence of causes; and if it be made to go right, that change must be brought about by a combination of influences of an opposite description. Simple remedies may touch a part of the malady, but can never reach the whole. They may abate disease in one form, but augment it in another. They may remove humors from one part of the system, but it may only be that they may find their lodgment in some other shape and rage with greater virulence elsewhere. It may be well that every man should meddle with this state-pharmacy: it would be better if we could regard every man as capable of meddling with it wisely.

Thus, in regard to the question of church establishments, nothing may seem to be more simple or reasonable, than that no man should be compelled to sustain a church to which he does not belong. Suppose that principle acted upon, and, beyond doubt, a large class of alleged grievances would be at once removed. But the change would not end at that point. Concerning the right or the wrong of that question, as of every other arising in actual society, society itself must be the judge;

and only allow it to be understood, that this ultimate judgment of society is an authority to be thrust aside in obedience to the language of individual or of party complaint, and the whole frame-work of society is dissolved. In such case, you may cease to have an established church, but you cease also to have a government of any kind. If the opinion of the majority on that one question is to be without authority, then the opinion of the majority in all other questions must be without authority, and society ceases to have any thing authoritative in it. A very little of that sober discernment, which has been so conspicuous in the history of English nonconformists, should have been enough to have made it very plain, that if dissenters are to be freed from the burden of a state-church, it must be by possessing themselves of state-power; that if a religious establishment which owes its existence to parliamentary enactment, is to be put down, it must be by the increase of dissenters in the constituency of Great Britain, in a degree sufficient to constitute the power of parliament a dissenting power. That being done, the extinction of the church of England, as resulting from the fair progress of public opinion, would be an act of social justice. But when I have listened to the language of deputations from dissenters, who have deemed it expedient to apprise me that their great grievance was the existence of an established church, and that all lesser concessions were received only as instalments in prospect of the one final concession,—the extinction of the church of England; and when I have heard petitions read in the House of Commons from dissenters, praying that house to repudiate the principle of church establishments, and at the same time, have called to mind, that of the six hundred and fifty-eight members of that assembly, scarcely a second man has been returned at any election to advocate such opinions, I must confess, that I have felt amazed at the want of judgment which such a course of proceeding has evinced.

It may be, that the whole peerage of England, and the whole of the House of Commons, with an exception so partial as hardly to admit of description, have been in error on the question of church establishments. But so long as their opinions are what they are, it is plain, that the business of nonconformists is with the nation, and not with the legislature; and that even

in respect to the nation, the course which wisdom would dictate, must be one adapted to conciliate churchmen and not to exasperate them; to disarm them of their more plausible objections to nonconformity, and not to furnish them with new pretexts for denouncing it as intolerant and destructive. But in neither of these departments have we seen the discretion on which we thought we had good reason to depend. Hostile associations, inflammatory publications, and still more inflammatory speeches, have contributed to give an aspect to nonconformity of late years which is new in its history. Every sort of handle has been supplied by this means to its enemies, and to the enemies of liberal opinions generally, and the natural consequences have followed. Among dissenters themselves, if report speak truly, the effect of this course has been to produce dissatisfaction, division, and weakness. The more educated and influential classes of society still within the limits of nonconformity, are, it is said, dropping away from it more and more every day; while the great majority of those classes, always found beyond its pale, are now barricaded against it by a strength of prejudice which it seems utterly vain, at least for the present, to attempt to remove. You are not yourselves what you were, and you never had so little prospect of repairing your losses from general society. The progress made among you by the severe labor of your more prudent men, seems to be more than counterbalanced by the drawbacks which have resulted from the conduct of the imprudent. Suppose this course of things to continue during the space of another generation, and what, on probable calculation, will then be the condition of Protestant dissent in England?

Indeed, if I am rightly informed, political zeal has taken such hold on a section at least of modern nonconformists, as to have disposed them to adopt opinions, in regard to popular government, which not only carry with them the seeds of revolution, but of a revolution so extended, as to point to nothing less—whatever the abettors of such opinions may intend—than the setting up of a wild and coarse democracy, at the cost of nearly every thing which has hitherto been distinctive of the English people, and of the English constitution. I am not about to enter upon a disquisition on the theory of suffrage; but I may be allowed to say, that no sober man, as I conceive, will deny

that it may be expedient and just in some of those incipient stages of society which belong to history to assign to every man a vote. It may be admitted, also, that the point at which society begins, in this respect, is that towards which it should return, by as rapid a process as may be consistent with social safety. But when our ancestors promulgated the maxim, that the subject should not be taxed without his consent, every man entitled to an opinion on this matter, will know that the consent intended was that of a parliament, and of a parliament as parliaments were then constituted. The notion of making the principle of taxation commensurate with the principle of suffrage, so that no man should pay a tax who had not a direct vote for a representative in parliament, never entered their mind. In truth, up to that time, such a notion had never been adopted by any man in relation to any state which had risen to populousness, wealth, and intelligence.

It may sound almost like a truism to say that the best theory of suffrage is that which secures the best guardianship to the interests of the state. But if that truth be admitted, the question concerning the propriety of giving to each man a vote, is only one amidst many similar questions which present themselves. If it be good, for example, that the best elements which a state may include should be brought to its service, can that scheme be the most expedient which looks to the mere quantity of suffrage, without caring at all about its quality? Inasmuch as society exists that men may possess property, intelligence and virtue, can that theory of franchise be other than absolutely unjust which takes no account of these? Human beings congregate that such interests may come into existence, and when they exist, should no bounty be set upon them? Men associate that they may cease to be savages; and can that franchise be the best for civilized man, which simply regards him as man, and which is that, accordingly, that would have been meted out to him had he continued to be as one among a horde of savages? Must we account that a good principle for society, which sets out, after this manner, with fixing contempt on every thing giving to society its value? If, as a rule, men who possess property, knowledge, and some moral position among their fellow-men, are more likely to serve the state profitably than those who have not such qualifications,

is it well that no effort should be made to secure to the state the advantage of such services? Will it be pretended that the hoddmen of London possess capacity and motive to do the best for their country, equally with the various classes of professional men which abound in that capital? Seeing that to a large extent distinctions of this nature might be safely made, should they not be made? If a money payment, moreover, is to determine the franchise, we know that money payments are a matter of degrees, and ought not the franchise, for that reason, to be a matter of degrees? The man of forty, also, is more likely to vote wisely than the man of twenty-one—should the same vote be given to both? The citizens of Athens were all alike enfranchised, but they voted in four classes, according to the gradation of their money payments, and in two classes, according to age—was it caprice which suggested that order of things, or was it wisdom, resulting from an extraordinary measure of experience in reference to the working of popular governments? If society is to be indeed reconstructed, and reconstructed on a scale so thorough as is supposed in the adoption of the principle adverted to, then all these questions, and more to the same effect, will come to be discussed. But what shall we say of that discernment which regards the conferring of the same franchise on all men, as the beginning and the end of the science of suffrage—seeing not, or regarding not, the many cognate questions which, in an old country like ours, come up of necessity along with that one question?

If we assume that the non-franchised males in Great-Britain and Ireland are to be franchised, on the average from the two countries, as about nine to one, nearly the whole of these nine-tenths are, according to our present system, without franchise, as being without property; and as the natural consequence, these nine-tenths must be further regarded as being comparatively without education, and without those modes of thought and the sort of feeling which arise from education. Enfranchise this majority, and they will vote independently or they will not. Supposing them to vote independently, then the one-tenth having property is placed wholly at the mercy of the nine-tenths having no property; and this nine-fold majority, devoid, for the most part, of education, is vested with an absolute mastery over all the social interests of the small minority distinguished by edu-

cation. Would this be to put an end to class power, or to class law-making? In this case, would not class domination be more glaring, more mischievous, and more monstrous than ever?

Nor are there wanting symptoms to indicate the sort of use which would probably be made of this new machinery. Unless they are greatly belied, no class of men have shown themselves more adverse to the spirit of real freedom than the men who are loudest in the cause of this extreme form of theoretic freedom. Of what moment is it whether the expression of public opinion be put down by the yells of a faction, or by the point of the bayonet—is not the tyranny the same? When men scarcely know how to speak of the property and privileged classes, except as so many banded plunderers, is there no room to fear that, had they the power, they would not be wanting in the inclination to chastise these plunderers by plundering them in return? Would it require any peculiar hardihood at such a crisis to allege, that restitution is not confiscation, that retribution is no robbery? At present, the choice instruments of these persons are noisy violence, fierce invective, and the most bitter denunciation of all men who venture to question their dogmas—but if these things be done in the green tree, what will be done in the dry? In short, the men who insist on this extent of change, and who do not avow themselves as hostile, not merely to the existence of the church of England, but to the peerage, to the monarchy, and to every thing short of the most exclusive and absolute democracy, are either very shortsighted, or very insincere, for to that issue their policy naturally and necessarily conducts them.

It may be said, indeed, that all this danger is imaginary—that wealth, knowledge, and moral worth will always have their influence, and will be sure to fix their impression on the movements of society. But is it, then, come to this, that the wisdom of legislators is to consist in enacting laws which they do not expect, which they do not even intend that society should obey? Is it to be their duty to see that the provisions contained in our statutes flow in one direction, while they are fully aware that the stream of social opinion, and feeling, and usage, will flow, and ought to flow in another direction? Is it thus that the laws and the people are to dwell together in unity? Among the new lights which are to make

our age memorable, is this one of them—that the richest boon which may be conferred on a people would be to deliver to them a law which they will be sure not to obey on account of its supposed wisdom, but which they will be sure to disregard because of its known folly? The letter of the law is to place all men on the same level in the matter of suffrage, but society is to take care that this weakness and viciousness on the part of the law is every where neutralized by its own better influence. Would not this be to mock the multitude rather than to benefit them,—to grant them the show of franchise in the statute-book, only to deny them the reality at the hustings? Influence, bribery, coercion, as put forth upon them, in that case, from the classes above them, would no longer expose men to any reproach, but must all become so many forms of high social virtue, inasmuch as they would then constitute the only means of self-preservation left by the law to those classes—and, indeed, the only means by which the nation itself could be prevented from falling into anarchy through the folly of its own legislation. The moral mischiefs of such a state of things must be boundless. Society, with such disparities of wealth and station as exist among us, must be at once divided into two great classes—the corruptors and the corrupt; and this unscreened immorality, practised on a scale of which at present we have no example, is to be accounted as nothing, so that a clause may be thrust upon our statute-book, declaring the same franchise to be common to the lowest and the highest.

If the condition of obtaining favor from the hands of the English nonconformists be the adoption of opinions of this crude and mischievous description, and the approval of such a course as that which it has appeared good to them in other respects to pursue, then I must confess there is little prospect of my ever becoming a favorite in that quarter. In place of its having been the duty of the late whig government to attempt more, it fell in consequence of attempting too much. It may have been less disposed to innovation than a portion of the British people, but it was in advance of a much greater portion, and it ceased to exist, as being left in a minority.

Our readers must not hold either ourselves or his lordship as responsible for every thing contained in this 'Imaginary'

oration. It sets forth much truth, which it will be well not to dismiss lightly. But on no point does it present the whole truth.

It is true that in the years immediately subsequent to the passing of the Reform Bill, petitions were addressed to parliament by dissenters, praying that the union between church and state might be dissolved. But it is no less true that, of the petitions proceeding at that time from those parties, it was not one in a score—we think we may say not one in fifty—that contained any prayer of that nature. The great majority were either wholly silent on that topic, being confined to what were called grievances, or, if any further allusion was made, it was simply in the way of stating that the principles of the petitioners were opposed to all such admixtures of religion with affairs of state. Even this may not have been prudent. But it was deemed honest. Had they not so spoken their enemies would have charged them with concealment. In their simplicity, they thought that in stating those principles, and in imposing, at the same time, such limits on the prayer of their petitions, they were giving some proof that they knew how to distinguish between the abstract and the practical.

But those times were not times of sobriety with any party. We all remember that, during the Reform Bill agitation, the defenders of Gaton and Old Sarum were on the borders of delirium. The clergy, and the more zealous adherents of the established church, were alarmed and excited in the highest degree. The radical section of politicians, whether giving their oath of fealty to William Cobbet or to Jeremy Bentham, were all filled with high expectation as to the many changes which were to follow in the wake of that one great change. Whig members, breaking through the grave restraints naturally imposed by the possession of office, delivered speeches from the Treasury Bench, fraught with the most popular opinions and feelings. Even from the throne itself expressions of that nature proceeded. What wonder, then, if the passions of society were moved as from their very depths? On the one side were all the signs of fear, on the other were all the signs of hope. Can it, then, be wise or charitable to expect that nonconformists should have been every where cool and self-possessed, while all about them was thus heated and disordered? Is it reasonable to exact that they should have been expectant of nothing, while all other men were

expectant of so much? If these considerations are not enough to excuse the utterance of some extravagant speeches, and the doing of some extravagant things, is there nothing in them that should be allowed to extenuate such indiscretions—at least, in the view of a statesman, who has it as a vocation to be studious of the ebbs and flows of popular feeling, and whose wisdom it must always be to judge such changes with the greatest forbearance? Where there has been the alleged extravagance, there let the fault of it rest; but let it not be *overstated*, and let it not be judged apart from its *circumstances*.

Lord John Russell has sometimes complained of the agitations on ecclesiastical questions which have been originated by nonconformists of late years, and which have been sustained in a great degree by nonconformist ministers. His conclusion seems to have been, that the religious character of these parties has been in some degree compromised by such indications of feeling in regard to questions adjudged as political. Concerning the extent in which ministers of religion, as such, may be consistently thus employed, there is room for difference of opinion. We should be disposed ourselves to draw the line within somewhat narrower limits than many of our more zealous brethren. But the views of Lord John Russell on this point, as on those before mentioned, are not, as we humbly think, either so accurate or so expanded as they might have been.

Let ministers of state restrict themselves, as such, to questions of state, and they may then complain, with some grace, of ministers of religion, if these shall fail to restrict themselves, as such, to questions of religion. But if the statesman must often turn priest, he has no right to complain if the priest should sometimes turn statesman. If governments will meddle with religion, they must not be surprised if religious men sometimes meddle with governments. In this case it is intrusion which generates intrusion. So long as the secular power shall invade the province of the religious, according to our present usage, so long there will be occasions on which the religious power will invade the province of the secular. The strength of the aggression, too, on the one side, will determine the strength of the reaction on the other. That both powers should be at peace, it is necessary that one should be the willing slave of the other, or that each should be confined to his own sphere. If any lesson may be gathered with certainty from ecclesiastical

history, it is this lesson. In our own country, collision of this nature is unavoidable, not only from the relation of the government to the established religion, but from its frequent contact, as the consequence of that particular relation, with a large portion of religion which is nonestablished. So long as this state of things shall continue, those junctures will often come round in which the course of proceeding so little acceptable to Lord John Russell will be sure to recur. The fault, however, in this affair, is not so much with the men whom his lordship has censured, as with the nature of his own policy. The evil deprecated must be unavoidable, so long as those Erastian principles, to which our statesmen are so much attached, shall maintain their ascendancy in the constitution of this country.

But it does not follow, because a statesman is not powerful enough to carry great measures, that he should seem to have become indifferent to great principles. We think, rather, that the strength of impediment in the way of any practical good, should be felt as so much motive to the more frequent and earnest enunciation of the grounds on which that good is demanded. We judge that, in most cases, men should be only the more determined to be *heard* on the side of truth, in proportion as they feel that to speak in its behalf is all that, for the present, is permitted to them. Lord John Russell may not deem himself in fault in this respect, but there are men holding him in high esteem who are of another judgment. That pleading in behalf of truth, which seems only to grow stronger as the tide of opinion is setting in against it, may result in some men from mere obstinacy, or resentment, or from an indiscreet zeal; but that is the course, nevertheless, which will mark a real magnanimity.

The impression is very general among observing men, that the temper and manners of conservative statesmen are less open to complaint, as regards attention to personal or general feeling, than those of liberal politicians. The former seem to be aware that there is a want of the popular in their principles, and that this deficiency must be supplied by a more careful attention to what is personal, and to the claims of popular feeling in other forms. But our whig leaders seem too often to lean on their principles with so much confidence, as to be comparatively negligent of the subordinate means of influence. It is true of statesmen, however, as of other men, that nothing is lost

in social life by a little considerateness, courtesy, and good temper,—especially in relation to large bodies of men, which are generally under the influence of a few minds, and take their tone from those minds. In such relations, very little forethought and effort, with a view to conciliate or to preserve amity, might often suffice to prevent great mischiefs. The love of freedom is inseparable from a large measure of self-esteem; and we need neither ghost nor poet to assure us, that—

‘The proud are ever most provoked by pride,’

or by the conduct which they interpret as proceeding from that cause. What meaneth this language? Truly it hath a meaning—and a history, too—which some men will readily understand.

The great Lord William Russell was a decided churchman and a zealous whig. But when his lordship lay under sentence of death, none of his clerical visitors could forbear to urge upon him a grave consideration of that sin of resistance which had brought him to his present circumstances. His lordship had no misgiving, either of understanding or heart, in regard to the justice of the course which he had pursued, and avoided entering into the casuistry of that question. But the fact is remarkable, that his creed as a politician should have been thus utterly disowned on the part of the establishment which he supported with so much zeal as a Christian; that in those solemn hours this antagonism between the faith of a good churchman—as expounded even by such men as Tillotson and Burnet—and his own faith as a statesman, should have been so forcibly presented to him. His lordship, we must suppose, saw no great inconsistency in professing himself a true member of the church of England, notwithstanding this discrepancy of doctrine between himself and his spiritual advisers. He, no doubt, regretted this discrepancy, and in other circumstances might have been disposed to inquire how it came to pass that an institution, which, in his view, was so adapted in all other respects to its office, should be found an inculcator of lessons on one of the greatest questions of human duty so little in accordance with his own judgment. But his lordship's perplexity on this subject, if perplexity he felt, was reserved to his own bosom.

This discordancy, however, between the professions of the churchman and the patriot, in the case of Lord William Russell

while in prison, is a form of inconsistency observable in Lord John Russell through his whole career. In the church, which his lordship so much delighteth to honor, he has found his great antagonist. Whatever he most values as a statesman has been opposed, in the greatest degree, by the ministers of the church which he upholds in that capacity. In his lordship's view, no tree of its kind is so good as that tree. Did it never occur to him to inquire how it has come to pass that a tree so good has borne fruit, to the experience of his lordship, so much the reverse of good? Whoever else may have failed to cross his path, the clergy of the established church have not so failed; and the measures which his lordship has prosecuted with the greatest solicitude, are those which have been always resisted with the greatest determination from that quarter. Unless our reasoning on this subject has led us greatly astray, it would seem that the measure of the good which his lordship would do as a politician, must be the measure of the evil which he perpetuates in regard to every thing political as a churchman. Nothing can be more plain, than that the religious system and the political system, in this case, are opposites, and cannot be made to amalgamate. This opposition must be that of the true and the not true; and which must we account as the not true? In the case of Lord John Russell, then, as in that of his martyred progenitor, attachment to the church of England must be supposed to rest on grounds almost wholly distinct from the political tendencies of that institution. What those grounds are is a question of some compass, on which we shall not at present enter.

It may be much to the credit of his lordship's Christian forbearance thus to repay good for evil. We know not that we have any right to indulge in censure, if it should be his pleasure to show so much affection in a quarter from which he must know it will be utterly vain to expect any grateful return. But such displays of generous feeling in one relation, naturally dispose men to look for indications of similar magnanimity in other relations. In so looking, however, many nonconformists have been disappointed, and have sometimes declaimed with much warmth on this unreasonable and inconsistent favoritism. Even toryism in a churchman, it is alleged, is manifestly more acceptable to his lordship than liberalism in a dissenter. The clergyman, notwithstanding all his repugnance to large

and generous political principles, is preferred to the nonconformist minister, notwithstanding his adhesion to such principles. Thus, even in the case of Lord John Russell, the ecclesiastical is placed before the civil, and the sympathies of his lordship with an established priesthood, are manifestly stronger than his sympathies with general freedom. Civil liberty is good, but the civil establishment of religion is a greater good. Promote the former so far as you have the power, but, at all costs, preclude every kind of danger from the latter.

We regret that there should have been any thing in the conduct or language of Lord John Russell that may seem to warrant such imputations. But it is unquestionable that his lordship has often acted inconsistently, that he might do favor to churchmen; and that there have been occasions on which he has so acted, much to the injury, rather than to the advantage, of protestant dissenters. When men become inconsistent that they may conceal the faults of their enemies, we can place an honorable construction on their conduct; but when they forego consistency, apparently that they may magnify the real or supposed errors of their friends, the moral conclusion is of another complexion. Lord John Russell once volunteered a defence of the principle of compulsory support for the ministers of religion, alleging, from his place in the House of Commons, that where no such provision is made, it must be true of religious teachers, as of all other servants of the public, that—

'Those who live to please must please to live.'

His lordship was not left in ignorance of the pain which this allusion had given to the mind of nonconformist ministers through the kingdom, but he never deigned, so far as we remember, to recall, or in any way to soften his expressions.

If his lordship's language on that occasion has any meaning, it must mean that, in his view, there is something dependent, and greatly the reverse of the dignified, in popular suffrage, especially as affecting religion. Nevertheless, in his lordship's theory as a politician, the House of Commons is the life-blood of the English constitution. It is that assembly which places the government in wholesome relation to the people, and upon which, in its well-regulated influence, depend the prosperity of the nation, and the safety of the church, the peerage,

and the throne. In that house, however, what do we see but an assembly deriving its existence and all its authority from popular suffrage? What was the Reform Bill, but a measure intended to base the authority of that house on the wider extent of popular suffrage? What has been the great reform effected by his lordship in our municipal corporations—has it not been to wrest the election of magistrates from the hands of so many political clubs, and to make it dependent on popular suffrage? Is it not the boast of the whigs, that the tendency of their administration has been to break down exclusiveness and monopoly, and every where to give greater power to the free voice and free action of the people? That a tory of the school of forty years since should cast popular suffrage away from him as an unclean thing we can understand; but that Lord John Russell should do this is not so intelligible. It may be said, indeed, that popular suffrage in religion is a very different matter from such suffrage in secular affairs. But the principle is the same in both cases; and the objects are not so different as to warrant his lordship in assuming, that a principle which is set forth as of the greatest value in the government of the world, must be not only valueless, but mischievous, as applied to the government of the church. We have been accustomed to regard the representative principle as a principle adapted to the wisest; and the church which is not competent to work out that principle much more wisely than the world has ever done, must be thus at fault as being wanting in the characteristics of those churches of which we read in the New Testament.

On the question of suffrage, it may be, as stated, a great sign of weakness to suppose that any possible change in that respect would suffice to correct our many social disorders. But, on the other hand, the politician who denounces the theory which assigns the same vote to every man, as being in our state of society not only unwise, but unjust and most dangerous, and who supposes that having so done he has done enough, is not a person, as we venture to think, to be commended for his sagacity. What is it that has made the thought of an equality of suffrage so alarming? Manifestly the great inequality amongst us between the rich and poor, between the numbers of those who have and those who have not. We have seen that, by means of a property test, taken at almost

the lowest point above pauperism, the subjects of the British crown, in Great Britain and Ireland, who are not franchised, are, in comparison with the franchised, as nine to one. Is this a state of society with which to be satisfied? And these proportions between the rich and poor are not diminishing, but increasing. Land and property continue to pass into fewer and still fewer hands; and thus the fearful breach in which nations have been so commonly ingulphed, is constantly widening before us. The land of this country, which, in 1815, was in the hands of some thirty thousand proprietors, had been in the hands of some eight times that number only forty years before. From that time to the present the momentum has been in the same direction. The greatly wealthy and the moderately wealthy have increased, but the classes who may be said to be without substance of any kind have increased in a much greater proportion. Thus the circumstances have been long gathering strength, which, on the one hand, render the demand of a much more extended suffrage increasingly natural; and which, on the other hand, tend just as strongly to render compliance with that demand increasingly dangerous.

It was precisely thus in the later times of the Roman republic; and as it was found impossible to resist the great extension of the suffrage then demanded, the mass of voters soon became the bought menials of the patricians, being openly fed, and otherwise bribed, that their votes might be the property of their masters. To have resisted the franchise would have been to destroy the state, by surrendering it to the passions of a poor, an unprincipled, and an excited populace; to concede the franchise was to do the work of destruction no less certainly, but to bring on that event by subjecting the body politic to the influence of a lingering disease, rather than to a more speedy dissolution by the hand of violence. To such pass affairs had come as the fruit of aristocratic wisdom and delay! In the reign of Augustus, two hundred thousand franchised persons are described as obtaining their food by means of corn-tickets, which gave them bread—in the manner of our soup-tickets—without cost. Cæsar, on one occasion, purchased the adhesion and the plaudits of that honorable constituency, by distributing to each man a sum of money, ten pounds of oil, and ten bushels of corn. In the struggle of factions which mark those

times, the great men vied with each other in such donations to the burghers. The gratuities rose as the competition between the political leaders waxed stronger, and the votes passed as a matter of course to the highest bidder. Such a condition of rich and poor, under any signal failure of the commercial and manufacturing interests of this country, would speedily become our own. Nothing would be more natural at such a juncture, than that the loud and concentrative force of the unfranchised for a more extended suffrage should prevail, and then the course of baseness and ruin which have always followed in such circumstances would again follow. The many without the means of subsistence must still obtain subsistence; and the wealthy few, from whom alone those means could proceed, would dole them out as the price of servitude.

The grand impediment in the way of a more equal distribution of civil rights in this country, is in this great inequality of social conditions which has unhappily obtained among us, and in the injustice of the policy by which that inequality is sustained. The essential preliminary to the safe concession of a right of suffrage to all men manifestly is, that the administration of our social affairs should be made to rest on a basis of justice towards all men. Even from the influx of universal suffrage there would be little to fear on the part of a government pervaded by something like a universal rectitude. But woe to that government which becomes subject to a new popular power, having, at the same time, a long arrear of debt to settle with that power! The aristocracy, which has been careful to leave the people at large little to improve upon when admitted to power, may regard their admission as an event which will be comparatively harmless. But the fate of a government of privilege, when broken in upon by the popular will, is to be demolished. Wrong is then avenged by wrong.

The choice before our statesmen is, to order our affairs so that they may converge gradually and safely towards a greater equality of social conditions, as preparatory to a greater equality of social rights, or else to act upon their present policy. By pursuing the former course, they may secure to their country tranquillity, progress, and long-enduring greatness: by pursuing the latter, they will become its destroyers, unless the natural course of things should be prevented by some timely revolution. We

do not put forth these statements unadvisedly. We regard them as containing weighty truth—truth which will be often iterated in these pages.

One step towards a safe and improved state of things would be, in the working out of a more equalized system of taxation. It is one of our bad usages, that the greater portion of our revenue is made to arise from taxes on consumption. From this cause there is no just proportion between the burden which rests upon the poor, as compared with that which rests upon the rich. The working man pays direct or indirect, to the extent of nearly half his earnings, in taxes of this nature, while the payments of the rich man are in no such proportion. This fact is well known, and admits of being presented by any demagogue to any capacity. It is rich men, he naturally observes, who make our laws, and, therefore, they are made after this fashion. The statistics are at hand by which all this may be demonstrated. And nothing can check the exposure, or prevent its taking full hold on the mind of our people. It was the impolicy, as well as the injustice of this system, which led Dr. Chalmers to urge, many years since, that it might be wholly done away. 'It were infinitely better,' he writes, 'than the present universal system of taxation on commodities, that there should be an income tax, although it did include the mercantile along with the landed classes. We believe the latter would pay all; but leaving this question to be settled afterwards between these two classes, there is another question more urgent still, and demanding an immediate settlement, we mean the question between the higher and humbler classes of society. An income tax on the former, to the ostensible relief of the latter, would wrest this most formidable weapon from the hand of demagogues.'

It is not good at any time that the position of the government should be that of a power which directly intervenes to make the food of the poor man dear. But in times of scarcity, no circumstance can be so fitted to goad hunger into insurrection. Even Sir Robert Peel admits that our taxes in this shape have been imposed to the farthest extent admissible. Nor is it merely from an incensed populace that the aristocratic classes may, in such case, apprehend danger. We have seen that the great landlord power of this country is such, that when combined, it can force a parliament, a cabinet, and

almost any thing it chooses, on the sovereign, reducing the power of the crown—costly as that affair is to the nation—to something very like a nonentity. But suppose such a course should be taken, not against a female sovereign, but against some Richard Cœur de Lion, or some Bluff Harry, would there be no temptation to such a man, while writhing under his thralldom, in the thought that about him were a people fully ready, if only placed under good leadership, to become the deliverers of a patriot king from the bonds of a proud and selfish oligarchy, bent on exhibiting itself as alike master of sovereign and subject? Such a juncture of affairs is at least within the range of the possible.

It would not be enough, however, that the burden of taxation should be removed from consumption to property. Its bearing upon the rich, as compared with the poor, should, on the ground of policy, justice, and humanity, be decidedly reversed. Unwelcome truth, this, in some quarters; but he is not the friend of his country who is determined to close his eyes against it.

Another step, however, no less necessary to our progress, and we will say, to our safety, is the abolition of that law which assigns so large a preponderance of property in these realms to the elder sons of our wealthy families. By means of this law, the daughters and the younger brothers in such families are left comparatively without provision. We have cited the opinion of Dr. Chalmers on the former topic with approval, but his doctrine concerning this law of primogeniture, we regard as open to serious exception. 'We know,' says this author, 'that there is a mighty force of sentiment and natural affection arrayed against the law of primogeniture. But here is the way in which we would appease these feelings, and make compensation for the violence done to them. We would make no inroad on the integrity of estates, or, for the sake of a second brother, take off to the extent of a thousand a year from that domain of ten thousand a year, which devolves, by succession, on the eldest son of the family. We should think it vastly better if, by means of a liberal provision in all the branches of the public service, a place of a thousand a year lay open to the younger son, whether in the law or in the church, or in colleges, or in any other well-appointed establishment kept up for the good and interest of the nation.' The course

which Dr. Chalmers thus commends, is that which is resolutely pursued, not merely by the families of the peerage, but by some thousands beside, over the face of this whole country. The effect is not to increase the number of persons possessing moderate property, but to perpetuate a small class of men distinguished from the body of the nation by their enormous possessions. Such, we have seen, were the patricians of ancient Rome, and we have seen some of the consequences which are naturally attendant on so unequal a distribution of wealth.

On this subject we shall oppose to the opinion of Dr. Chalmers that of his illustrious countryman, Sir Walter Scott:—'What we now see in England took place after the destruction of the Roman republic, and was the principal cause of the downfall of the Roman empire. The small farms of the primitive Romans had been gradually united; the property of the soil was confined to a small number of great proprietors, and the cultivation of it handed over to slaves. Mercenaries alone were intrusted with the defence of the country, and the empire fell to pieces.

'If the existing system in England is not changed, it will happen, before long, that the total rental of the landlords will be absorbed by the poor-rates. In certain parishes they already exceed the rental, and, in a great number of others, they carry away two-thirds of it, and continue increasing in a most alarming ratio. This is a palpable chastisement to those who, from a motive of cupidity, as culpable as it is imprudent, have separated from the soil the peasant who cultivates it.

'The time will come, when the whole rent of the land will be hypothecated to the poor. An agrarian law will thus be in fact established; and, by the strangest and most unexpected of revolutions, the laborers in the country will be substantially in possession of the whole of the rental of that soil in which any participation is now refused them.

In this respect, France, more equitable than England, has also shown herself more politic. Whilst that our laws favor, by a continual action, the accumulation of landed property, hers, on the contrary, tend to a perpetual subdivision of it. It is possible that the system in France may not be confined within proper bounds, but even were it carried to an extreme, it is less prejudicial than the opposite one.'

Under the sanction of such an authority, we shall, perhaps, be safe in giving expression to opinions which might otherwise be regarded with considerable distrust. The theory of Dr. Chalmers, in place of increasing the number of men of moderate property, of steady industry, and eminently qualified to do service to the state, must throw some myriads of the younger branches of families upon society, in a condition of necessitous gentility—a condition fraught with mischief to the community, as well as to the parties who are doomed to it. Hence the zeal evinced in certain quarters, to uphold every institution and every arrangement which may furnish places for persons of that class. They form a sort of caste, regularly quartered upon the community; and whether these men happen to be fit for places or not, it is felt to be of great moment that places should be found for the men. The legitimate services of the state would, of course, always furnish a considerable amount of honorable employment to men of education, but the effect of the law adverted to is to restrict the supply to one class, and to multiply it greatly beyond the demand. Were the great majority of those persons cultivators of small properties of their own, their position would be unspeakably more honorable to themselves, and more serviceable to the state. They would constitute a fine middle class of independent yeomanry, separating between the large proprietors and the mere tenants at will, in place of leaving the counties of England to be every where occupied with lord and vassal.

We know that our English economists, influenced as they have been for the most part by the ascendant temper of this country, have generally deprecated the sort of change which we are bold enough to recommend. Indeed, every kind of mischief has been predicated of it. Production, it is said would, in such case, be less, embellishment less, our whole civilization less. Such also has been the tone of a journal, whose sayings on this subject, as on many others, have often been allowed to carry with them an undue measure of authority.* According to the predictions of such oracles, France should, by this time, have been totally ruined by the laws passed at the time of the Revolution in favor of a greater subdivision of property, whereas it has been constantly deriving an increase

of wealth, and, what is infinitely more valuable than money, a new measure of intelligence, virtue, and patriotism from that change.

The practice of pointing to Ireland as an illustration of the condition to which English agriculture would be reduced if the law of primogeniture were abolished, is most disingenuous. Ireland is rather an illustration of the miseries which that law must always entail on a people where its evils are not mitigated by prosperity in manufactures and commerce. In Ireland, it is not the moderate division of lands amidst a large number of substantial freeholders that we see, but a parceling out of the surface of the country among a wretched tenantry—so wretched that the greater part of them should never have been required to pay rent otherwise than in kind.

The arable land at present in France is little more than it was in 1789; but such is the better culture which has been attendant on a greater subdivision of the soil, that the surface which afforded only a scanty subsistence to twenty-five millions before the Revolution, now sustains thirty-three millions in comfort and abundance. In Switzerland, Tuscany, and Flanders, where this greater division of territory most obtains, we find agriculture in the highest, the most garden-like condition. Is it not natural that it should be so? Will not a man labor on his own land as he would not on the land of another? Is there not enough in this one advantage to counterbalance every disadvantage incident to such an arrangement? The proprietor, in this case, may not always be a man of capital, but his labor as a cultivator, and his feeling as a patriot, are alike augmented by the consciousness that the space about him is his own. On the Continent, the law of primogeniture is little known, and our homespun theories in its favor are very rudely shaken when brought into contact with the statistics supplied by countries where that law has been abandoned. In those countries, and chiefly from this cause, the middle classes are multiplying much more rapidly than with us. Hence, little as we may suspect it, those nations are becoming much more ripe than ourselves for the possession of popular institutions. Nearly all the great statesmen, moreover, in those lands, concur in regarding the tendency in our affairs to perpetuate this extravagant wealth in a few families, to prevent the increase of small proprietors,

* Edinburgh Review.

and to augment the dependent and ignorant masses of our people, as a course of things which must necessarily carry the elements of destruction along with it. In a free and prosperous country, a landed aristocracy and a money aristocracy will be sure to arise. What we desire is, that nothing should be done to facilitate or perpetuate such aggregations of wealth in few hands as we see encouraged both by law and usage in this country.

The statesman, then, especially needed in the times on which we are entering, is a man who will know how to demean himself without any sign of favoritism towards the different religious parties in this great empire—who will be prepared to advocate the removal of taxation from commodities to property—who will be bold enough to maintain that the rich should be taxed in proportion to their means in common with the poor—who will not hesitate to set forth the great inequalities between those classes as our especial danger—who will be resolute to encourage every measure which may tend to give a healthy occupancy to the space between the few who possess much and the many who possess nothing, by augmenting the middle class, both of agriculturists and traders, to the greatest degree practicable; and who will look to this progress of greater equality in our social relations as a people, as preparatory to a greater equality with regard to all civil rights.

Is Lord John Russell a statesman of this order? We should be glad if we could speak of our hope in this respect as stronger than our fear. The knowledge of our readers, and the events which are at hand, will reveal the rest. His lordship may do real service to his country, without taking exactly the ground to which we have pointed. But the man needed by the exigencies of our affairs, is the man who can rise fully to that level. We shall see what will be indicated when his lordship shall introduce, in the next session, his promised question in regard to the condition of the laboring classes. For ourselves, we say, once for all, that we do not mean to forget, that, in regard to men, and to all human affairs, our choice can never have respect to the perfect, but must always lie between the more or less imperfect. We do not mean, therefore, to separate ourselves from the best coadjutors we can obtain, because they do not happen to rise fully to our standard. We remember to

have heard the late Lord Holland express himself, some seven years since, concerning the irritable feeling which was then beginning to show itself between the Melbourne ministry and the dissenters, in the following terms:—‘It is certain,’ said his lordship, speaking to a nonconformist, ‘that we can do nothing without you, and it is no less certain that you can do nothing without us; and if we have not good sense and good feeling enough to avoid quarrelling, the enemy will profit by our disagreements, and we shall both go to the wall.’ Need we say that this witness was true?

With regard to our own circumstances, as protestant nonconformists, much as we may regret some things existing among us, we see in our prospects, on the whole, much more to awaken hope than to warrant despondency. Sir James Graham’s Education Bill has shown that, feeble as we may be in our aggressive movements, when our liberties are assailed we possess a power against which even the strongest government will not be likely to commit itself. Nor can any man have given attention to the speeches delivered in the last session of parliament, in connexion with the rescinding of those obsolete statutes which imposed so many penalties on catholic recusants; or to the principles avowed in connexion with the passing of the Dissenters’ Chapels Bill, without perceiving that maxims of fairness, as regards the manner in which religious parties should be dealt with by governments, are obtaining recognition in high places, in a degree unknown in our history since the times of the Restoration. Even the proposal to endow the catholic priests in Ireland, is one effect of this onward course of right thinking. That proposal rests on the principle, that it is not the business of the civil government to dictate a religion to the people, so much as to legislate in all matters upon those principles of moral fairness, which are anterior even to religion. Any attempt to carry out that proposal would be resisted, we trust, by the whole body of British nonconformists, and by a large portion of conformists also; but the discussions which the agitation of such a scheme would elicit, could not fail of giving a mighty impetus to just thoughts on such subjects. In all these instances, we discern the care of legislators to act with some just and honorable feeling towards other religions as well as towards the established religion. They are so many indi-

cations of a spirit of equality as opposed to a spirit of exclusiveness or monopoly. We see in these facts, that it begins to be dimly apprehended that the business of government is not to show favor to one sect so much as to do justice to all sects. Its next advance may be, to see that it will be best that all sects should be left to do justice to themselves. For the progress of self-sustained religion in England, and the bound which that principle has made of late in Scotland, are doing much to explode many an old argument in favor of a compulsory policy on that subject. Every day, also, is showing how little can be done to secure the purity of religion by creeds, and formularies, and civil statutes; and if many pious episcopalians, who are just now deeply offended with the divided state and declining religion of the established church, could only see in protestant non-conformity a haven of rest, a home for piety, we are constrained to think that many of the best of that class would fly to us as to a refuge, much as devout men from the same communion have done in former times.

But some man will say, 'We desire not such adherents. We wish men to be with us from principle, not from circumstances—to be with us wholly or not at all.' And can it be that the persons who thus express themselves, really mean what they say? You call on men to change their opinions, and refuse to allow any space as due to the process of that change! You determine to receive no man cordially as a non-conformist, who does not become such thoroughly and at one leap, did it never occur to you to inquire whether the man who could leave one set of opinions after that fashion, can be expected to hold with much steadiness to another? Are they not, commonly, persons either of the largest views, or of the most conscientious feeling, who see most reason for hesitancy in regard to very positive opinions on such points—and is there any thing in the nature of our dogmatism, or our upbraidings, that can be expected to decide the hesitancy of such minds in our favor? Has it been by adopting a repulsive policy of this order, with regard to every class of the inquiring and the partially enlightened, or by conduct very much the reverse of it, that the one congregational church in England two centuries since, has given place to the several thousand churches in this country, which may now be described by that name?

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Would that it were always given us to reflect on questions of this nature, before attempting to speak or to write about them. The effect we think would be a greater charity among ourselves—a greater charity towards such as are without; and a course of proceeding altogether much more becoming us as Christians, as members of general society, and as men of education and common sense.

THE ROBERTSES ON THEIR TRAVELS.

BY MRS. TROLLOPE.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

YET, notwithstanding all these favorable appearances, there were some things that did not go quite well with the Robertses. In the first place, Edward, though for some time fortune ebbed and flowed with him so regularly, that the result was not more against him than the half dozen Napoleons he occasionally got out of Lord Lynberry sufficed to cover, at last seemed to become the especial mark of the fickle goddess's ill-humor; for, night after night, the red and the black, and the black and the red, invariably changed sides as he changed his bets, and forever voted against him. After staking his last piece and losing it, he was compelled to whisper to the fair friend (who still faithfully adhered to his side, and failed not to share his luck, whenever, as in days past, it had occasionally brought him in a few pieces, taking care, at the same time, to make him understand that her "odious husband" would kill her, if she ever staked a franc of his money), to her sympathizing ear he was compelled to whisper that he could play no more at present, as he had really lost all his ready money.

"Borrow of the croupier," she whispered in return.

"Of the croupier, sweet love!" he murmured in reply, for they were now upon very affectionate terms together; "of the croupier, Louisa? He would see me hanged first."

"Try him, *mon ami*," she returned; "we have been such constant attendants here, that for once, at least, I am quite sure that you will succeed."

"I have no more money about me," said Edward, in his best French, addressing the

man with a degree of cool assurance that did infinite honor to his rapidly improving strength of mind, "lend me a few pieces, will you?"

"How much?" was the man's equally cool reply, stretching out his hand to one of the little mountains of silver money that stood piled before him.

"Oh! five hundred francs," said Madame de Marquemont, carelessly.

"Yes, five hundred francs," repeated Edward, "I certainly do not intend to lose more than that to-night."

And five hundred francs the croupier handed to him, and five hundred francs the croupier raked back again, within a marvellously short space of time, for once only during the process of thus returning it whence it came did any bet return to him.

Five hundred francs at the gaming-table of Baden-Baden is a very small sum, but every thing is comparative, and to Edward, at that moment, the loss seemed to involve absolute destruction, for where was he to find money to acquit him of the debt he had thus contracted? And to delay the doing so beyond the following morning, was, in gaming-table language, impossible. He felt exceedingly sick, but rallied his powers sufficiently to say, as he mechanically presented his arm to the charming Madame de Marquemont, "I shall be here again to-morrow."

The croupier nodded his head, without suspending for an instant the "*Faites votre jeu*," by the uttering of which he so perseveringly gains his own subsistence, and destroys that of other people.

The ill-pleased pair walked away in rather gloomy silence, and though madame speedily recovered herself, and invited her companion, when they arrived at her lodgings, to enter with her, as she knew "the brute," her husband, was not at home; he declined it, declaring that he had a devilish headache.

The hour was already too late to give him any chance of seeing Lord Lynberry that night, and the decidedly very uncomfortable young gentleman went home and crept to bed, as he had often done before, without any member of the family being aware of the hour of his return. But, late as it was when he went to bed, he was up early enough in the morning to catch Lord Lynberry, as he was in the act of leaving his hotel to take his first morning lounge to the library. The audacity of Edward Roberts was certainly increasing every day;

he, nevertheless, felt a disagreeable dryness in his throat, as he prepared himself for the fourth time within three weeks, to ask his noble friend to lend him money. But *it must be done*, and, making a strong effort to speak in his usual tone of voice he said,

"*A propos*, my dear lord, will you have the kindness to lend me five hundred francs more? which I shall be able to pay, with the seven hundred and fifty I have had already, in a day or two, when my father expects to receive money from London."

Lord Lynberry was as generous, thoughtless, good-natured a young fellow as ever lived, and really felt as much positive pleasure in doing a kindness, as to render the act of refusing very distasteful, nay, even difficult to him; but, to say truth, he was beginning to get very tired of the Roberts' concern altogether. The naughty, boy-like fun of watching the progressive vehemence of Miss Maria's admiration, love, esteem, and devotion, was beginning to pall; and, to do him justice, he was also beginning to feel that he ought to be ashamed of himself for suffering her to display such egregious folly. These thoughts had been working within him for three whole days, and for three whole days he had been meditating how best to confess to Vincent that he was getting sick of Baden-Baden, though there still remained a multitude of projected excursions unperformed.

The first compliance with Edward Roberts' request for a loan of money was part and parcel of the foolish frolic for amusing himself with the family, of which he was now repenting, and the repetitions of it arose from want of firmness enough to enable him to say "No," where he had before said "Yes;" but now his mood was changed, and he almost felt as if he were atoning for some of the folly he had committed before, when he replied to the above demand by saying,

"You must excuse me, Mr. Roberts, I really cannot do any more for you in that way—it would be inconvenient to me. Good morning to you."

However little right the unlucky Edward had to count upon continued supplies from his young lordship, he felt exceedingly offended at receiving this rebuff, and turned abruptly away, with an air of as much lofty indignation, as if he had been refused assistance in some great and glorious enterprise to which he had devoted himself. Something else, however, must be done,

and done immediately, and the sort of desperate conviction of this which rushed upon his mind, gave him the necessary energy for seeking his father and mother, whom he was determined to attack together, with the assurance, unmitigated by any vain ceremony in the manner, that he must have a pretty considerable sum of money, and that directly.

"The thing may as well be done at once," soliloquized the young man, as he directed his steps towards the Balcony House; "I know perfectly well that I shall have to pay for all the things Louisa has bought, when she has made me go with her to the different shops—the poor, dear creature, in fact, never attempted to conceal it, and a man must be a brute as great as her husband to refuse her—so I had better ask for the whole together—I must ask for two hundred pounds, less would be no use to me. Having thus screwed his courage to the necessary pitch, he ran up the stairs with rather a more rapid and decided step than usual, and, throwing open the door of the room where the family were assembled to breakfast, he felt comforted at being addressed by Agatha with a reproach for being so late.

"We have all quite finished breakfast," she added, "and I don't believe there is any coffee left."

"Never mind the coffee, I don't want—I mean I have had my breakfast already, and if you girls have finished, I wish you would all bundle away, I want to speak to the governor and my mother."

"A very polite style of sending us out of the room," said Maria; "but have the goodness, before we obey, to tell me if you have seen Lord Lynberry this morning?"

"Yes, Maria, I have; and now begone, or I will beg him never to dance with you again."

The young lady then departed, with a glance and a nod, sufficiently indicative of the degree of value which attached, in her estimation, to any attempt of separating from her the devoted Lynberry. The two other girls had preceded her in silence.

The anticipations of the father and mother respecting the nature of the communication they were about to receive differed widely. The mother had no doubt whatever that her accomplished son was about to make a bold demand for "ways and means to carry on the war," as he was wont facetiously to describe his wants; while the father, greatly less enlightened as

to the real state of affairs, confidently anticipated some interesting intelligence concerning the progress of his matrimonial alliance. This idea put the good gentleman into such high spirits that, contrary to the usual family custom, it was he who spoke first when the door was shut and the conclave opened.

"You are quite right, Edward, to let us know how things go on from time to time, and I hope, my dear boy, from your lively manner, that you have now got something pleasant to tell us. Miss Bertha is a shy sort of a girl, I fancy, and not so easily brought to say 'yes' as some might be, but I don't think when all's said and done, she will have much of a chance against you, Edward, eh?"

"Bertha Harrington is queer tempered enough, sir," replied the young man with a sneer, "but like all the other girls in the world, she will find her master sooner or later. It is not about her, sir, however, that I now want to talk to you; once for all, I am ready to pledge my word to you that she shall be my wife, and that at no very distant time. And that there is no joke or folly meant when I say this, my mother can tell you as well as I, for she knows more about it than most people."

"And very right and proper she should, Edward. She is the very best of mothers, and the very best of managers, and a son that would not confide in her would be altogether undeserving of the name," said the worthy gentleman.

"All true, sir. And now, if you please, we will come to what I have to say at present. I must have money, sir, and that directly—I must have money, sir, and what I dare say you will consider as a pretty considerable sum, but if I do not get it, all the fat will be in the fire, I promise you; and there will be an end of my marriage, which is as certain as if we had been before the parson already; ask my mother else; but there will be an end, once and for ever, to that, and for all hopes about the girls into the bargain."

Poor Mr. Roberts became very red in the face, and looked at his wife, who knew as well as he did (excellent manager as she was) that he had drawn his account for interest with the bank in London as dry as his draughts could make it, and that the last five-franc piece he had in his pocket had gone the day before to pay for the mending of a pair of boots. There was a silence of about a minute, which at last was broken

by Edward, who, finding his courage rather increase than diminish at sight of his father's dismay, said, rather sternly than humbly, "Well, sir, will you please to give me an answer? Is my name and character to be blown from one end of Baden to the other, or will you advance me two hundred pounds?"

Mrs. Roberts started when she heard this sum named, for it exceeded, at least tenfold the amount of the demand she had expected. But Mrs. Roberts was too good a manager not to have long ago decided in her own mind what must be done if any particular circumstance—the marriage of either of her three children for instance—or the unexpectedly finding that she had longer bills against her at the different shops than she anticipated—rendered it absolutely necessary for them to get hold of something beyond their income in order to get on. She started, certainly, at hearing Edward say so coolly that he must immediately have two hundred pounds, but it instantly occurred to her, nevertheless, that it would be a monstrous good thing to have the first difficulty got over, respecting this first drawing upon capital—by far the greatest objection to it in her mind being the difficulty of making Mr. Roberts perceive the necessity, without leading him to suspect any deficiency of good management on her part. She knew well and practically that, "*c'est le premier pas qui coute*," and, the system once begun, she felt as confidently assured that success would attend all her schemes, as Napoleon did when he decided upon his invasion of Russia. That things had gone differently from what she had anticipated when she represented the great economy of living abroad, as the principal reason for deciding upon it, she was quite ready to avow. But had she anticipated such a magnificent revolution in the affairs of the whole family as that which she now contemplated as too certain to be impeded by any thing, save some abominably bad management on their own part? The marriage of Edward with Bertha she had her own private reasons for believing as certain (to use her own phrase) as any thing on this side eternity could be. That of Maria and Lord Lynberry, her common sense (she said) told her was little less so; and as for that of Agatha with Mr. Montgomery, whom they had lately had the indescribable satisfaction of discovering was the Honorable Mr. Montgomery, and of whose engagements to his cousin, Lady

Charlotte, Agatha had not thought it either necessary or proper to say any thing, as to *that* very splendid connexion, Mrs. Roberts, from a feeling of justice to the admirable judgment of her eldest daughter, could not permit herself to doubt. Agatha, she knew, had not that almost childish expansiveness of heart which distinguished her lovely Maria from every girl she had ever known, but then her very silence was, from the peculiarity of her very superior character, the strongest possible proof that she knew what she was about, and that every thing in that quarter was exactly as it should be. Could she then—could Mrs. Roberts, blessed as she was with a strength of mind not to be shaken by trifles—could she permit herself to be terrified and driven to abandon such glorious hopes, because a little extra money would be wanted to carry them through?

She waited for the first emotion which the words of Edward had produced on the mind of his father to subside; but, when at length she heard him draw a long breath, and utter the words "God bless my heart and soul!" she addressed him thus: "My dear Mr. Roberts, you look as frightened as if Edward had told you that the house was on fire, or that his sisters had eloped with two tinkers! I am sure I shall be as sorry as you can be if the dear boy has been guilty of any imprudent extravagance, though, mixed up as he is at present with the first rank of European aristocracy, it must be very, *very* difficult, indeed, poor fellow, to keep perfectly within bounds. But it is quite time, my dear Roberts, that we should have a little serious conversation together on the unexpected situation in which we find ourselves, and I am very well pleased that Edward should be present at it, because, in fact, the subject concerns him even more than it does us. You must be aware, my dear Roberts, that our situation is at this moment vastly higher, an immense deal higher, you know, as to our rank in society, than ever it was before, or to say the honest truth, than we any of us ever dreamed it would be. Now this is not to be done for nothing. I never pretended to be a fairy, and nobody that was not like Cinderella's godmother could be expected to transmute a banker and his family, who were just ruining themselves by straining and striving to live in Baker-street, into people of first-rate distinction at the most fashionable watering-places in Europe, and that without paying for it. Such things

may be done easy enough in a fairy tale, but not out of it, and I should be sorry to think that you were so behind-hand in intellect as to expect it."

"No, no, my dear, no, no," said Mr. Roberts, "I never did expect it, I do assure you: but only you know my not expecting it will not make me one penny the richer, nor one bit the more able to let Edward have the two hundred pounds he talks about."

"This is no time for joking, sir," returned his wife, knitting her brows into a very awful frown; "we are now talking of business, and of the future destiny of the family, and I must beg that you will not talk nonsense if you can help it."

Mrs. Roberts really was, in her own particular line, a *very* good manager. She knew that her husband could sometimes resist pretty toughly, on points of finance, when he was in a courageous mood, but she knew also that a little sharp brow-beating was very apt to disable him, leaving him pretty much at her disposal, to goad or to lead, as she might find most convenient. And such was the case now, for this injunction not to talk nonsense, if he could help it, made him look as meek as a lamb.

"In short, my dear," she resumed, "with an encouraging kindness of manner which showed that she did not intend to scold him if he behaved well, "in short there is but one way. At the present moment poor dear Edward must see what he can do in the way either of borrowing or putting off for a few days these claims upon him. His affairs, I can tell you, will be very satisfactorily settled, and at no very distant day, exactly in the way we most wish. But in the mean time you must write to have a power of attorney sent out to you instantly—without losing a single post, remember. Of course you will appoint the same good plodding soul who has done all our business for us since we have been away, and this power of attorney must enable him to send out to us whatever money we may want to draw for from the capital in the bank. We need not draw a penny the more, you know, because we make this arrangement. What we *must* have, we *must*—there is no good in talking about it, but mere weakness and folly, and nothing else, and I am sure I need not tell you, Roberts, that I am the very last woman in the world likely to persuade you to spend a single farthing, beyond what the welfare of your family demands. We are certainly making a great

effort for our dear children, and I rejoice to tell you, my dear, that they are all of them likely to be so settled in life as to give them the power in after years of proving to us the gratitude they feel. They are excellent children, one and all of them; and it rarely happens, I believe, that parents in making this sort of exertion for the good of their offspring can see the reward for it so close before their eyes as we do."

Mrs. Roberts then intimated by a glance of her eye to Edward that he might as well be off; and glad enough to escape both questionings and counsel, he obeyed, full of admiration for his mother, and exceedingly well satisfied by the new regulation as to money matters which she had so ably achieved, for the pen was already in the worthy Mr. Roberts' hand, with which he was to make this praiseworthy effort for the good of his family; but a little anxious, nevertheless, as to what he should do to pacify his friend the croupier during the days which must of necessity intervene before this effort could produce its first results. In tolerably good spirits, however, notwithstanding this temporary difficulty—for the young Edward saw a very easy future opening before him—he immediately repaired to the lodgings of Madame de Marquemonte, whom he was sure to find alone at that hour; and no longer oppressed with the terror of not knowing whence was to come the fund that was to free him from the very peculiarly pressing claims which weighed upon him, he entered with all the confidential freedom of a tender friendship into a sufficiently clear statement of the manner in which his excellent father was at that moment engaged, to make the intelligent Madame de Marquemont perfectly understand that his present distress was only temporary; and when he mentioned that he had already asked for two hundred pounds, which demand he meant to double when the power of drawing was fully established, her affectionate temper led her to express her joy at her friend's release from embarrassment with so much gentle kindness, that at that moment he certainly felt himself one of the happiest men in the world, especially when she dismissed him with the assurance that she would undertake to say a word to the croupier, who was a very good sort of fellow, and rather an old acquaintance of hers, and that she was quite sure he would not only wait patiently for the trifle he had already lent, but willingly advance more, if they liked to

try their luck again before the money came.

This was precisely all that Edward wanted to complete his happiness. He had rather a mysterious feeling of dread of the croupier, who appeared to him a sort of high priest presiding over the most awe-inspiring rites which he had ever witnessed.

The satisfaction of Mrs. Roberts herself, at the peaceable and perfectly satisfactory result of her interview with her husband, was scarcely less vivid than that of her son. She was aware, perhaps, rather better than even the young man himself, of the absolute and immediate necessity of enlarging their means of obtaining money; for she knew with vastly more accuracy than he did (the natural consequence this, of her habits of good management), how many different shops, farms, and market women she owed money to, and this knowledge, joined to the maternal responsibilities which rested upon her for his bills and the young ladies' bills too, had made her for some time past very far from easy in her mind as to the present, notwithstanding the unspeakable delight with which she contemplated the future. But now she saw her way clearly before her. The benefits awaiting her, if she could only continue for a few weeks longer her present mode of living, were so great and so certain, that no shadow of scruple as to the wisdom of the course she was pursuing crossed the bright perspective which stretched before her. Confident in the success of her plans, conscious and proud of the talent and the conjugal influence which she was sure would enable her to attain that success, Mrs. Roberts was at that moment one of the very happiest and most perfectly well-satisfied women in existence. She knew perfectly well that she, or rather her unconscious husband, was overwhelmed by a burden of debt which nothing could clear them from but the breaking in upon the fund which was to provide for the future existence of their children. She knew that the young lady upon whose fortune she reckoned, as the means of ensuring to her son a handsome provision for life, had given every indication that a young lady could do of holding him in supreme aversion. She knew that neither of her daughters had received any proposal of marriage from

either of the gentlemen whom she had fixed upon as her future sons-in-law; and she knew, moreover, that if they had, there was a tolerably near approach to a moral certainty that every friend and relation these gentlemen had in the world, would come forward to oppose what it was utterly impossible they could approve. All this she knew as well as you do, gentle reader; yet such and so great were the hallucinations produced by the novel circumstances in which she found herself, that she as completely lost all sense of her true position, as a child does after turning round, and round, and round, till he is giddy. None but a looker-on, and one, too, quite at leisure to observe what is passing round him, could fully comprehend, or, perhaps, fully believe, such a state of mind to be possible in any one of healthier mental capacity than an idiot; yet it is most assuredly the fact, that a monomaniacal disorder of the judgment, amounting in degree to that here ascribed to Mrs. Roberts, may be perpetually seen to beset individuals who have been suddenly transported from a sober middle class of English society into the midst of the puzzling mosaic of a continental watering-place.

It is all very well for Russian generals, Polish princesses, German barons, French dukes, Italian marquises, Swedish counts, &c. &c. &c., with all their fair and noble belongings (mixed up with a few English *milors*), it is all very well for these to rush about from one favorite place of amusement to another, sparkling in diamonds, and stars, and broad-breasted *rateaux* of decorations innumerable. It is all very well for them. They understand one another perfectly. There is no delusion, no dazzling deception in the case. But woe to the unlucky third class English gentleman and his family, who, bringing with them nothing but English gold and English beauty as tickets of admission to the noble phalanx—woe to him and his, if he or they thrust themselves into the vortex, and fancy they can spin round in it unscathed like the rest! What the others look upon as the amusement of an hour, they contemplate as the most important epoch of their lives. And important it often is to them, Heaven knows!—rendering them utterly and forever unfit for the station in life in which they were born and bred, without affording a gleam of reasonable hope that they shall obtain any other one hundredth part as good.

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It is probable that Agatha saw something in the countenance of her mother as she left the scene of the conference which has been described in the last chapter, that led her to believe the present moment would be favorable for discussing a little business of her own.

"I wish you would come into our room for a moment, mamma," said she, "I have something that I want to show you."

"And what's that, my dear?" replied her mother, gaily. "But let it be what it will, I am ready to see it."

"I don't believe you will, admire it much," muttered the young lady, as she led the way to the sleeping apartment of herself and her sister. On reaching it, Mrs. Roberts perceived that the bed, and most of the chairs, and other articles of furniture, were covered with a variety of wearing apparel, bonnets and shawls inclusive, which spoke more plainly of past gaiety than of present neatness.

"Just look at all these things, ma'am, if you please," said Agatha, putting herself into a sort of stiff and stately attitude, with her arms crossed before her. "Perhaps you remember, ma'am, what I said to you some time ago on the subject of *consistency*. I wish you would have the goodness to recall it to your mind now, as I think it might be useful in assisting you to make up your mind as to the propriety, or impropriety of our pretending to continue in the brilliant circle of society in which we move at present. How do you suppose the Princess Fuskymuskoff will relish my continuing to appear with her, arm in arm, upon the public walks, in such a bonnet and mantle as this?"

Mrs. Roberts took up the bonnet, which she placed upon her finger, turning it round and round, the better to examine it on all sides.

"Upon my word, Agatha," she said, with a pleasant smile, "if I had never known that you were a very handsome, elegant-looking girl before, I should know it now. It really is hardly possible to believe that you have actually been wearing this horrid thing, and yet, positively, looking like a well-dressed girl of fashion all the time! You certainly must be beautiful, child."

"It matters very little how beautiful I may be, ma'am," replied her daughter, "if I am forced to appear in such dresses as these—I will not scruple to say it, for I don't see any reason why I should; but I do

think in my heart that unless you and papa find some means to enable us to dress decently,—I don't speak of myself only, observe, but of Maria also, whose two silk morning dresses I cannot look upon without feeling myself color to the very ears—I say, ma'am, that unless you and papa do find out some means of clothing us decently, we shall both of us have a right to consider ourselves as having been most abominably ill-used.

"Well then, please to listen to me, Agatha," began Mrs. Roberts, but she was not permitted to proceed.

"I beg your pardon, Ma'am," said her eldest daughter, holding up her finger to stop her, "I really beg your pardon, but I do beg you will not begin to answer till you have heard what I have got to say. I have gone on silently for some time past, in the hope from day to day that you would say something yourself about the necessity of leaving off these faded, worn-out things. But no! day after day passes on. You hear us invited by ladies of the very highest rank to join them in parties, to which they go as elegantly dressed as if they were going to Longchamps, while we have nothing to wear that their waiting-maids would not have thrown away long ago. The agony of appearing before the eyes of these illustrious ladies, dressed so disgracefully, is bad enough—but it is by no means of this that I the most complain. The cruelty of the privation is felt ten million times more in another direction. You cannot be ignorant of the fact, ma'am, that Maria has inspired a young nobleman of high rank and enormous fortune with a passion likely to lead to the most gratifying results—I say nothing of myself—I wish to say nothing. My destiny, perhaps, is as yet less plainly marked out; one thing concerning it is, however, assuredly certain, namely, that I have formed intimacies—let me rather say friendships—here, which will for ever render it impossible for me to submit to any association with persons not of exalted rank—whether I marry or whether I live single, my doom is fixed in that respect. It is possible that I may die, mamma; that I may die before your eyes, if the admirable management by which you have contrived to introduce us to the very first society in the world, should fail now, and oblige us to conceal ourselves from the eyes of all we love and value upon earth! This is possible—but it is *not* possible that I should ever again consent to be taken into such society as we were intro-

duced to formerly. *This* I never will endure. No! not if the only way of escaping from it is by suicide!" And here the young lady ceased, striking her fair forehead with her open palm in a manner which betrayed very strong emotion.

Among several other very remarkable talents, Mrs. Roberts possessed that of being able to whistle, one single note at least, loud, shrill, and long. She availed herself of this talent now, and produced the sound above described with so much strength and perseverance, that both her daughters applied their hands to their ears, exclaiming, as by common consent, "Oh! don't, mamma! don't!" Mrs. Roberts, however, ceased not till her breath failed her, which was not soon, and then, recruiting herself by inhaling at leisure as much of the necessary material as sufficed to display another of her varied talents, she first burst into a hearty laugh, and then said, "Well, my dear, I hope you have had a great deal of pleasure in hearing yourself talk, which, indeed, I cannot doubt, because it was a fine speech, Agatha, particularly the latter end of it—but if, instead of a pleasure, it happened to be any trouble, you might have spared it, and lost nothing, for if you had been pleased to condescend to hear me out, when I began to speak, you would have known lots of time ago, that I had been thinking of your bonnets and shawls, you foolish children, quite as much as yourselves, and perhaps a little more to the purpose, Miss Agatha. For though it never came into my head that I had better kill myself for want of a smart bonnet, I hit upon something that I think will do quite as well, though perhaps it won't make such a good story in the newspaper. But never mind, Agatha, you need not look so terribly solemn because I laugh at you a little. Tell me, dears, at once, what it is that you most want, and I will tell you in return, that it shall be bought, and paid for too, without losing a moment of time from the first part of the job to the last."

"Oh! my dearest, dear mamma!" exclaimed Maria, letting fall a much worn dress that she had been holding ready to display, and throwing her arms round the maternal throat, "how can I ever thank you enough for saying so? I feel quite sure that my beloved Lynberry would be faithful to me if I wore the dress of a beggar-girl, but yet I won't deny that I have suffered dreadfully from appearing in his eyes such a poor, penniless creature as I have done.

The Princess Fuskymuskoff is so exquisitely elegant, you know, that it is quite impossible that he should not see, and feel too, poor fellow, the dreadful contrast!"

"I am, indeed, thankful, ma'am," said the eldest Miss Roberts, "that we seem to be redeemed from the horrible condition in which my father has chosen to keep us, for I must do you the justice to say, that I believe the fault has not been yours. It is quite evident that your ideas upon the means necessary for sustaining a distinguished situation in society, are greatly more enlightened than his—poor dear gentleman!" While pronouncing the last three words, Agatha seemed, with some little effort, to throw off the tragic vein in which she had been indulging during the former part of the conversation, and it was almost in a gay accent that she continued. "And now, mamma, I must beg you will tell us how you have managed it. A short and easy method for bringing a stingy old gentleman to reason may be a secret worth knowing."

"I hope and trust, dear girls, that you will both of you make such marriages as will render all such secrets unnecessary—for I can tell you that the business is far enough from being a pleasant one. As to *how* the thing was to be done, you know, admitted neither of question nor answer. The business lay in an egg-shell. There was but one way of getting out of the scrape, and *that*, of course, he was obliged to take, whether he liked or not. When income won't do, the fund that comes next, you know, is capital, and a trifle from that *must* be taken to enable us to turn this corner. But I beg you to observe, both of you, that my firm intention is now, as it ever has been, to practice the very strictest economy in all things. Let your husbands be ever so rich, my dears, depend upon it that a well-regulated system of economy will never do you any harm. I, myself, have always been rather celebrated among my friends and acquaintance for my excellent management in every thing relating to money matters, and I should grieve to think that any daughter of mine should be deficient in a talent upon which I certainly do a little pride myself. I know perfectly well, dears, that you must be made *decent*—that has always been, as you must be aware, my first object, and the second is, as you know equally well, to do it with the greatest possible economy. I myself, must have a new dress, and a new summer bonnet and a cloak immediately. I am excessively sorry for it—but it is im-

possible to help it, and, as the old adage says, what can't be cured must be endured."

"That is quite true, ma'am," replied Agatha. "I declare to you, I very often wish that it were possible to go naked—or, if not quite without clothes, on account of modesty and all that sort of thing, I do most truly and sincerely wish that fashion did not oblige us to put on so many expensive and perfectly useless things as we do. We should look a monstrous deal better without them."

"That is so like you, Agatha!—you dear odd creature!" returned her mother, laughing. "But now, my dear girl," she continued, putting aside some of the faded finery which encumbered a sofa on which she prepared to place herself, "now let us talk a little of our dear good friends Lynberry and Montgomery. I hate plaguing my girls about their lovers, as some mothers do, but I *should* like to know a little how matters go on. You feel quite certain, my dears, don't you, that these two charming men are really attached to you?"

"Can I doubt him? Oh! is it possible to doubt such a being as Lynberry?" replied Maria, pressing her hands upon her heart, to still the tumultuous throbbings which this mention of his name occasioned. "You see how devoted he is to me, mamma," she resumed, "and, oh! what a monster of suspicion must that woman be, who could suffer herself for an instant to doubt the truth of a passion that has been proved, a thousand and a thousand times over, by every demonstration that the tenderest love can devise."

"Heaven forbid, my dearest Maria, that I should try to make you suspicious, particularly towards the man who so evidently intends, some day or other, to become your husband! Poor, dear, excellent young man, I am sure I love him already as if he were my own son!"

And here Mrs. Roberts was so strongly affected by the tender words she had herself uttered, that she put a finger in her eye to remove a tear.

"No, Maria," she continued, "I don't doubt his faith or his constancy, for a single moment; nevertheless, you know, I should not be at all sorry to hear that the offer was made, because, just in the humor that I have got your father into at present, I think one might be able to coax something handsome out of him in the way of wedding-clothes; but he has not spoken quite out yet, has he, Maria?"

"No, mamma, he has not," replied Maria, with the sort of firmness which arises from feeling that the truth we utter has nothing in it from which we ought to shrink. "No, mamma, he has not, but if you will take my opinion, and I certainly *ought* to know something about it, I should say that, if papa is really in the sort of humor you describe, it would be exceedingly wrong indeed not to profit by it. It is impossible for any one to say how soon it may be. It may happen to-morrow, nothing can more likely. And then, just fancy what a pity it would be if you had to do your disagreeable work all over again! Indeed, indeed, mamma, I advise you to have the money ready if possible, and, let what will happen, I am quite sure that between us we should know very well what to do with it."

"There is great good sense in what Maria says, ma'am," observed Agatha, "and if you really have the power of getting hold of money now, and do not profit by it, you will have nobody but yourself to blame for it, whatever misery may come afterwards."

"That is all very true, Agatha," returned Mrs. Roberts, "but yet I don't think I should quite like to ask your father for an additional hundred pounds or so, to buy wedding-clothes, unless I was pretty tolerably sure that they would be wanted, so I think I will wait another day or two, before I speak about it, Maria."

"You must do as you please, ma'am," said Agatha, with a frown, while Maria relieved her wounded heart—wounded by the injurious doubts of a suspicious mother, by shedding tears. "You certainly must do as you please," resumed Agatha, "but, I confess, I think you wrong, very wrong, indeed."

"Well, I will think about it again, my dear, before I decide," said Mrs. Roberts, in return to this remonstrance, adding, though not without a little tremor in her voice, for she was beginning to get a good deal afraid of her eldest daughter, "and now, Agatha, do tell me a little how you and Mr. Montgomery get on together? He is a most remarkably charming man, and I am ready to declare any day that he shall have my fullest consent, if he proposes for you, although I know perfectly well that he is only the son of a nobleman, and not a nobleman himself, like our dear Lynberry; but that shall make no difference, not the least, and you could not say any thing that I should like to hear better, Agatha, than that he had proposed, and that you had accepted him."

"I must desire, ma'am, once for all," replied the young lady, "that you will not give yourself any trouble about my concerns whatever. I am perfectly capable of taking care of myself, and I must insist upon it that my friendships, whether male or female, are left wholly and entirely to my own management. I consider the friendship of her highness, the Princess Fuskymuskoff, as a most important epoch in my destiny, and having once found myself the chosen friend and confidante of such a woman, one of the most illustrious in Europe, it can hardly be expected that I should submit to be called over the coals, and examined like a school-girl, as to what either the men or the women of my acquaintance may choose to say to me. Be satisfied, ma'am, with my assurance, that I will take very good care of myself, and when the time comes, whether it be early or late, that I have any thing, either concerning myself or any body else, which I may think it necessary for you to hear, you may depend upon it that I shall communicate it. And now, if you please, I should recommend that we should go shopping—I cannot go to the picnic to-morrow without a new parasol, new boots, new gloves, and, most of all, a new bonnet. Perhaps, ma'am, Maria and I had better go on to Hombert's by ourselves, as I know we have both of us a great deal to do, and you can follow us when the carriage comes."

Mrs. Roberts did not venture to make any objection to this arrangement, and the two young ladies set off together, inexpressibly relieved by the liberal permission they had received to make purchases, and happy in the harmony of feeling which produced the mutual avowal that if there was a bore in the world more detestable than all others, it was the having a mother who chose to busy herself by interfering in her daughters' love affairs.

It was within a week after the events and conversations above recorded, that Mr. Montgomery, upon receiving a letter from his cousin, strongly urging his not returning to the neighborhood of their capricious aunt till the time fixed for their marriage, accosted his young friend Lynberry, on the public walks, with the following abrupt question.

"Well, Lynberry, are you ready to start for Rome? I have had enough of the baths and the bathers. What say you?"

"Say?" repeated the young man. "I will echo your words, Montgomery—I have had enough of the baths and the bathers."

"Well, then, tell Vincent so—I am not quite sure, by the way, that I shall find another echo in him. But he is such an excellent fellow, and so thoroughly unselfish upon all occasions, that I am positive he won't wish to keep you here merely to please himself; and, upon my soul, I don't think there is any thing more to be seen or said here, particularly necessary for the progress of your education."

"I suspect he thinks so too," replied Lord Lynberry, "and, though I believe most sincerely, that his beautiful cousin is in love with him, and that, consequently, it is utterly impossible he should not be in love with her, I am sure he will be ready to set off the moment I tell him that I think we had better go, and it will be capital good fun travelling together, Montgomery. When do you think you shall start?"

"This is Tuesday, is it not?" returned Montgomery. "I know of nothing which need detain me beyond Thursday or Friday at the very latest; and, to tell you the truth, I don't wish for any particularly long leave-takings, do you?"

"No; my heart is so tender that I could not stand it," replied Lord Lynberry. "Where is Vincent, I wonder?"

"Giving Miss Harrington a lesson in drawing, either in the forest yonder, or in the Murgthal," said Montgomery. "How marvellously true is the proverb which says 'one may steal a horse, and another may not look over the hedge.' If one of our dear friends, for example, one of the enchanting Robertses, were seen deliberately tucking herself under your arm, or mine, for the purpose of wandering away for hours, *tête-à-tête* among the mountains, I suppose it would be considered, notwithstanding their particularly *fast* ways, as rather an extra breach of decorum, yet this little creature does it every day of her life with Vincent, and I don't believe it has ever entered the head of any one to fancy there was any thing wrong in it. Is this prejudice and partiality, or only truth and justice?"

"Only truth and justice, Montgomery," returned the young nobleman, "and that sort of self-evident truth too, which the dull-est must see, whether he will or not. If one of the Robertses were invited to make such an escapade, and could find an opportunity to do it, when they thought nobody was near enough to see, they would be sure

to look sneaking, if they did not feel shy; but this little creature, as you call her, looks about her with an air not only innocent, but proud, and evidently glories in what she is about."

"Yes; and that pride, by the way, is in truth the *mot de l'enigme*," said Montgomery, "for it acts doubly. In the first place, the pretty creature is evidently proud in having found a gentlemanlike cousin to take care of her; and in the second, she is proud, and with equal reason, of her own young courage, in so frankly taking advantage of it."

"I believe you are quite right, Montgomery," returned Lord Lynberry; "you really seem to have studied the young lady's character very profoundly."

"No; those who run may read it," replied the other, "and I own to you, that had I not been in love before, yea, and heartily too, I should scarcely have escaped the fascination of her beauty and her originality combined. She certainly is very lovely, and shows well too, from the marvellously strong contrast which she forms with every thing around her. I really wonder, Lynberry, how you have escaped? I thought you were caught at first, but lo! you suddenly veered about, and fell at the feet of a very different idol."

"I have no fancy for being second best, Mr. Montgomery," replied his young lordship, coloring. "I could, perhaps, have discovered and appreciated the real character of Miss Harrington, as accurately as you have done, but I had no wish to contest the fair lady's smiles with my tutor, and threw myself at the feet of the idol you mention, expressly to keep myself out of her way; and, false idol though she be, she has served to save me from offering incense at a shrine too unpropitious to make worship at it any sign of wisdom."

"Quite true, Lynberry. So now hie thee to thy philosophical tutor and inform him of our wish to move on. If he makes any objection, the very slightest in the world, I shall suspect him of being more like other mortals than you seem to suppose."

"Vincent will make no objection," replied the young man.

"We shall see," said Montgomery.

The result proved that the young nobleman knew his tutor well. Vincent did *not* make any objection, but declared on the contrary that he thought Lord Lynberry quite right in wishing to get to Rome.

"You will find more profitable amusement," he said. "To talk of study to a

young nobleman so very nearly his own master would be mere pedantry," he added with a smile. "Nevertheless, should any such whim come over you there, you would find the whole region a *studio*, and that of the most inspiring kind."

But, notwithstanding this very perfect self-command, and the equally perfect abnegation of all selfish feeling displayed in the promptitude with which Mr. Vincent set every thing in action to facilitate their immediate departure, the sensations produced by the necessity which his duty imposed on him of immediately quitting Baden-Baden were so acutely painful as for the first time fully to awaken him to a knowledge of his real condition. Then, and not till then, did he become aware that the young girl over whom he had been watching with all a cautious brother's care had become dearer to him than life—dearer than every thing that life could give, save the consciousness of uncompromising honor and rectitude. It is not to be supposed, however, that his hired service as a tutor to Lord Lynberry would have been felt by him as a tie sufficiently sacred to interfere with all the happiness of his life. Had this been the only impediment to his devoting himself to Bertha during every hour of his future existence, his good judgment, energy of character, and promptitude of action, would speedily have removed the difficulty. But, alas! this obstacle, when compared with others which existed to divide him from his young cousin, was an ant-hill to a mountain. His father was a ruined man, and he, therefore, of necessity, was a ruined man also. Bertha was an heiress. Could he then, was it in his nature to take advantage of the circumstances in which he had found her, and which inevitably tended to give him, in every way, value in her eyes, in order to win her affection, and so become possessed of her wealth? He could not do this. Dearly as he loved her, he could not have consented to gain her at that price, and he thanked Heaven that the same moment which showed him the extent of his danger showed him also the way to escape it. Had he indeed understood more thoroughly how matters stood with her, he might in some degree have acted differently; but of the terrible and mysterious circumstances attending her mother's death he knew nothing. Greatly as she appeared to take pleasure in talking to him of times long past, when he had been known to and fondly beloved by her mother, she shrunk with such evident agony from

every allusion to more recent events, and especially from all that related to her mother's death, that he was not only totally ignorant of every suspicion respecting it, but also of the abrupt manner in which Bertha had been sent from her home, and of the powerful reasons which prevented her entertaining any hope of returning to it. Had he indeed known all, he might have thought, and thought justly, that the immediately becoming his wife would be the best course she could adopt. But, as it was, he bent all his meditations upon the best manner of saying farewell, without betraying to her all the misery it cost him. He well knew that she would miss him sadly—he well knew that the protection her family had so strangely chosen for her was not such as he could leave her in with satisfaction, but no thought that her sorrows would be increased in any other way by the degree of regard she felt for him mixed itself for a moment with his anxiety. And in truth he was right. Bertha had no more idea that she was in love with her cousin than that she was in love with the sun, or the moon, or the Alt Schloss, or any other of the good things which gave flashes of happiness to her existence, in spite of all she had to make her miserable. Mr. Montgomery was quite right when he said that the poor bruised and mortified Bertha felt proud at having found a gentlemanlike cousin to take care of her. And she not only felt proud of this, but she felt proud of being proud of it; and often, when laying her head upon her pillow, and remembering the satisfaction, the delight, perhaps, with which she had listened during the day to some counsel or some brotherly instruction from him, she thanked Heaven that in spite of the degradation of her present circumstances, the spirit of her mother was still sufficiently alive within her to make her cherish what was great and good, notwithstanding all the lowering associations to which she had been exposed, which might have lessened her value for it. In short, had she loved him at all less, she would have been ashamed of herself! All this was genuine, and so easily read in her words, her looks, and her manner, that Vincent was spared the additional agony of believing that the never-to-be-forgotten pleasure he had enjoyed in her society had been purchased by her peace of mind.

He was, for a moment, a little startled by her turning very pale, as she listened to the announcement of his departure; but this impression wore off as he listened to her

earnest entreaties that he would write to her—write to her very often, and always tell her what she ought to do, and particularly when she asked his advice, which she assured him she should do upon all important occasions. This was so little like the language of a young lady in love, that it reassured him, and they parted, to all appearance, as an affectionate brother and sister might have done.

As to the feelings of the two Miss Robertses upon hearing of the departure of Lord Lynberry and Mr. Montgomery, they cannot be described at the fag-end of a chapter.

PRINCE POLIGNAC AND THE FRENCH CARLISTS.

From the North British Review.

[Probably by Mr. Hallam.—Ed.]

Etudes Historiques, Politiques, et Morales, sur l'État de la Société Européenne, vers le milieu du XIX. Siècle, par le Prince de Polignac. Paris, 1845, 8vo.

THE author of this work is a well known character; not famous for his genius, his crimes, or his virtues, but for his mediocrity, which he has had opportunities to exhibit in the face of Europe, to which he nearly set fire without knowing it. And even now that he is out of the storm, without knowing how, he cannot comprehend either the "what is all this about?" or the why,

Miraturque novas frondes et non sua poma.

He reminds us of a character in old romances of chivalry, as original as it is *drole*. The worthy knight is invariably unhorsed, and every one, himself excepted, sees clearly that this misfortune happens to him through his own awkwardness and clumsiness. He finds fault with his horse and his armor, with the ground and the sun, with Sir Mars and Dame Fortune, but never with himself. *He* ought always to succeed, but *they*, somehow or other, conspire in an inexplicable manner to his somersets. So satisfied is he with himself, that he is ready at any moment to encounter the same dangers, run the same risks, and stand by the same principles which he has laid down as indisputable, in precisely the same manner as he did before, careless of

consequences. If by any revolution, which in any country except France might be deemed miraculous, the Bourbons were to be seated again, *sur le trône de St. Louis*,—as in their vanity they designate the power which was wielded by Philippe le Bel, Louis IX., XIII., XIV., and XV.; (in whom were concentrated all the crimes, vices, and weaknesses that nature ever distributed among many mortals),—if such a miracle were to take place, and if the restoration were to choose Polignac as its minister, we may be certain he would act and end just as he did before, arguing all the while that he alone is right. This is what his admirers (has he any left?) call honesty, firmness and courage; whilst sensible men call it obesity of intellect, obstinacy and foolhardiness. The man who does not perceive the reasons that others see for at least doubting and hesitating, and who rushes into dangers which he cannot comprehend, is neither firm nor brave,—he is simply stupid.

The very unconsciousness of the difficulties of the subject on which the author ventures to write, is the only amusing and exciting circumstance connected with this dull publication, which it would be impossible to get through otherwise. And if instead of the name of Prince Jules Polignac—the legitimate parent of the French Revolution of 1830,—the book bore the name of *M. Jules Brasseur, marchand épicier, près la Porte St. Martin, à Paris*, no one would read, and still less notice, such lucubrations, even though the author was *chevalier de la légion d'honneur*, and sergeant in the national guard *à cheval*. But it is amusing, we may almost venture to say instructive, to peruse what an ex-prime minister of the Bourbons has had the courage to write about history, politics, and morals, and to judge from his writings of his party and of their prospective power of mischief.

"The title of this work," says the Prince, shows its object. It is not history that I mean to write; my object is merely to present some observations, under the form of historical and political studies, on the mass of great events which have agitated our globe during a half century, to ascend even to the source of these events, and to trace their course, their progress and their effects. Perhaps the task is above my strength, I admit; but at least I have endeavored to fulfil it with frankness and sincerity."—p. 7.

We agree with the noble writer in be-

lieving the task undoubtedly above his strength, and we only should like to know— if his admission be not a vain parade of modesty—why he undertook to do what he felt himself unfit to perform? Granting, from pure civility, that he is as frank and as sincere as he boasts, did it never occur to him, that, although frankness and sincerity are two great qualities in a writer of history, they are not the only qualities required to render justice to such a subject as he has ventured to take in hand? We have no doubt he felt it; but we are also certain that he was far from conceiving the difficulties which he had to contend with in order to master such a subject. He took to writing with the same rashness as he took to governing France, and he performed his task with the same success, although the consequences of his rashness are happily very different.

According to Prince Polignac, all the misfortunes of our times are owing to the *philosophical sect*, the origin of which is to be traced to the Reformation. Luther and the other Reformers, by appealing to reason, were the prime cause of all the mischief. Calvin, Luther's follower, was still more dangerous than Luther himself, and Henry VIII. was induced by his profligacy to join the standard which the two former had raised from pride. The thirty years' war in Germany was concluded by a treaty (that of Münster) which at last sanctioned such fatal doctrines as toleration and freedom of conscience—the ruin of faith in religion. True, the effect of those abominable doctrines was to put an end to religious strife, but this was owing to the efforts which the various Protestant sects made to reconcile their tenets with one another, so far at least as was requisite for the members of the several persuasions to live in peace and charity with each other,—an eminently Christian effect, one would think, and not undeserving of Christian praise; but M. de Polignac sees in it only the consequence of religious indifference, produced by doubt. From the Reformation and from indifference, then, he says, evidently came philosophism; how this was brought about, and how it *evidently* came from the Reformation and indifference, the author does not please to state. Philosophism, there is no doubt, (as M. de Polignac affirms, although he does not state why, so *undoubtedly*,) made use of free-masonry to arrive at its end, which

was the subversion of all religion and of all government; free-masonry itself being united to illuminism. There were, however, obstacles to the triumph of these pantheists or atheists, (Polignac considers the philosophers both the one and the other,) and they might possibly have failed in their nefarious plans, had they not got hold of the rising generation—a somewhat difficult object to obtain, as several religious corporations watched the education of youth. Among these corporations, there was one which was most intensely hated, because it had done an immense deal of good, that was the Society of Jesus, the ruin of which these wicked philosophers set about to accomplish. Pascal, the Jansenists, the French Parliaments, and Europe, “Protestante ou philosophe,” applauded the efforts of unbelievers. Pom- bal, Choiseul, Aranda, Tanucci, all philosophers, unbelievers, pantheists, atheists, or Protestants, joined together against the Society of Jesus and its innocent members. The Society was suppressed. How it was that, after being driven from Catholic countries, the Jesuits found a refuge and protection in the states of two sovereigns—Frederic II. of Prussia and Catherine II. of Russia—who had never been in odor of sanctity, who were heretics, and whom M. de Polignac himself reckons among the “adeptes protestants” (p. 50.) of philosophy, the noble author does not condescend to explain, or attempt to reconcile with his whimsical and absurd narrative.

The fall of the Jesuits, he proceeds, left the philosophers masters of France, who then could instil into the minds of the people their detestable principles. France, in spite of the voice of her clergy, departed from God and ceased to love her kings; whilst the sovereignty of the people, proclaimed by the philosophers, contained the seeds of revolution. True it is, as Prince Polignac admits with great simplicity, that at the death of the profligate, selfish, and despotic Louis XV.—

“All the springs of government were out of order, the authority of the throne shaken, the treasury in a state of bankruptcy, the affection of the subjects for the sovereign almost utterly destroyed, the people overloaded with taxes; society was going to pieces.”—p. 67.

* The noble author ought not to have said that the people, that is the nation at large, was overloaded with taxes, but that a portion of the

And yet two pages after he has the boldness to say,—

“It would be a great mistake to attribute the fall of the monarchy under Louis XVI. to secondary causes, such as the recall of factious parliaments, the unfitness of many ministers, a deficit of about fifty millions” (of livres, about two millions sterling), “the existence of some abuses, of which the king himself had urged the abolition. . . . At this time anti-social theories had upset men’s minds; hateful passions excited the hearts against all duties; the earth trembled; impiety had placed on it her burning hand, and asked for victims.”—p. 69.

In spite of these very grand tropes, we prefer the sober statement of two pages before, and think that the plain facts therein set forth account amply for the fall of the French monarchy under the successor of Louis XV. It is from the misgovernment there fully admitted that anti-social theories, the hateful passions, the trembling of the earth, and all the other mischiefs, are to be derived. Even M. de Polignac, had he not been blinded by his fanaticism and by his intolerance, would have seen that the state of the monarchy at the accession of Louis XVI., was owing to the infamous extravagance of Louis XIV., to his uncontrollable and overbearing despotism, to his insatiable ambition, to his unprincipled wars, to his religious persecution, to his scandalous adulteries, as much as to the profligacy, the wars, and the despicable misgovernment of his successor. All these seeds of social dissolution were sown at the time that the Jesuits triumphed over Jansenism and over the opponents of the bull *Unigenitus*, when the Bastille and Vincennes were overflowing with tenants, when the Protestants were hunted down like wild beasts, and when cardinals were prime ministers.

M. Polignac saw nothing of all this; nor did he see that there are countries with plenty of Protestants, of philosophers, of free-masons, and of partisans of the sovereignty of the people, who nevertheless have not only not been overcome by a revolution like that of France, but have successfully waged war against it in the name of religion, of philosophy and of liberty. We

people, by far the most numerous, insultingly called the *third estate*, was oppressed by taxes for the benefit of the few parasites belonging to the two other estates—the *clergy* and the *nobility*. Among them the Polignacs, even to the eve of the Revolution, had a large share of the plunder, as we shall see.

must not, therefore, be surprised, if, laboring under such ignorance, M. de Polignac, when minister, set about reorganizing society in his own way. He took to reinstating the Jesuits, and other religious corporations; in time he would have hanged free-masons. He persecuted philosophers and writers of all descriptions, he undertook to suppress the liberty of the press, and as a legitimate consequence of his own principles, he would, if he could, have exterminated Protestants, and brought the world back to the golden age which preceded that of Luther. Were he now to have the means and the opportunity, he would act exactly in the same manner, and prove himself, as we have already observed, the very same minister that, to the cost of the Bourbons and his own, he proved himself to be in 1830.

From such a man we cannot expect a fair account of the French Revolution; but we confess that on recollecting what one of the Polignacs owed to Napoleon, we were led to expect from his brother, if not praises, at least not abuses of his benefactor.* In order that our readers may judge of the grounds of our opinion, and in order also that some of the allusions which we have made and are likely to make to the life of our author, may be more readily understood, we shall, before proceeding farther, submit a biographical sketch of Prince Polignac.

Jules Polignac was the second son of Armand, first Duke of Polignac, and of Mademoiselle Pollastron, his Duchess, too well known for the unfortunate attachment of Marie Antoinette for her. The Polignacs are generally considered the representatives of an old family of that name, greatly reduced in circumstances,† and it was only the friendship of the queen that

* Prince Polignac dares even charge Napoleon with having ordered the massacres at Toulon, after its occupation by the Republicans, and is not ashamed of inserting a letter well known to be forged, to prove him guilty of a crime that he never was even suspected by fair men of having committed. Such disregard of truth, such base calumnies, are but little in conformity with the boasted fairness and sincerity of our author.

† Montgaillard denies it. He says that the modern Polignacs are not descendants from the illustrious family of that name which, he states, became extinct about the middle of the 17th century. The true patrimonial name of the present Polignacs is *Chalencon*; they were poor private gentlemen of no family; the only distinguished man among them being Cardinal Polignac, one of the negotiators of the Treaty of Utrecht. From St Simon's Memoirs it would

procured for them the means of living at court. As yet only Colonel—Armand de Polignac was appointed first equerry to the king, and from only a count he was created a duke, and afterwards *surintendant* (query, comptroller general?) of the post office. Lodged at Versailles, with her family, in one of the most splendid apartments, Madame de Polignac was selected as governess of the royal children (*Gouvernante des Enfants de France*), and distinguished by the warmest and most undisguised friendship of her royal mistress. Allowing that envy may have been busy in slandering the favorite and her family, in supposing them advising unpopular measures, and in accusing them of anti-national *péchants*, we can scarcely admit that the popular indignation was altogether unreasonable, when it broke out against a family to which, in addition to grants in crown-lands to an enormous extent,* reversiary pensions, to the yearly amount of from £28,000 to £30,000 sterling were granted. "A thousand crowns," exclaimed Mirabeau, "are granted to the family of a hero for having saved the state, and a million of livres to the Polignacs for having ruined it." Yielding to this popular and universal indignation, the whole family of Polignac emigrated, and the first favorites were also the first to set the example which the French nobility followed so eagerly, of leaving their sovereigns in difficulties, which these gallant fugitives had so materially assisted in creating.

Jules Polignac and his eldest brother, some years afterwards (in 1803) were arrested in France and tried for high treason, as accomplices of Pichegru and Cadoudal. It has been said that the conspirators intended to assassinate Napoleon, then first consul; this intention not having been proved, the persons accused have a full right to be acquitted of it. The brothers were tried, and whilst the eldest urged the acquittal of the youngest, on the score of

appear that Montgaillard's genealogy is not correct, and that, though poor, Cardinal Polignac descended from the old family of that name.

* In the month of April 1816, a bill was introduced to make over to his family a property called Fenestrange, which the crown had mortgaged to the first Duke Armand Polignac for twelve hundred thousand livres (about £50,000). It was then proved that the Polignacs had never lent the money, but that Louis XVI. had secretly given it them to lend to the crown; and neither the legislature of 1816 nor that of 1817 would legalize so gross a *job* as this of these disinterested royalists.

his age (he was, however, 23 years old), Jules begged of his judges to hang him instead of his brother who had a family. This *niaiserie* which, in any other country, would be received with the contempt which it deserves, even on the stage, was related with great solemnity to the French peers by the counsel of Jules Polignac, as a proof of his magnanimity! His brother was condemned to death, but imprisoned instead of being executed: Jules himself was sentenced to two years' imprisonment; yet by one of those iniquitous acts of despotism, for which Napoleon will ever be execrated, his imprisonment was prolonged to 1814, when, thanks, to the political events, he was restored to liberty.*

The Count d'Artois (afterwards Charles X.), brother of Louis XVIII., had, from his earliest days, contracted a strong affection for M. Jules de Polignac; the latter professed for that prince a most unbounded affection. Different from his brother in many respects, the Count d'Artois put himself, during that brother's reign, at the head of an opposition, composed of all the bigots who re-entered France in 1814, after having emigrated from 20 to 25 years before, and who expected to find the country just as they had left it when they ran away. To remedy the evils of the French Revolution, it was only necessary, in their opinion, to reinstate what had produced that event. An aristocracy without talents, virtues, or riches; a clergy without morals, toleration, or Christian charity; a profligate court and an unrestrained king,—the one to devour what the other plundered from the people,—were required, according to the Count d'Artois and his friends, to make France happy and contented. This party, having the heir-presumptive at their head, caused great uneasiness and troubles to the government of Louis XVIII.† One of the most influential among these *frondeurs* was

Jules de Polignac. To get rid of him the king offered him the legation of Munich, which he refused, but he was prevailed upon to accept that of Ambassador at Rome, where the Pope, for his temporal and spiritual merits, raised him to the rank of Prince of the Holy Roman Church—an order which may be safely said to number amongst its members a larger proportion of fools, knaves, and beggars, than any other order in Christendom.

Not long after, Prince Polignac was called to the House of Peers, but he himself, as well as some of his colleagues, all of them among the most intimate friends of the Count d'Artois, put difficulties in the way to their promotion. They refused to take the oath of fidelity to the constitution, because it proclaimed an unlimited toleration of all religions! They considered themselves entitled to make certain reservations to their oath, as they deemed it evident that the fundamental laws of the State were to harmonize with the *dominant* religion, and that it was against their consciences as Catholics that they were asked to swear fidelity to a constitution which was an outrage to their creed. Louis XVIII., was forced to say, in the speech from the throne, that the charter assured to the Catholic religion the *pre-eminence* which was its due; and after they had brought their Sovereign to say this to please them, these loyal noblemen took their oaths and their seats. A few years afterwards, Prince Polignac was sent ambassador to London, where he continued till he was, in an evil moment for his country, his king, and himself, appointed Prime Minister of France. Of this we shall speak hereafter.

Now that we know the writer, we may pass over his history of the Revolutionary period to 1814, and be certain that we cannot lose much that is impartial and worth knowing. With respect to the subsequent times, our author begins by objecting, and we must say with great justice, to the territorial arrangements of 1814. Never was there a more reckless disregard to the happiness of all the nations of Europe—never a more barefaced abuse of brutal strength, than that which was displayed in the treaties which those who had the power concluded. Look at Belgium, at Poland, at Saxony, at Italy, at Norway! Were the wishes, the feelings, the wants, of the unhappy millions of human beings who were shared among the plunderers, ever taken for a moment into consideration? What

* So said M. Martignac in his defence:—"Les évènements de 1814, lui rendirent la liberté."

† The Count d'Artois was at the head of the cabal against Richelieu in 1821. Richelieu knew the power of the prince and his party, and he would not accept office till after having received, from the Count d'Artois, his assurance, *on the word of a gentleman*, that he would support the administration. On discovering the treacherous conduct of the prince, Richelieu had an interview with him, when he addressed him as follows:—"I did not know that the prince was not bound by the word of the gentleman." Lacroix, who relates this anecdote (*Histoire de la France depuis la Restauration*, chap. 38) adds:—"I have the most undoubted certainty of the truth of this fact."

other power except that of the bayonet forced them into submission? What other regard was had in the partition and the arrangements but to the ambition, the greediness, the selfishness of the strongest? So far we agree with Prince Polignac; but we go farther, and ask—What right had we to force the Bourbons on France, and to set loose the most ferocious chief of the Spanish branch of that family on Spain? Would the French, the Spaniards, the Italians, left to themselves, have ever recalled the Pope to his temporal dominions? Part of this colossal building, founded on sand and raised up with uncemented stones, has been already dashed to the ground—the rest is tottering. Look at Louis Philippe on the French throne,—at Don Carlos, his prisoner,—at Don Miguel, an exile at Rome,—at Belgium, separated from Holland,—at the Kings of Prussia and of the French, insulted by Catholic bishops, their subjects—look at the massacres of the Poles—at the prostration of the Ottoman Empire—at the encroachments of Russia—at the oppression of Italy, which requires Austria as a constable, and England as an informer, to keep it down—look at all this, and then refrain, if you can, from speaking with scorn and indignation of the sovereigns and ministers who signed the treaties by which Europe was to be pacified and made happy.

Prince Polignac objects likewise to the influence which, he says, the allies—chiefly the Emperor of Russia—had over Louis XVIII., who was persuaded by them to grant the charter from which, according to the noble author, all the misfortunes of France were derived. He has no praise for the allies but for their interference in Naples, Piedmont, and Spain. Whatever was done in France by their advice he considers wrong; what the Duke of Richelieu—the friend of Alexander—did when prime minister the first time (1815-1817,) extremely objectionable; the conduct of Villèle during his six years' administration (1822-1828,) scarcely that of a royalist. "What the royalists wanted," says Polignac, "was to give an independent property to the clergy—to restore to the clergy the registers of births, deaths and marriages—to give to the clergy and religious congregations the direction of public instruction."—(P. 172.) But what could one hope, when M. Decazes, on becoming prime minister—he, the favorite of the king—had the courage to grant the freedom of the press?

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(P. 178). How could the throne be saved when Villèle not only did not take any of the above steps in favor of the clergy, but actually allowed his administration to expire without breaking those territorial individualities called *départments*, and re-establishing the old names of the French Provinces? When he did nothing—actually nothing, can it be believed?—for wresting her sceptre from a wicked daughter of the Revolution called *Public Opinion*, which continued to rule the Chambers, and sowed leisurely the seeds of discord? (P. 191.)

We find recorded in the work, now under consideration, a fact, which we had hitherto considered an idle rumor, and which deserves the special attention of our readers. The Emperor Alexander, who had misunderstood the French Revolution, according to Prince Polignac, saw, at a later period, his mistake (that of having pressed on Louis XVIII. the granting of a constitution to France). He gave himself up to acts of devotion; towards the end of his life he was tormented by remorse and by fear of divine punishment:—

"He humbled himself before God, and asked the assistance of heavenly light; the Almighty granted it to him, and on his death-bed he became converted to the Roman Catholic religion. His august wife, a few months afterwards, overcome by grief, followed this pious example. Documents now in the archives of the foreign office (in France,) leave no doubt with respect to the truth of these two facts, especially with respect to the Emperor."—P. 197.

It must have required all the consolations of his new religion to lull the remorse of a son who stepped on the throne, treading over the corpse of his father, to whose dethronement he had at least consented;—of a son who continued to number among his ministers and friends the murderers of his father.

In addition to the political questions which agitated France during the administration of M. de Villèle, religious discussions added to the bitterness of party spirit. A cry of improbation was raised against the *Pères de la Foi*, "a recent denomination adopted some time before by the Jesuits;* the advisers of the crown endeavored

* We call the attention of our readers to this precious piece of Jesuitism of the Prince himself. The *Pères de la Foi* took this name, as we have already observed on a former occasion, (North British Review, vol. ii., p. 594,) to pass them-

to submit the press to restrictions, but their project of law had to be withdrawn—and even the academy—what a shame!—joined the opposition. At last Villèle fell. M. de Martignac succeeded him. “His ministry,” says M. de Polignac, “was a ministry of concessions of the prerogative to the popular party.” The successor of Martignac was our author. In M. de Polignac’s opinion, monarchy had been reduced to the last extremity, by the various administrations which had preceded his own. He says, in his figurative way, that when he took the helm, the ship was not sea-worthy, that the wind was blowing furiously: is it surprising that it has been dashed against the rocks? “It was not I,” says he, “that had deprived it of its riggings.”—(p. 219.) If M. de Polignac really saw the State in this condition, why did he undertake to govern it? If Villèle and Martignac were leading it to ruin, why did he lend them the dead-weight of his name and influence, by continuing to serve as ambassador at the court of St. James’ during their administrations? Why did he not act as M. de Chateaubriand, then French ambassador at Rome, acted, on Prince Polignac himself being appointed prime minister—resign his situation?

M. de Polignac then became minister, and was installed on the 8th of August, 1829; on the 8th of August, 1830, Louis Philippe was proclaimed King of the French! Pretty quick work. But, says M. de Polignac, this was owing to the unfair conduct of the opposition; the men who undertook the government were all unknown as ministers—they had a right to be judged from their acts; the President of the Council (that is, M. de Polignac himself,) was pointed out as an enemy to the character; “an enemy; no! a disapprover! yes.”—(p. 244.) But then his acts! judge of him by them! It is exactly thus that all suspicious characters declaim against the unfairness of the police. Any one unknown may pass unmolested along a thoroughfare crowded with people, and even stop to look at a jeweller’s or goldsmith’s window; but the moment a poor innocent being, who has nothing against him but his character, happens to walk af-

ter an elderly lady leaving a bank, or to cast a look at a money changer’s shop, the police is upon him, without waiting for a pocket picked or for a pane of glass broken. What an injustice! Then M. de Polignac very cleverly, as he thinks, mixes up together the two sets of colleagues he had—those who were with him before he was president of the council or prime minister, and those who were his colleagues afterwards. If unknown as ministers, (which was not the case with all the second set of them,) they were all very well known as public men, and as such, the nation had ground enough for condemning them without farther trial. Can we doubt the line which Colonel Sibthorpe will take when he becomes Premier?

We shall not inflict on our readers the biography of *all* M. de Polignac’s colleagues; but to show the character of his administration, the life of some of them is far from unimportant. His first administration consisted of himself, and Messrs. Labourdonnaye, Bourmont, Chabrol, Courvoisier, Montbel and Rigny. The last of them, appointed in his absence, refused,* and was succeeded by De Haussez, who is not unknown in Great Britain, and of whom little more can be said. M. de Montbel was a follower of Villèle and one of the staunchest friends of the missionaries—that is to say the Jesuits,—but a moderate man, far from approving of the violent measures which were adopted in July 1830, to which he agreed more from a sort of chivalrous weakness for the king than from conviction. It is well known that when MM. de Chabrol and Courvoisier resigned their places, thinking that if the elections were unfavorable, the administration ought to retire, he would have resigned if he had dared. Chabrol and Courvoisier themselves proved, by retiring, that they were honest Royalists, not prepared to forswear themselves for the support of a stupid minister of a still more stupid monarch. The real strength and spirit of the Administration were represented by Polignac, Bourmont, and Labourdonnaye.

Bourmont was an old emigrant, who in Scotland, had become a favorite of the Count d’Artois, then an exile, and who had

selves off as *not* Jesuits, and to enter France under a false name, and under false pretences. Polignac states that the Jesuits took this *alias* (and many more too,) which is not considered very respectable, but he does not say why they did so.—p. 198.

* It is but justice to Prince Polignac to state, that M. de Rigny sent him a letter before leaving Paris, of which M. de Genoude, the editor of the *Gazette de France*, was the bearer, expressing his willingness to join an Administration formed by the Prince.

carried on the war of a banditti against the French Republicans, with whom afterwards he made his peace. He then became a worshipper of Napoleon; but, suspected of insincerity, he was arrested: after two years' imprisonment, he escaped to Portugal. Later still he became one of Napoleon's generals, but in 1814, was one of the first to pay homage to Louis XVIII. He was with Ney when that unfortunate Marshal determined on joining Napoleon. Bourmont commanded a corps at the combats which ended in the battle of Waterloo, but he deserted to the enemy the day before this decisive defeat of Napoleon. It was chiefly owing to his evidence, which the accused firmly declared false, that Marshal Ney was condemned to death. Bourmont had afterwards a command in the army which invaded Spain in 1823, and was lastly chosen for his minister-at-war by Polignac. Labourdonnaye had, ever since the restoration of the Bourbons, been the constant leader of that fraction of the Chamber of Deputies, for which Fouché had invented the name of *ultras*. He had served in the Royalist armies against the Republic, had afterwards made his peace with Napoleon, and served him too; but, since 1815, he had opposed with unparalleled pertinacity and virulence, all the administrations alike as too liberal, and attacked all the liberals as revolutionists and moved by the worst motives. The violence of Labourdonnaye, added to his limited talents for administration, according to M. Polignac, rendered him a very troublesome and not very useful colleague. On the question, whether there should be a president of the council, being carried in the affirmative in the cabinet, Labourdonnaye, who had always objected to such an office,* resigned. It is not worth entering into details respecting all the persons who succeeded him, Courvoisier, and Chabrol. These were Guernon-Rainville, Chantelauze, Baron Capelle,† and Peyronnet.

* It is said that Labourdonnaye had a very poor opinion of M. de Polignac's fitness for office; and that it was not to the office of president of the council, but to the person for whom he saw the place was intended, that he objected. Alluding to the desperate measures which he perceived M. de Polignac was determined to attempt to carry, and to the great influence that the place of president would give him above his colleagues, he is reported to have said—"When I stake my head on the game, I want to hold the cards myself."

† This gentleman is not a *baron*, but his family name was *Baron*. Montgaillard, *Hist. de France*, for 1829, August 8th. He never signed

The latter, however, deserves to be well known.

On his father falling a victim to the Revolution, M. de Peyronnet emigrated; but he soon re-entered France, and became a barrister—more famous, like our Irish Attorney-General, for his pugnacious propensities, than for his law or eloquence. Mme. du Cayla* having lost a suit in the first instance, but won it on appeal, owing not to the professional assistance, but to some other power of M. Peyronnet, was instrumental in making a minister of him on the second fall of Richelieu in 1821. He continued minister with Villèle till 1828. He distinguished himself particularly on three occasions—1st, as representative of the Jesuits, then very powerful, he pressed on the Legislature (in April 1825) the adoption of the law on sacrilege, by which "whoever was convicted of profanation of the Host was to have his right hand cut off, and then suffer death;" for as the supporters of this barbarous law said, a person guilty of such an act was guilty of deicide!! There is no instance of such an *atheistical* word ever being used before, we believe. It was on that occasion that one of the most violent and most intolerant of the supporters of the Jesuits—M. de Bonald—said, that "to put to death a man guilty of this crime, was sending him before his natural judge,"—a sanguinary maxim, as was observed by the now Duke Pasquier, equivalent to the order of the inquisitor to the soldiers who were murdering the poor Albigenses, but who were not certain of putting to death those only who, even according to the inquisitor's maxims, deserved it: "Kill away! kill! God will select those who belong to him." Then, 2d, M. de Peyronnet came forward as the champion of a law—the particular favorite of the same Bonald—for the re-introduction of primogeniture—of all other civil laws the

"baron," as others do in France who have the right to a title, and never was styled *baron* either in the preliminary acts, or in the judgment pronounced against him by the Court of Peers.

* Mme. du Cayla was the mistress of Louis XVIII. She was separated from her husband, and though no longer young (being born in 1784), she was still good-looking, extremely agreeable and accomplished. She was a great supporter of the Jesuits, who looked upon her as a second Mme. de Maintenon. The Comte d'Artois reconciled his religious scruples with the deference which he professed to a person who took advantage of her intimacy with the king his brother for advancing the pious interests of himself and party, by looking not to the means but to the end

one unquestionably the most obnoxious to the French, who, moreover, on that particular occasion, detested it the more, as they looked upon it, and not without reason, as a triumph of the Jesuits.* The third time that M. Peyronnet distinguished himself, during his first administration, was on introducing that bill against the press which roused even the Academy to petition against it. Such a bill would never have passed under any circumstances, but what tended more than any thing to its being withdrawn was an article in its defence, which M. de Peyronnet caused to be published in the *Moniteur*. Among other expressions of praise, that project of law was designated as "a law of justice and of love." The ludicrous effect of these words on such an occasion was enhanced by the circumstance of their being taken from Demaistre, the most determined champion that the Jesuits ever had, not inferior even to Bonald, who used them in his *Surriées de Saint Petersbourg*, when praising, in a celebrated passage, the punishment of death and the dignity of hangmen.

This was the man chosen as a colleague by M. de Polignac, and entrusted with the seals of the Home Department, when two well known but honest royalists felt it impossible to support the extreme measures that, in his *crasse* ignorance, the Prince was dishonestly concocting. Bourmont having sailed to command the forces directed against the Dey of Algiers, the place of minister-at-war was, *ad interim*, filled by Polignac himself, who found no one he could rely upon for the office. And now, when the life and miracles of his most influential colleagues are known, will any one hesitate in admitting that the French people had very good ground for refusing to trust to a ministry composed of such members? Accordingly, the chambers declared, that so long as such advisers were preferred by the Crown, the popular branch of the legislature could not support the executive. The people having elected a majority of members in opposition, the ministry, *preferring themselves to the nation*, on the 25th of July, 1830, dissolved the Commons before they had met—that is to say, annulled the elections, for the House

not having met as yet, it was not a House, and could not be dissolved—and, by an Order in Council, they altered the law of election, taking their franchise from several thousand voters all over France, because they had voted as they liked. Then, on the strength of an article of the charter (the 14th,) which authorized the king to enforce the execution of the law by proclamation, a proclamation was published, crushing the liberty of the press, and ordering the execution of a law which had been solemnly repealed, and enforcing the censorship. The ministry consisted, at the time that the *ordonnances* were passed, (Sunday, July 25th, 1830,) of MM. Polignac, Chantelauze, Haussez, Peyronnet, Montbel, Guernon-Rainville, and Caille; Bourmont being absent.

We are not going to enter into the history of these transactions more than is requisite to judge of the work before us. It seems that all the ministers, at one time or other, doubted—some the justice, others the policy, others the expediency, others again the necessity of publishing the *ordonnances* of July—every one of them, except Polignac, had some doubt of some sort. He and the king never had any; the enormous difficulties which every man of common sense foresaw, were above their poor comprehensions. Both bent on their own destruction, could not bear to have their eyes opened, and both most unscrupulously deceived, allies, ambassadors, public creditors—friends and foes equally—declaring that no *coup d'état* was intended.* That the other ministers should have yielded is no doubt surprising; but that M. Peyronnet should have given in, is what could not have been foreseen, and what is almost incredible even now. During his imprisonment at Ham, after 1830, this ex-minister published a small collection of essays, entitled "*Pensées d'un Prisonnier*," with a motto from Matthew xxv. 35, (from the Vulgate, "in carcere eram:" but v. 36 in our version, "I was in prison.") Those *pensées* are not, however, those of a prisoner, inasmuch as they were written when the author was not only out of prison, but most active in sending thither as many as he could—some not to come out, but to mount the scaffold, not unfrequently for political offences. The title, therefore, as

* "The system of M. Bonald re-acted most fiercely against the congregation (i. e., the Jesuits) and the nobility. No doubt the ministers as yet adopted it but partially; but the king was for it all, as it was the plan of the Jesuits."—LACRETELLE, *Restauration*, chap. 33.

* There was, however, one friend to whom the whole scheme was unreservedly communicated—that was the Nuncio of the Pope—LACRETELLE, *Restauration*, chap. 40.

well as the motto, is a delusion and a mockery. Among other essays therein included, is one which first appeared in the Journal of the Jesuits, "l'Univers," on May 29th, 1830,—not quite two months before the *ordonnances*—headed, "Les coups d'Etat," and ten days after the writer had taken office and succeeded to one of the two ministers, (Chabrol and Courvoisier,) who resigned because they were for modifying the Government and yielding to the country, rather than having recourse to violent and illegal measures. Peyronnet there says, among other things:—

"It is not enough that a *coup d'état* be necessary—of that secret and imperceptible necessity which discovers itself sometimes to a few persons, by doubtful and almost invisible signs. Nothing less will do than a manifest, striking, undeniable necessity, which overcomes all doubts by the overwhelming evidence of its reality. This necessity gives a right to make the attempt, and the universal conviction lends that consent which gives, or at least facilitates, success. But success is the most indispensable condition of a *coup d'état*. However lawful the end—however well taken the measures of execution—I can only see an error if success does not follow. . . . In this sort of affairs one must not do but what he is absolutely bound to do, and one is bound to attempt only what he can do.* If the attempt is not indispensable, one has no right to try; and no one is in duty bound to attempt what is not possible."

A man who has written this, has he not signed his own condemnation for joining the attempt of Polignac?

As to Polignac himself, he has no excuse whatever. Not only was there no necessity for the *ordonnances*,—not only had he omitted doing all he could to ensure the success of his measures, but he had done nothing whatever for that purpose. His apology on this head is the most pitiful exhibition that ever even *he* made of himself. Who could have foreseen it? is his excuse.

"The evil which threatened France was certainly deeper than I had conceived; and had I suddenly seen into futurity, I should have insisted, since I was forced to continue one of the advisers of the Crown, that the King should have withdrawn into the Vendée, where the *ordonnances* would have been signed."—P. 294.

* C'est une sorte d'affaires où l'on ne peut que ce que l'on doit, et où l'on ne doit même que ce que l'on peut. Tant que l'entreprise n'est pas indispensable on n'a pas le droit; tant qu'elle n'est pas possible il n'y a pas de devoir.

It is difficult to hear a Frenchman utter such sentiments, and not use intemperate words in exposing his cruel coolness in regretting that he did not kindle a war to the knife in his own country—that he did not expose it to the degradation of foreign interference in addition to the horrors of civil war. Then he continues to say that he could not foresee that the troops might refuse slaughtering their countrymen, that he would have blushed to reckon on the possibility of such an event. This really shows more and more how true was the opinion expressed of him by one of the aid-de-camps of Marmont, when the fighting between the people and the troops had already continued for some time. This aid-de-camp (his name was Larue) informed Polignac that the affair became more and more serious, the troops having shown symptoms of joining the people. "Well," answered Polignac with great *sang froid*, "if such be the case, you must order the troops to be fired on." The poor aid-de-camp, astounded at such ignorant ferocity, came out of the room exclaiming, "Alas! alas! our prime minister does not understand French."

M. de Polignac struggles hard to persuade the world that he had done all that could be done to overcome opposition, by preparing himself to overcome any resistance. As Minister at war it was his duty to do so. But that he did not do it, is the universal opinion of those who have had the best means of judging. His colleague, M. de Montbel, in a protest which he sent from Vienna (whither he had safely escaped) to the President of the Court of Peers, speaks as follows:—

"I regret that the want of precautions which the state of affairs required has encouraged a struggle which was to end so fatally. These precautions depended not on me; I could only energetically press them upon those whose duty it was to take them, and I have nothing to reproach myself with in this respect. We were told in the presence of the king, that all military measures were taken, that the guards and numerous troops were ready to put down resistance. I do not know what fatal error gave room to assertions so widely at variance with truth; they inspired us with the confidence that all attempts to resist would be, if not easily prevented, easily defeated."

M. de Montbel must have known what Prince Polignac had promised, and what he had asserted before the Revolution, and as he (Montbel) was one of the most ener-

getic members of the government in resisting the struggle, which he witnessed from beginning to end, he is the best witness possible, as well as the best judge how far the assertions of Polignac were at variance with truth. The question is not merely, whether M. de Polignac had prepared in a proper manner for the struggle? The event proved that he had not; yet he has the poor excuse, and a very poor one indeed it is in such affairs, that he could not foresee this and that. The real question as between Polignac and his colleagues is: Did you, or did you not tell us, that you had made certain preparations to meet certain contingencies, when, after all, it turned out that you had not made them? The evidence of M. de Montbel is so overwhelming, that we cannot even pity Polignac on the score of stupidity.

The two last chapters of the work of M. de Polignac are on the French Revolution of 1830, and its principles, and on the theories of government that are prevailing in many parts of the world. With respect to the Revolution of 1830, and to the government which sprang from it, we were prepared to find M. de Polignac prejudiced, and therefore unfair; but we confess before we read this work we did not believe him so malicious and ungrateful. By trying to expose the government of Louis Philippe to the hatred and contempt of France and of Europe, by endeavoring to excite the ambition and jealousy of a party in France which the present government restrains with difficulty from propagating in foreign countries with fire and sword the principles of government which M. de Polignac opposes with so much vehemence, he shows himself devoid of all feelings, not only of patriotism, but of common honesty. "The government of July," he says, "would not dare to undertake alone such a conquest as that of Algiers."—(P. 347.) It is not as yet very clear what France has gained by that conquest: what it loses yearly in men and money is not doubtful. And how did M. de Polignac succeed in lulling the suspicions of all foreign countries—and especially of Great Britain—when he undertook the invasion of Africa? By having recourse to such deliberate falsehoods, mean subterfuges, and deceitful promises, as are unworthy of a man of honor and of a real statesman. He avoided to write what he had positively engaged to write, by saying, for instance, that the letter would be writ-

ten in a week, then by saying to our ambassador at Paris that he was going to have it delivered to our Government by his ambassador here, and instructing his ambassador in London to promise Lord Aberdeen that a note was going to be delivered to our ambassador at Paris, and so on. These are tricks too paltry and too jesuitical for a gentleman to be proud of: and though we may laugh or feel indignant at our negotiators having been duped, we can feel nothing but contempt for the duplicity of a man who deceived them by such low tricks of vulgar cunning. It suits ill such a person to write grandly about the high principles, the noble views, and the boldness of action, which are denied to a government like that of Louis Philippe: It suits particularly ill for Prince Polignac, defeated by five or six thousand raggamuffins of Paris, and saved by the firmness of the leading men of the Revolution, to speak as he does of the present Government of France,

"as born weak and timid, like a person born blind or lame, and which, being unable to alter its nature, will live and die oppressed by its infirmities."—(P. 342.)

The Government that saved Polignac from the scaffold, and which, after a short imprisonment, restored him to liberty, was not either weak or timid—nor was it, we must repeat, mean as is the man who thus attacks it after having accepted so many favors from it—among others his own life. And this forces us to say, that M. de Polignac shows himself any thing but noble-minded and princely in his ideas. He hates intensely M. de Chateaubriand, of whom he speaks, however, with cold respect and faint praise. On one occasion he goes out of his way to record how Chateaubriand subscribed one hundred francs to Laffitte's monument, out of gratitude to the man who, when Chateaubriand threw up the embassy of Rome on Polignac being appointed Minister, lent him ten thousand francs which he then wanted. "Had he addressed himself to the Restoration, as he had done on former occasions," says the generous Prince, "that sum would not have been refused to M. de Chateaubriand." How princely are the feelings of the man who stoops to publish former acts of generosity, *if true!* And these are the *preux chevaliers* who are to take back the son of St. Louis to be crowned at Rheims!

For this is evidently M. de Polignac's

hope. There are two sources of government, legitimacy and sovereignty of the people: the latter has never succeeded, (says the Prince, with as much boldness as truth), and, moreover, it is a principle "repelled by European society: the nations applauded when it fell," (p. 369.) It is therefore clear to him that the other must prevail. The same is to be said with respect to religion. France is ignorant of the wants of our times. The movement of our age is towards Catholicism, (p. 375): as to Protestantism, it is done up. Now, we have only to follow up these two principles, and as *res per quas causas nascitur per easdem dissolvitur*, we have only to re-establish the Jesuits, which will destroy the liberty of the press and philosophism, when of course Protestantism will fall, and then we shall all be happy and merry with a despotic prince and the Pope, as our forefathers were in the tenth century.

This may appear very absurd, and yet it is the right way to go to work. Luckily, for the good of the world, the Polignacs go on too fast, and they cause a reaction; but there is so much tenacity and unity in the movements of Catholicism, that although the serpent gets scotched it is far from crushed, and it soon creeps on, with its head low at first, but gradually raising it. The connexion between despotism and Catholicism, *such as it has been after the Council of Trent*, is evident, and made visible both by theory and practice.* The

* The tenets of the Church of Rome, as at present constituted, are utterly inconsistent with liberty, either civil or religious, inconsistent with the liberty of the press, and adverse to toleration. Those who deny these truths, are either completely ignorant of those tenets, or are wilfully wrong. Cardinal Pacca wrote by special order of the reigning Pope, on the 16th of August 1832, to Lamennais in the following terms:—"The principles of *L'Avenir*," a journal to which Lamennais contributed, "on liberty of worship and on the liberty of the press, which have been treated of and pushed so far by that journal, are equally reprehensible;" that is as much as civil and political liberty, which had been condemned by the Cardinal a few lines before, "and opposed to the doctrines, the maxims and the practice of the Church. His Holiness has been equally surprised and sorry at this; for, if in certain circumstances, prudence advises to tolerate them as a lesser evil, such doctrines can never be presented by a Catholic as good and desirable." The Pope himself, on the previous day, had issued a letter to all the patriarchs, archbishops, and bishops, proclaiming, *ex cathedra*, the same doctrines. Here are some of the original passages. After having charged all tolerant men with *indifferentism*, he proceeds in the following words:

Pope, above the councils, above the bishops, above the canons, is a despot, unrestrained by assemblies, by aristocracy, and

"Atque ex hoc putidissimo *indifferentismi* fonte absurda illa fuit ac erronea sententia seu potius deliramentum, asserendam esse ac vindicandam cuilibet *libertatem conscientiae*. Cui quidem pestilentissimo errori viam sternit plena illa, atque immoderata libertas opinionum, qua in sacrae et civilis rei labem latè grassatur, dictantibus per summam impudentiam nonnullis, aliquid ex ea commodi in religionem promanare. At *quæ pejor mors animæ quam libertas erroris?* inquebat Augustinus. Freno quippe omni adempto, quo homines contineantur in semitis veritatis, prorupte jam in præcepta ipsorum natura ad malum inclinata, verè apertum dicimus *puteum abyssi*, à quo vidit Joannes ascendere fumum, quo obscuratus est sol, locustis ex eo prodeuntibus in vastitatem terrarum. Inde enim animorum immutationes, inde adolescentium in deteriora corruptio, inde in populo sacrorum, rerumque ac legum sanctissimarum contemptus, inde uno verbo pestis rei publicae prae qualibet capitalior, cum experientia teste vel a prima antiquitate notum sit, civitates, quae opibus, imperio, gloriâ floruerunt, hoc uno malo concitissae, libertate immoderata opinionum, licentia concionum, rerum nevandarum cupiditate.

"Huc spectat deterrima illa, ac nunquam satis execranda et detestabilis libertas artis librarie, ad scripta quælibet edenda in vulgus, quam tanto convicio audent nonnulli efflagitare ac promovere. Perhorrescimus, venerabiles Fratres, intuentes quibus monstis doctrinarum, seu potius quibus errorum portentis obruamur, quæ longè ac latè ubique disseminantur ingenti librorum multitudine, libellisque et scriptis mole quidem exiguis, malitiâ tamen permagnis, è quibus maledictionem egressam illacrymamur super faciem terræ. Sunt tamen, proh dolor! qui eo impudenti abripiantur, ut asserant pugnaciter hanc errorum colluviam inde prorumpentem satis cumulatè compensari ex libro aliquo, qui in hac tanta pravitate tempestate ad religionem ac veritatem propugnandam edatur. Nefas profectò est, omnique jure improbatum, patrari datâ operâ malum certum ac majas, quia spes sit, inde boni aliquid habitum iri. Numquid venena liberè spargi, ac publicè vendi, comportarique, imo et obbibere debere, sanus quis dixerit, quod remedii quidpiam habeatur, quo qui utuntur, eripi eos ex interitu identidem contingat?

"Cum autem circumlatis in vulgus scriptis doctrinas quasdam promulgari acceperimus, quibus debita erga principes fides atque submissio labefactatur, facesque perduellionis ubique incenduntur; cavendum maximè erit, ne populi inde decepti à recti semita abducantur. Animadvertant omnes *non esse*, juxta apostoli monitum, *potestatem nisi à Deo: quæ autem sunt, à Deo ordinatæ sunt*. Itaque qui resistit potestati, Dei ordinationi resistit, et qui resistunt, ipsi sibi damnationem acquirunt. Quocirca et divina et humana jura in eos clamant, qui turpissimis perduellionis seditio-numque machinationibus à fide in principes deciscere, ipsosque ab imperio detubare conituntur.

"Præclara hæc immobilis subjectionis in principes exempla, quæ ex sanctissimis Christianæ religionis præceptis necessario proficiscantur,

by law : he has, as a standing army, the religious orders, and, above all, that of the Jesuits, ready to defend this neo-catholicism any where, on any emergency, and to propagate and support its claims without limits. Can despotism have for an ally any more powerful or better organized religious system ? Accordingly, wherever and whenever the Catholic religion and the Jesuits have triumphed, despotism has prevailed. Look at Italy itself, at Spain, at Portugal, at Spanish America, at Canada, as well as France, before the revolution of 1789. Subject to its bad influences, the people of the countries where this system of religion has long prevailed, are either unable to shake off despotism or have to pass through the sanguinary ordeal of anarchy. Look at the English and American revolution compared with that of Spain, Portugal, and Spanish America. Look at the revolution of 1789 in France, and at that of 1830, and you will see what is a nation formed by the Catholicism of the Council of Trent and the Jesuits, compared with a nation where that system is not flourishing.

The legitimists in France felt that they never would be able to bring back despotism without the assistance of the Court of Rome, as much as the Jesuits felt they never could triumph except by crushing the public liberties. Their alliance was visible even to those who wished to be blind. In 1814, when the Bourbons reentered France, the clergy immediately began to think of recovering their enormous property and the tithes, and threatened to deprive—in some cases did deprive—those who had purchased them of the last conso-

*testandam illorum insolentiam et improbitatem condemnant, qui projectâ, affrenatâque procacis libertatis cupiditate æstuant, toti in eo sunt, ut jura quæque principatuum labefactent, atque convellant servitutem sub libertatis specie populis illaturi. Huc sanè celestissima deliramenta, consiliaque conspirarunt Waldensium, Beguardorum, Wiclefitarum, aliorumque hujusmodi filiorum Belial, qui humani generis sordes ac dedecora fuere, meritò idcirco ab Apostolica hac Sede toties anathemate confixi. Nec alia profecto ex causa omnes vires intendunt veteratores isti, nisi ut cum Luthero orantes gratulari sibi possint *liberos esse ab omnibus*; quod ut facilius celeriusque assequantur, flagitiosiora quælibet audacissime aggre-
diuntur.*

“ Neque lætiora et religioni et principatui omninari possemus, ex eorum votis, qui Ecclesiam à regno separari, mutuatque imperii cum sacerdotio concordiam abrupti discipiunt. Constat quippe, pertimesci ab impudentissimæ libertatis amatoribus concordiam illam, quæ semper rei et sacræ et civili fausta extitit ac salutaris.

lations of religion on their death-bed. The royalists were anxious to see the Jesuits restored to France as the best support of authority. When the prelates who had protested against the Concordat of 1801, and who had lived in England, during the triumph of Buonaparte, in the utmost intimacy with the exiled Bourbons, returned to France, the highest dignities in the Church, and not a little influence at court, were exacted and obtained as a matter of right ; and after having shown themselves greater Papists than the Pope, in London, they repaid British hospitality by showing themselves more bitter against the Protestants than the clergy who had faithfully stood by the usurper, whom England chiefly was instrumental in dethroning. They returned from a free country violent against any thing having the appearance of freedom—especially the freedom of the press. The Protestants in the south of France were assassinated in the open day, and it was in the English House of Commons that the descendant of a family driven from France by the Catholic assassins of the preceding century—Sir Samuel Romilly—appealed to the public opinion of Europe against these atrocities. The royalists alleged, in justification, that after all they were only Bonapartists who were murdered.* D'Argenson having ventured to say in the French Chamber of Deputies, that some persons were deeply distressed “ at the massacre of some Protestants in the south of France,” was called to order by the decision of a large majority of the royalists. The assassins were tried and acquitted. The royalists endeavored to have them amnestied by a law, and the clergy not only saw these abominations without disapprobation, but used their best exertions to procure, at a future time, total forgiveness for the murderers. It was at that time that laws suspending the liberty of the press, as well as individual liberty, and creating military commissions, were passed ; it was then that the proposal was made to grant to religious corporations the right of succession, as well as of receiving unlimited donations, to restore to them all the national property unsold, to transfer to them the registers of births,† for it was said, “ the greatest glo-

* LACRETELLE, *Restauration*, chap. iv. sub fin.

† This is pretty nearly what M. de Polignac thought ought to have been done by the ministers of the Restoration who preceded him, as we observed above, p. 139.

ry of this assembly would be to restore whatever was altered by the *Constituante*."

These extravagant allies, who formed what was named the chamber *introuvable* of 1815, were at last put down by the king himself. Their opposition to his ministers was rabid. Villèle came into power. Then the war against Spain was decided upon, particularly by the influence of a minister for foreign affairs, who was well known as the head of the congregation,* when places were the reward of the members of that same mysterious politico-religious association; then the laws against the press, and the existence of the Jesuits, who at last avowed themselves, were seen to go hand in hand. And, as if to show what was to be expected for the cause of liberty by the Duke of Bordeaux coming to the throne, his education was intrusted to that very Montmorency, to the Duke de la Rivière (the same who joined Polignac in the refusal to take the oath to the constitutional charter in 1815), and to Bishop Frayssinous.

By showing too soon their power, as well as their inclinations, the legitimists and the Jesuits were overcome in 1815, in 1828, and finally in 1830. Their indiscretion on the question of education last year, has no doubt once more exposed them to another check. They seem not dismayed, however. Finding that the civil power is not disposed to give itself up to them in 1845, as in the time of Charles X., they have boldly turned from allies of the government into open enemies of the ministers and of the laws which they have set at defiance. The attorney-general of the Court of Cassation, M. Dupin, having published a manual of *Droit Ecclésiastique Français*, a subject on which he may be safely said to be without a competitor in Europe, the Cardinal Archbishop of Lyons, who owes his see to Louis Philippe, has anathematized and condemned the work. He has done so by appealing to bulls of popes, and to principles never before received by the French government, not only of our own but of former times. The Council of State has declared that the Archbishop has acted illegally, and overstepped the limits of his authority. Had this happened before 1789, or under Napoleon, had a bishop the courage to act thus in Austria, or had he dared so much under the Repub-

lic of Venice, there is no doubt he would have been thankful not to have been sent to a fortress. But the French bishops are subjects of a free state, and thus under the protection of the very laws which they set at defiance, they do not pay the least attention to the decision of the Council of State, whose jurisdiction is after all very anomalous, and whose decrees cannot be enforced by any punishment. The Archbishop of Lyons, far from retracting, denies to the civil power the right of protecting their own laws, their own attorney-general, and the independence of the crown. I acknowledge no superior but the Pope, says the Cardinal. And all the French bishops in succession adhere to his doctrines, and claim the same authority and the same power. The king is, therefore, subject to the Pope, in these bishops' opinion, and to the Pope, according to the true loyalist's opinion, are subject all the powers of the kingdom.* Such is the state of affairs at the present moment. These bishops are not likely to triumph now, as they are premature in their extravagant pretensions; but this shows what the *animus* is, and of what they are capable under more propitious circumstances.

With these examples before their eyes, and when such a struggle goes on between the Catholic government and the Catholic clergy of France, our ministers are going to ask the legislature to grant to the Catholic hierarchy a fixed sum to be applied to the education of their clergy in Ireland, the government reserving to themselves, as we are told, no right to inquire how the sum so liberally afforded is to be spent, or what doctrines are to be taught in the establishment which that money is destined to support. We Protestants are going to invest the dignitaries of the Church of Rome in Ireland with patronage, with which no Catholic state ever invested them independent of the civil power, and we do for them what we never thought of doing for any Protestant communion.†

* Viscount Marcellus in 1821 asked the Pope how he was to vote in the Chamber on the question respecting the Concordat, which, without power, M. de Blacas had concluded at Rome, and which the government could not ratify.—LACRETELLE, *Restauration*, chap. xx.

† Lord Sandon, in his speech on the Maynooth endowment, (3d April 1845,) said, that as the Church of England took her revenues from the Church of Rome in Ireland, whilst the people continued Roman Catholic, "he did not look on the question as a simple one of endowment, but he regarded it more in the light of a restitution." Of course his Lordship will vote for having the

* M. de Montmorency. See Lacretelle, *Restauration*, chap. x.

Of course the Roman Catholic prelates in Ireland are all loyal subjects, all devoted to the family now on the throne, all incapable of teaching or allowing to be taught, doctrines inconsistent with the independence of the realm and the principles of the Constitution. Our ministers of course are quite certain that all the successors of the present prelates will be equally loyal and attached to the English constitution. Yet what is now happening in France, and what has been going on for some years past, might excite some apprehension. The Irish bishops cannot be more loyal than the French ones; might they not find it their duty to inculcate doctrines at variance with the constitution and the laws as understood by the advisers of the crown? Might they not think that the Pope is their only superior in all affairs which *they* deem not subject to the civil power? And are they to have a right of disseminating and teaching these doctrines, not only undisturbed but at the expense of the great majority of the nation from which they differ? At this moment we are on the most intimate terms with his Holiness, to whom our ministers act as spies, whilst he, on the other hand, with an audacity for centuries unknown in this realm, writes letters as spiritual chief of the Catholic hierarchy, to influence the political conduct of British subjects. But suppose we were not always on such terms? Suppose he found it his duty to direct doctrines to be taught inconsistent with the honor of England, with her interest, with her laws, and with her independence? Suppose he were to write letters, not to discourage the repeal of the Union, but to encourage it on religious grounds? Sir R. Peel thinks, most probably, that those who shall be ministers then will get out of the difficulty as well as they can; he has a majority and is determined to do what he thinks right with his own; and if he can crush Mr. O'Connell, no matter what the future consequences may be, he thinks he will have fulfilled his duty, if not to his country and sovereign, to him-

Roman Catholic priesthood in Ireland provided for out of the funds of those who have plundered them; that is, the Church of England in Ireland. Why should we Scotch Presbyterians, for instance, be condemned to make restitution to the Catholics for what the Anglican Church enjoys? It may be very convenient and very comfortable for Lord Sandon to pay the debts of his Church at our expense; but we do not consider the practice very agreeable or much more honest than that which renders restitution requisite.

self and to those officially connected with him—to whom alone his party is now reduced.

AMERICAN FACTS.

From the Literary Gazette.

American Facts, &c. By G. Palmer Putnam, Member of several American Societies, and Author of an Introduction to History, &c. Pp. 292. London and New York, Wiley and Putnam.

THIS is a volume very full of miscellaneous and useful information respecting America; and, as the title states, sums up the "Facts," shedding light upon the statistics, governments, manufactures, commerce, religion, arts, literature, education, manners, and customs of the country. It seems to be as fairly done as could be expected from a citizen of the States; for if there be a national bias and *coulour de rose* (as indeed there must be), they are not carried to that pitch which should make us doubt or disbelieve the statements of the author, or do more than take a little salt with his favoring panorama. In short, we consider it to be a compilation which will convey much intelligence, in the smallest possible compass, to every class of readers.

A distinct map is prefixed, and there are some portraits, transferred hastily by a new process, of which they are not such favorable specimens as we should expect; for the illustrations of the American expedition under Commander Wilkes, (frequently noticed by us), and some original productions we have seen at Messrs. Wiley and Putnam's, show us that the fine arts are rapidly advancing in the United States.

We will not dwell upon gazetteer subjects, but briefly mention a few broad heads.

In 1790, the population was estimated at 3,929,328; in 1840, at 17,062,666, including 2,487,355 *slaves*, in thirteen of the twenty-six states. The electors are calculated at two and a half millions, of whom from 150,000 to 200,000 are foreigners, natives of Europe, of whom we are told:

"Compared to the *whole*, this number is not formidable; but, unfortunately, these 200,000, though nearly all incapable of understanding the nature and peculiarities of a republican government—and with noth-

ing whatever at stake in the national councils—have yet been permitted to enjoy privileges which give them in fact a controlling power in public measures: for their numbers are sufficient to turn the scale of the political parties, and hence they are courted and feared by each party, and they hold the balance entirely in their own hands. The evils arising from this state of things are now beginning to be apparent; and a strong effort is being made, and very properly, to limit the right of suffrage either to natives of the country, or to residents of twenty-one years."

In 1840, "there were 552 printing offices, 447 binderies, 138 daily newspapers, 125 semi or tri-weekly, 1141 weekly, 227 periodicals: the whole employing 11,523 persons, and a capital of 10,619,054 dollars. The total amount of capital employed in manufactures of every kind was 267,726,579 dollars, or say fifty-five millions sterling."

About repudiation we shall say nothing; and must refer readers, for the particulars of the various powers of the general and each provincial government, to the details of Mr. Putnam, who places them briefly and clearly before us.

The chief religious denominations in 1840, were:

	Churches or Congregations.	Ministers.
Baptists . . .	7130	4907
Methodists . . .	—	3506
Presbyterians . . .	3744	2898
Congregationalists . . .	1300	1150
'Christians' . . .	1000	800
Episcopalians . . .	950	849*
Lutherans . . .	760	267
German Reformed . . .	600	180
Roman Catholics . . .	512	545
Friends . . .	500	—
Universalists . . .	653	317
Unitarians . . .	200	174
Various sects . . .	306	—

We agree with the author in his justly-bestowed praise of the school-books, dictionaries, and cyclopædias of America; and would extend our eulogy to some of her classical editions; and these notices bring us to the congenial topics of her literature and arts. It is gratifying to hear that "there is scarcely a town of any importance in the Union but has some sort of a public library, reading-room, lyceum, or athenæum. The libraries of the legislatures of the different States are also considerable; and there are many valuable books in the collections of the various scientific and historical societies, to be mentioned presently.

* "There are twenty-five bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States.

There are then, at least, some 800,000 or 900,000 volumes in public collections, mostly well chosen, and placed within the reach of all classes."

The following additional observation, is not so worthy of the writer's good sense and tone:

"Are they not (he asks, in a vulgar and flippant style) more adapted to be *useful*, as far as they go, than two or three times the amount of learned lumber piled in folios and quartos on miles of dusty shelves, and rarely disturbed in their slumbers? But learned lumber is not quite neglected, and many important additions have recently been made to the collections mentioned."

How can important additions be said to be made to *lumber*—in the book way, not in the West India trade?

"There are in nearly all the States *historical societies*, for collecting and preserving national records, books, coins, &c., especially those relating to the early history of the country. The historical society of Massachusetts has published *twenty-seven* volumes of "Collections;" that of New York, about six volumes; those of Georgia and Ohio, one or two volumes each.

"The addresses at *historical commemorations* and centenary celebrations,* which are peculiar to the United States, become the means of recording and perpetuating much historical information. Probably there are 500 different pamphlets of this kind. The original archives of other States have been carefully arranged; those of the general government, with the State papers, have been printed in about forty folio volumes: at least 2000 volumes of documents have been printed by Congress and the State legislatures. All these, with the private publication of more than seventy different volumes of American historical memoirs and diplomatic correspondence—among which the writings of Washington, in twelve *expensive octavos*, have been actually sold to the extent of 6500 copies.† These facts should make another qualifying note to Mr. Allison's assertion, that the Americans are 'wholly regardless of historical records and monuments.'

* The *centenaries* of American history must needs be very few, unless the Irish immigrants keep them very *tenth* year.—Ed. L. G.

† "Another rather curious historical fact is the sale of 22,000 copies of an octavo volume, by J. Priest on *American Antiquities*. The demand for some other historical works in the United States has also been definitely ascertained, and is mentioned in the second part of this volume."

"The promiscuous introduction into the United States of the works of English authors, unrestricted by international laws of copyright, has had the tendency, unquestionably, of checking the progress there of a native literature. It is thought, however, that those who suppose that American literature has thus been utterly extinguished, or that no such thing ever existed, are somewhat in error—or, are at least too much influenced by prejudice and incredulity.

"American authors are not always deprived of just remuneration for their writings. The Harpers, of New York, are said to have paid Mr. Prescott 7500 dollars (1500*l.*) for the *first* edition of his 'Conquest of Mexico,' and to have offered double that sum (which was declined) for the entire copyright. In two years the sale of 'Barnes' Notes,' yielded the author alone more than 5000 dollars. President Day has received more than 25,000 dollars (5000*l.*) for an Algebra; and Dr. Webster had about the same sum from a spelling-book (!); and all these yet retained their copyright in future editions. A Philadelphia publisher paid to authors 135,000 dollars in five years. These are certainly peculiar instances; but much more proof could be given, that native literary genius and useful talent are not neglected, but receive a fair amount of encouragement from American publishers and the public."

The writer expresses a hope, indeed an expectation, that a fair international copyright measure will soon be agreed upon between Great Britain and the United States. And it is only right to quote the following passage:

The number of American books reprinted in England is much greater than is usually supposed, because many a one gives no indication of its origin. 'Who reads an American book?' was asked by the witty Sydney Smith, in the *Edinburgh*, perhaps twenty years since; and he had no *unfriendly* doubts. *Now* many *do* read these outlandish books, without being themselves aware of it. In about ten years, the 'London Catalogue' chronicled in the same list with their English brethren, the following English reprints from the American:

	Works.		Works.
Theology	- 68	Poetry	- 12
Fiction	- 66	Ethics	- 11
Juvenile	- 56	Philology	- 10
Travels	- 52	Science	- 9
Education	- 41	Law	- 9
Biography	- 26		
History	- 22	Total	382

As we are simply noting the facts most suitable to our columns, we may mention the slight sketches of American authors and their works as among the most agreeable portions of the volume. But these, as well as similar brief particulars connected with the fine arts, we must leave to be consulted in the publication itself, and conclude with one closing illustration of its style and character:—

"Many of the pictures of American society and manners, by British tourists, have been wrongly drawn and colored in three particulars. They have been taken (far too much for a fair average), 1, from the travelling population; 2, from the large sea-ports, where are centred the poverty and vices of the worst class of European emigrants; 3, from the western and south-western borders and from the back woods—far distant from the older states and more cultivated society—a region yet in a state of fermentation, and showing its crude and unsettled materials on the surface. It is always better to 'start fair.' The last thing I expect to do is, to prove that society and manners in the 'new world' are universally pure, polished, and unexceptionable. No American of common sense is so presumptuous as that. Let the disagreeable superfluities of tobacco-chewing and spitting be scourged as they deserve, and more than one American will say Amen! I can sympathize in the most hearty antipathy to such practices, without assuming a self-righteous fastidiousness. Vulgarity and rudeness of manners are not *necessary* consequences of 'free and enlightened republicanism,' or one might well desire less freedom and more civilization. For one, I will not quarrel with the most caustic satire, or with the broadest burlesque, which would hold the mirror up to any American propensity offensive to good manners or good taste, in any way which would cure it. Let the castigation be ever so severe to sensitive nerves—if given in a right spirit, it will do no harm." * * *

"But though there is a want of refinement among the masses which is to be lamented, and though their manners and customs might graze roughly against the fastidiousness of one accustomed to the more quiet, dignified, and polished circles among the wealthy of the old world—and though this noted sin of 'expectoration' is so offensive and so prevalent in certain quarters—I still maintain that the English popular pictures of American popular manners represent

the *whole* subject about as fairly as the 'fore and aft' passengers of a Thames steamer on a Sunday would represent *English society*: life in Bethnal-green, or Spital-fields, or Billingsgate, would just as truly be life in London.*

"The rush to the dinner-table in hotels and steamers, and the almost equally rapid rush *away* from it, are justly lashed by foreigners, and are far too peculiarly American habits. Let such habits be dosed till cured. The eager mechanic or man of business is unfortunately apt to be governed by the hurrying principle, even at his meals; and more quiet people are too prone to fall into the ranks; for in this age of screw-propellers no one likes to be the last.*

"A common English charge against Americans is that of excessive love of money, inordinate greediness for gain. There is, doubtless, too much of this. Dollars *are* sought for and talked about. The people of all grades find dollars useful; they think of them, work for them, plan out schemes on large and small scales for obtaining them; with many, indeed, this is the chief occupation: and dollars have been discussed in drawing-rooms, sometimes—much to the detriment of good taste. This spirit and practice is changing, however; and, it is to be hoped, will be radically cured."

And to sum up, according to our authority, who distinctly affirms:—"1. That the substantial, thriving, and intelligent population of the United States, is essentially that part which is purely American—natives of the country, or descendants of the founders of the nation. 2. That four-fifths of the crime, poverty, and disorder, and of the causes of bad faith, belong to the population which Europe has bestowed upon us within the last thirty years. Americans must work out the cure of this evil; and while their country may yet be a home for the oppressed of all nations, they may, with their own artist-poet, say of England:

"All hail, thou noble land,
Our fathers' native soil!
While the manners, while the arts,
That mould a nation's soul
Still cling around our hearts,
Between let ocean roll;
And still from either beach
The voice of blood shall reach,
More audible than speech—
"We are one!"

* "Remember this is in promiscuous *tables d'hôte* of public conveyances and hotels. We are inclined to believe that American private life is somewhat different."

MICHELET ON AURICULAR CONFESSION.

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

Du Prêtre, de la Femme, et de la Famille,
par Jules Michelet. Paris: 1845.

DURING the last four years, France has been the theatre of a passionate struggle of which few tidings have reached us here in England. It is not because the struggle was unimportant, or unworthy of European attention, but because other and political struggles which made more noise, usurped our attention, that we heard so little of the angry and profound dissension which agitated most serious minds. The struggle we allude to is that between the Jesuits and the Philosophers; and we hope to present our readers with a detailed account of it in our next.

Meanwhile, there lies before us the latest manifesto of the anti-Jesuit party—the brilliant book of the historian Michelet—which is exciting such a sensation, that we must at once take notice of it as a separate publication. It is, indeed, a book which has an individual interest quite independent of the quarrel whence it originated. It is a book which at all times would be welcomed as a profound insight into the social life of France, but which is particularly valuable at the present time, when in our own country there is a powerful, persevering influence at work, which strives to hurry society into accepting spiritual direction and celibacy, the two monster evils of Catholicism. We speak of that active, ardent, and, if successful, terrible sect, the Puseyites. Its more recondite principles we are not now to discuss; but what it openly avows, we may openly challenge; it avows its preference for the celibacy of priests; and it avows, though less boldly, its approbation of confession and spiritual direction.

This brings the subject of M. Michelet's work home to our 'business and bosoms.' This makes that which is a subject of European interest a special subject of English interest. His work is full of eloquent indignation, piquant portraits, historical traits, and subtle analysis; but these are literary qualities which the majority of people would be tolerably indifferent to, did they not all combine to illustrate one strong, vehement purpose, and that purpose practical.

"The family is in question;
That home where we would all fain repose,

after so many useless efforts, so many illusions destroyed. We return home very wearied. . . do we find repose there?

We must not dissimulate, we must frankly confess to ourselves the real state of things. There exists in the bosom of society—in the family circle—a serious dissension, nay, the most serious of all dissensions.

We may talk with our mothers, our wives, or our daughters, on all those matters about which we talk with our acquaintances; on business, on the news of the day, but not at all on matters nearest the heart, on religion, on God, on the soul.

Take the instant when you would fain find yourself united with your family in one common feeling, in the repose of the evening, round the family table; there, in your home, at your own hearth, venture to utter a word on these matters; your mother sadly shakes her head, your wife contradicts you, your daughter although silent disapproves. They are on one side of the table, you on the other, and alone.

It would seem as if in the midst of them, opposite to you, sat an invisible man to contradict what you say."

Such is the mysterious opening of the work. That invisible enemy is the priest. To show how the priest becomes your enemy, and your powerful enemy, is the object of what follows. Although we entirely agree in the reasons M. Michelet alleges, and quite see the force of his arguments against celibacy, confession, and direction, as destructive to domestic peace, we think he has omitted two elements of the social anarchy, elements which marvelously facilitate the dangerous powers given to the priest by confession and direction. These, as supplementary rather than contradictory to his work, we may briefly indicate.

1st. *The husband has not the same faith as his wife.* In France, while the girls are sedulously educated in the principles of the church, and turn out religious, often devout women, the boys, with the greater license of public schools, and the general, almost universal skepticism, or at least, indifference in matters of religion prevalent amongst men, and apparent in every shape of French literature, are found to have no religion at all. There is very little Voltairianism in France; but there is a widespread indifference; no polemics, but no fervor of belief, not even fervor of disbelief. When we say France, we mean, of course, Paris; for to some of the provinces the same charge will not apply.

What is the consequence? A timid,

devout, serious girl, is sold in marriage to an ambitious, occupied, or frivolous man. But the man, whether he be ambitious, over-worked, or frivolous, is sure to be indifferent to all religious matters. We repeat *indifferent*. Were he a positive skeptic, he might convert her; and then, at least, there would be sympathy. But he does not attempt it. All her religious scruples are received with a shrug, her heart's effusions seared by a *bon mot*; her sympathies are outraged. She married without love; she is soon to be a wife without respect, as well as without love for him who ought to be her all-in-all.

But her sympathies though chilled, are not stifled; they are agitating the heart, they struggle for utterance. An English wife so situated, if not cursed with some 'female friend and counsellor,' would soon make up her mind; keeping her thoughts to herself, praying in her own way, and praying for her husband, she would devote herself to the education of her children. There would be 'a silent sorrow' in the home, as there must always be when such differences exist. But the husband would possess a wife, the children a mother, the house a mistress. The French wife has not this refuge. The priest is at her side. To him she is *bound* to confide her sorrows, and how willingly does she perform the duty! To him she tells all—the secret of her soul, the secret of her home. She asks advice and receives it; but from that moment she is lost. The priest sits at the hearth, in the place where the husband should sit. The priest has all the deepest utterances of the young heart poured into his ear; he is the only one to sympathize with her. She is *une femme incomprise*; but the priest is there ready to understand her; he is there, with the most poisonous of all flattery—sympathy! He is there, unconsciously, unwillingly, the refuge for all her disappointed aspirations, all her outraged feelings. She does not love her husband; love-matches are rare in France, and the affection she could bestow on him, and which in time might ripen into love, she bestows on another.

This is no exaggerated picture; it is the inevitable result of an unhappy position. The priest is perhaps the hastener of the evil; he is not the first cause of it. If he were the first cause, why is he not so wherever Catholicism is accepted? Why not in Spain, in Italy, in Ireland? M. Michelet will not contend that the sad evil

he so eloquently exposes, exists to any thing like the same extent, in those countries, as in France; and why not? Simply, we believe, because the priest is not there so often called in to interfere. The faith of the wife is also the faith of the husband, her aspirations, if not always shared, are always understood; her deepest thoughts find an echo in her husband's heart; what she holds sacred, he holds sacred. Upon these points, the priest is not called on to interfere. He may listen to her confession, he may direct her conduct; but he has not to listen to the outpourings of a wounded spirit; he has not to soothe and flatter *la femme incomprise*.

2nd. *The mother does not nurse her infant, does not educate her child.* This point is perhaps of less importance than the former, but less than that only, and being coupled with it, becomes of fearful importance. M. Michelet has finely treated that portion of it which concerns education. It wrings from him expressions of the noblest kind; and wisely, feelingly, does he exhort the reader to pay attention to the claims of nature in this respect, and not be led away by the foolish notion of a mother's care making her son effeminate. Willingly would we transfer to our pages all the passages in which he treats of this matter; but we must be content to refer our readers—who will, we trust, all become his readers—to the work itself.

But this is not all the question. That the child is best educated by the mother, because she alone rightly understands him, when the father or the tutor so often misunderstands him, so often expects him to appreciate that which is above his comprehension,—this will scarcely be denied. We mean, of course, a competent mother, not a silly, doting woman. But M. Michelet is a Frenchman, and as such, we may venture to say, is not so much alive to the importance of the mother's *nursing* her child, as all Englishmen are; and here we fancy he overlooks a grave consideration. Our readers are probably aware, that it is the very general custom in France for women not only to procure wet-nurses for their infants (as many English mothers unhappily also do), but for the infants to be sent away into the country to nurse. A serious social error. We pass over all collateral evils to dwell solely on those which immediately bear upon our present subject. The *young mother* is left alone! She has no husband to love; she has no child to occupy her

thoughts—no child to form the centre of all her hopes, her fears, her thousand womanly affections.

Remember, the case is stronger than with the English mother, who, if she were to send her baby away from her, would (unless a *young* wife and mother, and to her the case does not so well apply) have *other* children to occupy her affections. The French are often facetious on the subject of large English families; and they little imagine how much of their own social anarchy results from their obedience to Plato's uncompromising and audacious law of proportioning the number of children to the amount of property—*οὐχ ὑπὲρ τὴν οὐσίαν ποιοῦμενοι τοὺς παῖδας, εὐλαβοῦμενοι πλείων ἢ πόλεμον*.* It is a subject we dare not dwell upon. Enough that the position of the wife and mother is an isolated one. The infant is sent away to nurse. When it returns home it is almost time for it to be sent to school. The mother is thus alone. What are her resources?

To be thus alone is to be a prey to the demon of *Ennui*. The fearful effects of that condition M. Michelet has pointed out; and in one epigram he has condensed volumes: '*Ennui* makes her receive friends she knows to be enemies—curious, envious, calumnious.' If it makes such society agreeable, what charm must it not lend to the society of one who feels for her, understands her, flatters her, occupies her? There are two persons who are capable of this:—a priest and a lover. How often the two are one!

The last phrase will startle many; but it was not written carelessly. The priest differs essentially from the clergyman; and it is because they differ, and because the Puseyite tendency is to make them resemble, that we feel reticence would now be cowardice. We assert, therefore, calmly, but distinctly, that the priest is but too often the lover of the woman whose conscience he directs. The thing is natural, often inevitable. M. Michelet's work abundantly proves it; and thousands of daily examples confirm his work. It is an awful fact; but its very awfulness only the more stringently forces examination of its causes.

Our readers, if personally unacquainted with French society, and drawing their notions of it from novels and vaudevilles, may imagine that every married French woman

* 'De Rep.' ii., p. 85, ed Bekker; confer also 'Leges' v., p. 397.

has, or will have, her lover. Indeed, to believe the novelists, love seems only possible when it is adulterous. But, although there is prodigious exaggeration in all this—although there are French homes as happy as English homes, and French wives as chaste, as fond, and as devoted as English wives, the exaggeration is the over-statement of a real truth. Adultery does exist in France to a frightful extent; and we have just named two powerful causes. The lover is accepted because he fills the 'aching void' of an unoccupied heart. He is the centre of feelings which have no other centre. He takes the place of husband and children. When he is not chosen to fill that place the priest is chosen.

The priest, as confessor, possesses the secret of a woman's soul; he knows every half-formed hope, every dim desire, every thwarted feeling. The priest, as spiritual director, animates that woman with his own ideas, moves her with his own will, fashions her according to his own fancy. And this priest is doomed to celibacy. He is a man, but is bound to pluck from his heart the feelings of a man. If he is without faith, he makes desperate use of his power over those confiding in him. If he is sincerely devout, he has to struggle with his passions, and there is a perilous chance of his being defeated in that struggle. And even should he come off victorious, still the mischief done is incalculable and irreparable. The woman's virtue has been preserved but by an accident, by a power extraneous to herself. She was wax in her spiritual director's hands; she has ceased to be a *person*, and is become a *thing*.

There is something diabolical in the institution of celibacy accompanying confession. Paul Louis Courrier has painted a fearful picture of the priest's position as an unmarried confessor; and as Courrier's works are far less read than they deserve to be, we make no scruple of transferring his powerful sentences to our pages.

"What a life, what a condition is that of our priests! Love is forbidden them, marriage especially; women are given up to them. They may not have one of their own, and yet live familiarly with all, nay, in the confidential, intimate privacy of their hidden actions, of all their thoughts. An innocent girl first hears the priest under her mother's wing; he then calls her to him, speaks alone with her, and is the first to talk of sin to her before she can have known it. When instructed she marries; when married, he still confesses and governs her. He has preceded the husband in her af-

fections, and will always maintain himself in them. What she would not venture to confide to her mother, or confess to her husband, he, a priest, must know it, asks it, hears it, and yet shall not be her lover. How could he indeed? is he not *tonsured*? He hears whispered in his ear, by a young woman, her faults, passions, desires, weaknesses, receives her sighs without feeling agitated, and he is five-and-twenty!

"To confess a woman! imagine what that is. At the end of the church a species of closet or sentry-box is erected against the wall, where this priest, wise and pious as I have known some, but yet a man, and young (they are almost all so), awaits in the evening, after vespers, his young penitent, whom he loves, and who knows it; love cannot be concealed from the beloved person. You will stop me there: his character of priest, his education, his vow. I reply that there is no vow which holds good, that every village *curé* just come from the seminary, healthy, robust, and vigorous, doubtless loves one of his parishioners. It cannot be otherwise, and if you contest this, I will say more still, and that is, that he loves them *all*, those at least of his own age; but he prefers one, who appears to him, if not more beautiful than the others, more modest and wiser, and whom he would marry; he would make her a virtuous pious wife if it were not for the pope. He sees her daily, meets her at church, or elsewhere, and sitting opposite her in the winter evenings, he imbibes, imprudent man! the poison of her eyes.

"Now I ask you, when he hears that one coming the next day, and approaching the confessional, when he recognises her footsteps and can say, 'It is she;' what is passing in the mind of the poor confessor? Honesty, duty, wise resolutions, are here of little use, without peculiarly heavenly grace. I will suppose him a saint; unable to fly, he apparently groans, sighs, recommends himself to God; but if he is only a man, he shudders, desires, and already unwillingly, without knowing it, perhaps, he hopes. She arrives, kneels down at his knees, before him whose heart leaps and palpitates. You are young, monsieur, or you have been so; between ourselves, what do you think of such a situation? Alone most of the time, and having these walls, these vaulted roofs as sole witness, they talk: of what? alas! of all that is not innocent. They talk, or rather murmur, in a low voice, and their lips approach each other, and their breaths mingle. This lasts for an hour or more, and is often renewed.

"Do not think I invent. This scene takes place such as I describe it, and through all France; is renewed daily by forty thousand young priests with as many young girls whom they love, because they are men; whom they confess in this manner, entirely *tête-à-tête*, and visit, because they are priests, and whom they do not marry because the pope is opposed to it."

Paul Louis might have added another argument. Forbidden fruit is proverbially of all fruit the most coveted. The very fact of man's imagination being thus stimulated by contradiction is enough to constitute temptation. What is temptation? It is the irritation of the soul, produced by the presence of an object desired, but forbidden. Were it not desired, there could be no temptation. Often there would be no desire were it not forbidden. Now it is well that men should conquer their desires; it is well that they should learn to calculate consequences, and to forego the present enjoyment, if that enjoyment must be too dearly purchased. And such mastery all wise men possess. But, although a man may conquer one desire, although he may resist one temptation, because by an effort of the will he can rise superior to his own passions, such a state of effort is spasmodic, not normal: it may conquer once, it cannot always conquer. It is an effort; and the very nature of effort is spasmodical and temporary; it must relax, and in relaxing the man succumbs. The vehemence with which a man resists temptation is a latent cause of his fall, if the temptation continue. 'When a woman hesitates she's lost;' when a man does not at once shut himself out from the possibility of a recurring temptation he is lost.

Let us take an illustration from another class. You are residing in the house of a friend whose wife is extremely fascinating. You begin to perceive that she interests you too much, and, conscious of the peril, you either put a guard upon your feelings, or, which is by far the wiser plan, you quit the house. By an effort you have conquered. But there was only wisdom in your effort; there was no virtue; for this fascinating woman was not only another's, but had shown no signs of interest in you. This is a simple and, doubtless, common case. But now let us make it more complicated. Instead of being merely her friend, you are her confidant; you are made the repository of all her secrets, of thoughts which neither her mother nor her husband ever know; you are revered as a superior being; your word is law; your menace terrible. She almost worships you; and you cannot leave her, cannot shun her, cannot put a stop to those confidences which torment you. In vain you struggle: you conquer to-day only to renew the fight to-morrow. The agonizing irritation of the soul, named Temptation, is perpetually present. How

many men are there who could withstand this?

This the priest has to suffer; and to him the peril is greater, because he is blinded by sophisms. A man in love with his friend's wife sees every thing clearly enough; he knows his guilt, and shuns or braves it with open eyes. But the priest has the spiritual care of her he loves; her soul is in his hands. He is connected with her by the most sacred ties; his interest in her he disguises to himself under the cloak of spiritual anxiety. He can always quiet the voice of conscience, by an equivocal. The mystic language of Love is also the mystic language of Religion, and what guilt is shrouded under this equivocal, the history of priestcraft may show. *Parler l'amour c'est faire l'amour*, is a profound truth. From the love of God, it is easy to descend to the love of man; especially when this man is a priest, that is to say, a mediator between the woman and God, one who says, 'God hears you through me; through me he will reply.' This man whom she has seen at the altar, and there invested with all the sacred robes and sacred associations of his office; whom she has visited in the confessional, and there laid bare her soul to him; whose visits she has received in her *boudoir*, and there submitted to his direction, this man whom she worships, is supposed to be an idea, a priest; no one supposing him to be a man, with a man's passions!

M. Michelet's book contains the proofs of what we have just said; but they are too numerous to quote. We shall only borrow from his work the passages he gives from an unexceptionable authority, Llorente:

"Llorente, a contemporary, relates (t. iii., ch. 28, article 2, ed. 1817), that when he was secretary to the Inquisition, a capuchin was brought before that tribunal, who directed a community of *béguines*, and had seduced almost all of them, by persuading them they were not leaving the road to perfection. He told each of them in the confessional that he had received from God a singular favor: 'Our Lord,' he said, 'has deigned to show himself to me in the Sacrament, and has said to me: Almost all the souls that thou dost direct here, are pleasing to me, but especially such a one (*the capuchin named her to whom he spoke*). She is already so perfect, that she has conquered every passion, except carnal desire which torments her very much. Therefore, wishing virtue to have its reward, and that she should serve me tranquilly, I charge thee to give her a dispensation, but only to be made use of with thee; she need speak of it to

no confessor; that would be useless, as with such a dispensation she cannot sin.' Out of seventeen *béguines* of which the community was composed, the intrepid capuchin gave the dispensation to thirteen, who were discreet for some length of time: one of them, however, fell ill, expected to die, and discovered every thing, declaring that she had never been able to believe in the dispensation, but that she had profited by it.

"I remember," says Llorente, "having said to him: 'But father, is it not astonishing that this singular virtue should have belonged exactly to the thirteen young and handsome ones, and not at all to the other four, who were ugly and old?' He coolly replied, 'The Holy Spirit inspires where it listeth.'"

"The same author in the same chapter, while reproaching the Protestants with having exaggerated the corruption of confessors, avows that: 'In the sixteenth century, the Inquisition had imposed on women the obligation of denouncing guilty confessors, but the denunciations were so numerous, that the penitents were declared dispensed from denouncing.'"

It is painful thus to drag to light the iniquities which have sullied the past; but our arguments would be suspected of gross exaggeration, were they not in some measure supported by these historical facts; and although we are as unwilling as any one, to hold a body of men responsible for the acts of their predecessors, we are surely keeping within the legitimate bounds of argument, in thus pointing out the *results* of an institution; results which we hold to be inherent in the very nature of that institution. We may as well anticipate an objection which is sure to be made. It will be said that the picture we have drawn of the Priest and the Wife is not a fair one, because it is not true of all priests and all wives; it is an exception, and not to be treated as the rule.

We accept this objection, and admit that the case we have considered does not apply to all wives. Let us explain, however. In the case we have considered, we assumed the wife to be truly religious, to have married a man she does not love, and who does not share her faith, and to have no children at home with her. This we say is the common, though not universal, position of French wives; and wherever it exists, the consequences we have pointed out will certainly follow. But the wife is not religious? In that case she would not be in danger from the priest; but in that case the evils of the institution of priesthood would not have a trial. We say that ce-

libacy, confession, and direction, have an almost inevitable tendency to convert the priest into a lover. This being the point we wish to illustrate, we are right in selecting only such cases as admit of the natural operation of this tendency. It would be no argument against the purity of a clergyman's doctrine and example, that several persons who never entered his church, and never paid attention to his acts, were notoriously dissolute and profane. In the same way, it is no argument against the danger of priesthood, that those persons who have no religion, or who seldom come in contact with the priests, are entirely free from the evil effects which are found to follow in other cases. If there is a real vice in the institution, it will best display itself where the surrounding circumstances are most favorable to its free operation: that is, in convents, and in families such as we have described.

M. Michelet says, that the priest is the cause of the social disunion; and to show how he is the cause, the book was written. He is the cause, because he possesses the wife: possesses her soul as a confessor, directs it as a director. He is the real master of the house. Old Selden long ago saw the nature of the priestly tactics. 'When the priests come into a family,' he says, 'they do as a man that would set fire on a house; he does not put fire to the brick wall, but thrusts it into the thatch. They work upon the women, and let the men alone.' And have we not had experience enough of the truth of this in our own country? Are not the Cantwells and the Stigginses abundant? Do we not find the essence of 'direction,' if not its name, among certain classes of religionists professing the strongest antipathy to Romanism? It were a serious error to suppose, that M. Michelet is only fighting against an evil endured by France. He fights against an evil which we are all bound to take arms against, because it more or less openly menaces us all. Wherever the priest departs from the strict nature of his office, interferes with temporal matters, and with the private concerns of family life, and makes himself privy keeper of the several consciences of his flock, there direction exists to all intents and purposes.

Having thus endeavored to point out the dangerous tendencies of direction, especially when accompanied by celibacy, we may now proceed to give an account of the book in which M. Michelet has so brilliantly ex-

posed them: an account we would gladly enrich with piquant extracts, but that our space forbids it.

It is divided into three parts. The first is an historical appreciation of direction and its theories in the seventeenth century. This is touched in his own masterly manner. All the brilliant qualities of the historian assist him here; and exquisite are the pictures he paints of Saint François de Sales and Madame de Chantal, of Bossuet and la Sœur Cornuau, of Fénelon and Madame de la Maison Fort, and Madame Guyon. Beside these portraits are little cabinet pictures of the inner life of much of the seventeenth century; and *La Dévotion Aisée*, and *La Dévotion Galante*, let us into the secret of the times. Contrasted with these cabinet pictures, there are some of those ghastly subjects worthy of the pencils of Rebeyra and Francia; we speak of Molinos—the society of Le Sacré Cœur—la mère Agueda et Marie Alacoque.

The second part is devoted to an appreciation of direction in the nineteenth century. In this Michelet examines, in detail, the whole question of direction; the means by which the priest acquires his power, and the ends for which he uses it. This second part we have made use of in the foregoing pages, but the reader will find it a far more satisfactory exposition. It contains, moreover, a fearful exposure of the convent system; in the course of which he refers to Eugène Sue's 'Juif Errant,' the third volume of which contains the real history of Mademoiselle B. 'It took place recently,' says M. Michelet, 'but in a convent, not in a mad house.'

The third part is devoted to a brief consideration of the Family; a subject we have already touched upon. From this brief outline, our readers will gather an idea of the extent and variety of the subject treated; and when we add, that it is treated by M. Michelet, we have said enough to excite the most eager curiosity.

THE FRENCH IN ALGIERS.

From Tait's Magazine.

The French in Algiers. No. XIX. of Murray's Home and Colonial Library.—No. VIII. of Wiley and Putnam's Library.

No new narratives more attractive have yet been embodied in this series than the

translations before us,—“The Soldier of the Foreign Legion,” and “The Prisoners of Abd-el Kader.” Next to listening to the veteran soldier, by a winter's hearth, telling the exciting tale of his past adventures, of his “hair-breadth 'scapes in the imminent deadly breach,” and seeing him

“Shoulder his crutch, and show how fields were won,”

is reading the rapid unvarnished narrative of the genuine old campaigner. Here we have a brace of them. Clemens Lamping, a young lieutenant in the Oldenburg service, who thought it better to be engaged on any side than inactive when fighting was going forward, went to win his spurs under Espartero, but coming too late, passed over as a volunteer to Africa, to join the new crusade against the infidels. In this service he remained for above two years, during which he made the discovery that the war was not quite so holy as he had imagined.

The second contributor to the volume is M. de France, a lieutenant in the French navy, who suffered a captivity of five months among the Arabs, and whose adventures are translated in an abridged form. The translator is Lady Duff Gordon, whose felicitous version of the *Amber Witch* of Meinhold must be familiar to many of our readers. The *Amber Witch* is a story which has been described as of the school of De Foe, though it is more closely allied to that of John Galt. The knowledge which the translator possesses of the Scottish language, and her frequent, skilful, and happy use of Scottish phrases and idioms, give the story in its English dress an air of verisimilitude, for which one looks in vain even in the great majority of original fictions. Her new translation, though well executed, does not admit of this delightful feature, which makes Meinhold's tale more resemble a native than a translated story, and which only requires the substitution of northern names and localities to make it completely Scottish.

In the *French in Algiers*, Lieutenant Lamping's narrative is not taken up until he is fairly in Africa. He was first engaged in the expedition against Thaza, a fortress belonging to Abd-el-Kader, on the borders of the desert, and afterwards in laying waste the plains of Chellif with fire and sword.

It was exactly harvest time. In order to cut off from the Bedouins all means of existence, it was of course necessary to drive away their cattle and to burn their corn. Before long the whole plain looked like a sea of fire.

This painful and exhausting duty, which sent a third of the troops to the hospital, being accomplished, our volunteers of the Foreign Legion got into comfortable quarters at Coleah, and first had leisure to look about on the strange new country he had entered.

Coleah is a true Arab town, which stands on the south-eastern declivity of the Sahel range of mountains, in a charming little nook, and is well supplied with water.

We are only twelve leagues from Algiers, and about three from the sea, the proximity to which makes the place extremely healthy. The constant sea-breeze renders the heat even of this season quite tolerable.

At our feet is stretched the vast plain of Metidja, bounded by the blue hills of the lesser Atlas range. We are quartered in a fortified camp outside the town, on a small eminence which commands it. Of course, all the gates of the town and the market-place are guarded by our troops. My leisure hours, which, indeed, are not too many, are generally passed in sauntering about the streets.

The inhabitants of Coleah are pure descendants of the Moors, and still retain some traces of their former refinement; you must not confound them with the Bedouins and Kabyles, who always have been, and still are, the lowest in point of civilization. I have nowhere found the Arab so polished and so attractive as at Coleah, not even at Algiers and Oran; in those towns their intercourse with the French has called forth all their rapacity, and spoiled the simplicity of their manners. It is a remarkable fact, that in all these towns near the sea, the Spanish language is still spoken, of course in a most corrupt dialect; a proof that some connexion with Spain has constantly existed—often, no doubt, a very reluctant one on their parts; as in the reign of Charles V. who conquered great part of this coast. To me this is very welcome, as it enables me to talk with the Arabs.

The women naturally attract some of the attention of the volunteer, and we gladly follow him over one native threshold, which in those lax times he was permitted to cross.

The fair sex is not altogether fair here, at least in my opinion. No one can deny that the Arab women have graceful figures and regular features, but they want those essential requisites of beauty—a soul and individual expression. They are all exactly alike, and

their faces express but two passions—love and hate; all nicer shades of feeling are wanting. How, indeed, would it be possible for them to acquire intellectual or bodily cultivation, when the greater part of their time is spent seated cross-legged grinding corn in a hand-mill, or asleep?

The married women are seldom seen out of their houses, and then only closely veiled. The young girls, on the contrary, are to be found every morning at sunrise outside the gate of the town, standing by the fountain, at which they assemble with stone jars on their shoulders, to fetch water for the day's consumption. This truly eastern scene calls to mind Rebecca at the well, drawing water for her father's flocks.

If a stranger asks a daughter of the town to give him a draught of water, (*alma*), the maiden reaches him the jar with a kindly nod; but when he has slaked his thirst she pours away the remainder, and draws fresh water, for the lips of the infidel have polluted it.

The Arab women wear a white woollen garment confined under the breast by a girdle, and a white cloth twisted round the head. Their ornaments generally consist in rings in their ears and on their ankles, which are invariably naked. One cannot deny the efficiency of this graceful manner of calling attention to the beauty of their feet, which are truly exquisite. These rings, among women of the lower class, are of silver; among those of the higher class, (and here, as in every other country, there are distinctions of class,) they are of gold.

A few days ago my friend Ben Jussuf invited me to go with him to his house. I, of course, seized with joy this opportunity of seeing him in his domestic circle.

He knocked at the door, which is invariably kept shut by day and by night in all Arab houses: a woman shortly appeared and inquired who was there; at Ben Jussuf's answer the door was opened, but when the woman saw me with her husband she instantly concealed her face, and was about to run away; my friend, however, commanded her to remain. She was his wife; and besides her he had two others, who were seated cross-legged in the court, one of them grinding corn in a hand-mill, the other combing the hair of a boy about five or six years old. I should have guessed them all three to be at least forty, but Ben Jussuf assured me that they were all under five-and-twenty; their faces and figures were withered, and the bloom of youth quite gone, their eyes alone still retained their fire. At twenty the Arab women begin to fade, and at thirty they are old matrons.

They all seem to live in perfect harmony, and the manner of the women towards their lord and master was obliging even to servility. To judge by appearances, it must be easier to keep house with three wives than with one; perhaps the rule "*divide et impera*" holds good in love as well as in politics. I must however confess that I do not envy the Mahomedan gentlemen their frigid joys; nor do

they seem to find much satisfaction in themselves.

The women here are mere slaves; of that chivalrous homage paid by the Spanish Moors to their women no traces are left save in the songs and poems of the Arabs.

The children are educated by women up to their seventh year.

ARAB COFFEE-HOUSES.

All Arabs of any education or wealth assemble at the coffee-house. To them it supplies the place of theatres and concerts, balls and tea-parties. There they spend the whole day, sometimes staying till past midnight. The coffee-house, like almost all other houses in the south, is built round a square court paved with white marble, in the middle of which plays a fountain. Round the court are two rows of pillars supporting the women's apartments; the rooms all look into the court: on the outside nothing is to be seen but high dismal walls, for the Arab does not choose that inquisitive eyes should peer into his holy of holies.

The vine or ivy is generally trained up the house so as to shade the whole court, and keep out the oppressive rays of the sun. Under this natural arcade the sons of Ishmael sit on soft carpets, lazily splashing with their naked feet in the water which flows from the fountain over the marble floor.

Here they imbibe coffee, sherbet, songs, and tales: in short, it is a foretaste of Paradise. The coffee is not bad, only that they drink it black, and have the bad taste to reckon the grounds the best part of the coffee. Before the slave hands one the cup, he stirs it with a reed for fear the dregs should sink to the bottom.

The Arab is a passionate lover of music and poetry: the coffee-houses are, therefore, never without their poets and story-tellers. Their songs are monotonous, and they accompany them with the mandoline, as in Andalusia.—Coleah possesses the best story-teller and singer in all Africa: so celebrated for the melody of his voice as to be called the second Hafiz.

I must confess that fame has not said too much in his favor. His name is Sofi; at the age of thirteen he had the misfortune to lose a leg in an encounter with the Hadjotes, and since that time he has devoted himself entirely to singing and poetry. I never saw an Arab whose countenance wore so noble an expression, or whose features so clearly reflected the feelings of his soul. He does not usually come to the coffee-house till after sunset: as soon as he is seated the Arabs place themselves in a half-circle round him, with their eyes attentively fixed upon him. After striking a few notes on the mandoline, he began one day to recite a ballad of the great deeds and of the downfall of the Moorish kings. It was always the same measure, the same tune, sung now in a louder, now in a lower tone, and one would have expected its monotony to weary the hearers; but not so, the longer one listened the

more fascinating it became. First he sang the conquest of Spain, the battle of Xeres, and the death of Don Rodrigo. He then struck the cords of the mandoline more loudly, and sang the victories of Abd-el-Rahman, and the pomp and glory of Cordova, till the eyes of his hearers glistened. By slow degrees the notes became softer, and his voice trembled as he sang the death of the Abencerrages, and the shameful flight of Boabdil, the last king of Granada. The sounds of his mandoline died away, the Arabs hung their heads upon their breasts, and the pipes fell from their hands.

The unfeigned grief of the Moors touched me to the heart. I told my friend Ben Jussuf, who sat next to me, that I had visited the scenes of their former greatness, the palace of their kings—the Alhambra, and the mosque of Cordova, the Kaaba of the west.

Scarcely had he told this to the others, when they crowded round me, begging me to tell all I had seen, and I thus became an involuntary story-teller, with Ben Jussuf for my interpreter. I gave them an account of the grandeur and beauty of the mosque of Cordova, its thirteen hundred columns, and the tombs of their kings. I described to them the Alhambra, the marble lions who keep watch at the palace gates, the splendid hall where the Abencerrages held their feasts, and where they were barbarously murdered. I told them that I myself had seen the traces of their noble blood which time itself had been unable to efface from the polished marble floor.

Overcome by the remembrance of the tragical fate of their most heroic race, the Arabs covered their faces with their bernouses.—“Young man,” said the Hakim, kissing my forehead, “thank the Prophet that he hath vouchsafed to thee the sight of these marvels.”

After a pause the Hakim said, “Friend Sofi, know you not some pleasant story which may dissipate the melancholy of our comrades, who still sit with drooping heads; and Sofi, without further entreaty, began the following tale.

“Far beyond Milianah, on the banks of the Mina, there once lived an Emir on whom Allah had bestowed every blessing. His life was pure and blameless. He gave the fourth part of all he possessed to the poor, and the hour of prayer was more welcome to him than the hour of feasting,” &c. &c.

He afterwards got to the city of Algiers, with its strangely mixed population and singular architecture. We can give but one feature of this picture:—

The habits of the Jews differ but little from those of the Arabs, and one may still perceive that they are children of the same forefather. But the sons of Ishmael now seem disposed to consider themselves as the lawful descendant of Abraham, and to treat the Jews as bastards. The Jews are distinguishable from the Arabs by their gayer clothes, and the unveiled faces of their women. The Jewesses are far more beautiful than the Arab women, because they

are not treated as mere domestic animals, and therefore have an air of greater refinement. Their dress is simple, but pleasing, usually a blue or brown garment confined under the breast with a girdle; their long black hair is held together by a circlet of gold or silver, or by a ribbon; their arms and feet are bare.— Their deep jet-black eyes are wonderfully beautiful; and though their intense brilliancy is somewhat softened by the long silken eyelashes, yet wo to him who looks too deeply into them.

After satisfying my curiosity here, I went into the lower town, and on turning down a fresh street, I was met by the sound of a mandoline and of singing, accompanied by peals of laughter, which issued from the second story of one of the houses; the songs were Arab, the laughter might be Arab, French, or German, I knew not which, but at all events, it was most hearty. Of course I walked in, ascended the stairs, and found myself in the midst of a mixed company of Arabs, Jews, Frenchmen, and Italians, all seated together on cushions against the walls of a spacious room.

On a sort of platform near the window sat two Arabs singing, with two Arab girls beside them accompanying their songs on the mandoline. They were at that moment singing a love song, the constant burden of which was, "Nanina;" the whole company was in the most joyous mood. Every man had one or more bottles of wine before him, and it seemed as if they had all drunk repeated bumpers. I was astonished at this wonderful advance in civilization and good fellowship. On either side of me, I saw Arabs filled with wine, and Arab women with unveiled faces, returning the wanton glances of Christians with still more wanton eyes. Truly this change does honor to the French.

I sat down by an Arab soldier of the French allied cavalry, whose burning cheek betrayed that he had transgressed the commandment of the Prophet. He immediately drank to me in the most familiar manner, saying, with a laugh, "*Scherap bueno, jaule.*" (The wine is good, comrade.) "*Bueno,*" answered I, for it was generous Spanish wine, such as is chiefly drunk here. He then asked me in broken French, whether the women of Europe were equal to its wine? As in duty bound, I answered in the affirmative; and described to him the charms and the excellence of my countrywomen, until my Arab friend seemed well inclined to visit Europe. But when I told him that Allah bestowed but one wife on us Europeans, he shook his head, saying, "*Mucasch.*" (Nay, nay.)

M. A. De France, with the narrative of his captivity, occupies much more of the volume than the Oldenburg Lieutenant; nor have we read any narrative of the kind that either gives more information, or has more power over the reader's feelings, since

that of Lieutenant Eyre and Lady Sale. Here the principal personage, the central figure, is ever Abd-el-Kader, occupying the ground of Mahommed Akbar Khan in the perilous adventures of our captive countrymen in Afghanistan. But the comparison of the Arab with the fierce Afghan is greatly to the advantage of the former. When snatched away a prisoner, by the dash of an Arab party, the Frenchman appears to have been in awful trepidation. He was carried to Abd-el-Kader's camp, and, for a part of the way, somewhat in the fashion of Mazeppa's ride, and, as "a dog of a Christian," suffered many indignities. The camp was then close to the town of Kaala.

I was led into the sultan's presence. His tent is the most magnificent in the camp: it is thirty feet long and eleven feet high; the inside is lined with hangings of various colors, covered with arabesques and crescents, in red, blue, green, and yellow.

I will now endeavor to describe a man of whom at present very little is known. From all that I had heard, I expected to find a blood-thirsty barbarian, always ready to cut off heads; my expectations were false indeed.

Abd-el-Kader is twenty-eight years of age, and very small; his face is long and deadly pale, his large black eyes are soft and languishing, his mouth small and delicate, and his nose rather aquiline; his beard is thin, but jet black, and he wears a small mustachio, which gives a martial character to his soft and delicate face, and becomes him vastly. His hands are small and exquisitely formed, and his feet equally beautiful; the care he takes of them is quite coquettish; he is constantly washing them, and paring and filing his nails with a small knife with a beautifully-carved mother-of-pearl handle, which he holds all the while he sits crouching on his cushions with his toes clasped between his fingers.

His dress is distinguished by the most studied simplicity; there is not a vestige of gold or embroidery on any part of it. He wears a shirt of very fine linen, the seams of which are covered with a silk braid terminating in a small silk tassel. Over the shirt is a haick, and over the haick two white bernouses; the upper-most garment is a black bernouse. A few silk tassels are the only ornaments about his dress; he wears no arms in his girdle, his head is shaved, and covered by three or four skull-caps one within the other, over which he draws the hood of his bernouse.

Abd-el-Kader's father, who died about twenty years ago, was a marabout called Mahadin, who, by means of his fortune, his intelligence, and his character for sanctity, had acquired very great fame and influence among the Arabs.



AULD ROBIN GRAY.

BY LADY ANN LINDSAY.

See Plate.

WHEN the sheep were in the fauld, and the kye
a' at hame,
And a' the world to sleep are gane,
The waes of my heart fa' in showers frae my e'e,
When my gudeman lies sound by me;
Young Jamie loo'd me weel, and he sought me
for his bride,
But, saving of a crown, he had naething beside;
To make that crown a pound, my Jamie ga'ed to
sea,
And the crown and the pound were baith for me.
He had na been away a week, but only twa,
When my mither she fell sick, and our cow was
stoun away;
My father brak his arm, and my Jamie at the sea,
And Auld Robin Gray came a courtin me;
My father could na work, and my mither could na
spin,
I toiled day and night, but their bread I could na
win;
And Rob maintain'd them baith, and wi' tears in
his e'e,
Said, "Jenny, for their sakes, O marry me!"
My heart it said na, I look'd for Jamie back,
But the wind it blew high, and the ship it was a
wreck;
The ship it was a wreck, why did na Jenney die,
And why do I live to say—O waes me!
Auld Robin argued sair, though my mither did
nae speak,
She looked in my face till my heart was like to
break;
So I gied him my hand though my heart was at
the sea,
And Auld Robin Gray is gudeman to me.
I had na been a wife a week, but only four,
When, sitting sae mournfully at the door,
I saw my Jamie's wraith, for I could na think it
he,
Till he said—"I've come back for to marry
thee."
O sair did we greet, and muckle did we say,
We took but ae kiss, and we tore ourselves away.
I wish I were dead, but I'm no like to die,
And why do I live to say—O waes me!
I gang like a ghaist, and care na to spin;
I dare nae think of Jamie, for that would be a
sin;
But I'll do my best a gude wife to be;
For Auld Robin Gray's kind to me.

THE PALM-TREE OF CEYLON.

BY MRS. ANDY.

It is said that there is a sort of palm-tree in Ceylon that
never bears fruit till the last year of its life.

It grew and it flourish'd, that beautiful tree,
Sustain'd in its life by the sunshine and shower,
Its fruit the worn traveller languish'd to see,
But his eye only dwelt on the leaf and the
flower.

Its owner was tempted its stem to uproot,
But in merciful kindness suspended its doom,
And for years it remain'd undistinguish'd by fruit,
In the cold barren pride of its profitless bloom.

But the wayfarer once was astonish'd to find
That the tree an unusual luxuriance wore;
At length it fulfill'd the design of its kind,
And clusters of fruit on its branches it bore.

All eagerly hastened the spoil to divide,
For the fruit, borne so late, was a marvel
esteem'd;
At the close of the year the tree wither'd and
died,
But its end was attain'd, and its fame was re-
deem'd.

Oh! may not this record some comfort bestow
On those preachers of God who in sadness
complain—
That to numbers the way of salvation they show,
Yet seek for the fruits of their labors in vain?

Ye may breathe to the careless the Gospel of
truth,
Their hearts ye may outwardly fail to engage;
Ye may sigh o'er the waste of their frivolous
youth,
And mourn for their useless and indolent age.

Yet turn not aside from your labor of love,
In patience continue their safety to guard;
The faith ye have kindled your fears may re-
move,
The fruit ye have cherished your cares may
reward.

Ye have prayed for success, and it grieves you to
wait,
While your pleadings avail not an answer to
win;
But remember, on earth it is never too late
For the season of spiritual life to begin.

God waters the blossoms of grace in the heart,
And the fruit, long withheld, may be suddenly
shown;
Oh! then, should we weep though the tree may
depart?
The Lord hath prepar'd it in time for his own.

THE MOSSY BOWER.

"Why comes he not?" the maiden sigh'd,
As she paced the lonely dell,
While fluttering hopes arose and died
In her bosom's trembling swell,—
"It is the plighted hour,
Night wraps Ben Ledi's brow,
And here is the silent Mossy Bower,—
My Allan, where art thou?"

A rapid step sounds in the breeze
Meeting the maiden's ear,
And soon by the rising moon she sees
Her Allan hastening near.
His tread is fierce and high—
Wildly his tartans stream,
There's fire and triumph in his eye,
And his sword sheds a bloody gleam.

His forward haste, his brow's dark lour,
His bare steel's blood-dimm'd ray,
Spoke not a guest for lady's bower,
A gallant trim and gay.
"Where, Allan, hast thou been?
Why frowns thy brow with wrath?
Why flames thine eye so stern and keen
As if its glance were death?"

His brow relax'd, and half he smil'd
At her words of love and fear;
Then hurrying told of perils wild,
Fierce fray and foeman near.
"Tis Fate's grim hour of woe,
Lov'd Edith, hie thee hence,
Speed thee away like mountain roe,
I turn for thy defence.

They come, like ocean's stormy surge
Rous'd by the tempest's swell;
Their shouts ring in the mountain gorge—
My own lov'd maid, farewell!"
One glance—a last—he sought,
The hour of blood to cheer;
Her form with deep emotion wrought—
Were those deep workings fear?

Woman's soft heart may trembling sink
Like a gentle dewy flower;
But her lofty soul knows not to shrink
In danger's deadliest hour.
She snatch'd her lover's hand—
Bright shone her dark eye's ray,
And with an air that spoke command,
She hurried him away.

Thro' tangling brier and thorn she press'd
Swift down the rocky steep,
Till she reached where in its secret breast
Dark yawn'd a cavern deep.

"Now the foe may prowl in vain,
Leave not thy dorn retreat
When the rolling night-mist shades the glen,
At the mossy bower we meet."

Day lagg'd along its lingering hours
As they would ne'er be done,
And in her father's stately bowers
The while fair Edith shone.
Night came, and a darker hue
Spread deep'ning o'er the skies,
With light foot skimming the heathbell's dew
To the mossy bower she hies.

In vain around their vengeful snare
The foe close crouching drew;
When a lover's life is woman's care,
Aught she can dare and do.
The mountain maid leads on
Her trackless, stealthy path,
Threading the thickets wild and lone,
Till pass'd are the toils of death.

She paused; she cast her softening eye
Back on her native glen,
And all her childhood's grief and joy
Rush'd on her heart again.
But Love's soft spell is strong—
Onward they swiftly hied;
Soon clansman's shout and minstrel's song
Hail'd the chief and his lovely bride.
W. M. H.

ADIEU.

— Anselmo, waren wir
Nicht Freunde, che der unsel' ge
Zwiespelt die jungen wilden Herzen trennte?
KÖRNER.

FRIEND of my heart, adieu!
God keep thee in his care!
Receive this parting sigh;
Believe this parting pray'r;
And do not quite forget the few
Bright hopes we've known. Adieu! adieu!

Remember vanish'd hours,—
Let memory softly dwell
On one who thinks of thee
With thoughts too deep to tell,—
On one whose love more steadfast grew
'Mid clouds and tears. Adieu! adieu!

Let gentle dreams arise,—
When thou art far from me—
Of all the "counsel sweet"
That I have shar'd with thee!
Think of me still as when we two,
Mingled sweet thoughts! Adieu! adieu!

Think of the heart of love
That ever sprung to meet
Thy slightest wish,—and deem'd
No earthly joy so sweet
As when on spirit-wings it flew
To speak with thine! Adieu! adieu!

Think of the heart of faith
That watch'd with anxious pain
For tidings of thy health
O'er the dividing main!
Think of the loving heart and true
That writes with tears—Adieu! adieu!

Though dark with many a fault
The self-same heart may be,
It hath one spot unstain'd:—
It never erred to thee!
These are no idle words—nor new—
Thou knowest their truth! Adieu! adieu!
ALICIA JANE SPARROW.

THE MARINER'S BRIDE.

FROM THE POEMS OF LUIS DE CAMOENS.

"Irme quero, madre,
A aquella galera,
Com el marinero
A ser marinera."

Look, mother! the mariner's rowing
His galley adown the tide;
I'll go where the mariner's going,
And be the mariner's bride!

I saw him one day through the wicket,
I opened the gate, and we met.
As a bird in the fowler's net
Was I caught in my own green thicket.
Oh, mother, my tears are flowing,
They've quench'd my maidenly pride—
I'll go if the mariner's going,
And be the mariner's bride!

This Love, the tyrant, evinces
Alas! an omnipotent might.
He darkens the mind like Night,
He treads on the necks of princes!
Oh, mother, my bosom is glowing,
I'll go, whatever betide,
I'll go, since the mariner's going,
And be the mariner's bride!

Yes, mother! the Spoiler has reft me
Of reason and self-control;
Gone, gone is my wretched soul,
And only my body is left me!
The winds, oh mother, are blowing,
The ocean is bright and wide;
I'll go where the mariner's going,
And be the mariner's bride!

J. C. M.

ODE.—WELCOME TO SPRING.

RAISE, vocal lyre, the song of pleasure,—
Her light, enlivening, airy measure;
For see, o'er all the smiling land,
Spring blithely waves her hawthorn wand,
And pours her bloomy treasure!
Forests ope their leafy arms

To embrace her budding charms;
Grateful flowerets kiss her feet,
Jocund airs enamored greet
The bright enchantress who all hearts can cheer,
Soft Spring—the sweetest season of the year!

With brow of sunshine, breath of balm,
She dances o'er the hills, and drops
A shower of blossoms on the fruit-tree tops,
A gush of green on mead and woody copse,
The birds sing 'mid the entrancing calm,
"Hail, thou who dost a likeness bear
To all that's young, and fresh, and fair!
Around thee frolic Hope and Joy,
And he, the roguish archer-boy,
Who shoots in every month, but ne'er so well
As from a vernal violet-purple dell!

What though thine early flowers soon flee?
Others arise with equal sweets imbued;
Nature hath realized in thee
The fabled fount of youth, each year renewed!"
Thus chant they in their artless glee;
And cannot we from the wise warblers learn
Repining discontent to spurn?
What though one bliss may fade away?
Let's seize another and be gay;
Cull from the thorniest brier its fragrant rose,
Then shall we quaff delight whose spring ex-
haustless flows!

ELEANOR DARRY.

PERSIAN POETRY.

TO THE EDITOR.

DEAR SIR,—I send you a short passage which
I met with in the *Yusuf* of Jami. Amidst much
that is rude metaphor, surely there is much that
is just and fine, particularly towards the end.
Literally translated, it is as follows:—

THE heavens are a point from the pen of God's
perfection;
The world is a bud from the bower of his beauty;
The sun is a spark from the light of his wisdom,
And the sky is a bubble on the sea of his power.
His beauty is free from the spot of sin.
Hidden in the thick veil of darkness,
He made mirrors of the atoms of the world,
And threw a reflection from his own face on every
atom!

To the clear-seeing eye, whatsoever is fair,
When thou see'st it, is a reflection from his face.

STRIKE THE TENTS OF SNOW.

SONG OF THE BEDOUIN ARABS.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

STRIKE the tents of snow,
And away we'll go;
The moon, the silver moon, shall light
Our roving bands
To the desert's sands,
From Yemen's rosy bowers to-night.

In her gilded halls,
Where the fountain falls,
My Persian maid in beauty shines ;
'Tis for her I fly
To the burning sky,
To win bright gems from glitt'ring mines.

With my gallant train
Soon I'll come again,
And bring her spoils with peril won ;
Through her waving curls,
Weave the orient pearls,
And rubies flashing like the sun.

In her snow'd sherbet
I will mingle yet
Sweet roses from the fair Cathay ;
Hark ! the camel tells,
With its tinkling bells,
'Tis time to mount our steeds—away !

SISTER ANGELS.

BEAUTIFUL thought ! as we wander on
Through dark and stony fields of strife,
A guardian angel travels too,
Sowing his Eden-seed on life.

And, sweet to think that angel sees
In cloudless light our Father's face ;
Breathing sometimes in mortal eyes
A faint reflection of the grace.

From Heaven two humbler friends are sent,
With staff and lamp our path to guide ;
Faith's ling'ring, hopeful eye, may trace
BLESSING and TRIAL side by side.

Idly the musing scholar marks
The sunless figures on a dial ;
In vain Truth's text we strive to read,
Save on the shaded face of Trial.

Blessing and Trial ever travel
Time's road of pleasure and alarm ;
Blessing on Trial a lustre throwing,
While Trial on Blessing sheds a charm.

Sometimes Blessing, sometimes Trial,
About the pilgrim's step is seen ;
One leaves a summer glow to cover
Her sister with its golden sheen.

When the twilight shutter whispers
That Trial the threshold-stone hath crost,
The mild-eyed angel, Blessing, sprinkles
Her precious spikenard on the lost.

Some sweet and holy comfort rises,
The mourners' room a perfume fills ;
And the dear face, by faith transfigured,
Illumines all our tearful ills.

The faint eye droops before thy glory,
Oh, dazzling mystery of Love !—
That we from thorns should pluck our roses,
From flood and tempest hail our dove !

They who to lonely seas go down,
Where merchant-galleys groan and reel,
And the fierce billow, thund'ring past,
Hisses against the smoking keel :—

Rare visions oft they gaze on ; tinging
The surge that drives th' wand'rer home,
A purple light the-water colors,
Painting a rainbow in the foam.*

So when from Fortune's low'ring hills,
With fire and cloud the blast descends,
And Hope's vexed ship from wave to wave,
Like some tost pine-tree shrieks and bends.

Blessing's white footstep trembles o'er
The swelling storm of fear and night,
And in the foaming track of Trial
Kindles a rainbow of delight.

Nor sea alone, but sounding forest,
Vapory hill-top, flow'ring glade,
Their blessing find in summer sun,
Their trial hour in winter shade.

And, look, those shades are only curtains,
Let down by Nature, fold on fold,
To light with clearer beam the pageant
Crowding her wondrous stage of gold.

Blame not the poet, then, if, gazing
On stream and wood, in joy or gloom,
He learns from grass or flower the lesson,
That sun and rain wake richest bloom.

Full well he knows the veil of Trial
O'er Life's dark theatre is drawn,
That Blessing's sunny wings behind,
May flush the darkness into dawn.

For Blessing's smile is sweetest when
Her sister's wintry shade she breaks ;
And even Trial to hearts grows dear,
When Blessing dries her streaming cheeks.

Though green the spot where Blessing pitches
Her radiant tent by fount or wood,
With brightest zone she comes to meet us,
In wither'd bower where Trial stood.

March 15, 1845. R. A. WILLMOTT.

Notes.—Mr. Le Bas, the late Principal of the East India College, has a beautiful passage on angels in one of his Discourses :—" Our holy faith tells us that heaven is peopled with the friends and guardians of man ; that heaven is agitated, if I may so speak, by perpetual sympathy with what is passing here below. The blessed ministers of God are, doubtless, dwelling in secure and unutterable bliss. But the very life of their joy consists in this, that they behold the face of our Father which is in heaven ; and from them the glorious splendor of his countenance is reflected back. So that we may conceive the realms of light to be filled with resemblances, faint and imperfect though they be, of the supreme and consummate goodness. And hence it is that these children of light, these images of the Divine love, are incessantly bending forward from their abodes of glory, and turning with watchful looks towards us, who, by our natural birth, are the heirs of sorrow and corruption."

* Of this phenomenon a description may be found in any popular book on science.

* St. Matthew, xviii. 10.



SCIENCE AND ART.

"ON THE HUMAN MOUTH," by Mr. Nasmyth.—"Was mankind originally of a low or of an elevated degree of development?" inquires Mr. Nasmyth. He answers: The development compatible with the due fulfilment of the exactions required from such a being as man must have been perfect. No feature bears so instructively on the solution of the various difficult problems involved in the study of ethnology, as the form of the mouth and the development of the teeth. In the lower animals, the mouth is peculiarly and beautifully adapted to their exigencies; but in that of man exists a medium type, fitted to every peculiarity of terrestrial existence. No other conformation than that given to him can at once admit of perfect articulation and mastication of his varied food. Moreover, it may be regarded as fulfilling a most essential part in his intellectual life; for it is the organ of intellectual expression—a grand agent in the communion of social life. Deviations in the character of the mouth, Mr. Nasmyth contends, are simply the effects of deviations in the habits of individuals composing races. When these deviations are partial, they are shown in individuals; when general, they amount to a national or tribe characteristic; and when continued from generation to generation, they become hereditary. The natural action of the lower jaw upon the upper is to push out, evert, or expand the arch of the upper jaw; while, on the other hand, it is impossible, by any habit, to bring in or to contract that arch, so as to produce out of the advanced jaw of the negro the vertical jaw of the Caucasian and other well-developed races. A vertical is said to be the original development of the infant negro; the advanced mouth of the adult negro is therefore not congenital, but factitious. The negro of the southern provinces of the United States, owing to the different circumstances in which he is placed, has not the advanced mouth of his progenitors of Africa after the second or third generations. Mr. Nasmyth then proceeded to show most ably, that the plasticity of the mouth in in-

fancy was such as to admit of the factitious development pointed out. The ordinary duties required of the mouth in civilized life are a moderate exercise of power for division, tearing, and comminution or grinding; whilst in uncivilized life there exist much more powerful exactions, which have a great controlling influence over the development of the parts. Man in the uncivilized state has but few instruments or tools to assist him in operations of any kind, and his teeth are ready substitutes for those which on all occasions, from infancy to old age, he most unscrupulously resorts to. He attacks the roughest materials of all kinds with his teeth; he uses them to form and to fashion those materials in all sorts of ways; and thus he converts the dental organ into a prehensile one. He also uses his teeth as instruments for punishing his enemies, seizing his prey, and separating the assimilative portions of his food from those which are not, which, with the little assistance he derives from cooking, tend most decidedly to evert both the upper and the under jaw. Mr. Nasmyth explained at length the various modifications of the face, arising out of the eversion of the upper jaw, so common in uncivilized life; whilst in the civilized, a perfect organization of the mouth was pretty generally accompanied by a well-developed brain, a regularity of feature, great energy of character, and corresponding physical power and activity.—*Lit. Gazette.*

NEW GENUS OF FRESH WATER SPONGE.—This singular and highly-interesting sponge was found at Tenby, South Wales, by a poor man who collects fresh-water shells to sell to the visitors. It occurs in a large muddy ditch in the vicinity of Tenby, which, although very near the sea, has no communication with it. To this sponge Mr. Bowerbank gives the name of *Somatisspongia*; and its generic and specific descriptions are:—spongo, with a central, round, or oval coriaceous body, surrounded by three winged keratose fibres, which spring from its surface. *S. pulchella*:—

sponge free; body covered with reticulations, the areas of which are depressed, furnished with two mamme opposed to each other either in the long or short axis, in the latter case with a deep sinus intervening; fibre flexible; reticulations polygonal, without interstitial fleshy matter or spicula. This beautiful little sponge is more or less of an oval form; it rarely exceeds half an inch in length from one extremity of the fibre to the other, and the central body is about four lines in length; the fibres are of a greenish amber color, the body partaking of the same hue, but much deepened by its greater degree of density. When denuded of its surrounding fibres, the body appears to be divided into numerous nearly equal-sided polygonal areas, which are most frequently five or six-sided. From the angles of these reticulations the fibrous structure springs, preserving the same form of reticulation as that of the parent surface. Its internal structure also presents many interesting peculiarities.—*Lit. Gaz.*

TALBOTYPES.—We have recently seen, at M. Claudet's studio, an union of solar drawing and miniature painting, which renders the talbotype not only the most pleasing photographic picture, but a highly-finished work of art. M. Claudet's recent discovery that the visual focus is not the photogenic focus of the camera has greatly aided this. The limbs of the sitter are now always with unerring certainty represented in good drawing, instead of disproportioned, as almost invariably hitherto. But the principal aid to the fine general effect, the chief object of this brief notice, is the pencil of M. Mansion, who finishes the photograph, following nature in her lights and shades, artistically heightening both.—*Lit. Gaz.*

GIFT TO MEHEMET ALI.—We call attention to the costly gift about to be presented, by the East India Company, to Mehemet Ali, in acknowledgment of the liberal and enlightened policy which kept the highway to India, through his dominions, open to our merchants, while we were battering down his Syrian towns,—and which is now to be seen on the premises of Mr. Smith, in Duke-street, Lincoln's Inn-fields. This gift is worthy its occasion, and of the body of prince-merchants who confer it; but no idea of its magnificence can be conveyed by description. It has been designed, modelled, and manufactured on the premises of Mr. Smith; where it awaits the arrangements for its transmission and presentation to the Pacha. This superb specimen of the silversmith's art, is a silver fountain; from whose top, at an elevation of 10 feet from the ground, water is thrown in a jet, by means of an arrangement in the interior, and falls over into three successive basins, in the form of the pyramid. The base of this fountain, resting on a slab of black marble, is a quadrangular reservoir, four feet in diameter, and terminating in fluted claws, to contain the water,—presenting externally the appearance of a massive and enriched pedestal to the upper structure. In the centre of this pedestal rises a sort of altar or column, also quadrangular; and a shaft, springing out of this smaller table, sustains the first and broadest of the basins. From this lower basin the water is returned into the interior, and raised again for the supply of the fountain. Resting on the basement, at each of its four corners, is a costly vase, of elegant design, con-

taining a group of flowers in frosted silver; and falling from the scrolls of the upper table or altar, towards the four vases, are cornucopias, also filled with flowers. A wreath of oak-leaves and acorns, twisted and banded together into a sort of cable, in the Louis Quatorze style (which is that of the whole design), undulates within and around the edges of the lower basin; and the whole work, which is in frosted silver with burnished edges, is enriched by fruit, flowers, scrolls and wreaths,—human figures being avoided, in deference to the religious laws of Egypt,—with a profusion which makes the impossibility of conveying an idea of the work, or its magnificent appearance, by any means less descriptive than drawings. A convex shield, on each of the four sides of the base, bears the inscription, that follows,—on each side in a different language:—"To His Highness, Mehemet Ali, Pacha of Egypt, Presented by the East India Company. London. A. D. 1845." The other languages are Turkish, Arabic, and Latin. The amount of silver employed in this superb specimen of English art is 10,400 ounces; and the cost of the work £7,000.—*Athenæum.*

LORD ROSSE'S TELESCOPE.—In an account of Lord Rosse's "Leviathan" Telescope, lately published by Sir James South, there occurs *inter alia* the following remarks:—

"A star of the 7th magnitude was some minutes of a degree distant from the moon's dark limb; this star, instead of disappearing the moment the moon's edge came in contact with it, apparently glided on the moon's dark surface, as if it had been seen through a transparent moon, or as if the star were between me and the moon. It remained in the moon's disk nearly 2 seconds of time, and then instantly disappeared. The cause of this phenomenon is involved in impenetrable mystery."

Permit me to make an attempt to solve the difficulty. Two modes occur to me of explaining it:—1st. From the unimpaired light of stars while approaching the body of the moon, and their instantaneous disappearance on coming in contact, the absence of a lunar atmosphere has been inferred; but may not the phenomenon in question be caused by some remains of that envelope, still investing the ruined satellite sufficient to cause a refraction of the light of the star so as to project it on the face of the moon, and retain it there for an instant after the star itself has set behind the moon.—2d. The other and perhaps the more satisfactory explanation is, that that portion of the stream of light proceeding from the star which has passed the moon towards the observer, ere she has intercepted the rest, continues to flow into the eye for a moment after the star itself has gone behind the moon, and as this amputated portion bears with it the star's image, and continues it in the eye, at least till its last drop has impinged on the retina, while the body of the moon has in the mean time glided eastward a little beyond the line of the ray, the illusion of the star appearing between the moon and the observer must be complete. According to the usual computation of the velocity of light, it would not take above one second to traverse the sublunary distance, but it is well known that the impression on the retina is not off instantaneously, so that there would be "nearly 2 seconds" during which the phenomenon would appear. Further, there

still remains a means of determining whether either, and, if either, which of the above hypotheses, be the true account of the matter.—If the phenomenon be caused by *refraction*, then it will be repeated, or rather reversed at the reappearance of the star on the western limb, for upon this principle it must there again be in the same manner and for the same time projected upon the moon's face, while it will be a shorter time (shorter exactly the time taken up with these exhibitions,) traversing the back of the moon than it otherwise ought to be, just as the sun appears to perform that part of his daily journey which lies below the horizon, in a shorter time than the upper half. Again, if the *relative motions of light and the moon* be the cause, the star will be a moment or two longer than it should be in again making its appearance; and what is remarkable, it will not emerge directly at the moon's western edge, but as far from it as it formerly appeared to intrude upon the eastern. Should this be ascertained by observation to be the case, the fact will afford another interesting proof of the progressive nature of light and its remarkable consequences. One of the other facts alluded to as mysterious subjects by Sir James, in the account referred to is, the circumstance of Jupiter's satellites, while crossing the disk of their primary, occasionally exhibiting various degrees of light, from the black to the white. Now it appears to me that this can arise from no other cause, than these satellites having a rotatory motion on their own axis, quite independent of the primary, and thus presenting different sides to us in passing over their primary's face; and if Jupiter's satellites have this advantage, may we not reasonably infer that all other satellites had it originally too?—for otherwise one hemisphere of each would lose the use of its primary as a moon or reflector. Our own moon wants it, indeed, but this is only one of many proofs of her present ruined condition; the natural consequences of that convulsion, which seems to have shattered her framework, and left her to be moulded into the egg-shape by the powerful attraction of her primary, by which her original rotatory motion would soon be stopped.—*Athenæum*.

PATENT PODIMECHAN.—Under this denomination we have seen a very ingenious carriage (exhibited for a while in Regent-street), in which the rider propels the vehicle with great ease to himself, and at a rate reaching to six or eight miles an hour. Instead of the *treadles*, like a weaver's loom, hitherto employed to work the motive power, it is done by simply pressing the feet on the movable foot-board on which they naturally rest. This simple process works the machinery, and the usual handle turns and directs the carriage. The invention seems admirably adapted for cripples, or invalids, for park-exercise, and for recreation generally. It is stated that the mechanism is equally applicable to boats.—*Lit. Gaz.*

THE BRITISH MUSEUM.—The total receipts during the year 1844 amounted to the sum of 40,430*l.*; and the estimated expenditure to 40,889*l.*; whilst the actual expenditure has been 37,449*l.*; leaving a balance on hand in the 31st of December last of 2981*l.* Of the sum of 37,449*l.* thus ex-

pended, 18,664*l.* was appropriated to salaries; 1481*l.* to household expenses; 11,766*l.* to purchases and acquisitions; 4563*l.* to bookbinding, cabinets, &c., for preserving collections; 962*l.* for the cost of printing catalogues, and making casts; and 69*l.* 17*s.* for law-expenses. There were 1626*l.* for mss.; 4421*l.* for printed books; 739*l.* for fossils and minerals; 1135*l.* for zoological specimens; 100*l.* for botanical specimens; 1539*l.* for coins and numismatic antiquities; 204*l.* for casts from Athens; and 903*l.* for prints and engravings.—*Lit. Gaz.*

NEW METHOD OF TANNING.—We have been favored by Dr. Turnbull with his specification of a patent recently taken out by him for a new method of more speedily and effectually tanning hides and skins, and of extracting and separating the catechuic acid from the tannic acid in the catechu, or terra japonica, used in tanning. As the process involves facts of scientific interest as well as promises of manufacturing and social advantages, we have much pleasure in noticing the subject. The process of tanning consists in the combination of the gelatinous substance of which the skin is principally composed and tannic acid or tannin. The slowness of the process, and the imperfect manner in which it has hitherto been accomplished, arise from the difficulty in bringing the tannin or tannic acid into contact with the gelatinous tissue or fibre of the skin. The causes of this difficulty are several, but the principal are, the presence of lime, from steeping to remove the hair and epidermis; the extraction of catechuic acid from terra japonica; and the generation of gallic acid from the oak-bark. To prevent these causes operating, is the object of the Dr's improvements. He has devised the withdrawal of the lime from the impregnated hide; but we pass on to the avoidance altogether of the use of this material. He removes the hair from hides and skins: "first, by steeping them in a solution of sugar or other saccharine matter, whether obtained from honey, potatoes, beet-root, wood, or any other substances. Secondly, by steeping the hides and skins in a solution of muriate of soda. By the first method, the sugar of saccharine matter, which contains no nitrogen, is brought into contact side by side with the hides or skins, and an instantaneous, rapid, and regular action is thereby created and continued between the sugar and the hides or skins, which causes the gelatine or true skin to swell and expand, and without acting upon or causing any injury to the gelatinous fibre of the hides or skins, loosens the epidermis and renders the removal of the hair a matter easily effected. By the second method, the mixture of muriate of soda and water contracts the epidermis without acting upon the gelatine, and thus loosens and separates it from the true skin, by which means the hair is easily removed without injuring the gelatinous matter which forms the basis of the leather. The effect in both operations is the same; for as the saccharine matter, by force of its operation upon the nitrogenous substance in the skin, causes the gelatine or true skin to expand, and thus loosens the epidermis, while at the same time the fibre is preserved from putrefaction; so the solution of muriate of soda, whilst it contracts or destroys the epidermis and renders the removal of the hair easy, also tends greatly to preserve the fibre

of the hide or skin from putrefaction. * * When the hair is removed by either of the means above mentioned, or when the lime has been extracted by the process before alluded to, the skins and hides will be found to be in a state to receive and imbibe the tannic acid much more rapidly and effectually than by any other means. Having thus removed one of the obstructions to tanning, the Dr. proposes to get rid of the other difficulties, by separating the japonic or catechuic acid, and other deleterious matter to be found in terra japonica, from the tannic acid, and also to prevent the formation or generation of gallic and ellagic acids, when oak-bark, divi divi, valonia, and other tanning materials are used. The first is accomplished by grinding catechues into fine powder, and then mixing the powder with either warm or cold water in the proportion of two pounds of terra japonica to one gallon of water, until it is thoroughly dissolved, and when cold, pouring the liquid into a large cylinder or tank made of any material not injuriously acted upon by acids, with a bottom made of fine wire-gauze, calico, linen or other porous material. By this means the catechuic acid, extractive, and other deleterious matter to be found in the catechues, are retained by reason of their being insoluble in cold water, and a pure tanning liquid, freed from these injurious ingredients, is obtained. The purified liquor thus obtained from terra japonica will be found much more effectual in preserving sails of vessels, and linen cloth exposed to the weather, than the terra japonica as now used. To prevent the formation of gallic and ellagic acids, which are generated in the tanning liquor when it is composed of oak-bark, divi divi, valonia, and other tanning materials, by the operation of the atmospheric air, it is proposed to grind the materials into fine powder, and to exclude the atmospheric air from operating upon it during the time the process of tanning is going on. The hides or skins being thus prepared, and being well washed and cleansed, they are to be tanned by two different modes. First, by the application of a new physical force, different from ordinary capillary attraction or hydrostatic pressure: and secondly, in pits or tanks so constructed, by communicating with each other, as to keep up a general and constant agitation and circulation of the tanning liquid until the hides or skins are tanned."

These two modes are described at length; but we can only state here that the "physical force" applied is the law of currents known as endosmosis and exosmosis. The advantages to be derived from Dr. Turnbull's improvements are stated to be,—1st, A great additional weight of leather, especially in calf-skins. 2d, Leather of a much better quality, soft, and not liable to crack or stain. 3d, A considerable diminution in the expense. And, 4th, The tanning is effected in one quarter of the time consumed in the present mode of tanning."—*Lit. Gaz.*

CIVIL ENGINEERS.—From the concurrent testimonies of the classic writers, Ostia was originally founded anno 634 B. C. by Ancus Martius. It was situated at the mouth of the Tiber, about fourteen miles below Rome; and as the supplies for the capital arrived by the river, it was of importance to improve the navigation, and at the same time to provide for the shelter of the fleet,

which usually lay in the roadstead. Accordingly the Emperor Claudius determined to construct a new harbor, entirely independent of the river, but at the same time having a connexion with it. The general plan of this work, as described by Suetonius, and as given in Cannia's great work on the architecture of the ancients, is shown to have consisted of an extensive outer harbor, formed by two artificial moles, each projecting about 1900 feet into the sea, enclosing a space of about 130 acres. Between the extremities of the moles was situated another detached mole, which formed a breakwater, supported a lighthouse, and gave two entrances to the harbour, across which chains could be drawn to form a closed port in time of war. A small inner harbor was also constructed, in which vessels could always remain afloat. This covered about 7 acres, and communicated with the Tiber by means of two parallel canals furnished with stop-gates, in order that the water of the river might be turned through the harbor for scouring away the muds, or for other purposes. There is no evidence to show that the pound-lock was known or used. The walls of the moles were constructed upon arches, so as to give free access to the current; but at the same time they were sufficiently solid to break the sea, and to produce tranquillity within. This was very necessary; for from the geological condition and the geographical position of Ostia, the coast was subject to constant advance from the alluvial deposit brought down by the Tiber. By this means a delta has constantly been in progress of formation, and in the course of 2480 years, the line of shore has advanced about 3 miles 600 yards. All the attempts to improve the entrance of the Tiber were, by this deposit, rendered completely abortive. Eventually the ports of Claudius and of Trajan suffered the same fate: and although the works at Ostia were considered by the Romans as their greatest labor, they were of necessity abandoned, and the harbor of Centum Cellæ, or Civita Vecchia, was constructed as a substitute. In the works of Ostia there was visible much novelty and ingenuity in design and in construction; indeed it must be observed, that almost every principle adopted by the improved skill and science of modern times appears to have been there carried into effect with singular perseverance and ability. By a careful study of the original plans of these ancient works, and the results, engineers might read useful lessons for the treatment of many of the harbors of England, particularly those on the south-eastern coast, where, as at Dover, great difficulties are to be contended with from the motion of the shingle and silt. The position of English harbors differs in some degree from that of Ostia, on account of the former being subject to the action of a great rise of tide and strong lateral currents; while the latter was situated in the Mediterranean, where there is scarcely any rise of tide, and of which the shore-currents are sluggish. The deposits of silt would be in the latter case very rapid, as the water of the Tiber, entering nearly at right angles with the shore, would arrest the current, and the whole speedily would become comparatively stagnant. In the discussion which ensued upon this interesting paper, the cases of Dover, Rye, Ramsgate, and many other harbors, were explained, and the probable result of the present works commented upon.—*Lit. Gaz.*

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES.

Great Britain.

The Power of the Soul over the Body, considered in relation to Health and Morals. By George Moore, M. D., &c.

THE first apparent purpose of Dr. Moore is to prove that the soul is immaterial, and has an existence separate from the body, with an action apart from the brain, and depending as a medium rather upon the nervous system. With this object he goes over a large extent of ground, physiological, metaphysical, and physical—in the sense of the disease or ill effects induced by disordered action or disordered emotions. During this long survey, he brings together a great number of curious facts relative to the operations of the mind in health, in disease, and in the abnormal states of insanity, mesmerism, and somnambulism; but without inducing conviction in his main object; since, if thought, or rather mental volition, is impossible to matter, then is the mind of brutes immaterial. We are not sure that Dr. Moore might deny this conclusion; but if it be admitted, no religious results can be deduced from immateriality. Something of the same logical defect may be visible in the practical conclusions aimed at. We all know the power of the mind; how the health and the functions of the body are controlled by it; how one passion or emotion is subdued by another more powerful. The difficulties lie in the discovery and application of the proper stimuli, so as to act not at random but by rule, and safely as well as regularly: for intense emotion may not only injure health but destroy life, as some of Dr. Moore's instances show. Proper nutriment and proper exercise are the true principles for a healthy human being, if we could but apply them; though, perhaps, the *mens sana in corpore sano* requires a good basis to proceed upon. If, however, Dr. Moore's conclusions are not altogether convincing, his book is curious, and attractive from the number of curious facts he has collected together.—*Spectator*.

Human Magnetism; its Claims to dispassionate Inquiry: being an Attempt to show the utility of its Application for the Relief of Human Suffering. By W. Newnham, Esq. 8vo. pp. 432. John Churchill.

MR. NEWNHAM is a new advocate for the existence of human magnetism, and a volunteer to the ranks of expounders of a subject of inquiry which has hitherto been lessened in estimation chiefly by its own followers. Contemned by men of science, phenomena of high interest have been handed over by tacit consent to ignorant empirics and traders in the mysterious—and the demand for such appears at the present moment to have grown up in an inverse ratio to the attention given to the subject by persons of philosophical habits. This state of things cannot last long, the time will come when the most skillful and intellectual research will be centered in eliminating the true from the false, and establishing, on the incontrovertible basis of observation and experience, the principles of those physiological phenomena, in which the relations of the senses, of the mind and body, and of one human being to another, are brought into such wonderful an-

tagonism. Mr. Newnham belongs to a certain extent to this class of inquirers, although he does not advance beyond the mere threshold of the inquiry. He began, like most others, in being opposed to so-called mesmerism, and was asked by some friends to write a paper against it, in which *a priori* proceeding he was assisted by a person who furnished him with materials which proved incontestably, that under some circumstances the operator might be duped,—that hundreds of enlightened persons might equally be deceived: and certainly went far to show that the pretended science was wholly a delusion; but the intellect of the author of the "Reciprocal Influence of Body and Mind" was so tempered by the investigation of abstract truths, that he felt at once that the facts so placed before him only led to the direct proof that certain phenomena might be counterfeited—and the existence of counterfeit coin is rather a proof that there is somewhere the genuine standard gold to be imitated. It is needless to say, that when he investigated the facts with such absence of all prejudice, he soon found amidst much fraud and jugglery, also many valuable truths; to expound which, and the causes why the subject has not been fairly investigated, and the reasons of the opposition and contempt which it has generally to put up with, is the object of the present work.—*Lit. Gaz.*

Description and Uses of the Improved Moveable Planisphere, exemplified in a Series of Problems, showing its utility as a cheap and portable Substitute for the Celestial Globe. By Jehoshaphat Aspin.

THIS is a singularly ingenious contrivance, and must prove exceedingly useful to those who are anxious to acquire a knowledge of what has been not inaptly called "celestial geography." In order that our readers may be able to form some idea of the meritorious contrivance, we shall give Mr. Aspin's account of the objects and uses of the Improved Moveable Planisphere. On this head Mr. Aspin makes the following observations:—

The Improved Moveable Planisphere, though simple in its construction, affords the means of solving most of the problems usually worked upon the celestial globe, with considerably less labor and more perspicuity in regard to the divisions of hours than can be effected by the ordinary twelve-inch globe: and, to say nothing of its comparatively low price, its portableness will procure it a decided preference in situations where the globe might prove an incumbrance.

The Improved Planisphere, consisting of only two cards, affords by a single movement of one of them, the times of the star's rising throughout the year; by a second motion, its times of culmination; and by a third, its times of setting for the like period. By means of a moveable index, corresponding to the brass quadrant of the artificial globe, most questions relative to the apparent movements of the sun, moon, planets, and fixed stars, or their positions at particular moments, may be correctly answered. This index forms an entirely new feature in the construction of planispheres, and renders the Improved Moveable Planisphere peculiarly useful and amusing to young persons who may not have the advan-

tage of an astronomical preceptor. A very few exercises upon it will lead to a knowledge of the places of the constellations, and the names of the principal stars when viewed in the heavens; with their periodical seasons of rising, culminating, and setting; in addition to numerous useful deductions, to which the study will naturally lead.

For the use of schools this Planisphere possesses the decided advantage that each pupil may have one, either for the purpose of following the verbal instructions of the teacher in the hour of study, or for self-improvement in leisure moments; a benefit not to be derived from a globe, which pertains to the whole school.

We would willingly quote Mr. Aspin's description 'of his ingenious and useful invention, but have not the requisite space. It cannot fail to find its way into general use when its merits become known.

The Diplomatic Correspondence of the Right Honorable Richard Hill, LL.D., F. R. S. L. Envoy Extraordinary from the Court of St. James to the Duke of Savoy, in the Reign of Queen Anne. Edited by the Rev. W. Bluckley, B. A. 2 vols.

THE author of this voluminous correspondence was for nine years Paymaster of the Forces in Flanders under King William III., subsequently a Lord of the Admiralty, and in the following reign Envoy Extraordinary from the British court to the Duke of Savoy. It is only recently that the valuable papers here printed were discovered. They embrace a period of great interest, from 1703 to 1706, and are illustrative of the secret policy of some of the most distinguished sovereigns and statesmen of Europe as regards the Spanish succession, of the rights and liberties of the Vaudois, guaranteed by England, and of the wars of that period in the Cevennes, Piedmont, and Lombardy. Among the letters, there are several from Queen Anne, the King of Spain, the Princes Eugene, D'Armstadt, and Leichtenstein; the Dukes of Savoy, Marlborough, and Shrewsbury; Earls Peterborough and Nottingham; the Archbishop of Canterbury, Lord Godolphin, and Sir George Rooke. As materials of history, they are of vast importance, but we are inclined to consider them more fitted for future reference than for present reading. It is the pains-taking scholar only who can be got to peruse nine hundred pages of matter-of-fact correspondence.

The Vaudois: Comprising Observations made during a Tour to the Valleys of Piedmont, in the Summer of 1844. By E. Henderson, D. D. 12 mo. pp. 262. Snow, London.

THE design of this publication is to excite a more general attention and sympathy in behalf of the people of whom it treats. The introduction to the work extends to somewhat more than forty pages, and presents a careful and authentic sketch of the history of the Vaudois—those ancient witnesses to the vitality of scriptural Christianity. In the chapters which follow, the reader—assisted by a convenient map—accompanies our traveller from point to point of his journeyings through the Valleys. These chapters supply much deeply interesting information concerning the people, and describe those glens and hill-

sides, where truth found its home in evil times, in language which places them vividly before us. We have read many books on this subject, but no one with greater interest than the present.

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THE
E C L E C T I C M A G A Z I N E

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

AUGUST, 1845.

THE OCCULT SCIENCES.

[From the North British Review.

Des Sciences Occultes, ou Essai sur la Magie, les Prodiges, et les Miracles. Par Eusebe Salverte. Paris, 1829. 2 Vols. 8vo.

THE appearance of a work on the Occult Sciences is almost as great a deviation from the ordinary routine of our literature, as any of the prodigies which it unfolds is from the recognized laws of the material world; and did we not know how little interest is aroused by any volume which bears the proscribed name of Science, we should have expressed our surprise that a work so well written, and on a subject so popular and exciting, should have existed for fifteen years without being either translated into our language, or submitted to the processes of criticism or analysis. Had our author been a conjurer who dealt in wonders, he would have gathered round him a numerous and an eager ring; but as a scholar and a philosopher he has attracted few disciples, and in an age oscillating between utilitarianism and frivolity, his genius and learning have failed to command that applause which they so justly deserve.

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There are, however, other causes which may account for the indifference with which this work has been received. More familiar with literary than with scientific inquiries, M. Salverte is less successful than he might have been in referring to natural causes the various illusions and prodigies which pass in review before him; and, though we rise from the perusal of his learned and ingenious details with a certain gratification of our curiosity, it is seldom with the conviction that we have obtained a clear and satisfying explanation of the mysteries which they involve. His decisions, indeed, even when he himself confides in them, fail to inspire confidence in the reader; and in discussions of so peculiar a character, where the mind has to pass from the excitement of an apparently supernatural event to the calm repose of a truth in science, we require the prestige of a name to accomplish the transition. Nor is it a defect of a minor kind, or one less injurious to the popularity of the work, that in selecting his materials he has not confined himself to that wide and productive field which constitutes the legitimate domain of the occult philosophy. The records of divine truth are presented to us under the same phase as those of civil history; and

the miracles of the Old and New Testament are submitted to as rigorous an analysis as the legends and prodigies of the ancient mythology. This unseemly blending of the sacred with the profane is distasteful even to the less serious inquirer; and the Christian, though he asks no immunity for his creed from the fair scrutiny of human wisdom, would yet desire to throw the veil of faith over its holier events and its deeper mysteries, and protect from an unhallowed paraphrase what transcends reason, and must ever spurn the inquisition of philosophy.

M. Salverte was led to study the nature and object of the Occult Sciences as the subject of a chapter in a larger work which he contemplated, on *The History of Civilization from the Earliest Historic Times to the End of the Eighteenth Century*, but his materials accumulated to such a degree that he was induced to give them separately to the world. So early as 1813 the introduction of his principal work appeared at Paris, and in 1817 he published in the *Esprit des Journaux* for July,—a periodical printed at Brussels,—the general principles of the work before us, and many of the facts and arguments upon which they rest.*

In tracing the origin and progress of science, we find that the earliest vestiges of knowledge were the cherished possessions of priests and kings; and it was doubtless by their agency that barbarous and untractable communities were first subjected to the restraints and discipline of law. To the ignorant observer of nature every thing beyond the range of his daily notice is an object of wonder. The phenomena of the material universe, which have no periodical recurrence, assume the character of supernatural events, and every process in art, and every combination in science, become valuable agents, at first of government and at last of civilization. Thus early did knowledge become power,—not what it now is—a physical agent enslaving and controlling the elements for the benefit of man—but a moral sceptre wielded over his crouching mind, acting upon his hopes and his fears, and subjugating him to the will either of a benefactor or a tyrant.

Nor was this sovereignty of a local nature, originating in the ignorance and docility of any particular race, and established by the wisdom and cunning of any individual ty-

rant. It existed wherever the supremacy of the law was established, and was indeed a spurious theocracy, in which the priest and the king appeared as the vicegerents of Heaven, displaying as their credentials a series of miracles and prodigies which deceived the senses and overawed the judgment of the vulgar. In this manner did the rod of the conjurer become the sceptre of the king, and the facts and deductions of science his statute-book; and thus did man, the creature of hope and fear, believe, and tremble, and obey.

A system of imposture thus universal in its reception, and having its origin in the strongest principles of our nature, was not likely to suffer any change, either in its form or its character, amid the turbulence of civil broils, or the desolations of foreign conquest. Our passion for the marvellous, indeed, and our reliance on supernatural interference, increase with the impending danger, and the agitated mind seeks with a keener anxiety to penetrate into the future. Hence is the skill of the sorcerer more eagerly invoked "when coming events are casting their shadows before;" and whether our curiosity be indulged or disappointed, or our fears rebuked or allayed, our faith in the supernatural acquires new intensity by its exercise. Nor were the evils of such a system abated by the advancement of civilization and knowledge. Every discovery in science became a new link in the chain which bound the intellectual slave, and in the moral tariff of antiquity, knowledge was the article of contraband, which, though denied to the people, never failed to find its way into the bonded crypts of the sanctuary. The lights of science were thus placed under a bushel, and skilfully projected from its spectral apertures to dazzle and confound the vulgar.

In this manner did the powers of science and the sanctities of idolatry exercise a long and fatal sway over the nations of the world; and when Christianity had extended itself widely throughout Europe, and had lost the simplicity and purity of its early days, there sprung up from its holiest mysteries a system of imposture, hostile to the progress of truth, and not less fatal to the spiritual advancement of man than that which prevailed among heathen nations. Though the instruments of delusion were changed, the system remained the same;—truth and fable entered in definite proportions into the legends of the Church;—the lying miracles of saints, the incanta-

* This Memoir is entitled, *Essai sur la Magie, les Prodiges, et les Miracles*.

tions of the necromancer, and the presumptuous forgeries of the alchemist, deluded the Christian world for many centuries, and in place of having lost their influence they have been embalmed amid the civilization of modern times. Under this system the spiritual element obtained the ascendancy, and powerful and haughty kings laid their willing necks beneath the feet of the Bishop of Rome. But in modern Europe the Church has become the slave of the State,—the Sovereign as its spiritual head has usurped the powers of the Roman Pontiff, and in retaliation for the wrong, the humblest depositary of episcopal ordination lays claim to a supernatural influence which neither his guilt nor his ignorance can paralyze. The Priest of lying oracles, who forged the responses of his God, and the clerical charlatan of the middle ages who pretended to rouse the dead from the recesses of the tomb, were less guilty in their imposture than the educated and unregenerated priest of our own day, who attributes to his unclean hands the renovating influence of the baptismal element, or than the godless bishop who pretends to give the Holy Spirit to some blaspheming and unconverted aspirant.

But it is not among ecclesiastical functions only that this love of the supernatural has uprisen with such fearful luxuriance,—the pursuits of laymen have been marked with the same extravagances of pretension, and with even a higher demand upon our faith. The Morpheus of the present day, be he the weakest or the wickedest of our race, can distil from his moving fingers the soporific influence, and obtain possession of the mental and corporeal will of his sleeping Alcyone. At his bidding the red current hurries along the stiffened arteries; over the enslaved limbs supervenes the rigor of death; new senses arise; the patient sees where there is no eye, and hears where there is no ear;—nay, he tastes with the palate of his master, moves with his muscles, and thinks with his faculties. Thus have we reproduced the Siamese twins, united, not by a muscular, but by a spiritual ligament. But in this illicit commerce of sensations the magician is subject to an unequal tariff. After he has imparted his taste and his thoughts to the sleeping partner of the firm, he receives nothing in return; and, so singular is the character of his generosity, that he gives what he does not himself possess, and what he has not even taken from another. The patient discovers the

seat and nature of his own diseases, though the sorcerer be no physician; he compounds drugs for their cure, though he be no apothecary; and he predicts future events, though he be no prophet. To these gifts he adds the highest privileges of our suffering nature—an immunity from pain! The executioner might break him on the wheel without the sensation of a strain; and a mesmerised Antonio might give to the Jew his pound of flesh without feeling the inroad upon his skin.

Had such theories stopped here, and occupied merely isolated positions in the intellectual field, some advantage might have been gained from the antagonism of their errors, and time and reason might have slowly and quietly dislodged them. But they have entered into a fearful covenant, the consequences of which have neither been foreseen by its friends, nor detected by its enemies. The centaur of Phrenology and Mesmerism has been its monster offspring, and unless some Theseus, with his Laphæ, shall drive it into exile, *Materialism*, and its kindred heresies, will have a speedy triumph.

Whatever may be the truth of the theory, it is yet consistent with the soul's immateriality, that the mind, acting through material organs, may exercise higher and lower functions in proportion to the form and magnitude of its instruments, and it is equally consistent with the same cardinal truth, that the senses may be quickened, and impeded functions restored during certain states of sleep; but if it be true that the mechanical pressure of a human finger upon an inch of human cuticle, propagated, it may be, through an inch of subjacent bone, and impressed upon an inch of the mental organ—if it be true that such a pressure can excite emotions of piety, and evoke sentiments of devotion, thus summoning into active exercise the noblest functions of the soul, then is that soul but an aggregate of dust—a solid of kneaded clay, which shall die at man's death, and crumble at his decay.

In a country where wonders like these are exhibited to enlightened audiences, and received with faith even by the most skeptical, it may not be uninteresting to take a rapid view of the Occult Sciences of ancient times—to survey the apparently miraculous in nature, and the seemingly supernatural in art—to separate the prodigies which science and ocular evidence have established, from the phantoms which

ignorance has created—and to impress upon the young or the unsettled mind the irrefragable truth, that if among the arrangements of the physical world, and under the laws by which Providence directs man's sublunary concerns, there are phenomena and results which transcend our faith and our intelligence, there must be also in the co-existing spiritual world, which is to survive our preparatory state, events and laws which, though they transcend human reason, may yet be established by human testimony, and which, though foolishness to the wise, are yet wisdom to the simple.

After pointing out, in his first chapter, the interest which attaches to the mysteries and magic of the ancients, M. Salverte directs our attention to the motives which give credibility to miraculous recitals. These motives he finds in the number and accord of the recitals themselves, and in the confidence which we can place in the observers and witnesses, and likewise in the possibility of eliminating what is marvellous by discovering the principal causes which give to a natural fact a supernatural character; and, in the discussion of these topics, instead of exhibiting any skeptical tendency, he evinces an extent of faith which some of our readers may regard as bordering even on the credulous.

"Wherever," says he, "a religious revelation does not overpower the judgment, what motives of credibility can make a judicious mind admit the existence of prodigies or magical works? The doctrine of probabilities will serve for our guide. That a man is deceived by appearances more or less specious, or that he seeks to deceive us if he has an interest in doing it, is much more probable than the accuracy of a recital which involves in it any thing marvellous. But if at different times and in different places several men have seen the same thing or things similar, and if their recitals are numerous and accordant with each other, their improbability diminishes, and may ultimately disappear. Is it credible that, in the year 197 of our era, a shower of quicksilver* fell at Rome in the Forum of Augustus? Dion Cassius did not see it fall, but he saw it immediately after it fell. He collected drops of it, and by rubbing them on a piece of copper, he gave it the appearance of silver, which, he says, it retained three whole days. Notwithstanding his positive testimony, and notwithstanding the tradition reported by Glycas, according to which the

* Neither Dion nor Glycas calls it quicksilver, but the former *drops of dew like silver*, and the latter *drops of silver*.

same event took place in the reign of Aurelian, this wonder is too strange to be admitted in the present day. Must we therefore absolutely reject it? The impossible, says one, is never probable,—surely not; but can we assign the limits of the possible? let us examine—let us doubt—but let us not hasten to deny. At the beginning of the nineteenth century, the most distinguished of the French Savans, a few days after they had rejected, with some severity, an account of a shower of aerolites (meteoric stones) were compelled not only to acknowledge the existence but the frequent occurrence of this phenomenon. If a prodigy similar to that witnessed by Dion, had been reported at different epochs by different writers, and if it had occurred in our own day, and had been seen by skilful observers, it would no longer have been a fable—an illusion, but a phenomenon which, like the fall of aerolites, would take its place in the annals where science consigns facts which it has found to be certain, without pretending to explain them.

"With what disdain, with what ridicule and contempt would we have spurned any ancient author who informed us 'that a woman had a breast in her left thigh with which she suckled her own child and several others.' This phenomenon was actually maintained to be true by the Academy of Sciences at Paris (at the sitting of the 5th June 1827). In order to place the fact beyond a doubt, we require only to know the accuracy of the philosopher who observed it, and the strength of the testimonies by which his veracity is confirmed."—*Tom. i. p. 11-15.*

In support of the sentiment contained in the preceding extract, that we ought to be cautious in denying the prodigies recorded by the ancients, M. Salverte describes a prodigy in our own day, to which he himself bears a secondary testimony, and which, he avers, would have been treated as a fable had it been related by any ancient author.

"On the 27th May 1819, at four o'clock in the evening, the commune of Grignoncourt, in the arrondissement of Neufchâteau, and department of the Vosges, was desolated by an enormous hail. M. Jacoutot, then and at present (1829) Maire of this commune, collected and melted several hailstones, weighing nearly half a kilogramme (upwards of 1 lb. avoird.). He found in the centre of each a transparent stone of the color of coffee, and from 14 to 18 millimètres thick (from 6 to 8 tenths of an inch!), larger than a piece of two francs, flat, round, polished, and perforated in the centre, with a hole which would admit the little finger. Wherever the hail had fallen there were found, when it had melted, many similar stones hitherto unknown in the commune of Grignoncourt. In a procès-verbal, addressed to the sub-prefect of Neufchâteau,

M. Jacoutot mentions this extraordinary phenomenon, and on the 26th September he himself gave to two other persons and to myself the above details, which he offered to have attested by all the inhabitants of the commune, and which M. Garnier, Curé of Chatillon sur Saone and Grignoncourt, spontaneously confirmed to me.

"On the banks of the Ognon, a river which runs at the distance of ten or twelve leagues from Grignoncourt, there is seen a great quantity of stones similar to those which have been mentioned, and equally perforated in the middle. Were they also the product of hail charged with aerolites?"—*Tom. ii.*, p. 14, 15, Note.

Now this story of a shower of transparent coffee-colored stones, embosomed in hail, which is given as an example of an undoubted modern prodigy, is defective in that very condition which M. Salverte considers necessary to command our assent: The phenomenon was never seen in any other place, and by any other persons, and the enveloped stone was not a substance, like quicksilver, known to have a separate existence. A meteoric stone might be projected from the moon, however unlikely such a supposition is, or might be a fragment of a broken planet, or it might be an aggregate of mineral elements, which we know exist in the atmosphere; but a great quantity of circular perforated discs of a polished and transparent mineral, could only have come from a jeweller's shop in the moon, consigned to another jeweller in the atmosphere, who set them in ice for the benefit of the Maire of Grignoncourt. If such quantities of so rare and curious a body not only fell in France, but were gathered on the banks of the Ognon, why did not M. Jacoutot show a single specimen to M. Salverte in 1826, and why do we not find specimens in the different museums in the capital cities of Europe? No mineralogist has described the stone—no chemist has analyzed it, and no devotee has worshipped it.

In the preceding extract, M. Salverte has embodied Mr. Hume's celebrated argument against Miracles, which has so long been the mainstay of the skeptic and the infidel; but though he has himself successfully replied to it, yet he has withdrawn from the benefit of his reply those prodigies and miracles which are witnessed by persons whose judgments are influenced by a "religious revelation," and consequently the miracles of the New Testament. For this exclusion he has assigned no reason

whatever, and it becomes necessary to remove any erroneous impression which it may have made upon the reader.

When we balance the probability that human testimony may err, against the probability that the operations of nature will continue in their ordinary course, we assume an uniformity in these operations of which we have no clear proof, and a fallibility in human testimony which does not universally characterize it. But if there be such an uniformity in the course of nature, and a continuity in her laws, the laws which govern our moral being are no less uniform. That man is often deceived, and is himself as often a deceiver, is a truth too general to be questioned; but it is just as probable, that the earth will stand still, and day and night cease, as that a number of simple and intelligent men will concur in giving false witness when their interests and their happiness would be promoted by withholding it. In discussing a question of this kind, we must take the case of a sober and enlightened inquirer, who is called upon to believe a supernatural event upon the testimony of witnesses with whose character he is acquainted. Such an individual, however learned, can have no very overpowering conviction of the uniform course of nature. Whatever be its extent, it must be founded chiefly on his own limited observation. For any thing he can understand, the earth, or any other planet, may stand still periodically, to keep its motions in harmony with the rest of the system; and for any thing he knows, such an event may have often taken place. Various facts which history records, and events, perhaps within his own knowledge, may concur in giving some degree of probability to the occurrence of such interruptions of the course of nature. The Aurora Borealis, for example, seems to have presented itself to man for the first time within the last 200 years. The masses of meteoric iron in Siberia and in Brazil, must have fallen from the sky since the formation of the soil on which they rest; and in our own day we have seen pestilence tracking its desolating course over the world, and in lines where neither soil nor climate seem to have drawn it, as if it were a catastrophe in which second causes were either inoperative or concealed from our view.

In the records of human evidence, on the contrary, no examples can be found in which concurrent witnesses persisted in a

false testimony, which exposed them to insult and persecution, and finally sealed that testimony with their blood. The sober inquirer after truth, therefore, cannot but regard such a species of evidence as an unerring guide, and by appealing to his own mind—which in a case of this kind must be the safest arbiter—he will find that he could not, under such circumstances, persist in a testimony that was false, and will thus arrive at the same truth which he had deduced from history and observation.

With regard to the limitation which M. Salverte has annexed to the admission of miracles, it does not clearly appear whether the "religious revelation" is supposed to influence the testimony of the witnesses, or the mind of the inquirer. If he means the mind of the inquirer, as the phrase of influencing the judgment might lead us to infer, then the limitation is unnecessary, as no person already convinced of the truth of the revelation, and overpowered by its grandeur, would ever think of inquiring farther into its evidence. If he means the testimony of the witnesses, then it is manifest that the ocular evidence of a believing witness is, in the abstract, equally good with that of a skeptic, and that evidence, too, is corroborated by the consideration, that a witness who is to regulate his conduct by the truths to which he testifies, and, on its account to expose himself to obloquy, if not to exile or martyrdom, will exercise, in the examination of it, a double caution.

In his third chapter, M. Salverte proceeds to enumerate and discuss the principal causes which give to a common fact a supernatural character. The simplest of these causes he finds in the illusory appearances of the works of nature themselves, which the imagination of the observer transforms into realities. The river in the valley of Mount Ida, which every year ran with blood in commemoration of the death of Memnon, who fell in single combat with Achilles, is an example of this species of illusion. This fragment of Grecian fable originated in the more ancient tradition, that the river Adonis, which had its source in Mount Lebanon, was colored annually with the blood of the unfortunate youth who perished by the mortal bite of the wild boar which he pursued. An inhabitant of Byblos observed, that the soil watered by the river, was composed of a red earth, which, being dried by the heat, was carried by the

wind into the river, and thus communicated to it the color of blood. Among the poetical fictions of Greece, was the transformation into a rock, near the island of Corfu, of the Phœnician vessel which brought back Ulysses into Thrace. Pliny mentions, that a rock in that locality actually had the appearance of a vessel in full sail, and a modern traveller has described this curious resemblance.* In illustration of this class of illusory phenomena, to which the character of the marvellous has been given, M. Salverte refers to those impressions on the surface of rocks, which so frequently resemble the tracks of living beings. The foot of Buddha is imprinted on Adam's rock in Ceylon, and the impress of Gaudma's foot is revered among the Birmans. Dr. John Davy conjectures that the one is a work of art, and Colonel Sym regards the other as resembling more a hieroglyphic tablet than a natural phenomenon. The Mussulmans exhibit the impression of Mahomet's head on the walls of a grotto near Medina, and the foot of his camel is sunk in a rock in Palestine. Even in the African desert, in the middle of Soudon, a gigantic impression of the foot of Mahomet's camel is shown to the traveller. Diodorus Siculus informs us that on a rock near Agrigentum, are to be seen the tracks of the cows which were conducted by Hercules. The legends, however, of Catholic superstition have been more productive than any other, of this species of wonder. The Christian devotee has found on Mount Carmel the mark of the foot of Elias. That of Jesus is repeated four times near his tomb in the vicinity of Nazareth. Near the same village, the Catholic reveres the imprint of the knees of the Virgin Mary, and that of the feet and elbows of our Saviour, and he has even discovered the mark of the last step of the Saviour on earth before his ascension into heaven. Even in modern times, an inhabitant of Charente has recognized upon a rock the impress of the foot of Mary Magdalene;† and the prints of human feet, exquisitely natural, both in their form and position, have been found in our own day in the secondary limestone of the Mississippi valley, near St. Louis. In South America, too, similar human footprints, supposed by the Catholics to be those of the Apo-

* *Bibliothèque Universelle*, Literature, tom. ii., p. 195, June 1816.

† *Mém. de la Société des Antiquaires de France*, tom. vii., p. 42.

tles, have attracted the attention of geologists.

These various statements, with the exception of the two last, have been adduced by M. Salverte as examples of the influence of the imagination, in seeing the likeness of familiar objects in forms accidentally produced, and he does not seem aware of the remarkable discoveries of the footsteps on solid rocks, which now form some of the most interesting data in geological science.* We have no doubt, therefore, that in several of the cases which have been quoted, the impressions were real and not imaginary, or at least as real as the limestone footsteps near St. Louis. M. Schoolcraft, the American geologist, who describes the latter, informs us that it was the opinion of Governor Cass and himself, formed on the spot, "that these impressions were made at a time when the rock was soft enough to receive them by pressure, and that the marks of the feet are natural and genuine;" and an eminent English geologist, writing on this subject, frankly states that he "is persuaded that the prints alluded to were the genuine impression of human feet made in the limestone when wet. I cannot now go on," he adds, "with the arguments that may be urged in proof of my assertion, but rely upon it, those prints are certain evidence that man existed at the epoch of the deposition of that limestone, as that birds lived when the new red sandstone was formed."†

The conversion of the natural into the supernatural, is produced, also, according to our author, by the mere exaggeration of the details or duration of a phenomenon, and hence it may be made to resume the aspect of truth, by restoring to it its natural proportions, or if the miracle has been presented to us as something energetic and permanent, by viewing it as feeble and transitory. The diamond, for example, and some other bodies, after imbibing the brilliant light of the sun, continue for some short time to radiate it in the dark; but the eastern fabulists have illuminated palaces, and lighted up the depths of a forest with their emanations. In like manner, the huge herculean *rocckh* of the same writers, is but the exaggerated *Condor* of America; and the monstrous *Kraken* which the northern mariners sometimes mistake to their ruin, for an island, is probably but an

individual of the cetaceous tribe. The ancients believed that there were some animals which produced their young from the mouth; and there is reason to think that this incredible deviation from the laws of Nature, had its origin in the fact, affirmed by Mr. Clinton of New York, that the young of the rattlesnake often take refuge in the mouth of their mother, and of course emerge again when the alarm has ceased. The lake of Avernus, according to ancient authors, exhaled such pestilential vapors, that the birds which flew across it were suffocated in their passage, and long after Augustus had removed its insalubrity by cutting down the adjacent forests, the lake was considered as one of the entrances to the abodes of the dead. The story is doubtless true, and errs only in the duration ascribed to the phenomenon, and in the inference deduced from it. "The marshes of Carolina, says M. Bosc, are so insalubrious in certain places, surrounded with extensive woods, and during the great heat of the day, that birds, which are not aquatic, are struck dead while passing over it."

A third source of the marvellous presents itself in the use of improper expressions, ambiguous in their nature, and either ill understood or ill translated. In the 2d book of Kings, for example, (chap. vi., v. 25,) we are told that there was a great famine in Samaria, and that it was besieged till the fourth part of a cab of *dove's dung* was sold for five pieces of silver! Now it has been proved by Bochart, that this name was formerly given, and is now given by the Arabs to a species of peas, vetches, or parched pulse, resembling the dung of the pigeon. It is now a cheap and favorite food in the east, and is generally used, when fried, as provisions for a journey. Great magazines of it are collected at Grand Cairo and Damascus. Midas, king of Phrygia, and other ancient princes, are said to have died after drinking the *blood of the bull*, and the death of Themistocles has been ascribed to the same cause, although that blood was never supposed to possess any deleterious property. In eastern temples, however, and also in some of the temples of Greece, the priests possessed the secret of compounding a beverage which had the property of producing sudden death without pain, and to this drink, which had a red color, the name of *bull's blood* seems to have been given.

Using the same metaphorical language, the Swiss have given to a particular kind

* See this *Journal*, No. I. p. 30.

† *American Journal of Science*, June 1838, Vol. xxxiii., p. 398.

of red wine the name of the *blood of the Swiss*; and M. Salverte thinks it not unlikely that this virtuous race may, in some future day, be represented as cannibals, when they find it recorded by some of their own historians, that ample libations of this ruddy wine had been quaffed at some of their civic feasts. Ktesias places in India a fountain which is annually filled with liquid gold. "It is emptied," he adds, "every year with an hundred earthen pitchers, which are broken, when the gold is indurated at the bottom, and in each of them is found gold of the value of a talent." This statement of Ktesias is ridiculed by Larcher, the translator of Herodotus, who dwells emphatically on the disproportion of the produce to the capacity of the fountain, which could not contain less than a cubic toise of the liquid. The recital of the historian, however, as M. Salverte justly remarks, is defective only in using the phrase, *liquid gold*, in place of *gold suspended in water*. The individual particles of the metal are not visible in the liquid medium, and it is only by the evaporation of the water, and the gradual subsidence of the heavy particles, that they are precipitated on the bottom and sides of the vessels which contain them.

The other sources of the marvellous assigned by our author, are the use of figurative expressions, and a poetical style,—erroneous explanations of emblematical representations,—and the adoption of apologies and allegories as real facts. In illustrating these different topics, M. Salverte makes frequent reference to the Old Testament as a record of ancient history, and though we cannot suppose that our readers would derive either pleasure or instruction, by the perusal of this part of the work, or from any brief analysis of it, yet we would recommend it to the notice of the biblical critic, who might draw from it some useful hints both for the exposition and defence of the Scriptures.

From the class of wonders which have their origin in enthusiasm, ignorance, and credulity, M. Salverte passes to the consideration of "real but rare phenomena, which have been extensively received as prodigies due to the intervention of Divine Power." Although our author has scarcely touched upon the subject, the most magical and at the same time the most inexplicable of these phenomena, are the showers of stones which have at different times, and in various places, fallen from the atmosphere. Many examples of this phe-

nomenon occurred long before the Christian era, and when such phenomena were associated in point of time with political or even with domestic events, they could not fail to be regarded as of a supernatural character, and as indicating the immediate agency of the Almighty. Notwithstanding the distinct accounts that have been handed down to us of the fall of stones, metals, dust and rain of various kinds and colors, they were invariably discredited; and till within the last fifty years, or till the year 1803, when more than 3000 fell at Aigle, some of which weighed 17 lbs., they excited little notice in the scientific world. The analysis of these stones, which proved them to be different from any other stones which have been found on the surface or in the bowels of the earth, opened the eyes of philosophers; and the subject of aerolites, as they were called, became one of the most interesting departments of modern science. The writings of the ancients were eagerly ransacked, and in these as well as in the records of the early and middle ages of the Christian era, numerous well authenticated examples of this phenomenon were found. In 1478, A. C., a thunder stone fell in Crete. In 1168 a mass of iron fell upon Mount Ida, and the Ancylo or sacred shield, which fell in the reign of Numa, and which had nearly the same shape as meteoric stones which in our own times fell at the Cape and at Agra, has been universally regarded as an aerolite. A large stone, the size of a cart, fell at Ægospotamos, in A. C. 466, and was publicly exhibited in the time of Plutarch. So frequently, indeed, has this phenomenon occurred, that not a century has elapsed since the birth of Christ, without many examples of it having been recorded. It is singular, however, that so few accidents have attended the descent of aerolites. In 1790, when a shower of stones fell near Roquefort, in the vicinity of Bordeaux, one of them, which was 15 inches in diameter, forced itself through the roof of a hut, and killed a herdsman and a bullock; and in July 1810, a huge stone fell at Shahabad in India, which burnt five villages, and several men and women.

Other substances, and those sometimes of a very singular character, have been thrown down from our atmosphere. Procopius, and other ancient writers, mention a heavy shower of black dust which fell at Constantinople about the year 472. Showers of red dust, and of matter like co-

agulated blood, have fallen at various times, sometimes alone, sometimes accompanying meteors, and sometimes along with aerolites. Showers of what has been called by some blood, and by others red rain, have been often recorded, and that so recently as 1803; showers of red snow occurred in various parts of Italy, the coloring matter consisting of silex, alumina, and oxide of iron. The most remarkable of these was the snow of a *rose color*, which fell to the depth of five feet ten inches over the whole surface of Carnia, Cadore, Belluna and Feltri. Snow and hail of a red color, with much red dust and red rain, fell over all Tuscany on the 13th and 14th March 1813, and a brick-red snow fell on Tonal and other mountains in Italy, on the 15th April 1816.

Among the prodigies of ancient times, there were none more remarkable than what were considered as *showers of pieces of flesh*. That such substances were found on the surface of the earth, and were, therefore, from their singularity, supposed to have fallen from heaven, there can be little doubt. On the surface of the thermal waters of Baden, and also on those of Ischia, there has been found a substance called *zoogene*, which resembles the human flesh covered with its skin, and which, when distilled, furnishes the same products as animal matter. M. Gimbernat, who has given an account of it in the *Journal de Pharmacie* for April 1821, has found rocks covered with it near the chateau of Lepomena, and in the valleys of Sinigaglia and Negropont.

But the meteoric wonders of the ancients, in which the color of blood was imparted to streams of water and showers of rain, have a close parallel in a phenomenon in natural history which has been observed in our own day, and which M. Salverte has mentioned only in a few lines. This phenomenon occurred in the spring of 1825, when the lake of Morat in Switzerland was dyed, as it were, with a red substance, which "colored it in a manner so extraordinary, that all the inhabitants on the banks of the river which issues from it were struck with astonishment." The phenomenon continued from November till April and even May. Early in the day nothing remarkable is noticed in the lake, but afterwards red lines, long, regular, and parallel, are observed along the margin of the lake, and at a little distance from its banks. The substance of these red streaks is pushed by the wind into the small bays,

and heaped round the reeds, where it covers the surface of the lake with a fine reddish foam, forming colored streaks, from a greenish black to the most beautiful red. A putrid smell is exhaled during the night from this stagnant mass, and it afterwards disappears, to re-appear, in a similar manner, in the following day. The perch and the pike, and other fish in the lake, were tinged red, as if they had been fed with madder; and several small fish, which came to the surface to breathe and to catch flies, died with convulsions in passing through this red matter. The curious phenomenon which we have now described, has been found by M. Decandolle to be enormous quantities of a new animal, which has received the name of *oscillatoria rubescens*, and which seems to be the same with what Haller has described as a *purple conferva* swimming in water. Although this phenomenon did not attract the notice of philosophers till 1825, it is said to happen every spring, and the fishermen announce the fact by saying that the lake is in flower.* M. Ehrenberg, while navigating the Red Sea, observed that the color of its waters was owing to a similar cause.†

In the natural history of our own species, M. Salverte, finds many examples of the marvellous, which, though discredited by the skeptical, have been confirmed by modern authors. Some of the more ancient Greek writers, such as Trigonus and Aristæus, speak of pigmies two and a half feet high, of a people who have their eyes in their shoulders—of anthropophagi existing among the Northern Scythians—and of a country named *Albania*, where men are born with white hair, who can scarcely see during the day, but whose vision is perfect at night. Although Aulus Gellius has treated these relations as incredible, yet M. Salverte is of opinion that they are true, that the Laplanders and the Samoiedans are the types of the two first races, and the *Albinas* of the third. Ktesias places the pigmies in the middle of Asia, and these are considered by M. Salverte to be similar to the *Ainos* of the Kurile Islands, who are only four feet high, and covered with long hair. Our own countryman, Mr. Horner, saw in Boutan an indi-

* *Les Mémoires de la Société de Physique et d'Hist. Nat. de Genève*. Tom. iii., part 2; and *Edinburgh Journal of Science*, April 1827. Vol. vi., p. 307.

† *La Revue Encyclopédique*. Tom. 23, p. 783.

vidual of a very diminutive race. "Some ancient authors," says M. Salverte, "have placed the pigmies in Africa.* A French traveller, M. Mollien, found in the Tenda-Maïé, on the banks of the Rio Grande, a race which, he says, are remarkable for the smallness of their size, and the weakness of their limbs."† Sir Walter Raleigh and Keymis, were informed by the natives of Guiana, that there existed on the American continent a race of men who had their eyes in their shoulders and their mouths in their breast; or, as the French translator of Raleigh's account of Guiana puts it—who had very short necks and very high shoulders. M. Salverte has said nothing of the Patagonians, but we have heard on the authority of a recent traveller, that their apparent size arises from the great height of their shoulders; and if any of our tall male readers will draw himself up so that his head sinks between his elevated shoulders, and if he stalks through the room on tiptoe he will not fall short of the Patagonian giants.

M. Salverte has entertained his readers at some length with an account of a few of those monstrous births, which have been so ably classified and described as a branch of natural history by M. Geoffroy de St. Hilaire; but as we do not ourselves take any interest in this department of the marvellous, we shall presume that our readers have the same disrelish for it. The Siamese twins, who have been exhibited in our own times, and in our own country, and who formed the most elegant and interesting specimen of this kind of prodigy, have not even been noticed by our author. Were we to give the wonders of physiology a place among the occult

sciences, we should occupy the rest of our space with the most marvellous details. There would pass in review before us:—youths with horns, and men with horny stumps; spotted and piebald negroes, and men who change the color of their skin; boys who recover their speech in a dream, and girls who preach in their sleep; men who lived eighteen years on water, and women fifty years on whey, and others without any drink at all; persons who survived six days without food under snow, and seven days in coal pits; ladies who talk without tongues, execute difficult pieces of music in their sleep, and who lose and regain their musical ear; Englishmen who live on opium, and Mahomedans who eat corrosive sublimate; soldiers that are slain by the wind of a ball, and sailors who swallow buttons and clasp-knives; and we should bring up the rear with a heterogeneous array of tiny children that go into pint jugs, and gigantic ones that would fill a barrel; of fat men, and men with but skin and bone; and of giants and dwarfs, terminating with General Tom Thumb. We must leave these subjects, however, in the hands of the physiological conjurer, and restrict ourselves to the more inviting topics of natural magic.

The name *Magic* was given by the Greeks to that science in which they had been instructed by the Magi. In Egypt and in all the countries of the East it prevailed from the earliest times, and wherever it did prevail, the belief in it was sincere and universal. The power of controlling the laws of nature was believed to reside both in good and evil spirits, and it was never supposed that the exercise of this power by human agency was any encroachment upon what was foreordained, or any interference with the regular and harmonious government of the universe. Every rival sect, however hostile to each other, admitted the power of their respective magicians, and the truth of their miracles; and, though a master spirit either of good or of evil exercised dominion over the rival necromancers, yet a higher power directed the depositaries of supernatural influence, and limited it to its proper bearing upon human affairs. When we see opposing principles come into competition, the inferiority of the evil principle becomes apparent. Zoroaster, who was supposed to be the inventor of magic, did not scruple to contend with the sorcerers of his day; and the superiority of his science, supposed to be the

* Aristotle places them among the marshes near the sources of the Nile. Herodotus assigns the same locality to his Troglodytes, and the correctness of this assertion is confirmed by Major, now Sir William Cornwallis Harris, who learned when in Shoa, that a pigmy race, called the Doko, inhabited the extensive wilderness which bounds Caffa on the south. They do not much exceed four feet in height. Both sexes go naked; the men have no beard. They live on roots and ants, which they dig with their unpared nails. They are ignorant of fire, and have no king, no laws, no arts, no arms; and but a "glimmering idea of a Supreme Being." They are annually hunted by the slave dealers around them, and when surrounded in the bamboo forests, a thousand of the Doko will often surrender to a hundred of their enemies. See Harris's *Highlands of Ethiopia*. Vol. iii., p. 63-67.

† *Voyage dans l'intérieur d'Afrique*. Paris, 1820. Tom. ii., p. 110.

inspiration of the principle of good, never failed to triumph over the ignorance of his antagonists, as the depositaries of an evil influence. Even in the records of Divine Truth, we find the Egyptian magicians contending with the prophet of the true God. Confiding in the wisdom of his sorcerers, Pharaoh sat in judgment over the rival enchantments; but though he at first gloried in the successful miracles of his priests, he at last acknowledged their inferiority to Moses;—and even the magicians themselves, when they saw the genuine display of Divine power, voluntarily cried out that the finger of God was there.

But it was not often that the incantations of human skill, whether wholly acquired by the magician, or communicated to him by some higher power, were brought into collision with the miraculous influence which was given to the prophets. A continued struggle prevailed among the magicians themselves, and he who was the surest prophet, and the most expert wonder-worker, was regarded as the friend and favorite of the gods. The abettors of different religions, and the priests who presided over the temples of rival gods, were thus led to call to their aid all the knowledge, both theoretical and practical, which science could lend them; and thus did the heathen temple become at once the sanctuary of worship and the seat of knowledge.

According to an ancient author, the magic of the Chaldeans consisted of three parts. The *first* part embodied the knowledge of plants, animals, and metals; the *second* indicated the season of the year, and the state of the atmosphere, when miraculous works could be most readily produced; and the *third* was occupied with the details of gestures and cabalistic words, and other mummeries which were held to be the necessary accompaniments of the magical art. This system of truth and falsehood combined, varied from age to age, and assumed new forms suited to the character and superstition of the people over whom it was to be wielded. The common arts of life, which were in early times included among its mysteries, gradually diffused themselves among the uninitiated; the truths of science disappeared, while the processes and methods which sprung from them continued in practice; and the tricks of the charlatan, and the deceptions of the juggler became at last the staple commodities of the magician.

After a learned, but not very interest-

ing, discussion of various questions connected with the history and degradation of the ancient mysteries, M. Salverte proceeds in his tenth chapter to enumerate the wonders which the practice of the occult sciences enabled the magician to exhibit, and he gives the following poetical account of the initiation of a youthful aspirant into the awful mysteries of his profession:—

“At first immovable, and, as it were, chained in the midst of darkness as deep as that of the infernal regions, if vivid lightnings pierce the gloom which surrounds him, it is only to display its horrors. By means of their terrific gleams, he sees, and yet cannot discover the monstrous figures and spectres which rise before him. Serpents hiss beside him; wild beasts howl; rocks tumble with a crash, and the echo repeats and prolongs in the distance these alarming sounds. An interval of calm succeeds; and such still is his emotion, that the slightest noise, and the most agreeable sound causes him to start. The scene suddenly brightens, and he sees it changing around him in its aspect and its movements; the earth trembles under his feet, sometimes rising as a mountain, and sometimes sinking, as it were, into a deep gulf. He is suddenly lifted up, or quickly carried away, without knowing the impelling power which he obeys. The paintings and statues around him seem endowed with life. The bust of bronze sheds its tears. The colossal figures move and walk, and the statues give forth a harmonious melody. He advances, and centaurs, harpies, gorgons, and hydras with their hundred heads, surround and threaten him, while ghastly forms, without bodies, make sport either of his fears or of his courage. Phantoms, having the perfect resemblance of men whom he admired or loved, flit before his eyes, and mock, without ceasing, the embraces which they seem to desire. The thunder growls, the lightnings flash, the waters kindle and roll in torrents of fire. A substance, dry and solid, ferments, melts, and transforms itself into waves of foaming blood! Here the condemned try in vain to fill a shallow urn, but the liquid which they unceasingly pour out, never rises above its level. There the friends of the divinity prove their right to their title by braving boiling water, red hot iron, melted brass, and burning piles. They make the wildest and most ferocious animals obey them; they give the command, and enormous serpents crawl at their feet; they seize the asp and the viper, and they tear them in pieces, while the reptiles dare not retaliate by their bite. The aspirant now hears the near sound of a human voice. It calls him; he replies to its questions; it issues its orders to him; it pronounces its oracles, and yet every thing around him is inanimate, and the nearer he approaches the place whence the words seem to issue, the less he perceives the

cause which produces them—the voice by which they reach his ear. At the bottom of a narrow vault, inaccessible to day, a light as brilliant as that of the sun, suddenly breaks forth, and reveals to him, even in the distance, enchanted gardens, and a palace whose splendor and magnificence mark it as the abode of the immortal gods. There the gods themselves appear to him, and by the most august signs reveal to him their presence. His eye sees them, his ear hears them. His reason disturbed—his mind distracted—his thoughts absorbed by the many marvels, abandon him; and dazzled with the sight, and beside himself—he adores the glorious indications of superhuman power, and the immediate presence of the divinity.”—Tom. i., pp. 263-272.

When the aspirant has thus witnessed many of the most striking wonders, and has shown himself worthy of a place in the priesthood, he is initiated into secrets still more profound, and instructed in processes still more mysterious and sublime. These new powers over man and the elements, are thus eloquently expressed by our author, as if he were himself announcing them to the initiated aspirant:—

“Servant of a God, now beneficent and now avenging, but ever omnipotent—man and the elements shall obey thee. Thou shalt astonish the multitudes by thine abstinence from food; and thou shalt penetrate them with gratitude for rendering salubrious the unwholesome beverage which an excess of thirst has forced them to accept. Thou shalt unsettle the spirits of men; thou shalt plunge them into animal stupidity, or into ferocious rage, or thou shalt make them forget their griefs: thou shalt rouse even to fanaticism their boldness and their docility; thou shalt fulfil in vision their most ardent desires; and, master of their imaginations, thou shalt often, without any material agent, act upon their senses, and rule over their will. The arbiter of their differences, thou shalt have no occasion, like themselves, to examine witnesses and to balance testimonies—a simple proof will suffice to distinguish the innocent and truth-speaking witness from the guilty person, and the perjurer, struck down by a painful and inevitable death. In their maladies, men shall implore thine aid, and at thy voice assistance from above shall heal their diseases. Thou shalt even rescue from death the prey which he has already seized. Woe be to him who shall offend thee. Thou shalt strike the guilty with blindness, with leprosy, and with death; thou shalt prohibit the earth from yielding its fruits; thou shalt poison the air which they breathe; the air, the vapors shall furnish thee with weapons against thine enemies. The most terrible of the elements, fire, shall become thy slave. It shall issue spontaneously at thy command; it shall dazzle the sight of the most incredulous,

and water shall not be able to extinguish it. It shall burst forth terrible like thunder against thy victims, and tearing up the bosom of the earth, it shall force it to engulf them, and shall give them up to it to be devoured. The heavens even shall recognize thy power; thou shalt predict, either to gratify or alarm, the changes in the atmosphere, or the convulsions of the earth. Thou shalt turn aside the lightning; thou shalt make sport of its fires; and trembling man shall believe that thou hast the power of bringing it down upon his head.”—Tom. i., p. 272-274.

Such are the powers with which magic has invested its votaries, and such the influence which it has in every age exercised over ignorance and superstition. To us, however, whom science has enlightened, and over whom a spurious faith has wielded none of its blighting energies, the illusions and deceptions so powerfully emblazoned in the preceding extracts, will appear but as the results of mechanical dexterity and scientific skill, or as the effects of soporific potions which drown the senses without deadening them—of chemical embrocations which protect the skin, or of pungent odors and penetrating liniments which disturb the senses, or act with energy upon the nerves.

In proceeding to show how all these effects have been produced, our author does not pretend to find in the writings of the ancients, positive indications of that scientific knowledge which a satisfactory explanation of them requires; but he believes that the ancients had the means of performing the wonders which they profess to perform, and he therefore supposes that the knowledge which was thus required has gradually disappeared during its transition through the temple worship and the secret societies to which it had been communicated.

In the display of wonders which were exhibited to the sacerdotal aspirant, the motion of the ground on which he stood, and his rapid transference from one scene of the drama to another, were obviously the principal parts of the performance, without which all the rest would have been insufficient; and hence an ingenious and concealed system of mechanical locomotion was required. That such machines actually existed, may be inferred, as M. Salverte has shown from various passages in ancient authors. Cassiodorus defines mechanics as “the science of constructing marvellous machines, the effect of which is to reverse the entire order of nature.” Livy informs us, that in the disgraceful mysteries which were denounc-

ed by the Roman magistrates in the year 186 before Christ, those who refused to take a part in them were tied to machines, and were said to be hurried off by the Gods into secret caves.* The persons who descended into the cave of Trophonius to consult the oracles, were placed at the entrance, which was too narrow to admit a man of the middle size. When his knees were introduced, he felt himself dragged inwards with great rapidity, and in addition to this mechanism, there was another which suddenly enlarged the width of the entrance. When the Indian magi conducted Apollonius into their temples amid a sacred procession, and the chanting of hymns, the earth, which they struck, keeping time, with their batons, moved like an agitated sea, and raised them to the height of two steps, and then replaced them on their former level. That such machinery actually existed, may be inferred also from the present state of some of the ancient temples, where grooves and apertures, and other indications of mechanism are still to be seen.

Ingenuous, however, as these pieces of scenic mechanism must have been, they sink into insignificance when compared with the machinery of the present day, contemplated either in the vastness of its power, or in the ingenuity and delicacy of its applications: The mighty steam engine—whether we view it in its individual grandeur or in its universal dominion over all inferior machinery—must ever be the great autocrat of the mechanical world. How wide are its provinces—how extensive its fields of enterprise—how numerous its subjects, and how diversified their aims! Over the ocean and the estuary, across the inland sea and the mountain lake, along the sinuous river and the placid stream, it passes in majestic sweep like the vapor-tailed comet athwart the planetary domains, dispensing blessings in its course, and gifts yet unrecognized by the recipients of its bounty. The merchant and the traveller, the naturalist and the voluntary exile, the philanthropist and the ambassador of heaven, are borne with speed and safety to the scenes of their respective labors. Man meets man, interchanging the works of their hands or the produce of the soil. Antipodes, who have hitherto been planted with foot opposite to foot, now stand in

parallel intercourse and craniological proximity. The white man and the black, the serf and the freeman, the liberated slave and his repentant master, commune on each other's sufferings and aspirations, and prepare for that reign of peace which is gradually evolving from the mysterious cloud that now overhangs the nations. Nor are its labors less marvellous and less beneficent within the more limited range of our daily interests and observation. Here it stands at the mine head disembowelling the earth of its treasures—there delivering it from its superfluous waters or depriving it of its deleterious or explosive atmosphere. Here it has its fixed abode in the factory, giving life and motion to the various combinations of art which prepare for our use the necessities and luxuries of life—there it takes its locomotive flight along our pathways of iron, shortening time and space, and uniting in one brotherhood the most distant and dis severed members of the commonwealth. Wherever, indeed, its throne is reared it exercises a beneficent sovereignty, feeding and clothing man—subjugating the material world to his use, and summoning all his intellectual powers to make new demands upon its liberality, and draw new prizes from its treasure house.

In the budget of wonders which the ancient priests opened to the astounded neophytes, the phenomena of sound performed an effective part. The roars of thunder were supposed to precede the approach of the gods, or to accompany the responses of their oracles. Pliny tells us that the labyrinths of Egypt contained several palaces so constructed that when the doors were opened the loudest peals of thunder were reverberated from its walls. The sweet sounds which at another time ravished the ears of the aspirant, issued from metallic rods or other acoustic instruments placed behind the wainscot of the temple, and, in Salverte's opinion, the sounds of human voices were produced by hydraulic organs, which were well known to the ancients. In the treatise on rivers and mountains, ascribed to Pausanias, we are told that a marvellous stone was placed as a sentinel at the entrance to the treasury, and that robbers were scared away by the trumpet accent which it sent forth. Mineralogy presents us with several stones which have the property of resonance, and it is probable that a stone of this description was so suspended as to be struck by a metallic projection when the external door of the treas-

* *Raptos a diis homines dici, quos machinæ illigatos ex conspectu in abditos specus abripiant eos esse, qui sunt conjurare, aut sociari facinoribus noluerint.*—Tit. Liv., Lib. xxxiv., cap. 13.

ury was opened. Strong boxes, or safes as they are called, have been made in modern times which emitted sounds to alarm their owners when broken into surreptitiously;* and we have seen similar boxes which, when opened by a false key, throw out a battery of cannon and shoot the intruder. The clinkstone indicates by its very name its sonorous qualities. The red granite of the Thebaid in Egypt possesses similar properties, and so musical are the granitic rocks on the banks of the Orinoco that their sounds are ascribed to witchcraft by the natives, while the stones themselves are called by the missionaries *lozas de musica*. Our countryman, Mr. Mawe, informs us that there are large blocks of basalt in Brazil which emit very clear sounds when struck, and hence this property of particular stones has induced the Chinese to employ them in the fabrication of musical instruments. Within the last few years, indeed, an artist in Keswick has exhibited in many parts of the island a piano entirely composed of slabs of rock, upon which difficult pieces of music are performed.

Among the acoustic wonders of the ancients were the magical effects produced by ventriloquism. Children were made to speak at the moment of their birth, and statues, animals and trees, appropriated the words which issued from the closed lips of the ventriloquist. The apparatus called the *Invisible Girl*—an invention of modern times, in which questions are received and answered by the mouth of a suspended trumpet, belongs to the same class of deceptions. The *speaking heads* of the ancients contained the termination of tubes which communicated with living orators concealed either behind them or at a distance. The speaking head of Orpheus, of such celebrity among the Greeks and persians, uttered in this manner its oracular responses at Lesbos. The head of the Sage Mimer, which the Scandinavian magician Odin encased in gold, gave forth its responses with all the authority of a divine revelation. Pope Gerbert constructed a speaking head of brass about A. D. 1000; and Albertus Magnus completed another which not only moved but spoke. Lucian informs us that the statue of Esculapius was made to speak by the transmission of a voice from behind, through the gullet of a crane to the mouth of the figure. An

* M Salverte states that Louis XV. possessed one of these, and that Napoleon was offered one at Vienna in 1809.

examination of the statues found at Alexandria, indicated the same process; and when the wooden head spoke through a speaking trumpet at the court of Charles II., a popish priest, to whose tongue it owed its efficacy, was found concealed in the adjoining apartment.

Our limits will not permit us to do more than mention the vocal powers of the granite statue of Memnon in Egypt. Sir. A. Smith, an English traveller, distinctly heard the sounds issuing from it in the morning; and while others ascribe them to the same cause as the sounds in granite rocks, M. Salverte regards them as wholly artificial, and the work of Egyptian priestcraft; and he contrives a complicated apparatus of lenses, levers and hammers, by which he supposes that the rays of the sun, as the prime mover, produces the marvellous sounds. Akenside, in his *Pleasures of the Imagination*, has also alluded to a mechanism of strings put in motion by the solar beams.

For as old Memnon's image long renown'd
By fabling Nilus, to the quivering touch
Of Titan's ray, with each repulsive string
Concealing, sounded through the warbling air
Unbidden strains. Book i., p. 109.

But the most celebrated of all the acoustic wonders which the natural world presents to us is the Jebel Narkous, or the "Mountain of the Bell," a low sandy hill in the Peninsula of Mount Sinai, in Arabia Petræa, which gives out sounds varying from that of a humming top to thunder, while the sand, either from natural or artificial causes, descends its sloping flanks. It has been described in our own times by M. Seetzen, a German traveller, and also by Mr. Gray of University College, Oxford; but as their descriptions have been already published in different English works* we shall not again refer to them. A more recent traveller, Lieut. Wellstedt† of the Indian navy, who, while surveying a portion of the Red Sea in 1830, visited this celebrated mountain, and with whom we have had an opportunity of conversing upon the subject, has given the following description of its acoustic properties:—

"Jebel Narkous forms one of a ridge of low calcareous hills at a distance of 3½ miles from

* Brewster's *Letters on Natural Magic*, Letter ix.; and the *Edinburgh Journal of Science*, No. xi., p. 53, and No. xiii. p. 51.

† *Travels in Arabia*. Vol. ii., chap. 2. p. 23-26. London, 1838.

the beach, to which a sandy plain extending with a gentle rise to their base connects them. Its height, about 400 feet, as well as the material of which it is composed, a light colored friable sandstone, is about the same as the rest of the chain; but an inclined plane of almost impalpable sand rises at an angle of 40° with the horizon, and is bounded by a semi-circle of rocks, presenting broken, abrupt, and pinnaled forms, and extending to the base of this remarkable hill. Although their shape and arrangement in some respects may be said to resemble a whispering gallery, yet I determined by experiment that their irregular surface renders them but ill adapted to the production of an echo. Seated on a rock at the base of the sloping eminence, I directed one of the Bedowins to ascend, and it was not till he had reached some distance that I perceived the sand in motion rolling down the hill to the depth of a foot. It did not, however, descend in one continued stream, but as the Arab scrambled upwards it spread out laterally, and upwards, until a considerable portion of the surface was in motion. At their commencement the sounds might be compared to the faint strains of an Eolian harp when its strings first catch the breeze; as the sand became more violently agitated by the increased velocity of the descent, the noise more nearly resembled that produced by drawing the moistened fingers over glass. As it reached the base the reverberations attained the loudness of distant thunder, causing the rock on which we were seated to vibrate; and our camels, animals not easily frightened, became so alarmed that it was with difficulty their drivers could restrain them."—Vol. ii., p. 23.

In continuing his observations, Lieutenant Wellstedt remarked that the noise did not issue alike from every part of the hill. The loudest was produced by disturbing the sand on the north side, about twenty feet from the base, and about ten from the rocks which bound it in that direction. The sounds fell quicker on the ear at one time, and were prolonged at another, apparently depending on the velocity with which the Bedowin descended. The sounds are said to have an inconceivably melancholy effect, and the tradition given by Burckhardt that the bells of the convent were heard here, was often repeated by the Arabs to Lieutenant Wellstedt.

Our author visited the Jebel Narkous on two other occasions. The first time the sounds were barely audible, and rain having fallen before his second visit, the surface of the sand was so consolidated by the moisture that they could not be produced at all.

Hence Lieutenant Wellstedt ascribed the gratification of his curiosity at his third visit to the perfect dryness of the sand, and

consequently to the larger quantities that rolled down the slope. The same sounds, he found, were produced when the wind was sufficiently high to set the sand in motion. He does not venture to explain this phenomenon; but he rejects without hesitation the generally received opinion, that the effects are originated by this sand falling into cavities, "because sounds thus produced would be dull, and wholly deficient in the vibrations he has noticed."

Sir John Herschel has pronounced the phenomenon of El Narkous, as described by Seetzen and Gray to be a very surprising one, and to him "utterly inexplicable," and we should doubtless have found ourselves in the same dilemma had we not perused the narrative of Lieutenant Wellstedt, and become acquainted with an analogous phenomenon recently observed in our own country by Mr. Hugh Miller.

This able geologist and accurate observer, when visiting in the course of last summer, the interesting island of Eigg, in the Hebrides, observed that a musical sound was produced while he walked over the white dry sand which forms the sea beach of the island. At each step the sand was driven from his foot print, and the noise was simultaneous with the scattering of the sand. We have here, therefore, the phenomenon in its simple state, disembarassed from reflecting rocks, from a hard bed beneath, and from cracks and cavities that might be supposed to admit the sand, and indicating as its cause either the accumulated vibrations of the air when struck by the driven sand, or the accumulated sounds occasioned by the mutual impact of the particles of sand against each other. If a musket ball passing through the air emits a whistling note, each individual particle of sand must do the same, however faint be the note which it yields, and the accumulation of these infinitesimal vibrations must constitute an audible sound, varying with the number and velocity of the moving particles. In like manner, if two plates of silex or quartz, which are but large crystals of sand, give out a musical sound when mutually struck, the impact or collision of two minute crystals or particles of sand must do the same, in however inferior a degree, and the union of all these sounds, though singly imperceptible, may constitute the musical notes of the Bell Mountain or the lesser sounds of the trodden sea-beach of the Eigg.

The thirteenth chapter of the work be-

fore us is devoted to the discussion of those prodigies which are supposed to have been produced by optical combinations. This class of wonders is perhaps the most interesting of any of those which have a purely scientific origin. As the science of optics deals especially with images either of animate or inanimate objects which can be diminished or enlarged, multiplied or inverted, thrown upon smoke, into the air, or upon the ground, or upon the walls or ceiling of an apartment, it is obvious that the magician may apply these resources in effecting the most extraordinary exhibitions. It is to the eye, rendered sensitive or faithless by fear, or even when in the full possession of its powers of scrutiny and detection, that the spectres and apparitions which form the staple of the supernatural, invariably present themselves. The illusions of the ear we may question; and even those of the taste, the touch, and the smell, may be liable to suspicion; but we never doubt the existence of what stands fully before us, whether it appeals to our individual observation, or to the concurring senses of our associates.

It is universally admitted that the ancients used mirrors of silver, steel, and of speculum metal, composed of copper and tin. It appears from a passage in Pliny, that mirrors of glass were manufactured at Sidon, though we have no reason to believe that they possessed the art of increasing the reflective power of their posterior surface; and therefore they could be used only when a very faint image was required, or when the person or object was highly illuminated. Aulus Gellius has mentioned another kind of mirror which, though it gave distinct images in one place, lost its power of reflexion, or rather of forming images, when carried to another place (*altorsum translatus*). M. Salverte regards this property as either the result of sleight of hand, or of "something analogous to the phenomena of polarized light, which ceases to be reflected when it falls at a certain angle upon a reflecting body." The last of these suppositions is clearly inadmissible, and without having recourse to the magician's wand we may deprive any mirror of its reflective power, by merely breathing upon it, or conveying it to a film of vapor which will disappear quickly or slowly, according to the temperature of the mirror, or the dryness of the atmosphere in which it is placed.

With mirrors and specula for his utensils, the magician is prepared for the most su-

pernatural exhibitions. The ancients had particular places (*Nekyomantion*) specially consecrated to the raising of the dead, and the apparition of their images or shades. These were images either formed on the wall, or any white ground, and were generally dumb representations, unless when the ventriloquist added his science to perfect the illusion. Sometimes they were formed on the wreaths or clouds of smoke which rose from the burning incense. The objects from which these optical pictures were obtained, were either painted likenesses, or busts, or they might be living persons themselves, dressed and painted so as to resemble the god or the hero who was to be summoned from his retreat. In one of these magical abodes, Homer makes Ulysses converse with his friends raised from the dead, and a crowd of apparitions and a frightful noise interrupt the conversation. We are informed by Jamblichus that the gods, when evoked by the magician, appeared among the vapors disengaged from the fire; and when the statue of Hecate was made to laugh amid the smoke of burning incense, it was probably the image of a living person wearing the sorcerer's costume. But even this supposition is not necessary. The resources of the magician might enable him to dispense with his laughing friend: The grave image of the grave statue of Hecate might have been quickly replaced by a laughing image from a laughing statue of the same personage.

But the same, and even more astonishing effects, might be produced by simpler means. It was stated by Sir David Brewster, at the British Association at York, that the rigid features of a white bust might be made to move and vary their expression, sometimes smiling and sometimes frowning, by moving rapidly in front of the bust a bright light, so as to make the lights and shadows take every possible direction, and various degrees of intensity. Hence, if such a bust is placed before a concave mirror, its image, like that of Hecate, may be made to do more than smile when it is cast upon the smoky wreaths.

The employment of phantasmagoric exhibitions by the ancients is clearly indicated by Damascius, in his account of the manifestation of Osiris by the Alexandrian priests. "There appeared," says he, "on the wall of the temple, a mass of light, which seemed at first very remote. It transformed itself, while contracting its dimensions, into a face evidently divine

and supernatural, with a severe aspect, yet blended with gentleness, and extremely beautiful." This is precisely the manner in which the figures of the modern phantasmagoria, produced by mirrors or lenses, rise out of the luminous image, when put out of focus.

The celebrated feat of modern necromancy described by Benvenuto Cellini, in which he himself was an actor, though perplexed with unnecessary and misleading details, was clearly the work of a magic lantern which threw the pictures of gods and demons upon the wreaths of smoke, while the spectators were stupefied or intoxicated with noisome or exciting odors, which increased their liability to deception, if they did not add the phantasms of the imagination to the crowd of apparitions with which they were previously encircled.

Mirrors of a kind different from any of those we have described, and acting upon a different principle, may have been used by the ancients. A mirror of this kind was, about 15 years ago, sent to India from China, where they were very uncommon. They are said to have been brought by a Dutch ship from Japan several years before, and to have excited general notice. One of these mirrors, which was described to us by George Swinton, Esq., was five inches in diameter, and made of copper and tin. On the back of it there is stamped in relief certain circles with a kind of Grecian border. Its polished face is so convex as to give an image of the human face half its natural size, and when it was made to reflect from that surface the rays of the sun upon a white ground, the image of the circles with the Grecian border, as stamped upon the back was distinctly seen in the luminous area on the white ground. On the back of another mirror was a dragon, the image of which was, in like manner, reflected from the polished side. This is doubtless a very magical result, and the instrument which produces it might be made a fertile source of deception. There is here no object to be concealed. The elements of deception all lie within the mirror itself, and the apparition requires only a strong light to be evoked. Like the ablest conjurers, the artist has contrived to make the observer deceive himself—the most insurmountable of all kinds of deception. The figures stamped on the back are the source of this self-deception. The picture in the luminous area is not an im-

age of the figures on the back, and has no connexion with them whatever, excepting in their resemblance. The figures on the back are merely a copy of a concealed picture which is somehow or other formed or impressed in the polished surface which reflects it. The figure of the dragon, for example, may be delineated in shallow lines on the surface of the mirror previous to its being polished; or it may be eaten out by a diluted acid, so as to remove only the smallest portion of the metal. The surface must then be polished upon cloth, which will polish the slightly depressed parts of the metal as highly as the rest, so that the picture of the dragon will be wholly invisible to the eye. A curious example of this may be seen in highly polished gilt buttons, upon which no figure whatever can be seen by the most careful examination, and yet when they are made to reflect the light of the sun or of a candle upon a piece of paper held close to them, they give a beautiful geometrical figure, with ten rays issuing from the centre, and terminating in a luminous rim. If, in place of the sun or candle, we were to use a small bright luminous point, we have no doubt that the figure given by the Chinese mirror and the button would be much more distinct.*

A similar illusion might be produced by drawing a figure with weak gum water upon the surface of a convex mirror. The thin film of water thus deposited on the outline or details of the figure would not be visible in dispersed day light, but when made to reflect the rays of the sun, or those of a divergent pencil, would be beautifully displayed by the lines and tints occasioned by the diffraction of light, or the interference of the rays passing through the film with those which pass by it.

In accounting for the enchanted gardens and magnificent palaces, the residence of the gods, which were exhibited during the initiation of his aspirant, M. Salverte supposes that a method similar to that used in the diorama was employed. In this beautiful invention a fine painting, visible only by transmitted light, rises into existence during the disappearance of another on the same canvass, visible only by reflected light. In this manner a cathedral, perfect in all its parts, gradually passes into one destroyed by fire, and the

* See *London and Edinburgh Philosophical Magazine*. Vol. i., p. 436. Dec. 1832

splendid abbey of Notre Dame, at first illuminated by the setting sun, gradually passes through its different phases after sunset, till its interior is illuminated with artificial lights, and the appearance of the moon and the stars completes the midnight representation of the scene.

The *dissolving views*, another beautiful optical combination of the present day, but which was not known when M. Salverte wrote, would have been, or perhaps was, a valuable auxiliary in ancient mysteries. By means of two magic lanterns, in one of which is the summer representation, and in another the winter representation of the same landscape, the one is made to pass into the other with a beauty and effect which it is impossible to describe. The same effect might be produced, though less perfectly, by mirrors, so that the ancients might have effected any metamorphosis they chose by such an apparatus; they might have thus summoned the dead man from his grave or given to the pallid corpse both life and motion.

Another optical apparatus which we believe has not yet been made an instrument of imposture, might be made available by the skilful conjurer. Could we alter the focal length of a large concave mirror, we might make the image of a statue or a living object move or walk backwards and forwards in the air, or through a lengthened wreath or a series of contiguous clouds of smoke suited to its reception. Now Buffon has actually taught us how to bend a large plate of glass into a concave mirror. He took glass plates two or three feet in diameter, and by means of a screw acting upon a piece of metal in the centre of the plate, he bent it by mechanical pressure into different degrees of concavity. He improved upon this idea by making the glass plate a part of an air-tight drum, and by exhausting the air with an air-pump, the pressure of the atmosphere forced the glass into a concave form. He next proposed to grind the central part of the plate into the shape of a small convex lens,* and in its focus to place a sulphur match, so that when the plate was directed to the sun, his rays, concentrated by the lens, would inflame the match, produce an absorption of the air, and consequently a vacuum. In this way Buffon produced mirrors whose shortest focal length was 25

* It is singular that Buffon did not think of the simpler method of cementing a lens on the centre of the plate.

feet; but M. Zeiher of St. Petersburg, by adopting a better process, succeeded in bending a Venetian plate of glass, 2 lines thick and 20 Rhinland inches in diameter, so as to have a focal length of 15 feet. He did this by placing a bar of iron across the centre of the plate when placed in a ring. The plate was kept in its place by a thin bar of iron stretched across it, and having a female screw in the centre. This thin bar was again pressed against the glass by a screw passing through the centre of the cross bar and working in the female screw. An apparatus similar to that of Buffon has, we understand, been lately constructed by our ingenious countryman, Mr. Nasmyth, who produces the vacuum by simply sucking out the air from behind the plate of glass.

But of all the wonders of modern science the art of Photography furnishes us with the most striking. Beyond the violet extremity of the solar spectrum there exist certain invisible rays which, though not appreciable by their incidence on the human retina, have yet the power of exercising a chemical action upon a Daguerreotype plate or upon a sheet of paper rendered sensitive by the Calotype process of Mr. Talbot. If these rays, as suggested by Mr. Talbot, were introduced into a dark apartment so as to fall upon the persons and objects which it contained, the sharpest eye within would descry nothing athwart the thick darkness which surrounded it. But if a camera, furnished with the sensitive retina of an iodised plate, or a sheet of calotype paper, were directed to the party in the room, it would, in a few seconds, take their portraits, record their passions, and reveal their deeds. Were this dark abode the locality of crime, and the shroud of night the cover of the criminal, the blank yet pregnant tablet would surrender to the astonished sage its embosomed phantoms—the murderer and his bleeding victim.

Nor is this the only contribution which the photogenic art has made to natural magic. Professor Moser of Königsberg has discovered that all bodies, even in the dark, throw out invisible rays, and that these bodies, when placed at a small distance from polished surfaces of all kinds, depict themselves upon such surfaces in forms which remain invisible till they are developed by the human breath, or by the vapors of mercury or iodine. Even if the sun's image is made to pass over a plate of glass,

the light tread of its rays will leave behind it an invisible track which the human breath will instantly reveal. Had the gigantic bird which, in the primeval age, left its footprints upon the now indurated sea beach as a stereotype of its existence and its character—had that bird marched over a surface of glass without leaving any visible trace of its path, and had that surface been exempted from other agencies, the breath of the modern geologist would have revealed, upon the vitreous pavement, the footprint and the stride of the feathered colossus.

But while *visible* objects thus leave behind them invisible phantoms, which may at any time be summoned into view, *invisible* objects may also impress, or leave behind them, visible and persistent images. The portraiture of the unseen and the unknown may be made upon surfaces with which the objects neither are, nor have been, in contact; and even in our very dwellings may this transmigration of forms, like the hand-writing on the wall, surprise or alarm us.

It has been noticed by several observers, and we have more than once seen it, that a plastered ceiling sometimes exhibits upon its surface the forms of the joists by which it is suspended. The plaster immediately beneath the beams dries less quickly than what is between them, and admits more freely into its pores the finely attenuated matter which the occasional smoke of the fire-place conveys. Were the magician, therefore, to construct the ceiling of his closet in the manner best adapted for his purposes, and place on its upper side, in the apartment above, either a skeleton or its imitation, the smoke of his incense, or the wreaths from his hookah, would soon display, on the whitened surface beneath, the hideous osteology which it conceals. By the exhalations thus modelled and fixed, through a physical agency, in which nature herself is the magician, the forms of things secreted might become manifest, and deeds of darkness revealed, which had baffled the most eager search. Had the lady of the misletoe-bough concealed herself above such a roof instead of in the "old oaken chest," the mystery of her melancholy fate might have been more quickly revealed.

Our narrow limits will not permit us to dwell on the wonders which the ancient magicians derived from the science of hydrostatics. The magic cup of Tantalus, which he could never drink though the

beverage rose to his lips; the fountain in the Island of Andros, which discharged wine for seven days, and water during the rest of the year; the fountain of oil which burst out to welcome the return of Augustus from the Sicilian war; the empty urns which, at the annual feast of Bacchus, filled themselves with wine, to the astonishment of the assembled strangers; the glass tomb of Belus which, after being emptied by Xerxes, would never again be filled; the weeping statues of the ancients, and the weeping virgin of modern times, whose tears were uncourteously stopped by Peter the Great when he discovered the trick; and the perpetual lamps of the ancient temples, —were all the obvious effects of hydrostatical pressure.

The ascending vapor of fluids, as well as their downward tendency, was summoned to the aid of superstition. Anthemius of Tralles, the architect of Justinian, being desirous to play a trick to the orator Zeno, his neighbor and his enemy, conducted steam in leather tubes from concealed boilers, and made them pass through the partition wall to beneath the beams which supported the ceiling of Zeno's house. When the caldrons were made to boil, the ceilings shook as if they had been shaken by an earthquake.* Another example of the application of steam to the purposes of imposture is given by Tollius.† History informs us that on the banks of the Weser, *Busteric*, the god of the ancient Teutons sometimes exhibited his displeasure by a clap of thunder, which was succeeded by a cloud that filled the sacred precincts. The image of the god was made of metal, and the head, which was hollow, contained an amphora (nine English gallons) of water. Wedges of wood shut up the apertures at the mouth and eyes, while burning coals, artfully placed in a cavity of the head, gradually heated the liquid. In a short time the generated steam forced out the wedges with a loud noise, and then escaped violently in three jets, raising a thick cloud between the god and his astonished worshippers. In the middle ages the monks availed themselves of this invention, and the steam *bust* was put in requisition even before Christian worshippers.

Although Chemistry, as a science, was scarcely known to the ancients, there is reason to believe that they were acquainted

* Agathias, *De rebus gestis Justiniani*. Lib. v., cap. 4.

† Tollius, *Epistolæ Itinerariæ*. p. 34.

with some processes which were made available in their temples. In the middle ages, and in more recent times, when the alchemists formed a powerful community of impostors, the transmutations of chemistry became valuable elements of magic. A process for imitating blood performed high functions even in the Christian temple, and when this pabulum of life was seen to boil upon the altar and in the urn, disasters, both individual and national, were portended. Even in Provence, in the seventeenth century, when a worshipper approached the statue of one of the principal saints, his coagulated blood, contained in a phial supposed to be filled with it, became liquid, and suddenly boiled. Nor has this imposture ceased to be produced in our own times. In Italy it was universally exhibited at a public ceremony, where the blood of St. Januarius, which was said to have been preserved in a dry state for ages, liquified itself spontaneously, and rose and boiled at the top of the vessel which contained it. After the French took possession of Italy, the trick ceased to be performed; but we have been told by a gentleman who has seen it, that it has been again introduced, and is one of the most imposing of the lying miracles of antichristian Rome.* M. Salverte informs us that this blood of the saints is made by reddening sulphuric ether with alkanet root, and then saturating the liquid with spermaceti. This preparation will remain fixed at a temperature of 10° cent. above freezing, and melts and boils at 20°, a temperature to which it can be raised by holding the phial for some time in the hand.

In the story of Nessus and Dejanira, M. Salverte has found another example of the chemical sorcery of the ancients. When Hercules was about to offer sacrifices to Jupiter, he required a dress proper for the occasion. His wife Dejanira sent him a poisoned tunic, which she had received from Nessus, and no sooner had he put it on, than he was seized with the fatal distemper of which he perished. According to Sophocles, this garment had been smeared by Dejanira herself with what has been called *the blood of Nessus*, whom

* In confirmation of this, we may state that Mr. Waterton, (the celebrated naturalist, who distinguished himself by riding upon a crocodile,) when at Naples, kissed *five times*, in the course of five hours, a bottle containing the solid blood of St. Januarius, and regarded all his adventures as utterly insignificant, when compared with this act of his life!

Hercules had slain. Venus gave her a phial of the liquor, instructed her to keep it in the dark, and to rub it over the garment with a flock of wool. When exposed to the sun, this flock of wool took fire, raised a foam upon the stone on which it lay, and was reduced to powder. M. Salverte supposes that it was a phosphuret of sulphur, composed of equal parts of these inflammable bodies, which remains liquid at a temperature of 10° cent., and takes fire at 25°. Thus, when Hercules stood before the flaming altar, the heat of the fire and the moisture of the body, may, according to our author, have decomposed the phosphuret, and permitted the dry and caustic phosphoric acid to disorganize the skin and muscles, and finally produce death.

The sciences of electricity and magnetism yielded but a small tribute to the magic of the ancients, and the priestcraft of the middle ages. The art of bringing down lightning from the heavens seems to have been the only electrical charm which they possessed; and, in a very interesting chapter on the subject, M. Salverte has rendered it probable that the ancients defended their buildings from lightning by conductors, and that the Temple of Solomon was thus protected. Under the magnetical knowledge of the ancients, our author is disposed to rank the mariner's compass, which, after Mr. W. Cooke,* he supposes to be the "intelligence," which animated and conducted the Phœnician navy; and he conceives that the arrow which enabled Abaris to traverse the earth by an aerial route, was nothing more than a magnetic needle. But whether we refer the invention of the compass to an early age, or to the Fins in the twelfth century, it is quite certain that the ancients were acquainted with the attractive power of the magnet; and the great miracle of modern times, the suspension of Mahomet's coffin in the air, was more than once performed in the heathen temples. Pliny informs us, that Democritus began to build a temple at Alexandria with loadstones, in order to suspend a statue of Arsinoë in the air, but he did not live to accomplish it. According to Suidas, a brass statue of Cecrops was suspended in the vault of the temple at Alexandria, by means of a strong iron nail in its head. Cassiodorus, without mentioning a magnet, avers that an iron statue of Cupid was suspended in the air in the tem-

* *Enquiry into the Patriarchal and Druidical Religion.* Lond. 1794. p. 2.

ple: and Isidore of Seville, without naming the temple, says that there was seen an iron statue suspended in the air by means of a magnet.

That these miracles were the result of imposition, there can be no doubt. A magnet suspending a weight may have been exhibited as a decoy to the ignorant; but the coffins, if they were suspended at all, were suspended with cords or wires, which, by a judicious arrangement of the lights, in reference to the position of the spectator, could be easily rendered invisible. The science of Magnetism, in its present state, and were it even to borrow from galvanism her stupendous magnets, is incapable of honoring Mahomet with an aerial mausoleum. It is the modern science of Electromagnetism alone that can perform this splendid miracle; and within the spiral coils of its wonder-working helix, we may yet see suspended the bones of Joanna Southcote; or the undecomposed remains of the chief of the Mormonites; or perchance the penance-worn frame of some Puseyite hierarch, who may have appealed to science as a forlorn hope against the Protestant faith.

In the remaining fourteen chapters of the work before us, occupying a little more than the second volume, M. Salverte discusses, with great learning and ingenuity, many interesting subjects, which have not a special connexion with any individual science. We shall endeavor to give our readers a brief and rapid sketch of the most important points which they contain.

The art of breathing fire—of protecting the human skin from the heat of melted metals or red-hot iron, and of rendering wooden buildings proof against fire, seems to have been practised from the earliest ages. Two hundred years before Christ, Eunus established himself as the leader of the insurgent slaves, by breathing fire and smoke from his mouth; and Barchochebas, the ringleader of the revolted Jews in the reign of Hadrian, claimed to be the Messiah from his power of vomiting flames from his mouth. The priestesses of Diana Parasya, in Cappadocia, as Strabo states, commanded public veneration by walking over burning coals; and, according to Pliny, the Hirpi family enjoyed the hereditary property of being incombustible, which they exhibited annually in the temple of Apollo, on Mount Soracte. Pachymerus tells us that he has seen several accused persons prove their innocence by handling red-hot iron;

and in 1065, the monks produced as a witness, in the great church of Angers, an old man who underwent the proof of boiling water, and that, too, as their reverences state, *from the bottom of the boiler, where they had heated the water more than usual!* Sylla could not set fire to the wooden tower raised on the Piræus by Archelaus; and Cæsar could not burn the tower of larch, which was doubtless made fireproof by a solution of alum. The use of certain chemical embrocations—the substitution of the fusible metal of Darcet, which melts at a low heat—and the application of plasters of asbestos to the feet—or of a saturated solution of alum to the skin—were among the arts thus called into use.

The influence of man over the lower animals was, in ancient times, a fruitful source of the marvellous. There were Van Amburghs, male and female, in those days. The influence of valerian upon the cat, of the oils of Rhodium, cummin, and anise-seeds upon rats and mice, may serve to give us an idea of what may have been effected on a greater scale. Men condemned to destruction by wild beasts, are said to have protected themselves by the fetid odor of the fat of the elephant, with which they had been smeared; and Firmus is said to have swam with impunity in the midst of crocodiles, by rubbing himself with their grease. In the temple of Jupiter Olympus, there was a bronze horse supposed to have been anointed with the juice of the *hippomanes*, which roused the passions of every horse that approached it; and an analogous property is said to have been possessed by the brazen bull which was the chef-d'œuvre of Myron. The influence of music over animals, the fascinating power of snakes, and the methods of taming them, by depriving them of their powers of mischief, are all treated by M. Salverte with much detail. The lumbering hippopotamus, and the massive elephant, rejoice in the notes of martial music, and the cat, the lizard, the iguano, the tortoise, and even the spider, are said to be susceptible of the charms of harmonious sounds.

The professors of ancient as well as of modern magic found powerful auxiliaries in the soporific drugs, and poisonous beverages which derange the intellectual as well as the physical condition of man. The waters of Lethe, and the beverage of Mnemosyne, which killed Timochares in three months after he had quaffed it in the cave of Trophonius, are examples of the soporific

and stupefying drinks of the ancients. The *Nepenthes* of Homer, the *Hyoscyamus datura*, the *Solanum*, the *Potomantis*, the *Gelatophyllis*, and the *Achaemenis* of Pliny, the *Ophiusia* of the Ethiopians, and the *Muchamore* of Kamtschatka, were all the instruments of physical and intellectual degradation. Carver informs us, that a bean is thrown into the mouths of the religious fanatics, and that the insensibility and convulsions which it occasions terminate only with its rejection from the stomach. The Old Man of the Mountain, in the time of the Crusades, is said to have enchanted his youthful followers by narcotic and exhilarating draughts. The Hindoo widow is supposed to ascend the funeral pile, physically as well as morally fortified against pain. The victims of the Inquisition similarly prepared, are said to have frequently slept in the midst of their torments; and M. Taboureau assures us that the merciful jailers made their prisoners swallow soap dissolved in water, (the vehicle doubtless, of more powerful medicants,) to enable them to bear the agonies of the torture.

It would be difficult to study the history of imposture, whether founded on the miracles of nature or the devices of art, without learning, if we wish to learn, an important lesson. As the mere occupant of a terrestrial paradise, man cannot but appreciate the noble provision which has been made for his wants and his pleasures, and admire the beneficent arrangements which have superadded the refinements of domestic and social life. In his dominion over the animal world, he wields the sceptre of a king; and in the freedom of his range over "a thousand hills," the beauty and grandeur of nature hallow with their finer sensations the rude activity of his lot. From day to day is repeated the mysterious round of life and motion, and were he thus to live and die but in the exercise of his physical powers, the very source and purposes of his being would be the deepest mystery. But when he recognizes within himself the germ of intellectual life, the spiritual element which no chain can bind, and nothing sublunary satisfy, the mystery of his existence is wrapped up in the higher mystery of his fate, and life here and life hereafter combine their mysterious relations but to perplex and alarm him. Mysteriously ushered into life—imbibing mysteries in his earliest lessons—encountering them in his studies—and checked by them in his aspirations—he is yet unreasonable enough to

expect that they will be cleared away from the only subject with which they are inseparably combined. We believe that races of animals, anterior to man, have been buried and embalmed in the solid rock beneath us, and yet we know not why they lived, and by what catastrophe they perished. We believe that a deluge has swept over the earth with its desolating surge, destroying life, and moulding into new forms the hills and valleys which it covered; and yet we cannot discover whence its waters came, and what was their commission. We believe that masses of rock and stone have fallen from the heavens; and yet their source and their errand are equally unknown. But though cherishing even such mysterious convictions, we yet startle at the belief that the Creator of man has revealed to him his will, and that the Sovereign whose subjects have rebelled, has sent a deliverer to their rescue. If the fulness of knowledge has gradually developed to our understanding the wonders of creation, the fulness of time will as certainly unfold the mysterious arrangements of providence.

Nor is the power of the marvellous, as an instrument of government, less instructive than the comparison of what the skeptic rejects, with what reason compels him to believe. Over our brightest hours there hangs a mysterious cloud, veiling or eclipsing the future, while it casts over the present a sombre and a fitful light. The worldly man seeks to dispel it, and the wise man to pierce it; but, however viewed, it is unceasingly before us, and the spiritual world, like our planet in her darkest eclipse, is still seen in shadowy outline, displaying its mountain tops and its caverns. And though "from that distant bourne no traveller has returned," we yet people it with the beings of our affections, and feeling as if, beneath their eye, and under their care, we willingly surrender ourselves to an influence invisible and undefined. Active at all times and in every place, this reverential fear finds a residence in every bosom. It is the homage of a created spirit to its Master—the becoming awe of a fallen and derived intelligence. Can we wonder, then, that minds thus constituted have, in every age, been slaves to the marvellous, and the easy dupes of every species of imposture that claimed an alliance with the world of spirits? The greater our own veracity the less do we suspect that of others, and the more willingly do we surrender our own

judgment to that of our superiors in genius and knowledge. The rising doubt is speedily checked by the display of what, to such minds, must appear supernatural; and the positive possession of powers more than human is easily vindicated by those who have been initiated into the mysteries of science, and have discovered the easiest avenues to the uninstructed mind. So overpowering, indeed, is this kind of influence, and so irresistible is its appeal to the evidence of our senses, that the most accomplished and the least credulous individuals have surrendered themselves at its call.

But though the cunning priest and the needy conjurer still ply their work, yet the reform in religious worship, and the increasing intelligence of the age, have narrowed the magician's sphere, and paralyzed his influence. In place of being a tributary to imposture, knowledge has become its foe. Its empire of power, indeed, has ceased, but its empire of civilization has begun. It no longer governs but guides mankind. Formerly their oppressor, it is now their friend—once the chain which bound them to the earth, now it is "the wing on which they rise to heaven."

The transition from the supremacy of knowledge to the decline of its power, and from ecclesiastical to civil rule, is one of the most extraordinary phases of modern

As science has become more valuable to the State, she has, in the same proportion, sunk in influence and esteem; and as religion has become more pure and simple, she has, even in a higher ratio, been shorn of her inherent and inalienable rights. An oligarchy of wealth has replaced the nobler oligarchy of knowledge, and a conclave of statesmen has usurped the hierarchy of the Church. To compensate for misgovernment, or to quell turbulence, or, perchance, to purchase a temporary quiet, error, intellectually debasing and spiritually fatal, is about to be fostered and endowed, and that system of faith which claims a sovereignty over things temporal as well as eternal, is to be sustained by those very men who have denied to a Protestant Church its spiritual jurisdiction, and whose hands are yet scarred with its destruction. If, in their thirst for power, hostile factions shall combine in support of an idolatrous creed, while Protestant truth enjoys but a partial toleration, it is time that the host of evangelism should be marshaled for the combat. The shadow of the coming conflict is already cast

before us: Revelation has predicted that collision, and woe be to those who are blind to its indications, or who shrink from the stern duties which they impose.

THE ROBERTSES ON THEIR TRAVELS.

BY MRS. TROLLOPE.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

It was after a dinner, perhaps a little less animated and delightful than usual, at the *table d'hôte*, and while the Roberts family, and the three gentlemen who were their constant attendants, paraded up and down the portico before the rooms, that the purposed departure of the latter was announced. Miss Harrington, indeed, had been informed of it during her usual morning's walk with her cousin, but was not conscious either of any inclination or duty, that obliged her to increase the ordinary scanty intercourse between herself and the Roberts family by communicating it. The dreadful news, therefore, was as unexpected as it was terrible; yet it was communicated with such easy gaiety of manner, as happily enforced the necessity of concealing for a moment the far different feelings with which it was received.

"How dreadfully I missed the dear princess at dinner!" exclaimed Agatha. "She certainly is the most fascinating creature in existence. I wonder we don't see her! She positively promised to join us here before this time."

In order to watch for the approach of the fascinating princess and her *cortège*, the different *tête-à-têtes* into which the party usually divided themselves were suspended, and they all stood in a group together on the steps. The observation of Agatha was therefore heard and replied to by her sister, who said, rather fretfully, for Miss Maria did not like standing all together in a group,

"It is very provoking, indeed; I wish she would come! It is such a bore standing here waiting for her; besides, I want to know what she has decided upon for to-morrow. A pic-nic is to be the order of the day; but her highness seemed undecided between the Murgthal and the mountains. Which shall you like best?" she added, looking tenderly into the eyes of Lord Lynberry.

"Alas!" exclaimed Montgomery, coming forward to the assistance of his more

embarrassed friend; "alas! It matters little what either Lynberry or I may prefer, for Vincent, cruel fellow, has fixed upon tomorrow for starting with his lordship, and I have promised to travel with them."

Agatha started, and the sort of little convulsive movement which this communicated to the hand that rested on Montgomery's arm, made him for an instant feel rather ashamed of himself; but Maria groaned aloud, and, relaxing her hold of Lord Lynberry, she seemed about to fall. But the young lordling's heart was growing hard, and he made a movement so plainly indicative of his intention to let her go, if she liked it, that she suddenly grasped him tighter than ever, and after repeating the groan in the most touching manner possible, softly whispered in his ear,

"Oh, heavens! Is this true?"

"Yes, indeed, I am sorry to say it is," he replied, producing for decency's sake, something like a sigh. "Vincent says that my father has fixed this time for our going to Rome, and of course, you know, I must obey orders."

"Oh, yes! of course," re-whispered Maria, with a softer sigh. But happily her heart was at that moment saved from breaking, by remembering that other people might go to Rome as well as Lord Lynberry. Nevertheless, the moment was a very awful one, and she naturally found it necessary to support herself, by leaning her trembling form against that of her too dearly loved supporter.

Lord Lynberry was very kind, however, and, as he pressed her hand in his, as he was a good deal in the habit of doing when they were walking together, she mentally exclaimed,

"All hope is not over yet."

Nay, the trembling weakness of her limbs had so much effect upon him, that he, on his side, mentally exclaimed, "I might be taken in now, if I were plain Dick Archdale."

Yet, after all, perhaps, the emotions of Mrs. Roberts were the most vehement; for, as usual, in addition to her own tremendous disappointment, and to all her maternal sympathy for the disappointment of her daughters, she had before her eyes the dread of what was infinitely more painful to her than all the rest; namely, the having to confess to her husband that she was mistaken, and that she was not at all points the very best manager in the world. Happily, however, for her too, a thought arose in

this moment of extremity, which enabled her so far to recover herself as to avoid all public display of her emotions. Mr. Roberts was smoking a quiet cigar under a distant tree in happy unconsciousness of the blast that so cruelly threatened to blight all the hopes of his family, and Mrs. Roberts remembered in time to save herself from displaying a stronger degree of anger than she wished to make visible, that it was still in her power to represent the matter to him, "after what flourish her nature would." A real offer of marriage from any thing under the rank of a knight, could hardly have consoled her more effectually at that moment, than the recollection of her own powers of painting, and it was with an admirable degree of self-command that she said, loud enough for all the party to hear,

"I am truly sorry to find that we are to part so soon, my dear friends, but at any rate I hope we shall pass this last evening happily together at the Balcony House. Let us talk for half an hour or so in those beautiful shady walks yonder, and then we will go home to tea. Shall we?"

"I am sure it will give us the greatest pleasure," replied both the gentlemen at once, both perhaps feeling equally well pleased at being thus permitted to slip off the scene, without being visited by any very vehement display of regret from any of their admiring friends.

During the time occupied by this discovery, Mr. Vincent and Bertha were very composedly conversing at the distance of about three yards from the rest of the party, and Mrs. Roberts having received the above-mentioned amiable acceptance of her invitation, turned about and walked towards Bertha and her cousin, which she would probably not have done, had not some feeling of embarrassment made her feel disposed to do something besides discouraging with Lord Lynberry and Mr. Montgomery on their approaching departure; for by gentle degrees she had learned to understand that it was better for all parties to let Bertha alone; the very slightest approach to interference with her freedom of action being received, not with juvenile poutings, or any thing in the least degree resembling the rebellion of an ill-behaved, self-willed young girl, but with an air of quiet dignity that so obviously challenged her right of interference, as to make her feel that she had better not bring the question of authority, or no authority, under discussion. But now she ventured to break into the evident-

ly confidential conversation of the cousins, and said, in her most polite and amiable manner,

"I am so sorry to hear, my dear Mr. Vincent, that you are all going away! I am sure I don't know what the Baths will do without you. You have all three been such an ornament. However, my dear sir, I hope you won't refuse what the other two gentlemen have granted, but that you will come this last evening to drink tea with us at the Balcony House."

Whether invited or not, Mr. Vincent would undoubtedly have sat beside his cousin on that evening, till her usual early hour of retiring to rest; he replied to Mrs. Roberts' invitation, however, very civilly, and declared that he should wait upon her with great pleasure. PLEASURE! Poor young man! Amidst all the violent emotions awakened in the various bosoms of the party by the approaching separation, there were none—no, not even in the bosom of Bertha, that could approach in vehemence to those which wrung his heart. Bertha had a feeling at the bottom of hers, that she was fearfully independent of every one in the whole world. This feeling, which a short time ago had been one of very bitter misery, was now full of consolation. Her father had forfeited, had abandoned, all right to control her; he had thrown her off upon utter strangers, or rather he had thrown her altogether upon herself; but now she no longer felt abandoned and alone in the world. Heaven, in its mercy, seemed to have sent her as a protector the only relative she had whose name she had heard mentioned by her mother's lips with love and esteem, and the idea that she was to *lose* him by the separation, which was now about to take place, was as foreign to her mind as to that of a child who sees its father take his hat and walk out of the house upon a matter of business. And thus, while the heart of Vincent was wrung with the doubt whether he ever should see his pretty Bertha more, she was pleasing herself with the anticipation of the exceeding pleasure she should feel when they should meet again, and with the thoughts of the perfectly new delight she should enjoy in writing to him and receiving his letters. In fact, of all the party about to be left in possession of the vaunted Balcony House, she was the only one who felt disposed to thank Heaven for having permitted her to enter it.

"I suppose we may walk on into the shrub-

beries, my dears," said Mrs. Roberts; "I don't think that it is any use waiting for the Princess Fuskymuskoff. She so seldom keeps any engagement of this kind, you know."

"I must beg you, ma'am, not to find any fault with the Princess Fuskymuskoff," said Agatha, "she is the friend I most value upon earth."

This was spoken *avec intention*, as the French call having a meaning for what they say, and was doubtless said for the purpose of causing a pang to the perfidious Montgomery. Whether he felt all that it was intended he should feel might be more doubtful. However, he once more presented his arm, which was once more accepted, and the party moved on, every one of them, excepting Bertha, endeavoring to appear to feel either more or less than they really did; and not one of them, perhaps, excepting Bertha, being much deceived by the efforts thus made. But as for her, poor little girl, she had no more idea of the deep and hopeless anguish which was wringing the heart of her companion, than of the fervent and unchangeable love that was nestling in her own. And next to Bertha, the least uncomfortable of the party, perhaps, was Mrs. Roberts, for she had great faith in the influence of leave-taking on the hearts and the lips of young gentlemen, when walking side by side with such girls as hers; and, besides that, the moon was come round to the full again, and the balcony was as pleasant to sit in as ever. And who could tell what might happen yet, before it was time for every body to go home and go to bed?

This last balcony hope proved as unsubstantial as the moonshine which had assisted its creation. The young ladies threw open the windows, and the young gentlemen, upon being invited so to do, walked through them, but a marvellous change had come over their spirits since the first evening on which the experiment was made. It is a disagreeable sort of fact to dwell upon, because it leads to all kinds of mortifying feelings concerning the prettiest part of the creation; but I pause upon it a moment solely for their sakes. I am not now going to moralize upon any deeper mischief than may arise from the idle wish of hearing agreeable young gentlemen say agreeable things; for which purpose it is by no means very uncommon to see young ladies exercise a good deal of ingenuity,

contriving little aside scenes, like those in the Baden balcony, both with a view to inspiring these agreeable things, and to affording a favorable opportunity for uttering them. I heartily wish that all pretty young ladies would believe me, when I assure them that they had much better let it alone. If the gentlemen they most wish to listen to have really any thing to say that is worth hearing, they will be quite sure to make an opportunity for themselves, and they will be, oh, a great many thousand times more likely to profit by this, than by any that can possibly be made for them. For the fact is, that the suspicious creatures are often exceedingly sharp-sighted on such occasions, and are as apt to take fright if they perceive any preparation for catching them, as a two years' old partridge when he hears the snap of a gun. Alas! it is painful to think how many a fair creature, having done all that her womanly wit could suggest, to insure a good opportunity for the wished-for declaration, may have exclaimed, when remembering how eagerly no opportunities at all have been seized, during the first early days of fresh flirtation, for uttering short abstracts, of what she was anxious to hear at full length,

Nor time, nor place,
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:
They have made themselves, and that their fitness now
Does unmake you!

It really is *very* painful, and heartily glad should I be if I could succeed in persuading all young ladies, present and to come, that the very best thing they can do upon such occasions is to do nothing. But the Miss Robertses did not think so; they both of them felt that these last moments were very precious, and, like their mamma, they thought also that they *might* be profitable, and, therefore, not even when their wishes and their will had been the most steadfastly fixed on the acquisition of a new ball dress, in the distressing times before drafts upon capital had been thought of, not even in those resolute and trying moments, had they ever more strenuously exerted themselves to obtain what they wished than they did now.

"I know not what ails me," said Maria, "I feel as if this room had not air enough in it to permit my breathing. Oh, see how beautifully the moon is rising over those acacia-trees! Let us look at her once more."

And, having opened the window with her own fair hand, she stepped forth into the balcony. Lord Lynberry followed, of course, but it was with a very different step from that with which he had formerly obeyed the same invitation.

"I should so like a chair, my lord," she resumed, after they had silently stood side by side for a minute or two; upon which his lordship returned into the room and brought one out to her. "And will not you sit down too?" she said, rather plaintively. "Are you afraid of the fresh air to-night?"

"Oh, dear no! not the least in the world," he replied, and as he spoke he walked to the very farthest extremity of the balcony, as if to prove that the fresh air might blow upon him as much as it liked. Maria sat still for about a minute and a half, with her eyes, which she knew were very handsome eyes, raised with a sort of softly reproaching expression to her friend the moon. And what that friend thought of her and her eyes it is impossible to say, though she looked down upon her very steadily in return; but as for her other friend, for whom the attitude and the look were certainly in part intended, there was sad reason to suppose that he was not thinking of her at all, or which, perhaps, under the circumstances, was worse still, that he wished her to suppose so—for he had turned his head as decidedly as possible the other way, and appeared anxious to connoitre some object only visible by his leaning forward so as to look quite round the corner of the house. Maria saw it, saw it all, notwithstanding her steadfast contemplation of the moon, and she thought that there might be more ways than one for accounting for his "altered eye." The glance that took not half a second, sufficed to show her that there was something forced and artificial in the manner in which he looked away from her, and another half-second was long enough to give birth to a thought which explained it. It was his tutor who was taking him away. It was Vincent who was thus tearing them asunder, and it was doubtless some vehement remonstrance from the young man's father which now induced him to make these terrible, these supernatural efforts to avoid an explanation with her. A most bright and lively little family of new-born hopes were produced between the glance and the thought. Maria started from her chair and followed him. As his lordship had reached the extreme boundary of the balcony, he

could retreat no further; and when Maria gently laid her hand upon his arm, heaving at the same time a profound sigh, he felt that there was nothing left for him but to take her hand in his and to sigh too. This was quite as it should be, and Maria began to recover her "peace of mind," which a few minutes before she had had very serious thoughts of telling him he had destroyed forever. But now she changed her purpose. Every thing was perfectly intelligible. The poor dear fellow was suffering as much as she was, and not for worlds would she have uttered a word that might pain him!

"You will not forget us, Lord Lynberry, when you see the moon rise again, though over far distant scenes?" said she. "I will not think that you can forget us, when you know so very well that we can never forget you."

His young lordship was very tender-hearted, and though he thought all he had said about Miss Maria to his tutor, and perhaps a little more besides, he could not stand these gentle words unmoved, and, if the truth is to be told, his arm encircled her waist as he replied, "No, my dear Maria, it is quite impossible that I should ever forget the many happy hours I have passed with you."

Maria was moved to tears, and for a few moments could not speak; and so, as she stood perfectly still, his lordship's arm was not removed. And he, too, was silent; a circumstance which she interpreted, poor young lady (as many other poor young ladies have done before her), in a way as far removed as was well possible from the truth; for, whereas he was silent solely because he had nothing to say, she thought it was solely because he had too much—too much for his timidity—too much for the harsh command of his most noble, but most cruel, father to permit his uttering. But this state of things could not go on forever—they were both of them aware of this. So Maria began to sob, and Lord Lynberry, as if desperately determined to bring it to an end at once, caught her in his arms and kissed her. And then some considerable time before it would have been possible for her to have summoned strength sufficient to extricate herself from his embrace, he relaxed his hold, and saying, in an accent of great alarm, "Take care, my dear girl, we are watched!" he hurried back to that portion of the balcony upon which the windows of the drawing-room threw a light. For Maria to follow at that moment was to-

tally out of the question. Her feelings quite overpowered her; and had she not seized hold of the iron railing, she must, she was quite sure, have fallen. Meanwhile, he entered the drawing-room in rather a hurried manner, a circumstance which Mrs. Roberts remarked with very particular satisfaction, and having extended his hand for a parting shake, he exclaimed, "Good by, my dear Mrs. Roberts. It is very disagreeable to say good by, isn't it? But there is no choice, is there?" and then adding, "Come along, Montgomery!" he ran out of the room and down the stairs in a way that left a great deal of hope behind him. The circumstance of his not taking leave of Agatha, who was still standing in the balcony with Montgomery, was thought by Mrs. Roberts to be quite decisive, and showed the poor young man to be in a state of agitation, which left him without the power of knowing what he did. But here, too, there was room for more interpretations than one. That he *was* agitated is certain, but perhaps this might arise quite as much from his fear that he could not get away fast enough, as from any suffering arising from going away at all.

Meanwhile, Mr. Montgomery and Agatha were preparing themselves for the separation which had been announced, for which purpose they, too, had retreated to the balcony. The scene which ensued between them there, though having, of necessity some general points of resemblance, differed a good deal from that which was passing between Maria and Lord Lynberry. In the first place, Mr. Montgomery's embarrassment—for he, too, certainly was embarrassed—was of a different nature from that of his young friend, and had in it a much larger mixture of self-reproach. Lord Lynberry knew that he had been guilty of insinuating, if not of absolutely declaring, a great deal more love for the young lady he was about to leave than he had ever felt; but his conscience was rendered pretty tolerably easy under this self-accusation, by his conviction that the love he had given was of just about the same worth as that which he had received—the chief difference between them being, that her ultimate object was to make him marry her, and his to take care that she should not succeed; so that, on the whole, he felt that when the leave-taking was, once for all, done and over, he should set off again, not only heart-whole, but pretty nearly self-acquitted of all blame.

But in the case of Mr. Montgomery, matters were different. In the first place, he knew that he had no right to make love at all, being affianced both in fact and in feeling; and, moreover, he could not suspect, like Lord Lynberry, that the flattering partiality so frankly made visible by the lady proceeded from any hope on her part of obtaining an advantageous marriage by means of persuading him that he had gained her affections. He could not suspect this, because he had himself most distinctly informed her of his engagement. He felt, therefore, that whatever degree of partiality he had inspired, was quite disinterested, and therefore that he ought to be most particularly grateful. Yet somehow or other it was not so. On the contrary, he felt angry and provoked, both with her and with himself. Partly from vanity and partly in sport, he had permitted the sentimental friendship she had talked about to assume at least the appearance of love-making; and this it was which now made the easy and elegant-mannered Montgomery feel embarrassed. But Miss Agatha Roberts was rapidly becoming one of those strongly-pronounced and independent characters, who make up their minds to "care for nothing," but to take that position in society which pleases them best, without doubting for a moment the power of their own talents to obtain it. Something of this sort Mr. Montgomery suspected. But he did not quite understand Miss Agatha. He did not fully understand her master-passion. She herself would have called it ambition; and such it was, perhaps, but of a very queer kind. Her ambition was to be what she called a woman of fashion, *coute qui coute*. For this end she had consented to smoke, though the doing so made her dreadfully sick. For this she preferred receiving the attentions of the engaged Montgomery to those of any other man at the Baths, however free—for Montgomery was a man of fashion. She had been shocked a good deal at first hearing of his sudden departure; but the brain being a tougher organ than the heart, she came to this farewell conference in the balcony, without any intention of being pathetic. Mr. Montgomery soon perceived this, and it was so great a relief to him that all his embarrassed feelings disappeared, and with them a good deal of the contempt he had felt both for himself and her. So that, excepting for the fact that no one was looking on to witness the flattering intimacy with which he treated

her, this parting interview was as gratifying to her feelings as any she had ever had with him.

"I shall miss you terribly, my dear friend!" said she, in very much the tone in which a French marquise, of Louis le Grand's day, might have addressed one of her *cortège* of lovers, when sending him off upon a campaign; "but depend upon it I shall not forget you—nor can I hope to meet with many friends in future so well calculated to make the idle hours of life pass pleasantly."

"You are too kind, my dear Miss Roberts," he replied.

"Nay, call me Agatha," said she. "You have often done so, you know, and I like it. It is a sort of landmark or mile-stone in the journey towards my friendship. And indeed, Montgomery, you must let me class you as a friend."

"You cannot, I am sure, doubt my wish to do so," he said, but with rather less warmth than she expected; for she knew that she was letting him off very easily, considering all their philanderings, and she thought the least he could do was to declare himself her faithful friend for life. But, in fact, the notion of Lady Charlotte's being present at some future day, when the charming Agatha, with her outrageous ringlets, her prodigiously puffed petticoats, and her three-quarters *décolletés* morning dresses, might seize upon him with the licensed grasp of eternal friendship, came across him at the moment with something like a shudder. However, her rejoinder gave him courage, and during the remainder of the interview he was very affectionate.

"Alas!" said she, "it is grievous to think how very little chance there is that we should speedily meet again. You will be returning to England to fulfil your engagement. And as for us, Heaven only knows where we shall be! The whole race, you know, look up to me, and, as I know I shall guide their movements, whether I intend it or not, I think it not unlikely that we may visit every court in Europe before we return to our English residence."

"Such unlimited power of locomotion is very enviable, my dear Agatha," he replied, rejoicing exceedingly at the enlarged sphere of action she was proposing for herself; and if I am doomed, as I think I may be, to parliamentary shackles after I marry, I must console myself with thinking of my fair friend's more extended field of enjoyment."

will never have forgotten you. And *à propos* of that, my dear friend, I hope you will sometimes let me know that you have not forgotten me—not that I mean to propose *une correspondance suivie* with a man who is about to marry a woman I don't know—I am too discreet to think of it, I assure you. If she were a particular friend of my own, it would be different—but as it is, the thing is quite out of the question. You shall never have cause to fear my discretion, Montgomery. What I mean to ask of you is, that you will give me, give us, I mean, of course, introductions to any people of real high fashion that you may know upon the Continent. What I am chiefly anxious for is, to increase my acquaintance with foreigners of distinction wherever I may happen to be. Such a friend as the Princess Fuskymuskoff is invaluable! As to introductions to English ladies, unless they are persons of really high rank and fashion, and who have got a little out of the musty-fusty hum-drum of our odious country, I will not trouble you by asking for any introductions to them. But I shall be obliged, we shall all of us be really very much obliged, if you would present to us, by letter, any young men of fashion and fortune whom you may happen to hear of setting off upon a continental excursion. I need not tell *you*, my dear friend," she continued, "that I say this with no missish view to forming matrimonial connexions. I detest the idea! I declare to you that, for myself, I care not a straw whether I marry or not. I cannot endure the idea of making marriage the most important business of life. We all know that the majority of men and women do marry, and therefore, of course, the chances are that we shall do so, like the rest of the world—but as for fixing one's thoughts eternally upon it, I neither will nor can do it."

Mr. Montgomery assured her that he thought she was perfectly right, but there was something of vagueness both in his eyes and his accent as he said this, which left his fair companion in doubt as to what he meant. She looked at him as in the days that were gone, with a prodigious deal of mysterious sentiment, stealing, as it were, from her eyes to his.

"Ah! Montgomery! I should like to know what you are thinking of at this moment!" said she. Upon which, strange to say, Mr. Montgomery actually blushed, or

was occupied upon the question of how soon he could decently go away, and retreat to his lodgings and his bed—for he had been busy all day, and was heartily tired; not to mention that of all things in this mortal life, there was not one which he considered to be so dull, stale, and utterly unprofitable as the unmeaning fag-end of an unmeaning flirtation. Nevertheless, he roused himself to the performance of the tiresome task which his folly had brought upon him, and said, looking as handsome and melancholy as possible, "My thoughts, my dear friend, were occupied upon the detestable necessity of saying adieu. But alas! it must be done."

"Not till you have promised to do what I have asked," said Agatha, who in truth was thinking on her side much more of her future career than of the present parting. "Will you not, my dear friend, promise to give me this proof of the sincerity of your affectionate regard? I really feel that I deserve it, Montgomery, for nothing can have been less selfish, or more sincere, than my conduct and my sentiments towards you."

This was said in a very imposing manner; and it did impose in one sense, though not in another; that is to say, it influenced but did not cheat him. It would indeed have required a monstrous deal of eloquence to persuade him that the fine clear bold eye that was now raised to his face, expressed any sentiment in the most distant degree allied to disinterested affection of any kind. Few men understand the characters of the ladies with whom they flirt so nearly as Mr. Montgomery did that of Agatha Roberts. He was perfectly aware that she was a cold-hearted, calculating, ambitious schemer, with vanity enough to desire greatly, nay, passionately, a distinguished place in society, and shrewdness enough to perceive that she had no chance of obtaining it in the ordinary way, and must therefore arm herself for the enterprise by a steadfast resolution that nothing should stop her, and a confident hope that if she could not get on in one way she might in another. Her pretence of simple minded friendship therefore he valued exactly at its proper worth; but nevertheless he did remember that, such as she was, he had condescended to select her constantly as his partner in the dance, as his companion on the promenade, and, in short, as the object of all the attentions which he had

made it his amusement to pay during the banishment to which he had been condemned; while her present lofty tone reminded him also of the obvious fact, to which indeed it was her especial object to allude, namely, that the generality of young ladies, under similar circumstances, would have tormented him with insinuations that he had used them ill. He at once determined therefore to comply with her request, to which perhaps he was the more inclined by perceiving that the doing so might be made the means of bringing this parting interview to an immediate conclusion.

"Most willingly do I promise what you ask, my dear friend," he replied, "and I am very glad you have thought of naming it before it was too late to prove immediately my wish to obey you. Heaven only knows where I may be, or what may become of me, nor even how soon I may be recalled—I mean how soon I may be obliged to go back to England. The only way therefore in which, as it strikes me, I can be really useful to you is by going home immediately, and writing half a dozen letters or so before I go to bed, to various friends of mine who I know are at this time amusing themselves by wandering about the continent. You will be sure to meet them somewhere or other; and I am sure they would all be delighted to make your acquaintance."

"Thank you, my friend," replied Agatha, in the tone of one who receives what he knows is his due, but who condescends, nevertheless, to express gratitude for it. "I thank you, dear Montgomery," she resumed, "but remember that I do so in the belief that your letters will be addressed only to such persons as I should wish to know. You understand me. I certainly shall not thank you if you put me in the way of being disgusted with the society of Englishmen who are not of high rank, or who have not thrown off their detestable national stiffness."

It was at this moment that Lynberry, rushing through the drawing-room had exclaimed, "Come, along, Montgomery!" whereupon the gentleman so addressed eagerly replied to Agatha's last speech by declaring that he understood her perfectly, and would take care to give her no introductions but such as she would wish to have.

"But, my dear friend," he added, "if I am to write at all I must go directly. God bless you, dear Agatha!" and gallantly sa-

luting the tips of her fingers, he too rushed through the window into the drawing-room, where, with all his usual irreproachable perfection of manner, he offered his hand to Mrs. Roberts, who seized upon it with a grasp that under other circumstances might have been mistaken for a hostile and resolute method of detention, but it was now clearly understood by Mr. Montgomery to be only a mark of strong affection, strongly expressed.

While this grasp still lasted, he uttered an elegant phrase or two, upon his regret at quitting Baden while so charming a family as hers remained in it, and then tore his hand away with the appearance of considerable emotion, and vanished.

Although each one of the Roberts female trio had very resolutely made up her mind not to betray the slightest symptoms of disappointment or surprise at the sudden departure of the gentlemen whose presence had shed a brightness so much beyond that of ordinary German sunshine upon Baden-Baden, they certainly did look, in spite of all they could do to prevent it, rather blankly on each other as they met in a sort of triangle, face to face, when the two daughters entered by the two windows, and met their mother, who was coming forward to advise them not to catch cold, but to come in directly.

"Well! I am sure," began Mrs. Roberts in gentle accents which seemed to promise a good deal of lamentation.

"I shall go to bed!" said Maria, rather abruptly, "for I am tired to death."

"Do, my dear, do," replied her mother; "it will do you good, more good than any thing, take my word for it; and I will send you a little good strong white wine whey, my dear, and then perhaps you will get to sleep, love."

Maria felt a little angry, but still more pathetic, and feeling that if she remained she should certainly begin crying, which she particularly wished to avoid, she hurried out of the room. But as she was passing through the door the idea of the white wine whey seemed to comfort her, and she half turned round and said, "if you please, ma'am; thank you."

Mrs. Roberts rang the bell and gave the necessary orders, that is to say, she desired that "*une pint du lait*" should immediately be put upon the kitchen fire, adding that

she would "*descendre en point de tout de tems pour faire ce que etait necessaire.*" And then, the servant having departed, poor Mrs. Roberts hoped to indulge herself in a little consultation with her eldest daughter upon recent events and the present state of their affairs, and was beginning with her usual phrase, "Well, Agatha," when that young lady abruptly stopped her short by saying, "I beg your pardon, ma'am, but at this moment I really cannot listen to you, for—"

"Oh! my dear girl," replied the tender mother, interrupting in her turn, "don't say a word about it; I don't feel in the least offended. It is so natural, my poor dear child, that you should wish to be quite quiet after it all. We will talk it all over to-morrow, Agatha. Would you like, my dear, to have a little whey brought you, like Maria? A pint of milk will make plenty for you both, and I am sure it would do you good, Agatha."

"Mercy on me, ma'am! I trust you are not going to treat me, as if I were a love-lorn girl like Maria. If she chooses to fall sick about every man she meets in society she must do it, I am sure I shall never interfere to prevent it. And you may give her whey, if you like, with plenty of sugar and spice to comfort her. My scheme of existence is a different one. I flatter myself I shall never give you any trouble about my love affairs, and in return I must request, ma'am, that you never torment me about any of the persons, either male or female, to whom I may happen to attach myself. I am quite willing to pledge you my word that my family shall never be exposed to the danger of any low associations on my account; and, moreover, that if it should ever happen that I found myself likely to be induced to form a matrimonial engagement, I would give you and the rest of my family timely notice of it. And now, ma'am, I won't detain you from Maria and her whey any longer; but I should think you had better advise her not to *promener* her woe too publicly. There are a good many pleasant people still left at the baths, whatever she may think of it, and I should be sorry to see her wipe her eyes upon them all. For my part I shall console myself by putting on my cloak and smoking a cigarette in the balcony."

The young lady, as she uttered these words, passed by her mother to seek the luxury she spoke of, and Mrs. Roberts looked after her with mingled pride and admiration.

"Well! thank Heaven!" she fervently exclaimed, "my unceasing efforts for the good of my family have not all been thrown away. That dear girl will repay them all! What a mind!—what manners!—what a walk she has! That is a daughter that any woman might be proud of; and I have no more doubt of her making a splendid marriage, than that I stand here. But she must set about it in her own way, that's plain enough—and so she shall, dear creature! Such a girl as that is not to be treated like an everyday miss, who would rather catch up the first penniless 'prentice she could find, than not be married at all. I wish that poor dear Maria had some of her admirable strength of mind! I should not be obliged to go broiling over the kitchen fire if she had!"

But notwithstanding this somewhat harsh-sounding reflection, Mrs. Roberts performed the maternal office of comforter so effectually, that Maria speedily fell asleep, the last words she uttered as she closed her eyes being, "Good night, mamma! We will talk it all over to-morrow."

And when the morrow came, it found Mrs. Roberts early awake, and anxiously awaiting the moment for Maria to be awake too, for these parting words had sent her to bed with the delightful conviction that, after all, there was something to tell, "and if there is," she murmured, as she cheerily rubbed her rosy hands after washing them, "and if there is, let it be as little as it will, I shall know how to make the most of it." But it was in vain that the anxious mother lingered on the outside of the breakfast-room, determined that the moment Maria approached it, she would take her to some quiet corner, and hear all she had got to say before she met the rest of the family, however much they might clamor for their breakfast. But not all her watchfulness nor all her patience availed to obtain her object; sorrow and white wine whey combined, caused Maria to sleep much later than usual, and when at last she did make up her mind to leave her bed, there was a sort of sullen languor in all her movements, which rendered the business of dressing too long for the patience of poor Mr. Roberts to hold out, and when he exclaimed in a tolerably loud tone of voice, "I don't want the rest of ye to have any breakfast if you dont like it, but I must and will have my coffee directly." The disappointed mother gave way, and took her place at the table in a state of the most torturing un-

certainly. Nor, when at length, quite at the conclusion of the meal, Maria entered, and took her usual seat, could the acute maternal eye discern any symptom by which she might guess whether the "*all*" that was to be talked over contained a history of weal or woe. There were certainly no traces of tears, neither were there any traces of smiles—nor did any glance betray a broken spirit or a broken heart. On the contrary, indeed, if anything could be read distinctly on her pretty face, it was something quite the reverse of despair; and yet it was not quite the glance of hope either, but rather a steadfast wilfulness that seemed prepared to overcome all obstacles that might stand in its way. And this was a sort of expression which would certainly have been hailed as favorable by Mrs. Roberts, had it not been accompanied by an air of sulkiness that she did not quite understand. Luckily, however, she was not doomed to endure the torture of uncertainty much longer—the silent breakfast ended, Mr Roberts and his son walked off, and Miss Harrington retired to her room.

"Now then, my dearest Maria! The time is come, isn't it, for us to talk it all over, as you promised me last night? You will not put it off any longer, will you, dear love? What is it you have got to tell me, my darling Maria?"

"I have very little to tell you, ma'am, as to the past, but there is a good deal that I wish to say about the future. How soon, ma'am, do you think of leaving Baden-Baden?"

"How soon? I have never begun thinking, as yet, about leaving it at all—I don't mean, of course, that I have any notion of staying here for ever. It does not seem to me as if any people of fashion really lived here; but every thing has been going so very pleasantly till just now, that I never turned a thought towards going away; and besides, you know, we have engaged the house for ever so long, and we must stay till our time is up."

"I see no sort of necessity for that, ma'am," said Agatha. "It would be a monstrous bore indeed, if people were obliged to stay in a house whether they liked it or not, merely because they had taken it. It would be positively turning one's house into a gaol."

"But what is one to do, Agatha?" said Mrs. Roberts, looking greatly dismayed. "You know as well as I do, that we pushed things pretty far, when we took such an

expensive house, and just think what your father would say if we were to go away and leave it before our time was up, having to pay for it, of course, all the same. What do you think he would say to it, Agatha?"

"Upon my word, ma'am, it would be a great deal too much for my nerves if I were obliged to divine what my father would say upon that or any other subject that was proposed for his consideration; but, fortunately, we have the comfort of knowing that it does not signify what he says. I am happy to say, ma'am, that you have too much *savoir faire* to suffer yourself and your family to be led about blindfold by any old gentlemen in existence."

Mrs. Roberts was evidently a good deal touched by this compliment, but she looked a little frightened too, and after she had nodded and smiled, to show she was not at all angry, a liberty indeed which she had quite ceased to take with her eldest daughter, she said, "But what would you propose to do about the house, my dear Agatha, if you had the management of it all quite in your own hands? You don't mean that you would go and hire some other house, and still be obliged to go on paying for this all the time? You don't mean that I suppose, do you?"

"Really, ma'am, if I had to manage the business, I should consider a few weeks' rent of such a little place as this, as a matter of very little consequence. I dare say the house might be very easily disposed of; if that were all. If it suited my convenience to leave the house, I should leave it. The first object for every rational creature being, of course, the placing themselves exactly where they would best like to be; and having decided upon going, if such were my pleasure, I should next take measures to dispose of the house for the remainder of the time for which we have taken it; but as to sitting down in it to keep watch over the goods and chattels, I should as soon think of proclaiming myself a pauper and going into the poor-house at once."

"You need not say so much about it, Agatha. It is not at all likely that mamma means to do any such thing," said Maria.

"I assure you, Maria, I have no idea that she has any such absurdity in her thoughts. I merely answered a question, you know," replied Agatha.

"Don't let us talk any more about the house now, girls," said Mrs. Roberts, coaxingly. "I am positively dying to hear

what dear Maria has to tell me about what passed last night."

"Impossible, ma'am," replied Maria, casting down her eyes, and appearing to be in some confusion. "It is quite out of the question, I do assure you. If you would give me the whole world, I am certain I could never bring myself to describe to you every particular of what passed last night."

"I am sure, my dearest love, I would not ask you to enter more into particulars than was pleasant to you, for any thing that could be offered to me. I have a great deal too much respect for your feelings, Maria, to do any such thing," said Mrs. Roberts; but you may easily guess, my dear, how excessively anxious I am to hear the upshot of what passed between you and Lord Lynberry last night; because, of course, one must consider *that* to be pretty nearly decisive, you know."

"I beg your pardon, ma'am, but I know no such thing," replied Maria.

"Then he did not say any thing to you at all, Maria?" said her mother, looking most deplorably disappointed.

"What can you mean, ma'am?" replied her daughter, knitting her brows a little in the style of her elder sister. "What can you mean, ma'am, by saying that he did not say any thing to me at all? Gracious Heaven! as if the recollection of such an interview is not agitating enough, without the torture of being told that he said nothing."

"How foolish it is of you, Maria," returned the puzzled parent, "to fancy I meant to say that he actually said *nothing*. No, no, Maria, I am not so old, my dear, but that I know better than that. What I meant to ask, Maria, was whether he said any thing at all approaching to an offer of marriage? Do give me a straightforward answer to this question my dear, will you?"

"I really do suppose, ma'am, that you are the first person in the world who ever did ask for a straightforward answer upon such a subject!" exclaimed Maria, vehemently, clasping her hands, and raising her eyes to heaven. "Straightforward, ma'am? Gracious Heaven! what a phrase!"

"Indeed, ma'am, I must say that I think you press Maria very unkindly. I quite agree with her in believing that you are the only person in the world, who ever would have thought of using such a form of interrogatory on such a subject," said

Agatha. "I really think that under the circumstances the only fair question would be whether he has given her reason to believe that he is still attached to her."

"Well then, Maria, let me ask you that, will you?" said her mother, "Tell me, my dear, did he give you reason to believe that he was still attached to you?"

Maria gave her mother a look, that seemed intended to say a great deal, though Mrs. Roberts could not tell what, and then spreading her two hands over her face she exclaimed,

"Oh, Heavens! Yes!"

"Then, my dear child, I feel satisfied," replied Mrs. Roberts, "perfectly satisfied, Maria. I would rather have preferred, certainly, I will not deny it, I would rather have preferred his declaring his intentions to me, or to your father, before he left the place—I certainly should have preferred it—but it is impossible, I know, to have every thing just exactly as we would wish; and thankful I am, and thankful I will be, at the constancy of his passion. But yet, my dear girls, don't you think yourselves, that there is something very odd in his going away so abruptly, without giving me the very least hint in the world that there was any chance of our ever meeting again? Now don't fancy, my dear Maria, that I doubt your word. On the contrary, my dear love, I feel perfectly sure and certain that you feel convinced of his tender attachment, but—"

"There is no but about it, ma'am," said Maria, interrupting her; "I am not such a baby but that I know how a man behaves when he loves a woman. And I do beg that I may not be plagued any more about it."

"I am sure, Maria, any notion of plaguing you is the farthest thing from my thoughts. I am quite sensible, my poor dear child, that the more you are convinced of his love the more the parting must be painful—one must have the heart of a tiger to plague you just at this time—so don't you take any notice of what we are talking about, but I should just like to ask Agatha what *she* thinks. You have a monstrous deal of observation, Agatha, nobody can deny that, and I wish you would tell me now, quite confidentially, as one friend might speak to another, what do you think about it?"

"About what, ma'am?" said Agatha, raising her eyebrows.

"About Lord Lynberry, my dear. Do

you think from what you have seen yourself, and from what you have heard your sister now say, that we may expect his lordship to propose for her? Now speak plain and clear, Agatha, and let me understand you," returned her mother.

"Upon my word, ma'am," replied Agatha, "you have desired me to do the most difficult thing in the world. How can any one speak *plain* and *clear*, as you call it, upon a subject so notoriously intricate as the heart of man? Besides, I really must be excused from passing any judgment on the question. Nobody, in fact, can do this but Maria herself—for you must be aware, ma'am, that the very truest love is often that which conceals itself the most carefully from the public eye. But though I will not pronounce a judgment, I may give an opinion, and that opinion is, that in examining this matter, you should take care to keep in mind the rank and station of the young nobleman in question. It is obvious to common sense that we are not to expect precisely the same straightforward conduct from him that might be looked for from a person exactly in our own station. Don't mistake me, however; I use this phrase solely with reference to the old gentleman, his father, who having, unluckily for him, been born in the last century, has conceived himself, and possibly given to his son, or at least attempted to do so, some of those old-fashioned prejudices which make station depend rather on birth and fortune than on fashion. We know better, I hope; we know that once admitted within the magic circle of *ton*, every thing else is forgotten. That, of course, as far as society is concerned, is all that is looked for—is all that is at all important. But in affairs of marriage, I am afraid these noblemen of the old school are still apt to make a ridiculous fuss about birth and connexion. *Nous autres* may laugh at all this, for we know how utterly absurd it is; and it is probable, from the choice he has made, that poor dear Lynberry knows it too. But this, you will observe, may not be sufficient to prevent his having some trouble with his father. I should not be at all surprised if he had a good deal."

"Yes!" cried Maria, clasping her hands and lifting her eyes to heaven. "Yes! that should account for every thing! In fact, it *does* explain every thing, and makes, what otherwise *might* be puzzling, as clear as light! And therefore, mamma, I hope and trust that you will not let any nonsense

on papa's part prevent your doing what you ought to do. Remember that the happiness of my whole life depends upon it; and if you refuse, I am doomed to misery—or rather let me say to DEATH! Yes, mamma, to an early tomb! For I know and feel that I have not strength to survive it."

"Survive what, my dear?" exclaimed Mrs. Roberts. "What is it that you say will send you to an early tomb? Oh! Maria! how very shockingly you do talk!"

"What is *talk*, mamma? What is *talk* compared to action? If you do not do your duty by me now, you will have to weep over my early grave!"

"But what *is* my duty, Maria? For Heaven's sake explain yourself! You terrify me to death, and then won't even tell me what you want me to do."

"You shan't have reason to complain of that long, mamma, for I have not the least objection to telling you what I want you to do, for I know it is reasonable, and I know it is right. All I ask is, that you should immediately take measures to leave this hateful place, and follow Lord Lynberry to Rome. I am quite sure that in his heart he expects that we should do so, though he was too delicate to say so. *He* is obliged to go, poor fellow, for such are the orders of his tyrannic father; but I, thank Heaven, am free—Lynberry knows this, and therefore must of course expect that I should follow him!"

"Follow him, my dear!" said Mrs. Roberts, relapsing for a moment into the *rococo* decencies of her former mode of life. "I know very well that, as Agatha says, things not exactly as they used to be. But still, somehow, I do think the notion of all setting off and following this young gentleman to Rome, has something very queer in it."

"Queer!" cried Maria, with violent emotion, "what a word to use at such a moment! My life is hanging upon a thread, and you call it queer."

"Upon my word, ma'am, I must say that I think you are very unfeeling," said Agatha. "If you choose to refuse the perfectly reasonable request of Maria, you certainly might do so without making a joke of it. I see plainly that it is likely enough that her happiness, poor girl, may be sacrificed to your detestable old-fashioned notions; but at any rate there is no need to add insult to tyranny."

"How you do run on, Agatha!" exclaimed her mother, looking as angry as she dared. "You know perfectly well that I

am as far from wishing to part Maria and Lynberry as you can be. And if you can explain away the oddness of our all setting off after him the moment he is gone, I shall be very glad to listen to you. There! I am sure I can't say any thing fairer than that, can I?"

"I don't see any great fairness in it, ma'am," replied her eldest daughter. "It is putting a monstrous bore upon me, if I am to do battle with all your windmills. You really should not have brought us abroad at all, ma'am, if you were conscious of not having strength of mind sufficient to overcome the ridiculous prejudices to which you have been accustomed at home. I confess indeed that I am a good deal disappointed at hearing you speak in this manner; for though of course we all know that your education, like that of every other woman brought up in England, must have placed you a thousand leagues behind those who have had the advantage of visiting the continent in youth, yet still I flattered myself that you had sufficient quickness of observation to enable you to get rid of all such nonsense."

"And so I have, Agatha," said Mrs. Roberts, bridling with conscious ability, "and you would soon perceive that you were perfectly right in thinking so if you would but have a little patience. But it is not fair, my dear, to expect that every body should be as quick as yourself. But let us talk a little soberly and reasonably about all this. You hurry on so, that I declare I hardly know what it is you do want. Do you mean, both of you, that you think we ought to give up this expensive house that we stand engaged to pay for during the whole of the summer—do you really mean that we ought to give this up directly, and set off to Rome after Lord Lynberry?"

"I don't know what you mean, ma'am, by going *after* Lord Lynberry. As he is gone already we *must* go after him, if we ever intend to go to Rome at all. But not to quarrel with phrases," pursued Agatha, assuming great dignity of manner, "not to quarrel with phrases, but to come with equal courage and sincerity to the real question at once, I do think that if Maria feels persuaded that Lord Lynberry has left Baden-Baden by the desire of his father, and that, notwithstanding his doing so, he is still attached to her, in that case I certainly do think that it is your duty, ma'am, to bring them together again, and that with as little delay as possible."

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THE POEMS

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life was spilled like water, death, by a sudden, though gentle summons, called away no nobler spirit. Going down to the grave in the very prime of manhood, Schiller had already woven the language of his country in imperishable garlands, round sublime truths and beautiful ideas, which humanity, under all its climes and through all its generations, will proudly vindicate and fondly cherish. Thus he fulfilled the twofold mission of his genius, to sing immortal strains, and glorify his native tongue. For, hereafter, when the demi-gods and heroes of German literature crowd the temple of Fame, apart with their ivory sceptres shall sit the Saturnians,—

"Ex fronte potentes
Cœlicolæ, clarique suos posuere penates"—

who founded and established an empire of national renown, coextensive even now with the limits of civilization. Of them Schiller, though so lately living among ourselves, was yet one of the most illustrious.

From Pope to Chaucer, nothing can be more magnificent than the retrospect of England over every field of literature. Could architecture symbolically represent the trophies of mental energy, strength, and elegance, a cunning pencil might congregate in a picture, typical of English literary achievements, for more than four centuries, all the most remarkable edifices in the world. So, at least, we can fill up to ourselves "the frenzy of the dreamer's eye." But Pope was in the tomb, when Klopstock published "The Messiah." Nobody, we presume, can doubt our implied meaning in these words. The gauntlet of a fiercer or blinder enthusiasm than our own we can only lift up, on the condition that the combat *à l'outrance* shall be transferred to other lists. Our present purpose is to take, what to some may appear a hard and cold, but, as it seems to us, rational and useful survey of a very interesting subject.

If back from Klopstock we peer into preceding ages, what is discernible? Let the answer be, vast learning, deep, and broad, and fearless thinking, an idiosyncrasy of sturdy independence, the hooded wisdom of sarcastic allegories, the soft echoes of a passionate chivalry, the trumpet blasts of a rude but stout heroism. All this we can see and feel to have existed without coming a step nearer the object of our inquiry—the existence of a proper German literature. All this we know to have found vent and expression, in sundry ways, with

great force, and curious felicity, leaving us perplexed, not aided by this knowledge, to explain why the culture was neglected of so much natural fertility. Luther's translation of the Bible, the Apologue of Reynard the Fox, the Lay of the Nibelungen, have little in common, except the unquestionable excellence of each, and the feeling of surprise which they combine to excite, that a language, able to be the worthy vehicle of such compositions, instead of pouring out in continuous streams the effusion of national sentiment and thought, exhibited but a few isolated specimens at distant intervals, of individual ability or humor.

The art of printing itself educated no German literature. The Reformation, which threw open the prison-gates of the mind, was followed by no such results. In the cradle-land of that mighty expurgation, which restored the soul to a healthful atmosphere, and of that invaluable discovery which bestowed on knowledge at once ubiquity and perpetuity, in as far as these attributes can appertain to mortality, there were feebler signs, for a long period, of the breathing and stirring of their legitimate offspring, than in many other European countries.

Indisputably the parent of the vernacular literature of Germany is Luther's translation of the Holy Scriptures into the dialect of Saxony. The Bible, indeed, came not from the pen of Luther. But no writer, by an original work, could then have scattered abroad novelties of more dewy freshness than the pure stores of the glad tidings of God. They were too truly original writings for thousands of his countrymen. Old age inhaled from them with its latest sighs, the softness of an unwonted solace, and manhood, for sterner purposes, imbibed a new strength, while by the lips of boyhood, chanting on the homeward path from school the lessons of the day out of the psalmody of the Reformer, were wafted, like the thistle-down on the wings of the wind, the seeds of eternal truth, to take root in their due seasons and appointed places. It is certain, also, that from the date of this momentous publication by Luther, the dialect of Saxony became, in the subsequent history of its literature, emphatically the language of Germany.

Without a smile, in the serious investigation of facts, we pass from the pulpit to the shoemaker's stall—from the erudite theologians of Wittemberg to the illiterate cobbler of Nuremberg. Hans Sachs, with

his medley in three folios, "disorder," has as clear before us, as any Document of the Emperor, Courts of the Emperor, educated, knowing his tongue, and that man gave it to him, his adapting themselves to hymns or comic tales were, at the moment far from being unselected of Protestantism. Carvings, and not very have done in our country. Sachs partially accounts and forcible rhymes. common mind to the topic of the time—in ludicrously misrepresented coarsely delineated. eminent theme, submitted to headlong critics, in our phraseology, easily ed alike by their contrast. His armory, of a multifarious grave to gay, from livid stithy of Vulcan furnishing pons for Achilles. It of warming fervor—the winter evening or long gory against lordly or in undisguised ridicule risy—assaulted by turn and took prisoner the It was man stirring man animal cowered in the jism,—with the roar, a shriek intelligible to the The cause and shape, fact, of right and wrong as they probably were. ed and aggravated; but porary of Luther, converted prosecuting a guerilla interest, and witnessing the contest, perfectly temperament of those and speaking to them spoken aloud in common Hans Sachs was an auxiliary value we can hardly cially as his three folios mation of posterity, a reminder from closer acquaintance than any monument of

A hundred and fifty years revealing any native literature be unjust, however, to state

literature is now operating among other nations, and, with prodigious velocity, among ourselves. Any scholar-like knowledge of the German language, was, within the recollection of the present generation, regarded in Britain as an acquirement of which the ambitious student, or accomplished gentleman, might boast with pardonable self-complacency. In all our principal seminaries of education, the study of German will henceforward go hand in hand with that of French. We can hardly be said to have submitted to the ordinary process in this instance, by which similar innovations have been introduced and finally established. The luxurious embellishment, without the usual gradations of progressive diffusion, has become at once a portion of the necessary furniture of an educated mind. We rejoice that it is so—and heartily encourage such an extension of the circle of useful instruction.

The literature of Germany, in truth, has had to contend with some curious prejudices, before a permanent footing was secured for it in the public estimation of this country. Without intentional disrespect to many illustrious critics, there did appear to be an overwhelming obstacle in the way of writing common sense on the subject. Nor is the infatuation which dictated the mischievous absurdities of this false style, even yet quite extinct. It was not possible apparently for a German to utter plain words with a plain meaning. Every syllable falling from his lips was a myth. There was a sphinx perpetually propounding riddles; at least there was an *Ædipus* perpetually pretending to solve them. A book, lucid as crystal pool, had nevertheless a mystery lying at the bottom of it, over which it behooved the reader to ponder with the awful dubiety of a Peter Bell.

"Is it the moon's distorted face?
The ghost-like image of a cloud?
Is it a gallows there portrayed?
Is Peter of himself afraid?
Is it a coffin, or a shroud?"

But, if the pages of the German were the oracular leaves of Dodona, the explanations of the English interpreter were the ravings of the Sybil. Rational and temperate men were positively panic-struck by the extravagant hallucinations which infected the devotees of such a literature whose "brew'd enchantments" were denounced as utterly repugnant

"To a well govern'd and wise appetite."

Its philosophy, in particular, was the object of aversion and distrust, diving into abysses of perplexing obscurity, out of which were brought no precious pearls of sound doctrine, but muddy lumps of dark and crude theories. To follow this guidance was to be entangled in, and not extricated from the labyrinth—

"Calidoque involvitur undique fumo;
Quoque eat, aut ubi sit, picea caligine tectus,
Nescit."

In short, we were made acquainted for a time with a kind of composition, which, from its phraseology and manner, quite as much as from its matter, was in popular judgment pronounced to be German, and very little in harmony with English feelings and habits.

The poets were the first who came to our deliverance from these absurd misconceptions of the true character of German literature; for the blame of our ever having been in error, we repeat, is to be largely ascribed to sciolists and enthusiasts among ourselves. But the universal language, into which all the fragments of the confusion of Babel spontaneously fit—the language with which poetry fills the swelling heart and stirs the aspiring soul of man, is sure sooner or later to be rightly understood. The lyrical ballads of Klopstock, the "Oberon" of Wieland, the "Faust," and even the "Hermann and Dorothea" of Goethe, the "Wallenstein" and the "Song of the Bell" of Schiller, burst the fetters of prejudice, and dissipated the clouds of doubt. A new planet was added to the system. A young and gigantic scion—fresh from the breasts of the mighty mother—joined the Family of Song. "Let us now," it was felt, if it was not uttered, "let us now take more kindly to the German."

Having thus looked the chimera in the face, its terrors have vanished, as Bellerophon on Pegasus overcame the monster of ancient fable. There is actually no vocation, humble or exalted in life, to which the study of German will not bring infinitely valuable assistance. The mass of information, apart altogether from the speculations or reflections of the individual compilers, which has been accumulated on every topic of literary or scientific interest, is enormous. It would not be true to affirm, that this vast repository of erudition is as methodical in its classification as it is stupendous in its range. Dug out of pro-

found mines, or gathered from the surface plucked from bushes or fished from unfathomable depths—these are treasures, which, like Ali Baba's, require not a pair of scales, but a capacious measure. From the heaps, however, amassed by indefatigable perseverance, there needs a just discernment to select what may be becoming or necessary, fascinating or impressive. But if to laborious and insatiable research are added acute and massive reasoning—ingenious and daring conjecture—lofty meditation and singular sincerity of feeling—we shall more fully be aware of the benefits which may be derived from an intimate intellectual alliance with the kindred descendants of our common ancestors.

Impressed then with these views, nothing is so gratifying to us as to see the general mind of this country made more and more familiar with SCHILLER. He is pre-eminently the German poet in unison with English hearts. His manliness and his tenderness, his magnificent thoughts and delicate susceptibilities, his longings and repinings, his sympathies and antipathies, the earnestness and the disinterestedness of his purpose, all touch responsive chords in a healthy condition of English character. His spirit is nearer in affinity to ours than that of any of his countrymen. His Germany—as his mind's eye saw it—was as free in thought, in speech, and in action, as Britain. What line in the "Wilhelm Tell" would a Briton blot? The play has again and again been proscribed in Germany. Nor is it in any way satisfactory to remark, that the fears of an arbitrary government are in reality distorted reflections of the desires of the governed, and that the sentiments, for example, which might fall unpleasantly on the ears of an Austrian censorship, are exactly those which are most welcome to an Austrian community. No writer was less revolutionary in intention than Schiller. But he enunciated truths relating to the dignity and independence of the constituents of a body politic—such as an organized state—for which, we venture to say, he could not have cited authority from the history of Germany. Schiller never wrote a word with the purpose of instilling into the minds of his countrymen the poison of discontent with the established system of things; yet he has written much with which the practical sympathy of his countrymen could not exist, the political system remaining unaltered to which they have

been habituated. The story of Tell, told by a bard like Schiller, is read by England in a noon-day blaze of light; but by Germany, even yet, in the grey of the dawn. Gessler's hat has been pulled down, the spear on which it hung is still planted in the ground.

What we principally desiderate is, that the student of German literature shall be allowed to commence and prosecute his perusal of the works of Schiller as he would do the works of a great English poet. Milton is a school-book with us; there are few of our youth who, before they go to college, have not the wonderful productions of Shakspeare

"Familiar in their mouths as household words."

It is not then, however, expected or demanded from them to expound the doctrinal theology of Paradise Lost, or unriddle the philosophy of Hamlet. The mind, however, quickly detects that there are intimate relations which link nobility of sentiment with dignity of expression. It is therefore, in our opinion, a wise nurture of the mental faculties which does not shrink from bringing them, at an early stage of their development, into contact with the loftiest achievements, at once in thought and diction, which our literature can furnish. Only let us take care in doing so, that we merely assist the natural expansion, and do not force the precocity of the mind. The *exoterick* must precede the *esoterick*. The former ought to be the discipline necessary to guide and support the instinctive tendency existing in all men towards the latter. To confound both, to attempt to carry forward both at the same time—the probation and the initiation—is irrational and mischievous. Out of the very fervor of youth comes the strong judgment of manhood, as the blossom heralds the fruit. It cannot be productive of good to huddle seasons together, and place the sickle of autumn in the hands of spring.

What do we advise? We conscientiously advise the scholar, at each point of his progress, to study Schiller. There we bid him go, if he seeks but an easy introduction to, and superficial acquaintance with German. There we bid him go, if his object is to gain easily, agreeably, and extensively, a knowledge of the power, variety, and melody of that tongue. There we bid him go, if, not contented with the golden harvests that wave over the surface of the soil, he thirsts after hidden treasures

lurking beneath—solid wisdom under passionate feeling—the ore of philosophy hurried along by the stream of poetry. There we bid him go, if, prepossessed and prejudiced, he defies comparison with, or approach to the intellectual conquests of his own compatriots. A Napoleon may be doomed to weather the sea, but the invasion of genius rides on the wind, or strikes with the lightning.

We begin with the mere novice, and request him to spell out one of Schiller's ballads. Let it be Fridolin. Is it essential for him to deduce an occult moral from so musical a narration? Will not simplicity, pathos, horror, delight suffice? Mean malice, rash jealousy, devout innocence, intuitive remorse, are they inadequately represented? Is not the household of the feudal lord distinctly portrayed? Is not the den of ruthless savageness impressively painted? Is not the tableau of the ministry in the chapel so faithfully graphic that the tinkling of the little bells suffuses silver harmony over the ear, and the obeisances of the youthful sacristan are involuntarily followed while we read of them? A child will see all this in Fridolin. A child will understand Schiller.

The student, by degrees, has little difficulty offered to him by a German vocabulary. He is wrapt in the "Song of the Bell." In half an hour that exquisite and untranslatable poem has taught him, that the language in which it is originally written is as a diapason, comprehending tones and semitones never rendered with real felicity or adequate expression, into any other tongue. The pictures on which he gazes are infinitely various; the words of the poet are invariably appropriate, complete, suggestive, and realizing. The imagery shifts like Proteus; the might of the language is unalterable as Atlas. The line-of-battle ship and the pinnace, the naked wreck of the deep-laden merchantman, float on the sea, whose broad bosom bears them all. Hope and grief—prosperity and ruin—peace and tumult—marriage, and birth, and death,—call successively for utterance from the bard, and obtain it in such power and such tenderness, such melting sweetness and such tempestuous energy, such rending wailings and such sweeping gusts, as have baffled—we speak deferentially but deliberately—every effort to copy or imitate.

He has stretched far across, and dived deep down into German as a language,

who has mastered the Song of the Bell. And it is Schiller's.

But there comes a craving for something more than magnificence or elegance of diction, than copiousness or strength in a language. Man's nature, like the king in the ballad, is for ever flinging goblets into the gulf, and urging on the diver. There is little, perhaps nothing, which issued from the mind of Schiller, as it is now extant, which does not cling, by however delicate and attenuated fastenings, to a system of deep philosophy. He cannot truly be said to have built up a system and entrenched himself within it. More correctly, he evolved systems out of himself. He worked more as the spider does than the bee. The stuff was within, and diffused from himself, rather than collected from external fragrance, riches, and beauty, to be afterwards kneaded into odorous nutriment. Therefore, it has been remarked that he depicts virtue as if its image were always before him, and its reality with him, and sketches vice as if he had only been darkened by its shadow, and never grappled with its substance. All the yearning of his soul and straining of his intellect were bent in earnest and sincere desire to embrace truth. He waded through many dark doubts—the infirmity of noblest minds,—wrestled with tempting plausibilities, and felled to the ground stubborn rebellions of his spirit, without losing sight of the bright goal at which he aimed. On the evening before his death, his answer to the inquiry at his bedside was, "Better and better, calmer and calmer." It was the history of his philosophy in the largest sense. He will escape scatheless from German Philosophy, whatever it may be, who has traversed and digested it on the principles and with the convictions of Schiller.

Lastly, the Englishman, the adorer of Shakspeare, has read Don Carlos and Wallenstein, and is satisfied. From the publication of Wallenstein, Sir Edward Bulwer says truly, "Schiller became the national poet of all Germany." Shortly, he will be even more; for as certainly as the German language spreads over this island, so certainly will Schiller enthrone himself in the hearts of its people.

It is now more than time for us to thank Sir Edward Bulwer for turning our attention, as he has done, to this subject. From his admirable introductory "Life of Schiller," and from the beautiful, profound, and correct observations dispersed over the two

volumes of his translations, we have derived the greatest gratification, and felt old fires rekindle which have been slumbering, though never extinct, within us. He has written as we might have anticipated he would write; yet it seems to us as if his eloquence warms into unwonted fervor, and sparkles with extraordinary brilliancy in discoursing of a noble theme, with which his nature bids him generously sympathize, and which his talents so thoroughly fit him to appreciate. Nothing can be more true, happy, or impressive, than the following remarks:—

"The poems included in the second period of Schiller's literary career are few, but remarkable for their beauty, and deeply interesting from the struggling and anxious state of mind which some of them depict. It was, both to his taste and to his thought, a period of visible transition. He had survived the wild and irregular power which stamps, with fierce and somewhat sensual characters, the productions of his youth; but he had not attained that serene repose of strength—that calm, bespeaking depth and fulness, which is found in the best writings of his maturer years. In point of style, the poems in this division have more facility and sweetness than those of his youth, and perhaps more evident vigor, more popular *verve* and *gusto* than many composed in his riper manhood: in point of thought, they mark that era through which few men of inquisitive and adventurous genius—of sanguine and impassioned temperament—and of education chiefly self-formed, undisciplined, and imperfect, have failed to pass—the era of doubt and gloom, of self-conflict, and of self-torture. In the '*Robbers*,' and much of the poetry written in the same period of Schiller's life, there is a bold and wild imagination, which attacks rather than questions—innovates rather than examines—seizes upon subjects of vast social import, that float on the surface of opinion, and assails them with a blind and half-savage rudeness, according as they offend the enthusiasm of unreasoning youth. But now this eager and ardent mind had paused to contemplate; its studies were turned to philosophy and history—a more practical knowledge of life (though in this last, Schiller, like most German authors, was ever more or less deficient in variety and range) had begun to soften the stern and fiery spirit which had hitherto sported with the dangerous elements of social revolution. And while this change was working, before its feverish agitation subsided into that Kantism which is the antipodes of skepticism, it was natural that, to the energy which had asserted, denounced, and dogmatized, should succeed the reaction of despondency and distrust. Vehement indignation at 'the solemn plausibilities' of the world pervades the '*Robbers*.' In '*Don Carlos*,' the

passion is no longer vehement indignation, but mournful sorrow—not indignation that hypocrisy reigns, but sorrow that honesty cannot triumph—not indignation that formal vice usurps the high places of the world, but sorrow that, in the world, warm and generous virtue glows, and feels, and suffers—without reward. So, in the poems of this period, are two that made a considerable sensation at their first appearance—'*The Conflict*,' published originally under the title of '*The Freethinking of Passion*,' and '*Resignation*.' They presented a melancholy view of the moral struggles in the heart of a noble and virtuous man. From the first of these poems, Schiller, happily and wisely, at a later period of his life, struck out the passages most calculated to offend. What hand would dare to restore them? The few stanzas that remain still suggest the outline of dark and painful thoughts, which is filled up in the more elaborate, and in many respects, most exquisite poem of '*Resignation*.' Virtue exacting all sacrifices, and giving no reward—Belief which denies enjoyment, and has no bliss save its own faith; such is the sombre lesson of the melancholy poet—the more impressive because so far it is truth—deep and everlasting truth—but only, to a Christian, a part of truth. Resignation, so sad if not looking beyond the earth, becomes joy when assured and confident of heaven. Another poem in this intermediate collection was no less subjected to severe animadversion. We mean '*The Gods of Greece*.' As the poem however now stands, though one or two expressions are not free from objection, it can only be regarded as a poet's lament for the mythology which was the fount of poetry, and certainly not as a Reasoner's defence of Paganism in disparagement of Christianity. But the fact is, that Schiller's mind was so essentially religious, that we feel more angry, when he whom we would gladly hail as our light and guide, only darkens us or misleads, than we should with the absolute infidelity of a less grave and reverend genius. Yet a period—a transition state—of doubt and despondency is perhaps common to men in proportion to their natural dispositions to faith and veneration. With them, it comes from keen sympathy with undeserved sufferings—from grief at wickedness triumphant—from too intense a brooding over the mysteries involved in the government of the world. Skepticism of this nature can but little injure the frivolous, and will be charitably regarded by the wise. Schiller's mind soon outgrew the state which, to the mind of a poet, above all men, is most ungenial, but the sadness which the struggle bequeathed seems to have wrought a complete revolution in all his preconceived opinions. The wild creator of the '*Robbers*,' drunk with liberty, and audacious against all restraint, becomes the champion of 'Holy Order,'—the denouncer of the French Republic—the extoller of an Ideal Life, which should entirely separate Genius the Restless from Society the Settled.

And as his impetuous and stormy vigor matured into the luccent and tranquil art of '*Der Spaziergang*,' '*Wallenstein*,' and '*Die Braut von Messina*,' so his philosophy threw itself into calm respect for all that custom sanctioned, and convention hallowed.

"But even during the painful transition, of which, in his minor poems, glimpses alone are visible, Skepticism, with Schiller, never insults the devoted, or mocks the earnest mind. It may have sadness—but never scorn. It is the question of a traveller who has lost his way in the great wilderness, but who mourns with his fellow-seekers, and has no bitter laughter for their wandering from the goal. This division begins, indeed, with a hymn which atones for whatever pains us in the two poems whose strain and spirit so gloomily contrast it, viz., the matchless and immortal '*Hymn to Joy*,'—a poem steeped in the very essence of all-loving and all-aiding Christianity—breathing the enthusiasm of devout yet gladsome adoration, and ranking amongst the most glorious bursts of worship which grateful genius ever rendered to the benign Creator.

"And it is peculiarly noticeable, that, whatever Schiller's state of mind upon theological subjects at the time that this hymn was composed, and though all doctrinal stamp and mark be carefully absent from it, it is yet a poem that never could have been written but in a Christian age, in a Christian land—but by a man whose whole soul and heart had been at one time (nay was at the very moment of composition) inspired and suffused with that firm belief in God's goodness and his justice—that full assurance of rewards beyond the grave—that exulting and seraphic cheerfulness which associates joy with the Creator—and that animated affection for the brotherhood of mankind, which Christianity, and Christianity alone, in its pure, orthodox, gospel form, needing no aid from schoolman or philosopher—taught and teaches."

ØHELENSCHLÆGER'S GODS OF THE NORTH.

From the *Athenæum*.

The Gods of the North; an Epic Poem.
By Adam Øhenschläger. Translated
from the Original Danish into English
Verse. By W. E. Frye. Pickering.

THE fame of Øhenschläger has by some writers been termed European. This is just as absurd as the declaration of the three tailors of Tooley-street, "We, the people of England." In the south of Europe, this Danish poet is not known even by name. In France he has just been heard

of. In England, not one in fifty has any other knowledge of him than is furnished by our periodicals. In short, he is read only in the three Scandinavian States, and in Germany. The latter country, from the affinity of its language with Denmark, from the derivation of its children from the same common stock, and from the identity of the religion once professed by both, must ever take a warm interest in such works as the present. We too, it may be thought, ought to be far from insensible to such subjects. The majority of us spring from the same great race; we had once a dialect no less cognate than the German with the language of this poem; and the numerous deities of Scandinavia were as devoutly worshipped on the banks of the Thames and the Ouse as on those of the Danube and the Elbe. But we have no longer the same advantage as the Germans, in possessing a dialect closely allied with the Danish or Swedish: it may indeed be doubted whether the English of the nineteenth century has any more affinity with the English of the ninth, than the French has with the Latin; for though the roots may be kindred, the construction and genius of the two are almost as divergent as if they belonged to distinct families of language. This, at least, is certain,—that a modern Englishman would more easily learn French or Spanish than the tongue of his remote forefathers. Again, the Germans are little engrossed by commerce, which in this country is so fatal to literary research, and still less by those silly conventionalities which absorb so much of an Englishman's time, and cause him to pass his life in busily doing nothing.

The book before us enjoys the singular distinction of being regarded as a body of mythology no less than a poem. For the elucidation of ancient religious dogmas, and of the Scandinavian objects of worship, it is quoted with nearly as much gravity as the Edda itself. In each of these points of view we shall for a few moments regard it.

As a mythologist, Øhenschläger closely follows the modern school of Northern critics, headed by the celebrated Finn Magnussen. In this school the most ancient deities of Scandinavia are personifications of the powers of nature. "Thus," says the translator, "the earth, the sun, the moon, the stars, the sea, rivers, woods, mountains, &c., all have their peculiar divinities; and as these were considered the cause of light or of darkness, of warmth or

of cold, of fertility or of barrenness, of the eternal vicissitudes of the year, month or day, as well as of the destructive effects of storms, tempests, floods, volcanoes, earthquakes, &c., to the idea of their existence became conjoined the belief of their superhuman power. They were, therefore, recognized as the arbitrary rulers of nature, who had their separate principalities, circles, and districts in her empire; and, as we ascribe to them our own passions, caprices, and necessities, we naturally endeavor to captivate their good-will, or avert their anger, by prayers, sacrifices, presents, or penances." The case, we are informed, is precisely the same in the Greek, the Egyptian, the Hindoo, the Celtic, and all other forms of mythology that have ever prevailed among men. But yet, with all respect for the authors and supporters of this theory, it has often staggered us, and no doubt many of our readers. Is it not too refined for an early, and therefore a barbarous state of society? Can we reasonably admit the possibility of a body of priests at such a period sitting down to devise a system of philosophical mythology, so complicated and so profound, as frequently to elude the penetration of the most learned and most ingenious moderns? Above all, can such a possibility be admitted in reference to the sacerdotal order in Scandinavia, or in Asiatic Scythia? If such a science did exist, it must have been confined to the priests—for all history proves that it was unknown to the people at large. But the truth is, Scandinavia had no priesthood properly so called. Any warrior, any man, could sacrifice at the altar; and though, as we might expect in a patriarchal state of society, the more solemn sacrifices were performed by the head of the family or clan, there is nothing to show that they had a spiritual character,—that they differed in this respect from the younger branches of the same family, further than in their superiority of rank as the more direct representatives of some ancestral hero. Where, indeed, could priests be found in a country where there were so few temples in which they could serve? In those few there were doubtless ministers to light the fires, to keep the sacrificial vessels clean, to take care of the statues, and to afford their help on festive occasions. But from all that we can infer, they had no peculiar privileges of any kind: their sacrifices were not a whit more efficacious than those of the rudest and grimmest warriors that ravaged the

maritime When the king, with deity, the If, the powerful sophical must be ly differed It may in had such among all of extrem have unification. been, the sical laws ture, have society,—obtained mind, and deavored t tery. Wh comparative society has there has then indeed the priesthood of the people concile the with nature times (which those of pag such refine craft there, in admittin aty. But Plato the h a progress ties of its in the aid cl lar mytholo tions. The by subsequ writers, th tianity aros pagan cree progress of in India, at favorable t rose into ex or in the c rived the b cumstances Europe and been strang Idolatry in cable to th visible obje

deified mortals, has satisfied them. They have been contented to hold the popular creed as they received it, without inquiry, without reasoning at all; or if they have made additions to it, those additions have been of the same nature as the original stock—just as gross in the eye of common sense.

The partiality with which the northern antiquaries (including those of Germany) have dwelt on the philosophic origin of their ancient religion is natural enough. It vindicates their ancestors from the more brutal features of idolatry, and assigns them a place in the intellectual history of man, not less distinguished than that occupied by the most renowned sages of the world. But it will not bear the test of scrutiny. It is contrary to known facts of history, and to known principles of the human mind. If it has been adopted in other countries, especially in our own (and all our recent critics have eagerly adopted it), it furnishes another illustration of the mania which leads men to follow without examination the path indicated by some adventurous predecessor. The poor sheep have been unjustly treated: they do not follow the beaten track with more undeviating perseverance than animals of another species.

In these remarks, we are far from denying that there are indisputable traces of a mythologic meaning in the ancient religion of Scandinavia. What we contend for is, that they are not coeval with that religion,—that they have been incorporated in succeeding times. We dispute too the very notion of a mythical system. In fact, a close observer will be struck by the heterogeneous materials on which that system is said to be founded. They appear to be the fragments of more than one popular faith. Probably there is great justice in the inference that when the Goths under the historic Odin invaded Scandinavia, they engrafted their own dogmas on the creed of the original inhabitants. The Thor of the latter was evidently the Supreme God of the North before the Asiatic invasion; afterwards we find him occupying the second rank, being removed to make way for the deified Odin. In like manner the realm of giants—Jotunheim—appears to have held a more prominent place in the creed of the old inhabitants than in that of the Asiatic invaders. The two religions appear to have amalgamated at an early period, long before the dawn of authentic history.

It is on this hypothesis only that we can account for the widely divergent genius, often the directly contradictory principles, of the Scandinavian mythology. The basis was demon, the superstructure hero, worship; the former characteristic of a very different race from that of Odin's followers,—a race if not identical, certainly kindred with the Celtic. Where the empire of the strangers was imperfectly established, as in the hills of Norway, and in the scarcely-accessible forests of Sweden, Thor preserved most of his honors—a fact evident from the elder or poetic Edda. In other parts, especially in Denmark, Jutland, and Germany, he was merely the son of Odin, a deity more kindred with the genius of Gothic warriors.

If we turn to Cehlenschläger as a poet, we shall find little reason to term his present effort an epic. It wants unity, the very first requisite of such a species of composition. It does not relate to one subject, but to a great variety of subjects; nor has it a design apparent throughout. In fact, it contains the exploits of gods or giants (demons) independent of each other, without any thing like unity of action, and consequently, without the necessary degree of interest to place the poem in such a class of composition. But a poem it cannot with justice be called; it is a succession of poems, each with a distinct subject and action. The reader who has gone through Mallet's 'Northern Antiquities' (whether in the introduction of the 'Histoire du Danemarck,' or in Percy's translation,) is already acquainted with the substance of the volume before us. The imagery, the language, the sentiments, sometimes the very form, are the poet's; and from the elder Edda some mythologic principles are derived, of which Mallet made no use. The poem too (if such we must call it) is pervaded by a critical spirit of which that historian had scarcely a conception. But these are adjuncts, not essentials; so that in the department of invention there is little to arrest our notice.

In these observations, however, we are far from disputing the merit of Cehlenschläger as a poet. That he has considerable powers of description, great sweetness of language, and even great range of fancy, is evident even from the present work, in which he was straitened by the positive tenor of his authorities. His merits too, so far as they respect language and versification, must be better appreciated by his own countrymen than by foreigners, who cannot be expected to have a very critical insight into such

matters. By the former he is hailed with one shout of admiration; and, though national partiality may swell the note, there can be no doubt that this admiration is just.

As to the translation of Mr. Frye, it is evidently one of more than ordinary merit. While faithful, it is generally elegant and spirited. We have particularly admired the variety of the measure in the different cantos,—noe asy attempt, yet necessary to display the versatile powers of the Danish poet. Hence, the translation must be read with pleasure, even by readers familiar with Mallet. Still in this country, for the reasons already given, neither the poem nor its subject is likely to become popular.

We are somewhat puzzled where to select an extract from 'The Gods of the North,'—the fables being much too long for our limits, and considerable explanation being required to render both the characters and the incidents intelligible to readers little versed in the Northern mythology. We will venture, however, on the characteristic opening of—

The Journey of Skirnir.

Now Skirnir, eager his zeal to prove,
Down Bifrost urges his course amain,
And, speeding through Hertha's gloomy grove,
Soon reaches the Giant's drear domain.
'Twas like the wind blowing o'er the road,
Which gate nor barrier hath power to stop:
'Twas like the blast raging o'er the flood,
Which lashes to foam the billow's top.

Now Skirnir thought: "Pitch dark is the night,
Brakes, briars, and brambles impede my course:
And the wind and the rain with all their might
'Gainst the bosom beat of my jaded horse.
But if no Giant in th' hour of need
To give me refuge as guest will deign,
Then Skirnir must on his panting steed
Return in haste to Valhalla again."

To Elivagor he chose the road,
He came to a fiord, and fain would cross:
And there at the brink a ferryman stood
With wrinkled brow, and with aspect cross.
"Who art thou, fellow, that standest so grave
Upright in thy bark?" thus Skirnir cried:
"If thou wilt ferry me o'er the wave,
I'll give thee oatcakes and herrings beside.

"Upon my shoulder my wallet see!
Therein of provisions a store I've put."
Then answered the ferryman scornfully:
"Fine horseman thou with thy shoeless foot!
A woollen kirtle is all thy treasure,
Yet thou talkst like a lord of wealth and power.
Ha! thinkst thou slaves to thy will and pleasure
Us Giants to find at the midnight hour?"

SKIRNIR.

Steer hither thy bark! thou grumbling wight!
Thy name and thy lineage quick declare!

Why stand there idle the livelong night,
And lose every chance to earn a fare?

HARBARD.

A Nidding is he who denies his name;
Yet were I base as the torrent's scum,
My birth to reveal I'd feel no shame:
'Tis not such as thou shalt make me dumb.

SKIRNIR.

I seek not to cross the fiord, I swear,
To teach thee manners and language meet:
But thou hast perchance a sister fair,
Who would more courteous a stranger greet:
Or thou art link'd to a beauteous bride,
Who would not disdain on a youth to smile:
Then ferry me quick to the other side!
I fain would commune with her awhile.

HARBARD.

Aye! aye! our females are smart and fair;
That Odin himself must needs confess:
I only wish more renown'd they were
For constancy and for gentleness.
If in search of beauty thou makest thy trip,
Thou'lt meet with dames that will please thee
well:
But beware lest a kiss from the wife's soft lip
Be repaid by a kiss from the husband's steel!

SKIRNIR.

Like dogs forsooth are your mountain brood,
Envious and snarling and quarrelsome;
Who to other creatures refuse the food,
Which they themselves can never consume.
Incapable of true love are ye,
Yet ye fain would exact return of love:
Ye seek not to hide your inconstancy,
Yet expect your matrons should constant prove.

HARBARD.

Thou hast talk'd enough: 'tis an envious theme:
Now rest thee, and quench thy thirst, and eat!
But ere I ferry thee o'er the stream,
Thou must proof exhibit of talent meet.
No fare from travellers I'm wont to take;
But if they cannot give answers good
To every question I choose to make,
Down at once they sink in the dark blue flood.

And now the goblin began to ask
Young Skirnir about the orbs of heaven:
What various names ('twas no easy task)
To the sun and moon and stars were given:
To earth and water, to fire and air,
To plants and trees, to the wind and rain:
And what the terms expressive were,
Which all their properties explain.

But Skirnir's answers never fail,
And all his ready wit display:
"The earth is called by the Asar, *vale*;
By the Alfer, *green*; by the Vaner, *way*;
The *cave of metals*, by dwarfs 'tis named:
Fruit-bearer, by all the Giant brood."
Then Harbard, raising his oar, exclaimed:
"In truth, my hero! thou answerest good."

"Heaven," Skirnir quickly then rejoined,
"Is termed by the Asar the *ceiling blue*;
The Vaner term it the *realm of wind*;
And *drypsal* 'tis call'd by the Dvergar crew:
Fairlast by the Alfe: by the Giants 'tis hight

Opheim." All these answers, 'twas plain to see,
Were much approved by the ferrying wight,
And Skirnir's cakes he devoured with glee.

"To the moon by the Dwarfs, I know full well
Of *yellow-shiner* the name is given:
By the Asar, *dreamer in the vale*:
By Hela, 'tis term'd the *wheel of heaven*:
By the Alfs, *year-reckoner*: the Giants proud
With the name *inconstant* soil the moon:"
Then Harbard chuckled, and cried aloud:
"Much knowledge, 'tis plain thou hast, my son!"

"The sun is call'd the *dart of rays*
In Valaskialf by the Asar all:
But the Dwarfs, who cannot endure its blaze,
Sight-blinder the glorious orb miscall:
'Tis named by the Alfs the *wreath of gold*:
Night-vanquisher by the Giant breed."
These answers gave Harbard much extoll'd,
And herrings he eat with his oaten bread.

"The cloud that flits the heavens along
Is term'd by the Asar, the *car of Thor*:
Rain-dropper in every Vaner's song!
And *runaway* base in the Giant's lore!
By the Alfs *shade-giver*; the Dwarfs, who thrive
In their grot, and dislike the glare of day,
To the cloud the term *umbrella* give,
Since it shields them well from the solar ray.

"The wind doth many a title claim
From the denizens of air and earth:
The *wide-embracer* is its name,
The *blast'er*, *ruler*, and so forth.
The *metal-melter*, the *smoky-veil'd*,
Are appellations given to fire.
And *hair of the earth* the trees are call'd,
When their branches wave in their green attire."

Fresh questions the boatman grave proposed,
But the answers of Skirnir never fail.
Of day and of night the name he posed,
And those bestow'd on corn and ale.
Then Harbard said: "Ne'er met my eyes
A man with wisdom so profound:
Yet Gestur's riddles, I surmise,
Will far beyond thy reach be found."

Grim Harbard now unmoor'd his bark,
And briskly Skirnir stepp'd on board;
For naught he valued the Giants dark,
And felt secure with his trusty sword.
And though the frightful boatman stared
As stiff as a corpse with his evil eye,
Yet not a whit was the hero scared,
For his witchcraft all he could well defy.

Whoever opens the volume will probably be in no haste to lay it aside until he has reached the end. It is a pleasing addition to our literature; and from the translator's notes, it is equally a useful one,—to the few, we mean (pity they are so few!) who take an interest in the subject.

ANCIENT GREECE—ITS CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY.

From the British Quarterly Review.

A Manual of the Political Antiquities of Greece, historically considered. From the German of CHARLES FREDERIC HERMANN. Oxford. 1 vol. 8vo, pp. 423.

It has been a frequent, as it is an obvious remark, how broad is the difference between the histories of European States and those of Asia and Africa. The reigns of despotic monarchs in India or Babylonia, Constantinople or Cairo, have a wearying and uninteresting sameness. In the military history alone do we look for variety; and except when it derives a peculiar interest from the nations with whom they are in collision, their wars are often as unworthy of detailed record as the brawls of savages.

An exception to the general remark is found whenever we find a well-organized priesthood side by side with the otherwise despotic king. The conflict of such powers uniformly supplies important materials for history; and if the records of early Egypt could be magically recovered, they would for this reason have a great interest. In fact, the reason why the lives of barbarians have so little to instruct us, is, because they act as mere individuals, guided by personal caprice, out of which no great law of humanity can develop itself. In consequence, we learn no more from their history, than we know already from observing the conduct of children and of uneducated persons. But when men begin to act as *masses*, having enough of organization to preserve some sort of *identity* through long time; a large part of the capriciousness of individual character is neutralized. Hence the history of a corporation, however insignificant or however corrupt,—whether it be the petty community of Niebuhr's native Ditmarsh, or the great Roman Catholic priesthood—if continued through several generations, becomes a worthy subject for philosophical reflection.

It would be rash to imagine that Asia never developed fixed political institutions other than that of priesthood. So great a chasm intervenes, both of time and of space, between ourselves and the ancient Boethians and Indians, that very much may have existed which we do not suspect. In fact, the report has reached us of flourishing re-

publics on the western side of India, in very early ages; but no fragment of their history has been preserved. The earliest nation in which a high culture of the arts of life went on side by side with an advancing constitution, is the far-famed Phœnician confederacy; and not long after, her yet more powerful daughter Carthage. The latter state, like Tyre, was, in fact, only the principal member of a great federation: every member having a certain internal freedom guaranteed to it, with its own peculiar usages; yet all, for certain purposes, acting together, especially for common defence, under recognised leadership. It is by a peculiar and surprising disaster that we have entirely lost the internal history of these most intelligent and active communities. We are mortified by knowing that ample native histories were not only composed, but were actually within the reach of Greeks and Romans, who might have had them translated, and transmitted them to us. No Herodotus arose among the Romans, whose lively gossip might insure the preservation of his versatile work: and the ponderous erudition of Varro has perished so entirely, that we are left to mere surmise on the question whether his voluminous collections would lessen the loss which we now lament. The only extra-European literature of antiquity which has been preserved to us, is that of the Hebrew nation. It has for us a value of its own which cannot be equalled. But the very fact that the Hebrews were a peculiar people, set aside for Jehovah, 'dwelling alone, and not numbered among the nations,' so cut them off from their natural kinsfolk, the Phœnicians and Syrians, that their institutions and fortunes are in no respect blended with theirs.

Thus we are forced to regard the *Greeks* as the earliest people who have, for us, a history. From them we fitly derive the words Politics, Policy, Monarchy, Tyranny, Aristocracy, Oligarchy, Democracy; since among them first can we recognize all these ideas or institutions in full activity. We must look to the physical geography of Greece as the immediate cause of this, though not forgetting the instincts and intelligence of the Hellenic races. It has been often observed that in different parts of Greece itself, even in later times, there was a tendency to oligarchy in wide and fertile plains, where cavalry could be reared and could act advantageously; to democracy on the sea coast; and to a more mixed

constitution on undulating and less fertile tracts. But besides this, (which indeed must be received with caution,) the form of Greece as a whole put great impediments, in the way of a universal monarchy. Its lofty mountains and narrow winding valleys its unnavigable rivers and isolated plains, gave every advantage for the growth of many independent communities: and according to the social state in each, one or another class attained the preponderating political power. Those who fell under the displeasure of the ruling body, found a refuge in some neighboring state; and this, in early times, was perhaps the chief cause which tempered the despotic tendencies of royalty. Priesthoods existed in Greece, as in Rome; but the priests did not form a caste, nor an organized order; and had seldom much power either to resist the king or enslave other classes of the community.* It would seem that the absence of a priestly order is, in fact, the great phenomenon which has from the beginning distinguished the European, as opposed to Asiatic civilization; for we claim the Phœnician and Punic systems as European, although not on the soil of Europe; and in this respect they agreed with ancient Greece and Italy. Colonization in all these countries, whether by land or sea, went on unchecked by the mother state, simply because its executive arm was not strong enough to stop, or long enough to reach the fugitive. In consequence no artificial system of rule, such as that of a technical and official priesthood, could follow the tribes in their migrations; but *those* commanded reverence and obedience, who by superior knowledge, energy and hereditary reputation, seemed to deserve it.

The Homeric Greeks were already in possession of all the chief arts of social life, and by commerce with Asia were able to obtain any farther improvement which they needed: but they had broken the fetters of caste and priesthood, under which those arts were first brought to high excellence. How the priestly power first fell, no history informs us; but it may be suspected that it was a gradual revolution, of vast geographical extent; if indeed that power was ever spread over some considerable Indo-European tribes. To India, Bactria, and northeastern Persia (i. e., *Ariana*), we look, as great nuclei of priestly influence: and these nations, like Egypt, attained the earliest social eminence. The glimpses which we get of Asia Minor would make

us suppose that special temples, and priest-hoods attached to them, had been venerated and wealthy from extreme antiquity, but that the mountainous character of that region had so facilitated the rise of local influence, that the priesthood, becoming hereditary, degenerated into royalty. This would form an intermediate link between the state of Greece and of Bactria. An hereditary priest-king, whose kingly power rose out of the veneration for his temple, would aim to keep up the old religious notions and ceremonies, but without the intellectual influence of a priestly caste. Perhaps then this institution underwent a gradual modification, during the migration of the Grecian tribes from the East.

The old saying, that "a rolling stone gathers no moss," is well applied to societies of men. Not until the waves of Grecian migration had been hushed, could society take any fixed form, or any thing deserving the name of "institutions" arise. Without denying that something is due to the peculiarity of Greek genius, (an argument which we think the learned Germans are apt to overstrain,) we are persuaded that even the lowest of the tribes of the human family will, in course of time, crystallize into political form, if only it be forced into local coherence. Strongly marked as are the African peculiarities in the Egyptian and the Ethiopian, we yet find in both those nations a very early culture not to be despised; depending, no doubt, on the well-defined outline of the region which they inhabited. It may be remarked, that those Grecian states advanced most rapidly, which by their position had access to the sea, with but narrow landed possessions. Such was "the wealthy Corinth," and those islands which were large enough to defend themselves single-handed: nay, and even the little *Ægina*. Such also were the colonies to Sicily, Italy and Asia, who were debarred from spreading inland by the hostility of the old inhabitants. The wide extended system of piracy was to the more advanced communities a "pressure from without," formidable enough to keep down internal factions, and force them into amicable compromise; and when the increase of national navies and the progress of legitimate traffic had put down piracy by sea, and the last great territorial exchange of population by land—the Dorian occupation of Peloponnesus—had given to the diverse clans their final abode; Greece presented the aspect of a *cluster* of inde-

pendent states, speaking a common language, and holding in the main a common religion, contained in the great national poems,—states, which, though united by public games held periodically, as well as by continual commercial intercourse, yet, in every political sense, were strictly separate, without any organization even for defensive confederacy.

One island of Greece is in size so considerable as to have formed in itself a separate nebula of allied or hostile states—the "hundred-cities Crete," which has for us, in most respects, as enigmatic a history as Etruria or Bactria. All that we *know* about it points to the conclusion that in it the Greek (or Achæan) people attained to great wealth and strength at a far earlier period than any where else. Even Greek religion may seem to have been derived from it, since it is called the birthplace of Jupiter. Upon its soil reigned the earliest Greek potentate who can be regarded as a historical reality,—Minos; whose powerful fleet is believed by Thucydides to have first suppressed the pirates on the Greek seas. Tradition ascribed to him even the maintenance of a cruel dominion over Attica, and while the extreme uncertainty of all such tales must be allowed, the tales would never have been invented, but for a firm traditional belief of the wide-spread power, which in the anti-Trojan times Crete enjoyed. But this early civilization seems to have destroyed itself by intestine war. The Achæan cities at a later time could not resist the Dorian invaders, whose colonies impressed a new form on all Crete; and so completely were its energies crippled during the historical era of Greece, that this largest of the islands, entirely peopled by Greeks, is scarcely heard of as politically important.

Although happily other parts are not so dark to us as Crete, yet in times during which we have only fragmentary notice, a whole age was passed; in length doubling the historical period of Grecian constitutions. For from Lycurgus to the Persian war (of Darius) was above 320 years; and from the latter event to Alexander the Great was about 160. So slight and casual is our information concerning the earlier period of the Greek states, that we are apt to exaggerate to our minds the rapidity with which they ran their course. The constitutional history of Athens, for instance, may occupy perhaps nearly nine centuries,—from Theseus to Demetrius the Phaleri-

an; but of this we are well acquainted only with the two last, having merely glimpses, more or less distinct, concerning that which preceded. Now, from Romulus to Augustus, is a period barely exceeding seven centuries; and, when we consider how great was the gap between kingly Rome and the Rome whose literature we possess, we might almost be justified in computing the actual development of the Roman constitution from the war of Porcenna at earliest, and this would reduce the interval to about four centuries and a half; yet we are apt to think that the institutions of Rome unfolded themselves more slowly than those of Greece.

In fact, concerning the constitutional history of the most flourishing Grecian colonies, as Miletus, Byzantium, Rhodes, Syracuse, we know almost nothing; they burst upon our view as brilliant phenomena, when already in their prime and in their final shape. We know that none of them were very recent states, though (as is usual with colonies) their infancy was short, since they started with the political experience of the mother city. One general fact appears to result from what we know of the Grecian colonies—viz., that in all of them, the Dorian, or even Æolian institutions, tended to uphold aristocracy, while maritime commerce exerted a contrary effect. Those states, which united the two opposing principles, had, on the whole, the happiest temperament, as Rhodes, Byzantium, and Corinth. Ionian institutions had the greatest affinity with foreign commerce and seamanship, and ran out rapidly into democracy and turbulence; though even here there seem to have been fortunate exceptions, as in Chios. It is remarkable that the nearness of the Lydian monarchy exerted so little power on these Asiatic communities, to force them into closer confederacy. Of these, at least the Ionians and Dorians had their annual solemn meeting; but there are reasons for believing that it had almost solely a religious or festive object. Certainly there was in the later times of their independence, no fixed defensive alliance, no common treasury, no public officer appointed to watch over their joint interests; and we know several cases in which they fell into border warfare. Nevertheless, this very freedom enabled all the elements of greatness to expand with greater rapidity: not, indeed, with the tranquil, harmonious, and abiding results which attend on expan-

sion underlying tend airy, and like the soon to the earlier politics, many a man, and litical ex over, by mother-child to state of conditions and outw in the rel one order dent com detailed h changes c ed; but w city, Mile atrocious i fallen und arduous s began.

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had made himself master of Colophon; his descendants, Sadyattes and Halyattes, waged an eleven years' war against Miletus; and the celebrated Cræsus at last reduced to subjection all of the continental colonies. Considering the obstinate defence made by Miletus single-handed, and the tyranny under which she had fallen, it cannot be doubted that in close alliance and with an efficient central executive, these Grecian states would have been able to set at defiance the whole force of Sardis, and, probably, also the mightier Persian empire.

The idea of a federal union was quite native to Greece, and it was the only way in which their constitutions could have permanently thriven. Tradition told of an ancient Amphyctiony, (so these unions were called,) formed in Argos, under Acrisius, in times of extreme antiquity. The Trojan war was supposed to have been undertaken by a compact alliance of kings, whom Tyndarus had entangled in a certain oath. The union of all Attica into a single state would seem to have been nothing but the *euthanasia* of an ancient Amphyctiony, which first embraced the parishes of Attica in a common bond, and finally merged them in one. One such confederacy lived on into the historic period, but it was like what the Greeks fabled of Tithonus—shrivelled and weak with old age, a mere ghost of a corporation, useless for all honest and honorable ends. It had no moral force, because the states were disproportionately represented in it; and no physical force, because it had scarcely any executive means of its own. The love of liberty in Greece took too local and petty a form; and the jealousy natural to it was wedded to an intense love of individual power. Hence, as in the United States of America the separate communities severally limit the central power of Congress to the minimum that is enough for the most necessary affairs, so in Greece did the states that formed an Amphyctiony; and the result of this must generally be, that the central body loses even the power to save the members from mutual warfare. Its efficiency being wholly derivative, the means of acting may be withheld at pleasure. Thus the Greek federations for the most part stagnated into mere religious unions; and the public festivals, as at Olympia and Delphi, never grew into political importance.

So extreme an isolation of small states, exposed them at once to foreign enemies, and to slavery from domestic usurpation.

The rise of *Tyrants* was a phenomenon spread over all Greece during a certain period; and deserves peculiar attention, not only as marking a particular era in the growth of states, but because we have nothing in European despotism which in full atrocity is parallel to that which the Greeks called Tyranny. The increase of wealth in cities was generally a previous phenomenon, and in no small measure a *cause* of the success of a usurper. Strange as this may at first seem, it is readily explained by considering the very small scale on which Grecian communities were built, which at once made usurpation easier, and the usurper's yoke more intolerable. But we must here go into the natural history (so to say) of a Grecian state, with somewhat more minuteness.

In spite of the legendary mist surrounding the early history of Athens and Sparta, we can discern enough of the outline of their constitutional history to perceive what laws were at work, and in what order they took effect; and the fragmentary notices which we have of other states, combine to assure us that (making allowances for the Dorians and Ionians,) the following account is, in the main, true. The free population was originally divided into nobles and commonalty, by a rather sharp line; and, as chief of the nobles, (*primus inter pares*), a king took the lead, with defined prerogative. The king, generally hereditary, would appear in Athens to have been elective, though the election sought to confine itself within one family. Every where, however, the succession to the throne was so liable to be disputed, and the feuds of royal families so fierce, that the kingly authority became more and more depressed, and except at Lacedæmon, vanished entirely. At Athens we can trace, how it was at first elective, though for life; was then changed, even in name, into *archon*, or 'magistrate,' for life; then into a magistracy for ten years. The election was farther thrown open to more and more families; the office was afterwards made annual; at a still later time, was bestowed with reference to property and character, but not birth; and, finally, was bestowed by the lot.

The changes took place at times so distant, though all in the same direction, as to prove that individual will, talent, or caprice had nothing to do with the general result. When a kingdom has thus been gradually converted into an aristocracy, and the

falling on a great empire, like Rome, or Russia, is sad, no doubt, but to the nation at large, it is bearable; for the persecuted nobles are not only a mere fraction of the whole, but leave beneath them untouched a vast body of wealthy and educated men of the middle orders. The very weight and mass of a modern nation is such, that to revolutionize a weak government requires a combination of ten thousand hearts and hands; and a despotic king can afford to be less jealous and more generous, because he is safer in his seat. But the Greek tyrant knew that his power might be overthrown, as easily as it had been set up. He felt towards the city less as a king, and more as a satrap. He was anxious to extort out of it as much as he could, *while* he could; and contracted alliances and affinities with barbarian potentates, among whom, perhaps, he also laid up for himself distant and secret treasures. Under the civil policy which such a position suggested, the rich were inordinately taxed, and the sources of their wealth often dried up. The people at large were forbidden the use of arms, and the upper classes lost their natural sphere of public service. In short, under a tyranny, the whole animating spirit of a Grecian city departed, and its material wealth and strength were soon greatly impaired. A number of lyrical poets were no doubt encouraged to sing at feasts to the praise of wine or the exploits of the usurping house; or indeed, by more generous despots, from a cordial sympathy with elegant literature. But the songs of freedom were dumb; martial strains awakened reminiscences too dangerous; even the primer of the Greek schools—the moral verses of Hesiod, the spirit-stirring ballads of Homer,—had much in them to alarm a tyrant. No pen could be allowed to record even simple annals; and history was stifled in its birth. Public oratory there was none. The multitude, deprived of all intellectual culture and all manly exercises, grew up into effeminacy and sensuality—a degeneracy which can indeed be traced among the Lydians of Cræsus, after their conquest by Cyrus, as distinctly as among the proper Greeks of Asia.

In confirmation of the deadly effect of tyranny on Greek cities, we may quote the mildest instance of its establishment—that of the Peisistratidæ at Athens. This celebrated state was in strictness not a *city*, like other Grecian states, but was a *province*; since, by a regulation attributed to

Theseus, all Attica had been admitted to the Athenian franchise. On this, more than on any other single cause, depended the greatness of Athens; for while Sparta, Thebes, and other leading states, encountered constant alarm or public hostility from the province of which they were the capitals, all Attica was indissolubly incorporated into a single civil community. The same cause moderated perhaps the fierceness of her internal factions. Intense as her sufferings are described to have been at certain crises, her revolutions were remarkably bloodless, with the exception of the atrocious conduct of the aristocratic faction towards the end of the Peloponnesian war, and the ever-abhorred Thirty Tyrants who were kept up for a year by the Spartan arms. The cabals of a town are generally worse than those of a province or of a nation; for the latter has always a far larger body of neutral men, who, when victory has been decided, may throw in their influence to enforce a moderate use of it. Be this as it may, Peisistratus and his sons were, in strict Greek usage, called *tyrants*; and, in fact, the father had seized the supreme power during no time of convulsion, nor for any pretended public necessity or public service; but from mere private ambition, when he might have lived honored and useful as a noble in a prosperous community. But tyrant as he was, he and his sons used measures so mild, and to so great an extent pursued the welfare of the commonwealth that Thucydides ventures to say, that 'these tyrants in an eminent degree cultivated virtue.' Notwithstanding this praise, the sudden start towards intellectual greatness, political nobleness, martial bravery, commercial activity and manufacturing wealth, which the Athenians made when tyranny was removed, shows how seriously it had repressed the national energies. Their immediate increase in bravery caused a pang of alarm to Sparta, and has drawn forth a warm panegyric on democracy from the genial historian of Halicarnassus. That the Peisistratidæ had no support from any powerful class of the nation appears clearly enough in the history, nor had any such feeling as loyalty towards them been generated. Their alliances with foreign tyrants and their ready application to the Persians to restore them by foreign force, shows how far they were from identifying themselves with the true interests of their country.

The great antagonist of the tyrants was found in Sparta, whose highest calling it was to exterminate these pests of Grecian communities. Her own constitutional history had been very peculiar. Instead of destroying the kingly power at the era of its general decay, she first merely weakened by dividing it; and set up the singular phenomenon of a state with two hereditary kings—*diarchs*, not monarchs. A later step was, to appoint annual magistrates called Ephori, on whom the current administration devolved—another important curtailment of the royal prerogative. Kingly power so tempered, could stand its ground even in anti-monarchical Greece. Religion added its sanctions, as the kings were held to be of the sacred line of Hercules, which had ruled over Peloponnesus before the Dorian conquest. A state thus eminently constitutional, addicted to precedent, and fostering its old families with antique veneration, was shocked at the expulsion of the aristocratic order by tyrants, and at all the attendants of revolution. We know from Thucydides the bare fact, (and extremely important it is, though the details have not come down to us,) that the Spartans set themselves, on deliberate principle, to destroy the tyrannies in continental Greece; and on this, their extended influence must have been mainly founded. Wherever they had expelled a usurper, they of course recalled the ejected nobility, and aided them, for a time at least, in establishing the new constitution. This, naturally, would be an aristocracy, of which the leading men were likely to be more or less dependent on Spartan help, and bound to her interest both by gratitude for the past, and by prudent concern for the future.

As long as the Lacedæmonians exerted themselves in this direction among the tribes of Dorian or Æolian blood, their labors received the reward which they desired, and justly anticipated, and Sparta ascended slowly and surely towards the position which she coveted—as the freely chosen, legitimate leader of Greece. She knew nothing as yet of the versatile genius of the Ionians; and, when she undertook to deliver from tyranny Attica, the chief Ionian state of proper Greece, she had no foresight of the results. It is even alleged that she was impelled to the step by fraudulent oracles from Delphi, which were purchased by the gold of an Athenian noble, hostile to the Peisistratidæ. It is dif-

ficult to say, whether allowance is to be made for the frenzy of the Spartan King, Cleomenes, a man of great talent and unusual power, but who, after a life full of extravagances, died a maniac. This man dictated to the Athenians, as to a subject people; and when they did not submit as readily as he expected, marched thither in person, and banished 700 families at once. Upon his withdrawal, his regulations were overturned; exasperated at which he determined to make his partisan, Isagoris, tyrant of Athens. He assembled a great army of Peloponnesians without telling them the object; and the Bœotians on one side, the Chalcidians from Eubœa on the other, at his order occupied the frontier districts of Attica. The imminent danger did but call out new energies of freedom and heroism before unsuspected, in the forlorn and apparently hopeless Athenians, who prepared at once for the most unequal battle. But the allies of Sparta, now understanding her aims, could not endure so disgraceful a service: the Corinthians first boldly protested against it, and withdrew their forces; Demaratus, the other Spartan King, encouraged by this, followed the impulse of his own mind, and marched his division off the field; seeing which, the whole army presently broke up and dispersed for their separate homes. Instantly the Athenians turned to oppose their other enemies, and by gaining two splendid victories in one day over the Bœotians and the Chalcidians, earned a new name in Greece, and established their independence.

These transactions, by the self-confidence and ambition which they inspired in Athens, signally prepared her for the high part which she was soon to play. Greek legends well known to all, and dear to the memory of Ionian states, told how in early times Athens had ever been the bulwark of all Ionians: how magnanimously she had saved the sons of Hercules, when persecuted by the Peloponnesian Eurystheus; how she had afterwards received the Achæan fugitives driven out from Peloponnesus by the flood of Dorian invasion; and how the same flood, when it tried to overpass its peninsular limit, had raved in vain against the shores of Attica. It was also remembered by all the Ionian colonies in Asia, with kindness and with a certain veneration, that Athens was their mother city—a tie at other times weak, but which, at this critical moment was of vast importance. Oppressed by the power, first of

Lydia, then of Persia, subjected also to native tyrants by the policy of the Persian court, the Ionian states heard with delight of the new prowess of their ancient mother, and many a heart beat high with pride, that the glory of the Ionian name was not everywhere departed.

Concerning the Greeks of Sicily and Italy—*Siceliots* and *Italiots* as they were called—we must say a few words. The most powerful of these colonies were of mixed foundation, though Dorian institutions prevailed. Syracuse, Selinus, Gela, Camarina, Agrigentum, and Himera were the greatest of the Siceliot cities: Sybaris and Croton, Tarentum and Posidonia, were equally eminent among the Italiots. These states are more like to Corinth, than to any other city in proper Greece. By commerce and by good institutions, they rose rapidly into wealth, and many of them were remarkable for splendor, some for a luxury amounting to effeminacy. In consequence, as we may presume, tyrants established their sway in the chief Siceliot cities—severe intestine wars followed, with a great destruction of the aristocracy, which caused the constitutions to vacillate between tyranny and democracy. The same would probably have happened at Corinth, but for the proximity of the Lacedæmonians. Of the Italiot cities we know less; but the furious animosity between Sybaris and Croton, as also the effeminacy of Tarentum, although of Dorian origin, seem adequately to explain their degeneracy and fall. At the time, however, when the Persian war against Greece was impending, the Siceliot powers were in great strength, and much seemed likely to depend on the side which they chose.

The Persian war is the great event which precipitated the fortune of Greece, elevating it suddenly to a wonderful pitch of glory, from whence it was steadily to decline, until the whole country became disintegrated by mutual distrust or enmity. If the institutions of Lycurgus could have prepared the Spartans to act the part of wise politicians, the Persian war might have produced nearly unmixed good to Greece. The conduct of Athens was magnanimous beyond all praise. Great as was her bravery in battle, and resolute her endurance of temporary expatriation in preference to accepting the tempting offers of the Persians, all this was made of tenfold value by her postponement of everything to the common welfare, and by her generous conduct

to Sparta, while that selfish and short-sighted state was utterly neglecting all interests but its own. Whenever the Spartans were willing to lead honorably, the Athenians showed that they knew how to obey submissively. Under the pressure of the enormous danger, there was hope that all southern Greece might coalesce into an organized whole, which, on the retreat of the invader, would naturally absorb into itself the less chivalrous northern districts. The Dorian states would have clustered around their acknowledged leader, the Achæan round Athens, and even in spite of the misconduct of the Spartans in the great conflict itself, so nobly did the Athenians behave, that during the after-war, it would not have been too late for a cordial permanent confederacy on terms of general advantage and fairness, leaving to the Spartans an honorary leadership, if only they had deserved it. But their narrow-minded system had formed them to be nothing but *brave fighters in phalanx*. So utterly did their education repress individual energies, that if at all put out of their usual way they had barely the common courage of soldiers; and at the battle of Platæa, they took such pains to avoid meeting the Persians, and to throw the brunt of the fight on the Athenians, as to draw on them from Mardonius the bitterest reproaches for cowardice. Even when the Persians were utterly routed, and a motley crowd had escaped into their camp, the Lacedæmonians in vain endeavored to get in; because, forsooth, it was impossible to scale walls without losing the order of the phalanx. Here, therefore, they were helpless; but no sooner had the Athenians come up, than, by dint of individual bravery they forced their way over, although previously as little versed in sieges as the Spartans. From such men to expect genius would be absurd—they had not common versatility; they were made to run in a groove, and without their groove they instantly drove at random into a slough of mischief. Thus Pausanias, then their leader, was so puffed up with his own importance, as presently after to make proposals for the hand of Xerxes' daughter, engaging to subdue Greece to the great king, on condition of being made tyrant of Sparta—an astounding result of this war of liberty! His infatuation was such, that on finding the king willing to negotiate, he assumed the manners, the state, the luxury, and (if we

can believe it) the dress of a Persian satrap, as if already a vassal of Xerxes. Disgusted at his insolence, the allies turned away from the Spartans, and entreated Athens to become their leader.

This is the culminating point of Athenian glory. The just Aristides was now their chief statesman, and to his influence we must perhaps mainly ascribe their splendid behavior in the whole war. But as long as man is man, he will be unable to endure uncontrolled power; and the disastrous withdrawal of the Spartans from the confederacy, (in fear lest other generals like Pausanias might be corrupted by exposure to temptations so new,) took away the check without which the Athenians would use their good reputation as a means of unjust aggrandizement. The glory of Athens had shot up too suddenly and splendidly to last; unless to temper her ambitious aspirations she had met quick admonition that a selfish use of power would be suicidal. In short, mounting speedily into military and naval greatness, holding alone the treasury of the confederates, carrying on an aggressive war against the great king himself, received as natural head of the Ionians, and manifestly the first power in Greece, Athens was intoxicated, and forgot that all her greatness was founded in love of liberty, in self-sacrifice, and in justice. From this moment, all hopes of permanent freedom and happiness for Greece were wrecked. That further development of her constitutions became almost impossible, which was yet absolutely needed—viz., the cohesion of her cities—or, as we should call them, her municipalities—into federated powers, so as to comprise the whole Greek nation in a band of permanent amity. The glorious city began, indeed, to exhibit that intellectual greatness for which she will ever be remembered. The wisdom of the Ionian states betook itself to Athens. The beautiful arts were transferred thither also, and soon reached a perfection hardly since surpassed. Every thing which adorns social life there showed itself. A simple and manly eloquence arose without cultivation. A profound and delicately defined system of law—an elaborate result of ages of experience, but ascribing its final perfection to the wisdom of Solon—employed and sharpened the discrimination of common citizens. The Father of History produced, in honor of his favorite Athens, the splendid epic narrative of the war against Per-

sia; and, like a second Ulysses, taught his readers the manners and abodes of the most distant nations. The mathematical sciences and elementary astronomy established themselves firmly; and, (as the beginning is proverbially the half of the whole) it might have seemed that Greece and through her the world, was about to commence a steady course in the investigation and establishment of moral and material science. But, although, by the impetus already received, the intellectual development of Athens was destined to be carried much further yet, the seeds of destruction to everything good and great were planted in her on that day in which she violated the liberty of her allies: when, in place of the great king whose fleets she had discomfited, she set herself up as the Tyrant City over Greece.

There are laws in the moral world as certain as any in the material; and among the most obvious of them is this, that misrule is destructive to the ruler. Government is an ordinance of God for good; and by doing good every governor strengthens himself; or if at any crisis the contrary seem to be true, that is caused by previous misgovernment which it is too late to remedy. Athens, not contented with ruling over her Ionian colonies, forcibly enslaved those of Corinth—the peaceful mercantile Corinth, a city beloved by all Greece, a natural centre of union for Dorians and Ionians; active and intelligent, yet unambitious: Corinth whose spirited protests against the meditated injustice of Lacedæmon had twice saved Athens from imminent peril. This great ingratitude precipitated on her the fatal Peloponnesian war. Sparta might have murmured in secret, disgusted by her rival's ascendancy; but she would never have dared to move against her, unless she had been goaded on by the Corinthians, and by a sense that the injustice of Athens had become too gross to tolerate. Having resisted to the last, the sage Archidamus, the best of all the kings of Sparta, most unwillingly began the war, which, he warned the confederates, they were likely to leave as a legacy to their children.

The Peloponnesian war, lasting in all twenty-seven years, was in almost every sense a *civil* contest. It was waged by Greeks against Greeks: for although Ionian blood chiefly was on one side and Dorian on the other, the difference was only like that between Scotchmen and Irishmen

—their language being mutually intelligible, their manners, institutions and religion substantially the same; however varying in form, as Protestantism and Catholicism. But this was not all. Since Athens upheld democracy, and Sparta aristocracy, a double faction was formed in a majority of the states of Greece; so that every community had the enemy in its own bosom. To make the war more lingering, Athens was as unable to oppose the combined force of her adversary by land, as Sparta by sea, and the opposite forces could not be measured together. What, however, we are chiefly concerned with is, that by reason of the obstinacy of this intestine and unnatural conflict, a shocking demoralization of all Greece took place. Half of every state (so to say) was extirpated or driven into exile by the other half. Instead of that compromise between aristocracy and democracy which justice and expediency in most cities demanded, the factions were goaded into implacable enmity, and a mixed constitution was generally made hopeless. As for Athens, the whole population of her country—i. e., of the province of Attica, was crushed into the walls of the town; and her celebrated statesman, who pressed upon her this measure as necessary, had no foresight of the calamities it would induce. A horrible plague first swept them away in thousands, the moral mischiefs of which were far worse than the loss of life. Next, the masses of idle country people needed to be fed at the public charge; which was done by paying them for attendance on public business. Under such a change of manners, morals could never have stood; and, in fact, from this time forth the Athenians were no longer the same people. The result was aided by another event. Through the immense waste of the life of citizens, it became necessary to wink at or encourage a disproportionate admission of foreigners into the franchise; so that even in blood the new nation was diverse from the old. In the course of the war, the younger part of the aristocracy, unable to endure the rise of men of lower rank into the administration, became deeply disaffected with the constitution: and the pressure on the purses of the rich which followed the losses at Syracuse, brought out an oligarchical plot, which led to violent seditions. By the free use of assassination, the oligarchs for a time carried their objects: but the atrocious want of principle pervading the whole party, was their ruin. Finally, when the Lacedæmonians triumphed, in consequence of faction

within and by help of Persian gold from without, the tyranny which they imposed swept off by proscription and violence in ten months as many lives of citizens, as had perished by battle in ten years,—says Xenophon, an aristocratic and Laconizing historian. So much we have stated in summary, to show by what violence the progress of the Athenian constitution was arrested; the population itself suffering so great a change as to place a chasm between what preceded and what followed.

Although seventy or eighty years more may be counted, before the liberties of Athens were lost; nevertheless, no further development or production took place in the state; which was now rather a dead machine, worked by the talents of a succession of able performers, than a living organism. Several stages of progress may be counted in Athens, besides those already alluded to. The suppression of the last remnants of royal authority had left the old aristocracy predominant. Under their rule (probably from a neglect to adapt the constitution to newly risen wants) the dreadful crime and anarchy which at length ensued gave rise to the bloody but useless legislation of Draco, when the laws of Athens were first committed to writing. Confusion and misery continued thirty years longer, until the great revolution known in connexion with the name of Solon. By an enormous cancelling of debts, by restoring captive debtors to liberty, by repealing the severe penalties of Draco, by forgiving and recalling exiled citizens, he did much to tranquilize the state. To prevent the recurrence of disorder, he enacted a new code of laws, and introduced important changes into the constitution. In particular, he substituted *property for birth*, as a title to civil office, and established a free trial by jury. The power of supreme legislation was also vested by him in the collected citizens, but their assembly had not the right to originate measures; an authority which rested in the senate. Still, as the senate was elected by the people, this constitution was a manifest democracy.

Unfortunately, no adequate trial of it was allowed to be made, or the results are unknown to us. For the usurpation of Peisistratus, which followed soon after, nipped it in the bud; and when the sons of Peisistratus were expelled, the factious conflict of Isagoras and Cleisthenes induced the latter to project and carry a new reform of the constitution, which, however it may in part

have been useful, brought in at least one absurd and injurious regulation—the electing the chief magistrates and the senate (not by *ballot*, but) by the *lot*. Cleisthenes also changed the old division of the people, which was in four tribes, into another of ten tribes. The necessity of this is unknown to us, but it is probable that the system of four tribes was quite antiquated, and, like our ‘old Sarum and Gatton’ enabled the shadow of the past to dictate to the present. Previous to this, a minority had been able to paralyse the action of the majority; but from this moment the greatest energy of will and action showed itself in all the proceedings of Athens. *Mere* nobility henceforth went for nothing; but where it was united to personal qualities and wealth, it commanded the esteem of the people. With the more energetic and worthy nobles the administration rested, almost without dispute, (Themistocles being the only statesman of lower rank,) from the reform of Cleisthenes, B. C. 508, to the death of Pericles, B. C. 429. It is remarkable enough that this final growth of democracy at Athens should be simultaneous with the expulsion of the kings from Rome.

Both in Rome and in Athens, the highest prosperity, at home and abroad, was enjoyed during the period in which the nobility held the *administration*, and the mass of the people the *supreme legislative power*. But in neither was the nobility, of whom we speak, an unchangeable body. It was practically hereditary, only because wealth is to a great extent hereditary; but new families were at any time capable of rising by merit. We do not know any special causes which left so few Athenians of noble birth to supply the place of Pericles, and we are almost driven to suspect that that great man had purposely kept out of the administration all men of high birth, who possessed aspiring and ardent minds. On his death, no experienced statesman of the old nobility was left, but the respectable, amiable, unambitious Nicias; and almost of necessity, a demagogue of low birth stepped into power—Cleon, a tanner.

May we suppose that the middle class of Athens, the manufacturers and merchants, had already so advanced in cultivation, as to be capable of governing the state? We certainly cannot infer this from the instance of Cleon; nor from his successor Hyperbolus, a manufacturer of lamps; nor from Cleophon, who came next; but, in truth, it is clear that with an idle, ignorant populace,

the most random, flashy, and violent speaker was likely to prevail. The older nobles had many of them hereditary political experience. Miltiades had a patrimonial kingdom in the Chersonese, and had been long in contact with Ionian usurpers and statesmen. Many of them had estates in Naxos, Lemnos, or other islands; some in Thrace, as the historian Thucydides. Their political ideas were received by actual contact with men, and had far more of the practical than of the speculative. But the young nobles who grew up with Alcibiades, had studied politics (and indeed morals) as a part of rhetoric; and while they had gained a certain specious cleverness in sophistical declamation, were so miserably deficient in soundness of moral judgment, that we almost forgive the Athenians for preferring the homely vulgarity and violence of a Cleon.

After the Peloponnesian war, the aristocracy (as such) vanish for ever from the public administration at Athens. Statesmanship becomes a strictly *professional* affair; so, indeed, does the office of general—a mark of the improvement in the arts of war. Henceforth every statesman has one or more generals in his party. The generals choose to reside abroad, out of the reach of the Athenian people, and under protection of their army; a large part of which now consists of *mercenaries*, attached to the *general's person*. The last point marks the incipient break-up of the executive power. The people had no adequate funds for supporting armies, nor patriotic zeal to serve in person; and what funds they had, were spent on their own wants or diversions, in preference to foreign war. In such a state of things, some of her own generals might have one day conquered Athens, if the Macedonian arms had not done it.

The institutions of Sparta were well adapted for one object, and that one only—to enable a small Dorian army to keep their superiority over a vastly larger conquered people—a mass of disfranchised freemen and oppressed slaves. Not but that *other* and milder methods would have been far better, even for this limited and unworthy end. Her nearest neighbours, Messenia and Argos—the former trampled under foot, the latter savagely crippled—hated her as Poland hates Russia. Like a church which professes to be infallible, the constitution of Lycurgus admitted no modification, and could not adapt itself to change of circumstances. When Sparta rose to power, her ruling men always proved oppressive, and

her public policy was uniformly alike selfish and self-destructive. Her constitution being a mechanism, not a living power, had nothing that admitted of growth and expansion. With the progress of social corruption, the laws of Lycurgus were neglected, not repealed; and the king who tried to enforce them was murdered. Yielding, at last, to the course of events, Sparta fell under tyrants, until she was absorbed into the empire of Rome.

The Peloponnesian states, under the immediate surveillance of Sparta, suffered little from intestine disorder, until the Spartans had disgraced themselves by a selfish peace with Athens. Discontent and intrigues, plots, revolutions, and war, were the consequence, which broke out still more generally, when the great war against Athens came to an end. We have here room to notice only the singular attempt at coalition between Argus and Corinth, which towns the democratic party in each determined to fuse into a single state. The design was excellent; but since they endeavored to carry it into effect by wholesale violences, a reaction took place, and it totally failed.

Thebes is another great city which we can trace, as, first a monarchy, then an aristocracy, and finally, (but not till after the Peloponnesian war,) a democracy. Under the last form of government, she had a short-lived greatness, owing to the gush of liberty excited in her by the perfidious attempt of Sparta to subject her to a cruel rule. But she abused, still more quickly and far more atrociously than Athens, the power which the heroic spirits, whom oppression called forth, had won for her: and when young Alexander, in imperial fury, razed Thebes to the ground, and sold her unhappy people into slavery, though all the Greeks shuddered, but few mourned.

Macedonia was the power by which all the previous Grecian policy was overthrown. Its disproportionate might deranged the balance of affairs in the states which were nominally left free, since a Macedonian party was sure to form itself within each of them. In the decline of Greece, a new confederacy rose in Achaia, as it were born after its time—the Achæan league, which showed for more than a century together what the states of Greece *might* have done at an earlier period, and what they *would* have done, but for the singular institutions of Sparta, and the contrast of Dorian and Achæan blood. But besides

this, we must name another circumstance which strangely impeded that most desirable result—the blending of all Greece into one nation; viz., the superstition against intermarriage with ‘strangers,’ as Greeks of another city were called. The greatness of Athens, as of Rome, had primitively depended on their braving the reproach of being a mongrel city. Each of them had once with much ease allowed foreigners to become naturalized; and the resident aliens of Athens, in her best days, were an important body of men, who in considerable numbers found their way into the register of citizens. Yet in the historical times, not the least step could have been taken by the wisest Greek statesmen, it would seem, (so dense was the prejudice of the people,) to admit the neighbor states to a right of intermarriage. Had this been done, with the simple regulation that children should be citizens of their *father's* city, a basis for conciliation and political union would soon have arisen, from the strong tendency of the rich, where language is the same, to form affinities with their own order in other cities rather than their own. As it is, we know of but one important league of this nature—that of Olynthus, which was chiefly between Ionian cities; and the result of permitting intermarriage was soon so striking, that the Lacedæmonians took alarm at the growing power of the league, and under pretence of religion, sent an army which succeeded in enforcing its dissolution. This fact goes strongly to confirm what we are otherwise disposed to believe, that Greek religion was the canker, at the basis of Greek civilization; not only because it kept up systematic immorality, but because it was essentially local and partial, and enforced the isolation of communities—practically regarding the Apollo Patrôus of Athens as a different god from Apollo Carnæus of Sparta, so that intermarriage between the votaries of the two was a profanation. On these deep-seated ideas ultimately depends the weal or woe of nations. Greece acted, and fell, and has left us the lesson of both; but until purged of her gross faith, higher excellence or more permanent prosperity was perhaps impossible.

The inherent defect of almost all these constitutions may perhaps be traced to the smallness of the scale on which they were built. Few of them were duly *mixed*; and yet on this, more than on any other single point, the excellence of a constitution depends. As individuals, we need rights,

and equal rights, against the *executive* government, because it is as individuals that we are liable to oppression from it; but by the *legislative* power we cannot be harmed as individuals. Laws touch us only as members of classes; hence it is classes, not persons, which need to be defended from legislative oppression, and classes therefore that ought to be *represented* (to use a modern term) in the legislative assembly. In such assemblies, no order scruples to sacrifice the interests of another order to its own, if it can do this safely. Inevitably, therefore, if either a nobility or a commonalty has unchecked authority, one part of the state will be injured and become disaffected. Of all the Grecian communities, *Rhodes* bears the most honorable name for a mixed and well-balanced constitution, and for high political integrity; but we know too little of the details to judge how far the sound morality of her people and the goodness of her polity were mutually cause or effect. *Acarmania* also, a province seldom heard of in history, enjoyed for several centuries a happy tranquillity, broken only by events which set off the moderation and good faith for which she was celebrated. But here, as elsewhere, peaceful unambitiousness, full as it is of reward to those who enjoy it, yet by the obscurity cast around, it transmits no definite lesson to posterity. In the more active states of Greece, and all whose history is well known, we see that the different orders of the same state could not bear collision on so small a theatre, without intense exasperation. Each side saw its adversaries so near, and, an opportunity so within reach, as to conceive the idea of absolutely extirpating them. Wholesale banishment and confiscation was the anticipated effect of revolution; and every civil commotion was too apt to terminate in the despotic rule of *one* or *other* order. By such convulsions (that nothing might be purely evil) the *slaves* alone gained. Herein is the enormous advantage of the massive weight of European states. To abuse the rights of victory to so awful an extent as was customary in Greece, would now be, if not physically impossible, yet morally impossible, except after irritation that has lasted for ages. In the chief states of Europe, it is to be hoped that every class of the community will be more and more protected from evil legislation, perpetrated on it by other classes; and all citizens have long since been theoretically equal in presence of the

executive and judicial power. A slave population, happily, we have not, such as ever kept Sparta in tremor; and whatever may be the actual oppression of some classes, the fact is condemned and hated, the instant it becomes notorious. Even in democracies, as those of America, mere extent of territory gives a prodigious advantage. As long as the United States remain together on their present scale, they are too strong to fear their rich men, and will never ostracise them from jealousy. The great thing to be hoped and desired for all such communities is, that an organization should grow up strong enough to hold them together in time of discontent, and that whenever a real 'aristocracy' arises, it should be freely vested with the executive government.

The work at the head of this article, while bearing the modest name of a manual, is the fruit of great research; and presents, we think, a more trustworthy statement on the subject to which it relates than will be found in any other single volume. It is one of the series of works for the translation of which we are indebted to the enterprise of the late Mr. Talboys, of Oxford.

CLAIMS OF LABOR.

From the Westminster Review.

[Read this article. Its concluding reflections, especially, are well worthy the consideration of both genuine and mistaken philanthropists.] Ed.

The Claims of Labor. An Essay on the Duties of the Employers to the Employed. Pickering. 1844.

THE author of this little volume is already favorably known to the public as a teacher of much practical and homely wisdom. His former work, "Essays written in the Intervals of Business," is one of the very few didactic writings that ever fell under our notice, really calculated to do good. It contained the well-weighed reflections of a man of some experience and much meditation, on the mode of actually *applying* the acknowledged principles of morality and prudence to the occupations and occurrences of daily life; and the effect which it was adapted to produce, and we believe

really *has* produced in many instances, arose, we conceive, mainly from the circumstance that it was impossible not to feel during the perusal that the moral attainments which it preached were of no romantic cast or difficult achievement, but palpably and promptly within the reach of every ordinarily-constituted mind.

The present work is of the same general character, and will sustain the author's well-earned reputation. We can give it no higher praise than to say that it is eminently suggestive of practical exertion. It is also modest and unpretending in a rare degree. It derives its chief value, as its author seems well aware, not from the novelty of its matter—for there is little in it that is not as old as the Sermon on the Mount—but from the momentous interest of the subject, and the almost solemn earnestness of the writer. Towards the conclusion, he says (p. 165):

"I do not assert that I have brought forward any specific, or even any new remedy of a partial nature, for the evils I have enumerated. Indeed, I have not feared to reiterate hacknied truths. But you may be sure, that if you do not find yourself recurring again and again to the most ordinary maxims, you do not draw your observations from real life. Oh, if we could but begin by believing and acting upon some of the veriest common-places! But it is with pain and grief that we come to understand our first copy-book sentences. As to the facts, too, on which I have grounded my reasonings, they are mostly well known, or might be so; for I have been content to follow other men's steps, too glad if, by so doing, I might assist in wearing a pathway for the public mind."

This is true of the book, as well as sound in principle. The author of the 'Claims' is an *indigenous* thinker, if we may be allowed the expression, but not an *original* one. His thoughts are not *original*, inasmuch as they have occurred to others, and been published by others,—but they are *indigenous*, inasmuch as he has not borrowed them, but has *thought them out* for himself: and reflections which are the native growth of the mind are always valuable even when not original; something of novelty must belong to them as being the productions of a new soil.

In the present social condition of England there is much that is very gloomy—very wretched—very shameful. But there is one bright feature in the perilous and melancholy spectacle; we are becoming

conscious of the mischief and misery around us. We are sitting in darkness, but the darkness has become visible. We have got as far on our course of amendment as a general acknowledgment that an immense amount of misery does exist, and ought to be removed. The great social evils which weigh down the mass of the community are no longer either ignored or acquiesced in.

There is, indeed, very much in the condition of our country that calls for regret, self-reproach, and active efforts for amelioration. Let us complete the picture. We have possessions in every quarter of the globe. We rule over 200,000,000 of people. We are beyond all rivalry the wealthiest nation in the world. The sea is covered with our ships; every nook and cranny of the earth teems with the products of our industry; our commercial enterprises are on a scale of magnitude and splendor, compared with which those of the Merchant Princes of Florence and of Venice were almost insignificant; facilities of all kinds are multiplied beyond example; letters are carried from Cornwall to Caithness for a penny; and we travel habitually at the speed of the swiftest race-horse. Then our metropolis is a very marvel of magnificence and luxury; and the perfection of the social machinery, by which all the daily wants of its millions are noiselessly and unfailingly supplied, is an inexhaustible source of wonder and admiration. All imaginable contrivances for adding to the ease and enjoyment of life are multiplied and spread among the higher and middle classes; while to crown the whole, the industrial establishments of our towns, and the domestic establishments of our noble proprietors in the country, are on a scale of unequalled grandeur.

If we turn to less material tokens of extreme civilization, the picture is almost as gorgeous as gay. Not only have we vast, venerable, and costly establishments for the fostering of literature and science, but we have science made easy, and literature made cheap. Books, almost to any extent and of any kind, are within the reach of even the poorest who can read; and through the medium of our daily press, all the sayings and doings in the great centre of our national life are known to the inhabitants of Yorkshire almost as soon as to those of Islington and Hampstead. The compulsory provision for the poor, for religion, and for public education, amounts to 15,000,000 £ a

year, and our voluntary contributions to similar purposes, would probably reach 5,000,000*l.* more, for our charitable institutions and associations are literally numberless; and 20,000 pulpits are understood to be constantly occupied in proclaiming throughout the length and breadth of the land the duties of man to man.

Such is the external aspect of the great machine of social life; but when we turn to examine the interior clock-work, we find the living wheels of which it is composed grievously neglected and deranged. To drop metaphor—side by side with the luxury and splendor of the few is the squalor and destitution of the many; side by side with the wasteful grandeur of the great is the pinching hunger of the poor. The shining and dazzling magnificence of our metropolis covers—but can no longer conceal—*abysses* of wretchedness and sin, which appear even more appalling through the measured coldness of the official language in which they are laid bare. The beautiful mansion of the country nobleman—with its airy terraces, its spreading lawns, its antlered deer, its avenues of ancestral trees—is set in a gloomy frame-work of huts and hovels, wherein want and disease—childish hunger and maternal anguish—lie moaning through the day, and whence the poacher and the rick-burner issue stealthily at the dead of night. And in the recesses of those towns where our vastest commercial and manufacturing operations are carried on, may be discovered an amount of disease and destitution, the continuance of which casts, to say the least, a deep stain on the civilization of a great country, and a heavy responsibility on those who call themselves its statesmen.

It would be idle to adduce long extracts from official inquiries to prove the accuracy of the picture we have drawn. Thanks to these inquiries, the facts are now tolerably notorious, and more extracts would give a very imperfect representation of the case. But sure we are that no one acquainted with the lowest classes of our countrymen, or who has read the accounts recently *published by authority*, of their condition, will accuse us of having added one exaggerated expression, or one touch of undue coloring, to the delineation.

Indeed, the simultaneous philanthropic efforts—blind and blundering as they are—which are now making in so many quarters, serve to show that the existence of extensive and severe distress among the peo-

ple, is generally known and avowed; and also to manifest the general feeling that, in a country like England, such a thing as inability to procure a sufficiency of the necessities of life—such a thing as actual want (except when voluntarily and culpably incurred), ought not to be. We all feel, in a word, that where so many are in possession of superfluous wealth, the existence of vast numbers who are actually destitute of food and clothing, is an inadmissible anomaly. The writer before us says (p. 4):—

“It may be that our ancestors endured, it may be that many savage tribes still endure, far more privation than is to be found in the sufferings of our lowest class. But the mind refuses to consider the two states as analogous, and insists upon thinking that the state of physical and moral degradation often found among our working classes, with the arabesque of splendor and luxury which surrounds it, is a more shocking thing to contemplate than a pressing scarcity of provisions endured by a wandering horde of savage men sunk in equal barbarism. But when we follow men home, who have been co-operating with other civilized men in continuous labor throughout the livelong day, we should not, without experience, expect to find their homes dreary, comfortless, deformed with filth, such homes as poverty alone could not make. Still less, when we gaze upon some pleasant-looking village, fair enough in outward seeming for poet's song to celebrate, should we expect to find scarcity of fuel, scantiness of food, prevalence of fever, the healthy huddled together with the sick, decency outraged, and self-respect all gone. And yet such sights, both in town and country, if not of habitual occurrence, are at any rate sadly too numerous for us to pass them by as rare and exceptionable cases.”

Combined, however, with a prevalent and growing conviction that much amendment is called for in the condition of the masses, in the relation between rich and poor, between employers and employed, between capital and labor in short;—is a lamentable want of diligent and sober thinking, as to the source of existing evils, and the direction in which the amendment should be sought. The benevolent have trusted to the guidance of their kindly impulses; and the public mind has followed the guidance of the benevolent, instead of taking counsel of the wise. Hence the one prevailing blunder which has vitiated nearly all their schemes. *Charity*,—in various forms, in one or other of its multiplied disguises,—seems to be the only panacea which occurs to the Great; especially the well-meaning Great of our metropolis. One party advo-

cates a more liberal poor law; another, shorter hours of labor to be enforced by law. In the view of some, *allotments* are the one thing needful; while Young England suggests alms-giving in the magnificent and haughty style of the feudal ages; and Lord Ashley commits his latest solecism, in getting up a society for the protection of Distressed Needle-women. The same vulgar, shallow, aristocratic error runs through all. Every one thinks of *relieving*, no one of *removing* the mischief. The prevailing idea evidently is (as indeed it naturally will be among men so unknowing and so lofty as our great philanthropists), to *give benefits to an inferior*, not to *do justice to a fellow man*. There is something essentially pauperizing in all their conceptions. It pervades alike the factory and mining legislation of Lord Ashley; the "cricketing" condescension of Lord John Manners, and the insulting rewards and prizes offered by ostentatious landlords to the hampered farmers and the starving peasantry. We are weary of this cuckoo-cry—*always charity, never justice*;—*always the open purse, never the equal measure*.

It is high time that some inquiry should be made as to the principles on which our efforts to correct acknowledged social anomalies ought to proceed, in order that so much real and active benevolence as distinguishes our country may not be thrown away, or worse, through misdirection. In this the author of the "Claims" does not afford us much assistance. He has looked at his subject rather as a moral preacher, than as a scientific thinker. He has done much to excite, but not much to direct or sympathize effort. He shows clearly enough what each man should do to ameliorate the condition of those immediately around him and in contact with him—but he throws little light on what the nation or the government should do to rectify those more grievous and radical disorders in the body politic, which lie far beyond the reach of isolated individual exertion. We notice especially two defects in his work. He does not distinguish between the *Poor* and the *Destitute*. And he confounds the claims which man has on his fellow-man, and neighbor upon neighbor, with those which belong especially to the relation between the employed and his employer.

The first distinction it is most essential to bear constantly in mind, in order to a right understanding of this subject. The

Poor and the Destitute, the employed and the unemployed, as we may more correctly define them, come under quite different categories, and require to be dealt with in a very different manner. Except in the case of a large portion of the agricultural laborers, who may almost be classed among the destitute, the *employed*—that is, the *regularly* employed—the artisans—have their condition very much in their own power; they can generally take care of themselves, and a large proportion of the evils they complain of arises from their attempts to take too good care—too *selfish* care, of themselves. Their requirements are mental and moral improvement—more good sense, prudence, and self-control.* But with the unemployed—the *casually* unemployed, those whose disproportionate numbers enable their employers to restrict them to wages insufficient to support life; with whole parishes of our peasantry, and with those thousands of undenominated wretches, who form the really miserable, reproachful, dangerous classes of our town population—the case is far otherwise. These have claims, large and undeniable; their claims, however, are not against their employers, but against those who knowingly or unknowingly, stand between them and full and constant employment; against those who have suffered them to remain for generations unrescued and unrelieved; against the Government for neg-

* Much has been felt and said on the subject of the small and crowded dwellings of the peasantry, and of the insufficient accommodation for the separation of the sexes, and the evils which result therefrom. (See 'Official Report on the Condition of Women and Children employed in Agriculture,' and also the 'Letters of Mr. Sidney Godolphin Osborne.') No doubt can arise in the mind of any one that the smallness and poverty of their houses is a matter to be regretted and amended. But it is not here that the real mischief lies. Any one who has been in the wilder districts of the Auvergne, or who has read Mrs. Clavers' clever account of "forest life," will find in the backwoods of Canada or Michigan many settlers' log houses as crowded and as close, and many where both sexes are obliged to occupy the same bedroom; and the above-mentioned lady gives an account of more than one night which she herself passed in such circumstances. Yet here no ill consequences arise, and the inconvenience of such things seems scarcely to be felt. The real evil among too many of our poor is less the want of better divided or more spacious houses, than the want of that good sense, that right feeling, and those invaluable habits of thriftiness and management, which can keep the poorest dwellings clean and airy, and the narrowest accommodation decent.

permitted ignorance; against the laws, the institutions and the ruling classes, of their country, for selfish or thoughtless oppression. The true claim of the half-starved laborer is not against the struggling and impoverished farmer, on the ground of partial employment or inadequate remuneration; the true claim of the weeping, blinded, and emaciated sempstress is not against Moses and his fellow slopsellers, for the pittance of two pence-halfpenny a shirt; but in both cases, and in all similar cases, the claim must be urged against those causes, or those classes, whatever they may be, that are responsible for a state of things, which leaves to the wretched peasant or needlewoman, no less deplorable alternative. These are evils far too wide and deep for the hand of charity to reach, and were it not so, still charity would not be the fitting remedy. Charity at best can only repair and palliate effects; justice only can reach and eradicate the cause.*

* We beg to call attention to the following admirable remarks on the "Society for the Protection of Distressed Needlewomen," which appeared in the 'Economist' on the occasion of their annual meeting last December.

"The Society has been worked now nearly for a year, and is at present put forth with much pretension as a panacea for a known and felt great evil, and exhibiting on its front the names of exalted persons as patrons and patronesses of it. Let us see what it has done and can do. We cannot afford space to narrate all the rules and regulations of the Society, but the principal seem these:—

"1. To find work for as many of the unemployed as possible, and to ensure to them a fair remuneration for their labor.

"2. During the dull seasons of the year, at what is called 'the slack time,' to keep the work-people employed, materials will be made up expressly for distribution to the deserving poor, consisting of women's and children's clothes; and all subscribers can receive goods to the amount of their subscriptions, for their own distribution.

"3. The amount of each person's earnings not to exceed nine shillings per week; that no middlewomen be employed—thus serving two parties at the same time, viz., the needlewomen so employed, and the destitute poor, who from the hands of the humane, receive comforts of clothing so desirable.

"4. That the donations be added to the funds, for the purpose of affording prompt assistance in cases of sickness and distress to any of the females employed by this society; and that the secretary be empowered, acting on his own discretion, to afford immediate relief to such individuals when the circumstances require it, subject to his laying before the committee, on each Friday, an account of all such cases. That two ladies of the committee be appointed to visit the parties in distress, and still further assist them out of the funds of the institution to such an extent as they may deem expedient."

"In this way 975 females of good character have been recommended by the institution since it was established, independently of those to whom work has been furnished. This number, however, is only about one-third of the applications that have been made to the institution by

or the work we are reviewing frequently confounds the duties which every man owes to all with whom he comes in contact, with those which arise out of the relation between the employer and the employed; and assigns to the former many which be-

respectable and unemployed females.' We are not told how the other two-thirds, dismissed, are faring; we suppose Alderman Farebrother and his friends do not know: we shall tell them—the operations of their society have made the condition of these two-thirds more distressed and more degraded than ever. That such must have been and is the fact, is a thing as capable of proof as that two and two make four. For the 975 whom they have served, by their own showing they have sent 1,950 away to struggle against competitors no longer on a footing of equality with them—sent them away still doomed 'to make shirts at 2 1-2d. to (seldom exceeding) 1s.,' and that still subject to the much-begrudged commission of 'the middlewoman,'—nay, doomed to make them for less, for if that was the market price of the labor when this society began its operations, every additional shirt that they have thrown into the market, without extending the field of labor, or the natural demand for the article, has lessened its marketable value, and of course the price that can or will be paid, in the world at large, for making it. Now, among all the patrons and patronesses of this society, whose names we see paraded in the papers, we do not notice that of one who has ever proposed, in any tangible shape or way whatever, to extend the field of labor, and by consequence to increase its price in the only way that it can be increased, without harming one party in benefiting another. These patrons and patronesses are high in rank—some of them very high, and we dare say they have read many books; if they have not, at all events they ought; and yet we notice there are hinds' wives in Wiltshire who could teach them some grave and weighty truths which they do not know. With a limited sphere of labor, to whatever extent the price of the labor of some (favored individuals) is paid for above its market value, to that extent must the labor of all the rest (not favored) be depreciated in value in the same market; and if this society of Lord Ashley's and Mr. Alderman Farebrother's, with all its machinery of patrons and patronesses, numerous subscribers, honorary secretaries, and visiting ladies, can only so favor 975, and so wrong 1,950 needlewomen, they will have more difficulty in proving that they are doing any good than a camel would have in passing through the eye of one of their needles. They are doing harm, and though they do not see so in their own case, it is astonishing how readily they see the same thing in cases precisely similar. Lord Ashley thinks he may have 'an establishment of his own for doing needlework, and paying for it partly by charitable subscriptions;' but he will not allow workhouses and charity schools the same privilege. 'Work,' said his lordship, on Monday,

"Work was taken in at those places to a very great extent, to be performed by parties who were maintained at the public expense. These persons often made shirts at 1d., and even sometimes at one halfpenny piece, and thus the

long to him no doubt, but which belong to him in common with every neighbor and every Christian, and which belong to him more especially in his capacity of member of the richer and the ruling classes. We shall endeavor to discriminate a little between these two sets of duties, for it appears to us of the very last importance, that, in the new relations between capital and labor, which have arisen from the advance of manufacturing industry, the collection of the artisan population into great *foci* and the system of working in large organized bodies under one head; the reciprocal claims of the two parties, and the principles which ought to regulate their mutual intercourse, should be fully understood. Every one will feel that at present this relation is not established on a sound basis, and does not work in a satisfactory manner.

It is impossible it should do so. We are now encountering the difficulties of a tran-

public fund raised to relieve the poor was brought into competition with those wretched sempstresses, who were struggling to support themselves and their children.'

"And thus funds raised by Lord Ashley to relieve 975 'are brought into competition with these wretched sempstresses'—1,950 of them, at least, turned away from the doors of this society, whence they had gone, deluded into a hope of being bettered, but finding the fruits to be to them only a deepening of their misery and degradation. Do not let it be held out that, with increase of funds, the 1,950 will be served too. This Ashleyism, to be rightly carried out to its end, would convert the whole community into one huge charity society;—and is this charity—this Ashleyan charity—so blessed a thing that people can thus desire its extension?"

"It cannot be too often repeated, or too much inculcated, that, by the laws of these realms—laws patronized by Lord Ashley and his friends, with all the earnestness, at least, that they patronized the needlewomen—there is among us a *limited demand for labor and a circumscribed quantity of bread*. While these arrangements last labor may be transferred from hand to hand, but charity societies cannot make work profitable that the world does not need, nor give out bread from stones. Yet Lord Ashley, who comes up from Dorsetshire, where laborers with large families are living on seven shillings a week, and abuses London shopkeepers for not being able to give more than that to single women for their work, and goes down to Lancashire to take away two hours' worth of labor from hands in manufactories whether they will or no, goes away to Parliament where, and where only (along with 657 other gentlemen), he wields a real power, and does what in him lies to make long hours of work and slender payment for it an absolute necessity for seven-eighths of the community, if they do not choose to starve and die at once, by limiting the demand for all their labor, and stinting the supply of all their bread.

sition state, in which former rules and ties are loosened, and the new ones fitted to our changed condition are as yet unformed, or imperfectly recognized. Now there are three several positions in which capital and labor may relatively stand; the position of slavery, of feudal vassalage, and of free and simple bargain; the servile, the feudal, and the equal: and it is from not bearing in mind the distinction between them that our notions as to rights and duties are so misty and fluctuating. In the *first* of these relative positions, which is both the earliest and the simplest, perfect subjection is repaid by complete protection and subsistence; the master exacts from his slave all the duties of implicit obedience, and in return incurs towards him all the obligations consequent upon absolute power. In the *second*,—the position of vassalage—imperfect submission and occasional services are recompensed by partial protection, and aids in the procuring of a sustenance. In return for living on the land of his feudal superior, and under the shadow of his power, the vassal performs certain stipulated services without reward, and renders the willing homage of gratitude and reverence. In the *third* relation, that of bargain or mutual arrangement, simple service is balanced against simple payment. The capitalist *contracts* to pay a certain sum in return for a certain work which the laborer *contracts* to perform.

Now it is clear that in this country we are passing from the second to the third of these relations. The second is almost abandoned, but the third is not yet fully established and recognized. Among the great manufacturing employers of labor, there is some clinging to the feudal notions of bygone times, and among the great agricultural proprietors still more. The same may be said, *mutatis mutandis*, of the laborers in their respective districts. In the case of both capitalists and laborers (and for clearness we shall now confine our attention to the case of manufacturing industry) *they do not see clearly, or feel invariably in which of the two previously mentioned relative positions they intend to stand. Each party borrows some of the claims of the preceding but forgets the correlative obligations.* The artisan conceives that he is entitled to claim from his master the forbearance, the kindness, the assistance in difficulty and distress, which belong to the feudal relation; but he forgets to pay the corresponding duties of consideration, con-

fidence, and respect. On the other hand, the master is too apt to forget that in the eye of the law his servants are now his equal fellow-citizens, and to exact from them, not only the work he pays them for, but that deference, respect, and implicit obedience, to which only beneficence, justice, and consideration on his part, can fairly entitle him. We are convinced that it is the neglect of these simple reflections that has given rise to so much of the uneasy and unkindly feeling which unhappily prevails too extensively between the capitalist and the artisan; which gives rise to the charges of ingratitude and unreasonableness on the one side, and of unfeeling selfishness on the other. The simple fact is, that the relative position of the two classes is now more that of simple bargain than any other. We do not say it is desirable that it should be so, but it is fast becoming so, and every thing tends to complete and consolidate this position; and it only requires to be fully understood that if one of the parties borrows any thing from either of the previous conditions, the other must be held entitled to do the same. We cannot make society step back into feudalism, however modified; and, whatever Young England may think, it would be as undesirable as it is impossible. The only matter for regret is that, owing to the want of statesmanlike foresight, and adequate preparation, *the third relation between capital and labor has come upon us before either capitalists or laborers are quite fitted to meet it.*

"I do not wish," says our author, "to assert a principle larger than the occasion demands; and I am therefore unwilling to declare that we cannot justly enter into a relation so meager with our fellow creatures, as that of employing all their labor, and giving them nothing but money in return. There might, perhaps, be a state of society in which such a relation would not be culpable, a state in which the great mass of the employed were cultivated and considerate men; and where the common interests of master and man were well understood. But we have not to deal with any such imaginary case."—p 36.

This is true. But to this "meager relation" we are fast coming, greatly, though not wholly, owing to the conduct of the working classes themselves; and our efforts should therefore be directed to render them so "cultivated and considerate," as to encounter that relation with as little mischief as may be. It is the opinion of M. de Tocqueville (and his remarks are

fully borne out by the observation of others), that in America this result has been already obtained. The whole of the fifth and sixth chapters of his fourth volume are well worth studying, in reference to this subject. We can only quote a few sentences.

"In democracies, at any moment a servant may become a master, and he aspires to rise to that condition; the servant therefore is not a different man from the master. Why then has the former a right to command, and what compels the latter to obey? the free and temporary consent of both their wills. Neither of them is by nature inferior to the other; they only become so for a time by covenant. Within the terms of this covenant, the one is a servant, the other a master; beyond it they are two citizens of the commonwealth—two men. I beg the reader particularly to observe, that this is not only the notion which servants themselves entertain of their own condition; it is looked upon by masters in the same light; and the *precise limits of authority and obedience are as clearly settled in the mind of the one as in that of the other.* The master holds the contract of service to be the only source of his power, and the servant regards it as the only cause of his obedience. They do not quarrel about their reciprocal situations, but each knows his own and keeps it. The servants appear to me to carry into service some of those manly habits which independence and equality engender. Having once selected a hard way of life, they do not seek to escape from it by indirect means; and they have sufficient respect for themselves not to refuse to their masters that obedience which they have promised. On their part, masters require nothing of their servants but the faithful and rigorous performance of the covenant; they do not ask for marks of respect, they do not claim their love or devoted attachment; it is enough that, as servants, they are exact and honest. . . . But, whilst the transition from one social condition to another is going on, there is almost always a time when men's minds fluctuate between the aristocratic notion of subjection, and the democratic notion of obedience. Obedience then loses its moral importance in the eyes of him who obeys; he no longer considers it as a species of divine obligation, and he does not yet view it under its purely human aspect: it has to him no character of sanctity or of justice, and he submits to it as a degrading but profitable condition."—*Democracy in America*, iv., c. 5.

Let us now—putting aside for a moment the reciprocal claims of man upon man, of Christian upon Christian—and regarding the capitalist and the laborer simply in their mutual relation of two contracting parties—inquire briefly, what are the claims of Labor?

Labor has a right to claim justice, not charity—that is, it has a right to claim that, *in the great bargain to be struck between capital and labor, no advantage shall be given to capital, directly or indirectly, by legislative enactments.* It can claim nothing more; but this implies much.

It implies, in the *first* place, that legislature shall do nothing, or shall undo or equipose what has been done, either to facilitate the education of capitalists, or to impede the education of laborers, since there can be no fair or equal bargaining between ignorance and knowledge. Now it is notorious that not only has every facility and encouragement been given for centuries back by wealthy and privileged endowments, to the instruction of the upper classes, but that endowments originally designed for the instruction of the poor have been diverted from their purpose, or suffered to fall into disuse, by the neglect of those rulers whose duty it was to have watched over and enforced a sacred trust. It is notorious, also, that till the last few years legislature has done absolutely nothing to promote the education of the working classes; that its provision for that purpose even now is upon the most pitiful and niggard scale; and that it has suffered the narrow intolerance of sectaries and the domineering spirit of the hierarchy to thwart its first faint efforts to repair the injustice and neglect of centuries. If labor has one claim more sacred than another, it is that it shall be educated into a knowledge of its interests, its duties, and its rights.

The one great claim we have laid down implies, in the *second* place, that legislature shall have done nothing either to increase the numbers of the laborers or to restrict the field of their employment; since either proceeding will lessen the value of their labor, and of course the price they can obtain for it. In this matter, also, "we are verily guilty concerning our brother." The very ignorance in which we have allowed the people to remain, the mischievous and senseless principles on which our Poor Law was so long administered, the anxiety of our great landed proprietors to increase the number of their political dependents, have all tended to stimulate the multiplication of the poor, while the whole tendency of our commercial policy for more than half a century has been to limit the field of employment, and thus defraud labor of its due demand; and it is only during the last

lustrum that the efforts of manufacturing capitalists have awakened the legislature to a sense of its errors and injustice, and induced it slowly to retrace its steps.

Thirdly, the admitted claim implies that legislature shall have done nothing, or shall undo what has been done, to enhance the price of the articles which the laborer has to buy, or of those which the capitalist has to sell; since this would be equivalent to a reduction of the earnings of the former, and to an augmentation of the profits of the latter. Unhappily this claim has been insolently and systematically set at naught. Legislature has done all in its power, has exhausted its ingenuity, to enhance the price of the principal article, which the laborer buys and the legislator sells; and this enormous injustice is still unremedied.

Fourthly, it implies that in all matters of combination, either to keep up or keep down wages, the law should give equal liberty or equal restriction to each party. In this point the law is impartial; and in fact, the administration of the law is favorable rather to the artisan than to the capitalist.

These are the claims of labor—clear and unquestionable. If labor demands more than this, *it must give an equivalent.* The laborer gives labor to his employer in return for wages; if he expects his employer to give him more than wages, he must give him more than labor. If the employer is to give to the laborer protection, education, kindness and assistance in hard times (which undoubtedly it is most desirable he should), the laborer, on his part, must render respect, obedience and confidence to his employer. Without these it is *impossible* even for the best-intentioned employer effectually to serve him.

Now we are far from saying that we consider the most "meager relation" between the parties as the best. On the contrary, we should wish that every large employer of labor should be a revered and valued friend in the midst of a circle of confiding and attached workmen. But the two positions are correlative; the one cannot exist without the other; and those are no true friends to the laborer or the artisan who would persuade him that the neglected duties are all on the part of his employer, and the denied or forgotten rights all on his own.

Before we conclude, let us add one word on a subject now rarely touched upon, but one to which attention occasionally requires

to be recalled—the counter claims of capital on labor. Passing over the simplest—a diligent and faithful performance of the work which the laborer has contracted to perform, the rest resolve themselves into one. Capital has a right to require from labor that it shall not in a mistaken pursuit of its own exclusive interests, act fatally to the interests of both. Capital has a right to require not that labor shall neglect, but that it shall *understand* its own interests. When it has not understood them, as in the case of the sawyers and shipbuilders of Ireland, it has banished capital and ruined itself. In the manufacturing districts of our own country we see among the operatives too much of the same misconception and want of thorough comprehension of the matter. Their own views are, naturally enough, limited and inaccurate; and unhappily they have too little confidence in their employers, even where that confidence has been deserved by a long course of unswerving justice and consideration, to listen to their exposition of the truth. In consequence, they allow themselves to be made the tools and the victims of men, whose livelihood is derived from the misunderstandings they create and foster; and the amount of capital annually destroyed, and of wages annually foregone, owing to this cause alone, would astonish any one, if fairly calculated out.

We have been led to speak of this by observing the numerous strikes for advance of wages, or redress of complaints, which, with returning prosperity, have been so rife during the last six months in the manufacturing districts, especially among the colliers, millwrights, and factory hands. We do not wish to express any opinion as to which party has justice on their side in these unfortunate disputes. We wish merely to call attention to the amount of capital which has thus been thrown idle, and therefore diminished or destroyed, and to the heavy loss which has been thus incurred by the operatives themselves. One case will suffice to put our meaning in a clear point of view. A large number of operatives employed in an establishment where extensive fixed capital was employed, left their work and demanded an advance of five per cent.; but owing to some circumstances connected with the strike, and their conduct in the course of it, the demand was resisted, and they remained out six weeks. At the expiration of this

time, they returned to their work, having obtained nearly the whole advance they asked; but on coming to calculate the consequences, it appeared that the proprietor had lost by the stoppage a sum equal to five per cent. on the capital employed, and that it *would take 120 weeks, or nearly two years and a half at the advanced rate of wages, before the workmen would have replaced the earnings they had foregone during the strike.* Nor is this all. In all probability, before the two years and a half have elapsed, trade may again have become unprosperous, and the advance now so dearly purchased will have to be relinquished. It is owing to injudicious struggles between capital and labor, such as the above, that the actual *earnings* of the operatives are sometimes actually *less* in prosperous, than in dull and languid periods of trade. In other cases, as among the colliers, when the strike has lasted for months, no advance and no lapse of time can repay the losses which they have incurred.

The feudal age is gone; and neither its benefits nor its evils can now be brought back. We can no longer really serve the people, or ameliorate their condition by *protecting* them as vassals, or *supporting* them as slaves, or by *almsgiving*, as to paupers and beggars. The only plan which appears to us at once sound in its principle, and promising as to its prospects, is to spread instruction among the masses by every means in our power, and then leave them to "work out their own salvation;" to throw them on their own resources, but, at the same time, to give those resources full and free scope; to give them the means of rising, to show them the way of rising, and then leave them (with our best wishes and encouragements), to raise themselves. Any other elevation than one so achieved will be ill-founded, precarious, and temporary.

The second portion of the 'Claims of Labor,' which has just issued from the press, is chiefly devoted to the consideration of that class of remedies for the physical evils of our town population, which is suggested by the 'Health of Towns Report,' such as ventilation, sewerage, building, supply of water, &c. The author has supplied nothing new, but has brought out in vivid relief, and placed before the public in an available form, the appalling facts brought to light by recent inquiries. We shall not quote any of his pictures, for we cannot abridge what is in itself a brief

epitome, and we have no wish to supersede the necessity of referring to his pages. But we request attention to the following remarks, as peculiarly important at the present conjuncture.

"If there is any thing that requires thought and experience, it is the exercise of charity in such a complicated system as modern life. I do not know a more alarming sight than a number of people rushing to be benevolent without thought. In any general impulse, there are at least as many thoughtless as wise persons excited by it; the latter may be saved from doing very foolish things by an instinct of sagacity; but for the great mass of mankind, the facts require to be clearly stated and the inferences carefully drawn for them, if they are to be prevented from wasting their benevolent impulses upon foolish or mischievous undertakings."—p. 219.

The author makes some most judicious and much-called-for observations upon a besetting sin of the philanthropic.

"To alleviate the distress of the poor may be no gain, if in the process we aggravate the envies and jealousies which may be their especial temptation. The spirit to be wished for is sympathy; and that will not be produced by needless reproaches. Besides, it is such foolish injustice to lay the blame of the present state of things upon any class. If we must select any class, do not let us turn to the wealthy, whom, perhaps, we think of first. They have, in no time that I am aware of, been the pre-eminent rulers of the world. The thinkers and writers, they are the governing class."

Several of our most popular writers of the present day have been guilty—one in particular—of this encouragement of enmity.

"They should recollect that literature may fawn upon the masses as well as on the aristocracy; and in these days the temptation is in the former direction. But what is most grievous in this kind of writing is the mischief it may do to the working people themselves. If you have their true welfare at heart, you will not only care for their being fed and clothed, but you will be anxious not to encourage unreasonable expectations in them, not to make them ungrateful or greedy-minded. Above all, you will be solicitous to preserve some self-reliance in them. You will be careful not to let them think that their condition can be wholly changed without exertion of their own. . . . Depend upon it, honest and bold things require to be said to the lower as well as to the higher classes; and the former are, in these times, much less likely to have such things addressed to them."—p. 253.

W. R. G.

HUNT'S IMAGINATION AND FANCY.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

Imagination and Fancy. By Leigh Hunt.
Small 8vo. London: 1845.

WE have, in the book before us, full and sufficing proof that it is the work of a man whose abundant and acknowledged abilities for the pleasant labor he has undertaken, have been ceaselessly spreading themselves over the varied interests of human life. To the vivid and continual experience of active life, we find joined the gifts of a "shaping intellect" and that ardent poetic temperament which allies itself to all that is greatest in the works of others in genial and willing sympathy. He sees himself, and would have others see with him, that all which we most justly deem human, is poetic too—Hope, Love, Reverence—aggrandized and purified indeed, and seen through a glorious medium; yet not the less human, and therefore good and fitting to be known and loved by all men. Himself a poet, and the associate of poets, Mr. Hunt seeks to gather around him such readers as will gladly listen to some strains of "the dead but sceptred sovereigns, who still rule our spirits from their urns."

He would aid them, too, by the results of some of his theoretical inquiries, which he offers in answer to the chief but comprehensive question, "What is Poetry?" Poetry is for him "the utterance of a passion for truth, beauty, and power, embodying and illustrating its conception by Imagination and Fancy, and modulating its language on the principle of variety in uniformity. Its means are whatever the universe contains: and its ends, pleasure and exaltation." Beauty is "nothing but the loveliest form of pleasure." To these deep impressions of love and truth, Imagination must subserve and minister in rendering them more intense by the images with which it illustrates them; while Fancy sports with the objects of its affection, and "laughs with what it loves." Even the external form of verse becomes a sharer in the triumph, by making "difficulty itself a part of the poet's facility and joy." This affectionate insight into the mysteries of poetry could, in its growth and expansion, leave no room for meaner passions; and thus, indeed, it has been, for we learn from his own generous confession, how deeply he mourns the estrangements and misunderstandings which severed him from a

me at the time, and I did not know (much as I admired him) how great a poet lived in that grove at Highgate; or I would have cultivated its walks more, as I might have done, and endeavored to return him, with my gratitude, a small portion of the delight his verses have given me." Mr. Hunt has stated the objects of his work so pleasantly in his preface, that we may quote his own account, and leave it to speak for itself:—

"This book is intended for all lovers of poetry and the sister arts, but more especially for those of the most poetical sort, and most especially for the youngest and the oldest: for, as the former may incline to it for information's sake, the latter will, perhaps, not refuse it their good will for the sake of old favorites. The editor has often wished for such a book himself; and, as nobody will make it for him, he has made it for others. It was suggested by the approbation which the readers of a periodical work bestowed on some extracts from the poets, *commented and marked with italics, on a principle of co-perusal*, as though the editor were reading the passages in their company. He does not expect, of course, that every reader will agree with the preferences of particular lines or passages, intimated by the italics. Some will think them too numerous; some, perhaps, too few: but these will have the goodness to recollect what has just been stated, that the plan was suggested by others who desired them. The editor, at any rate, begs to be considered as having marked the passages in no spirit of dictation to any one, much less of disparagement to all the admirable passages not marked. If he assumed any thing at all (beyond what is implied in the fact of imparting experience), it was the probable mutual pleasure of the reader, his companion; just as in reading out loud one instinctively increases one's emphasis here and there, and implies a certain accord of enjoyment on the part of the hearers. In short, all poetic readers are expected to have a more than ordinary portion of sympathy, especially with those who take pains to please them; and the editor desires no larger amount of it than he gratefully gives to any friend who is good enough to read out similar passages to himself. The object of the book is threefold:—To present the public with some of the finest passages in English poetry, *so marked and commented*; to furnish such an account, in an essay, of the nature and requirements of poetry, as may *enable readers in general to give an answer on those points to themselves and others*; and to show, throughout the greater part of the volume, what sort of poetry is to be considered as *poetry of the most poetical kind*, or such as exhibits the Imagination and Fancy in a state of predominance, undisputed

its element, like an essence distilled."

Our readers may have heard of the story of a famous French mathematician, who, being taken to see one of Racine's plays, asked, when the performance was ended, "What it proved?" The manner in which we sometimes hear the merits and aims of poetry discussed, would seem to indicate a dullness of poetic eyesight, not very far advanced beyond the total blindness of this learned man in all that pertained to the world of emotion. We do, indeed, admit the existence of such a world as a matter of speculative reasoning, and adhering to the crude suppositions of a partial experience, venture to theorize on its origin and laws. We think, perhaps, that we have satisfactorily explained the wondrous "orbs of song" which gild its firmament; but then comes some one who, endued with a keener vision, or guiding, perhaps, some newly-discovered "telescope of truth," speedily dissipates these comfortable creeds, and compels us to explore anew the "starry world of song." Such a task has been imposed on our generation, and if the number of laborers were alone a guarantee for its performance, we should long ere this have arrived at our goal. But, however justly we may flatter ourselves with the idea of the superiority of our poets to those whom our predecessors of the eighteenth century delighted to honor, and may hope, by an intelligent communing with the mighty works of the glorious spirits of earlier days, to re-open those fountains of inspiration which the dust and ruins of decaying institutions and a rotten humanity had choked; yet noble effort, rather than success perfectly achieved, forms our truest vindication from the charge of having rested in an ignoble inactivity, when we should have remembered that

"The little done doth vanish to the view—
That forward sees how much remains to do."

To all who have at heart the welfare of British art, the anarchy of the poetical principles, aims, and efforts, which still prevail alike in its highest and lowest forms, must, we think, be apparent; and, making all fair allowance for "poetical license," this wayward intellect cannot, after all, be productive of lasting fame to the individual author, or abiding good to society.

To sustain the elevated position rightful-

ly assigned to the poet is, in our day, a joy and privilege granted to those only who have joined to those gifts which, Alfred Tennyson has told us, form the poet's dower—

"The hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,
The love of love,"

the not less necessary, and, therefore, hardly less noble acquirements of a cultivation, providently directing them into their proper and peculiar channels, and subjecting them to the eternal laws of nature, and of art, the child of nature. Science and history are rapidly entering those regions which we have till now held the consecrated and exclusive ground of art. The emotions roused by the contemplation of stupendous revolutions of systems; by the marvellous discoveries and inventions of science *now* far outstripping the wildest dreams of poetical romance; by the union of epic dignity, and dramatic excitement with the charms of narrative, in our great living historians; may prove at once sources of fear and of hope to the poet; of fear, should he wilfully sin against the requisitions of his own art—of hope, as stirring the general mind to a participation in the noble impulses and divine affections, which, shining throughout all his works, manifest the law and impulse of his spirit. The public, too, must share in his enlightenment on art, as we believe it formerly did in the "high and palmy" days of our drama. We do not at all wish to be understood as advocating that exclusive habit of analyzing emotions, which most artists very wisely condemn. Such processes of marring "the beauteous forms of things" are characteristic of the meddling intellect which "murders to dissect." The metaphysical critics of the eighteenth century were occupied with little else. To such rude questioning the spirit of poetry will not unveil its secrets—coming as from a different sphere—uttering "things which no gross ear can hear"—passing coldly by such as are unable, or care not to listen reverently—

"We do it wrong, being so majestical,
To offer it the show of violence."

In such a spirit much of enduring memory has been effected by Hazlitt, Wilson, Knight, whose labors, prompted by the love, and justified by the knowledge of art, have been gratefully welcomed by those

whom they have delighted and enlightened. But the subject is exhaustless, and while we may look forward to the fuller development of Mr. Hunt's views in the promised volumes of further selections, we hasten to acknowledge the instruction which we have derived from the present interesting essay. His observations have, to a great extent, been suggested by the peculiar relations of our modern society to the poetic art. Prudently avoiding all those abstract, and, generally speaking, purely verbal controversies, which have long agitated critics on the merits of the so-called Real and Ideal schools of poetry, he yet conveys definite ideas on the specific questions involved in the discussions. We have been particularly struck by the manner in which he vindicates to the supernatural elements of our nature their poetical rights. The time has now passed away when, the supernatural being degraded to the level of the superstitious, it was deemed a worthy employment for the poets of the eighteenth century to expend their keen wit in efforts to make it wholly ridiculous.

We begin to feel that it is the great and peculiar privilege of the Imagination, to sympathize with forms of beauty, which, unreal as they may be for the understanding, are eternal truths for all who can feel the "lovely and immortal power of genius, that can stretch its hand to us out of the wastes of time, thousands of years back."

The Imagination demands not the reality of these beings, but simply that they should be such as to win upon our sympathy.

"Their possibility, if the poet will it, is to be conceded; the problem is the creature being given how to square its actions with the probability, according to the nature assumed of it. The skill and beauty of these fictions, lies in bringing them within the regions of truth and likelihood. Hence the serpent Python of Chaucer—

'Sleeping against the sun upon a day,'

when Apollo slew him! Hence the chariot-drawing dolphins of Spenser, softly swimming along the shore lest they should hurt themselves against the stones and gravel! Hence Shakspeare's Ariel, living under blossoms, and riding at evening on the bat! . . . In the 'Orlando Furioso' (Canto xv. Stanza 65) is a wild story of a cannibal necromancer who laughs at being cut to pieces, coming together again like quicksilver, and picking up his head when it is cut off, sometimes by the hair, sometimes by the nose! This, which would be purely childish and ridiculous in the

hands of an inferior poet, becomes interesting, nay grand, in Ariosto's, from the beauties of his style, and its conditional truth to nature. The monster has a false hair on his head—a single hair—which must be taken from it before he can be killed! Decapitation itself is of no consequence without that proviso. The Paladin, Astolfo, who has fought this phenomenon on horseback, and succeeded in getting the head, and galloping off with it, is, therefore, still at a loss what to be at. How is he to discover such a needle in such a bottle of hay? The trunk is spurring after him to recover it, and he seeks for some evidence of the hair in vain. At length he bethinks him of scalping the head. He does so; and the moment the operation arrives at the place of the hair, the face of the head becomes pale, the eyes turn in their sockets, and the lifeless pursuer tumbles from his horse,

“ Li fece il viso allov pallido è brutto,
Travolse gli occhi, e dimostrò a l' occhio
Per manifesti segni esseo erndutto
E'l busto che segnai troncato al collo,
Di sella cadde, e diè l' ultinio crollo.

“ Then grew the visage pale and deadly wet;
The eyes turned in their sockets drearily;
And all things showed the villain's sun was set.
His trunk that was in chase fell from its horse,
And giving the last shudder, was a corse.”

“ It is thus, and thus only, by making nature his companion wherever he goes, even in the most supernatural region, that the poet, in the words of a very instructive phrase, takes the world along with him. It is true, *he must not* (as the Platonists would say) *humanize weakly or mistakenly in that region*; otherwise he runs the chance of forgetting to be true to the supernatural itself, and so betraying a want of imagination from that quarter. His nymphs will have no taste of their woods and waters; his gods and goddesses be only so many fair or frowning ladies and gentlemen, such as we see in ordinary paintings; he will be in no danger of having his angels likened to a sort of wildfowl, as Rembrandt had made them in his ‘Jacob's Dream.’ His Bacchuses will never remind us, like Titian's, of the force and fury, as well as the graces of wine. His Jupiter will reduce no females to ashes; his fairies be nothing fantastical; his gnomes not of the earth earthy. *And this again will be wanting to nature; for it will be wanting to the supernatural as nature would have made it working in a supernatural direction.*”

The final clause of the last sentence which we have marked in italics exhibits, with singular power, the manner in which the critic may, by a delicate adjustment of language, reconcile the common and partial meaning of a word with one truer and more extensive, and thus correct the false or inadequate impressions which might be conveyed by the imperfection of language,

as in this case by the usual opposition of the natural to the supernatural. If such suggestive comments on the meaning of words as they affect the truth of things were often used, one fertile source of idle theorizing would be removed. Shakspeare, as great a critic when it suited his purpose, as he was a poet, has a passage (Winter's Tale, Act IV., Scene 3,) which, considered independently of its dramatic propriety and beauty, contains a philosophy of art which, with exquisite felicity illustrates, or rather identifies the artistic with the natural. It occurs where Perdita as a shepherdess receives “the guests” in the cottage of her supposed father, and presenting to each such flowers as “fits his age,” says:—

“ Sir the year growing ancient—
Not yet on summer's death, nor the birth
Of trembling winter, the fairest flowers o' the seasons,

Are our carnations and streaked gilly-flowers,
Which some call nature's bastards; of that kind
Our rustic garden's barren, and I care not
To get slips of them.

Pol. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them?

Per. For I have heard it said
There is an art which, in their piedness, shares
With great creating nature.

Pol. Say there be.
*Yet nature is made better by no mean
But nature makes that mean; so o'er that art
Which you say, adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes. You see sweet maid we
marry
A gentler scion to the wildest stock;
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of nobler race. This is an art
Which does mend nature; change it rather: but
The art itself is nature.”*

Mr. Hunt's account and illustrations of the Imagination, are, we must think, superior to those of Fancy—interesting as many of these last are. After having seen him characterize the Ariel of Pope's admirable mock heroic the “Rape of the Lock,” as the “Imagination of the Drawing-room,” we were somewhat surprised at his condemning the “delicate Ariel,” of Shakspeare, to breathe the drawing-room atmosphere of genteel society which was the natural birth-place and home of the other. He assigns the “Midsummer's Night Dream,” and in part the “Tempest,” as offspring of the same power which produced the “Rape of the Lock”—that designated by him as Fancy. Is it not unjust to both, that we should be excited to compare beings so alien in their nature, and differing as widely from each other, as the poets whose

inspiration gave them being. The weary years of imprisonment in the "cloven pine," would prove less fatal to Ariel—(as Mr. Hunt beautifully describes him,) "the delicate, yet powerful spirit, jealous of restraint, yet able to serve; living in the clements and the flowers; treading the edge of the salt deep, and running on the sharp wind of the north; feeling for creatures unlike himself; flaming amazement on them too, and singing exquisitest songs," than the polished proprieties and drawing-room graces of the genteel and modish guardian, of Pope's coquettish heroine, who thus harangues his compeers, the sylphs and gnomes:

"Ye sylphs and sylphids, to your chief give ear,

Fays, fairies, genii, elves and demons hear,
Ye know the spheres and various tasks assign'd
By laws eternal to the aerial kind.

* * * * *
Our humbler province is to tend the fair—
Not a less pleasing though less glorious care;
To save the powder from too rude a gale,
Nor let the imprison'd essences exhale;
To draw fresh colors from the vernal flowers,
To steal from rainbows ere they drop in showers

A brighter wash to curl their waving hairs,
Assist their blushes and inspire their airs;
Nay, oft in dreams invention we bestow
To change a flounce, or add a furbelow."

The very increased delight with which we re-peruse this unparalleled burlesque, strengthens us in the conviction that it is in no way akin to the song of the Ariel.

"Where the bee sucks there suck I,
In a cowslip's bell I lie:
There I couch. When owls do cry,
On the bat's back I do fly,
After summer, merrily!
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now
Under the blossom, that hangs on the bough."

The mannerism which pervaded the whole tenor of men's lives, penetrating their actions and judgments on all, even the highest subjects, and forcing them to cross the narrow boundary which separates the sublime and heroic from the ridiculous, suggested to Pope the idea of a burlesque style as the appropriate frame of the picture with which it harmonized so admirably. Even the repulsive formality and wearying smoothness of his style, which flowed from, and pointed to those more radical deficiencies which incapacitated him from sympathizing with the true heroic contributed to his success here. He

used conventional forms as best suited to conventional subjects, and was himself artificial even while ridiculing artificiality. Perhaps we may seem to some inconsistent in praising the force and artistic skill of its intentional burlesque, while we own a preference for a different style of art on the grounds of its ranging over wider subjects and treating them in a more natural manner. We shall endeavor to explain our meaning by illustrations, which will, we hope, vindicate also the importance we attach to perfection of form in poetic art. We select the "Rape of the Lock," and a scene from Shakspeare as our examples. The ludicrous effect resulting from the incongruous mingling of a taste for a perverted heroism with the conventional manners of existing French society, spread over Europe by the Court of Louis the Fourteenth, is not inaptly represented even in affairs of costume, by that of a statue of this king, which represented him in Roman armor, and surmounted by, not a helmet, but—a wig. Pope, endued with a keen perception of the ridiculous, proceeded to satirize this mock-heroism, as it appeared in poetical productions, by boldly parodizing the style, machinery, sometimes even the thoughts of the Epic. The artificial and arbitrary nature of his materials forbade any attempt to ally the characters and actions with beings of a different sphere from that of the life which surrounded him. He must laugh directly at these identical objects. He attempts no disguise deeper than a change of name. Belinda and Sir Plume have little interest for an age which has lost, chiefly, perhaps, owing to these satirists, these particular affectations. The attendant sylphs and gnomes are as artificial and as little in earnest as their mistress. They embody nothing of general interest, and were meant to be viewed merely as caricatures of the spirits of the popular creed. The result is an admirable burlesque.

"Men's minds are parcel of their fortunes;"

and Pope did all that could be done. But it is no disparagement to him to say, that Shakspeare was thrown on happier days, and gifted with proportionably greater powers. He, too, had to combat with grievous and wide-spread errors in matters poetical; still they were not the offspring of frivolity, but were rather the crude endeavors of earnest minds struggling to the light.—Often they sprang from the opposition mis-

mands of our moral nature. Poetical fiction was arraigned in the austere moral code of the Puritans, before a Court of Conscience as a falsehood. Gosson wrote a book, in Shakspeare's youth, against poetry and the drama, and founded his arguments on the supposition that a poetical fiction was incapable of being distinguished from a reality. Shakspeare intended, we think, to ridicule this notion in the play performed by the "hempen homespuns" of the *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

Let us observe the transformations which it underwent through the marvellous alchemy—converting lead into gold—of his genius. We must first give the passage at length:—

"ACT III.—SCENE I.—*The Wood.*

"Enter QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, &c.

"Bot.—Are we all met?

"Quin.—Pat, pat! and here's a marvellous convenient place for our rehearsal; this green plot shall be our stage, this hawthorn brake our tiring house, and we will do it in action as we will do it before the duke.

"Bot.—Peter Quince.

"Quin.—What sayest thou, bully Bottom?

"Bot.—There are things in this comedy of *Pyramus* and *Thisbe* that will never please. First, *Pyramus* must draw a sword to kill himself, which the ladies cannot abide. How answer you that?

"Snout.—By'r larkin, a parlous fear.

"Snug.—I believe we must leave the killing out when all is done.

"Bot.—Not a whit. I have a device to make all well. Write me a prologue, and let the prologue seem to say that we will do no harm with our swords, and that *Pyramus* is not killed indeed; and for the more better assurance, tell them that *I, Pyramus, am not Pyramus, but Bottom, the weaver; this will put them out of fear.*

"Quin.—Well, we will have such a prologue.

"Snout.—Will not the ladies be afeard of the lion?

"Snug.—I fear it, I promise you.

"Bot.—Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves to bring in God shield us! A lion among ladies; for there is not a more peaceful wild fowl than a lion living, and we ought to look to it.

"Snout.—Therefore another prologue must tell he is not a lion.

"Bot.—Nay, you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion's neck, and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect,—'Ladies, or fair ladies, I would wish you, or I would re-

think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of very life. No, I am no such thing; I am a man as other men are;' and then indeed let him name his name, and tell them plainly he is *Snug the joiner.*"

This entire episodical play is indeed a continued satire on the old and cotemporary performances of the stage. But these taken singly were merely absurd, and had they been thus represented by Shakspeare, we might have had a burlesque superior perhaps in degree to the "genteel comedies" of our stage, and even more amusing and facetious than Sheridan's "Critic;" but the rich vein of humor and covert irony which was all the poet's own giving, would have been wanting. He *transplanted* all these barren crudities into a soil where they obtain, in our eyes, what Mr. Hunt justly calls "a conditional truth to nature." *Ab-surd* merely when considered as the deliberate opinions of reflecting men, they partake of the *humorous* in being delineated as natural to the character and circumstances of these "rude mechanicals." While laughing with increased enjoyment at the things ridiculed, we entertain, on the whole, a liking for the subjects of our merriment; and nourish a feeling which wholly rejects the idea of laughing derisively at them, and recognizing some essential community of character lying below the particular follies, does not so much tolerate, as in a manner sympathize with the individual actors; a wonderful result of the many-sidedness of the "myriad-minded" intellect which, able to work for the necessities of the day in building for a never-ending future, could thus vindicate to genius its rightful alliance with humanity, and give to each its highest fulfilment, by association with the other. How much is there, in the stirring interest of our own day, partaking of this character of *universality*, and ready to start into an enduring poetic or dramatic life, at the summons of the Artist, possessed of the talisman. The French people have hailed the coming of such an one in the person of their great poet, Beranger. Meanwhile, we cannot do better than decipher, as we best can, the meaning of the written records of poetry bequeathed to us by the past; seeking for it in history, in criticism, in all the "various language" of nature and art. Verse is often supposed to be only the outward garb of the poetic spirit; but Mr. Hunt has, we think, taken

a truer view of this important but unobtrusive element as manifesting the inmost spirit of poetry. He well observes :—

"Variety in versification consists in whatsoever can be done for the prevention of monotony, by diversity of stops and cadences, distribution of emphasis, and retardation and acceleration of time; for the whole secret of versification is a musical secret, and is not attainable to any vital effect, save by the ear of genius. All the mere knowledge of feet and numbers, of accent and quantity, will no more impart it, than a knowledge of the 'Guide to Music' will make a Beethoven or a Paisello. It is matter of sensibility and imagination; of the beautiful in poetical passion, accompanied by the musical—of the imperative necessity for a pause here, and a cadence there, and a quicker or a slower utterance in this or that place, created by analogies of sound with sense, by the fluctuations of feeling—by the demands of the gods and graces that visit the poet's harp, as the winds visit that of Eolus. The same time and quantity which are occasioned by the spiritual part of this secret, thus become its formal ones—not feet and syllables—long and short iambics, or trochees, which are the reduction of it to less than dry bones."

And, in illustration of this theory, he offers many pleasing and excellent comments, as on that prime requisite of verse—sweetness :—

"Sweetness, though not identical with smoothness, any more than feeling is with sound, always includes it; and smoothness is a thing so little to be regarded, for its own sake, and, indeed, so worthless in poetry, but for some taste of sweetness, that I have not thought necessary to mention it by itself. Though such an all-in-all versification, was it regarded not a hundred years back, that Thomas Wharton himself, an idolater of Spenser, ventured to wish the following line in the 'Fairy Queen':—

'And was admired much of fools, women, and boys,'

altered to—

'And was admired much of women, fools, and boys,'

thus destroying the fine scornful emphasis on the first syllable of 'women' (an ungallant intimation, by the way, against the fair sex, very startling in this no less woman-loving, than great poet). Any poetaster can be smooth. Smoothness abounds in all small poets, as sweetness does in the greater. Sweetness is the smoothness of grace and delicacy—of the sympathy with the pleasing and lovely. Spenser is full of it; Shakspeare, Beaumont, Fletcher, and Coleridge. Of Spenser's and

Coleridge's versification, it is the prevailing characteristic. Its main secrets are, a smooth progression between variety and sameness, and a voluptuous sense of the continuous—'linked sweetness long drawn out.' Observe the first and last lines of the stanza in the 'Fairy Queen,' describing a shepherd brushing away the gnats. The open and the close *e's* in the one :—

'As gentle shepherd in sweet eventide,'

and the repetition of the word *oft*, and the fall from the vowel *a* into the two *u's* in the other—

'She brusheth oft, and oft doth mar their murmurings.'

"So in this description of two substances, in the handling both equally smooth :—

'Each smoother seems than each, and each than each seems smoother.'

"An abundance of examples from his poetry will be found in the volume before us. His beauty revolves on itself with conscious loveliness, and Coleridge is worthy to be named with him, as the reader will see also. Let him take a sample, meanwhile, from the poem called 'The Day Dream.' Observe both the variety and sameness of the vowels, and the repetition of the soft consonants :—

'My eyes make pictures when they're shut;
I see a fountain large and fair—
A willow, and a ruined hut,
And thee and me and Mary there.
O Mary! make thy gentle lap our pillow;
Bend o'er us, like a bower, my beautiful green willow.'

What Mr. Hunt has said of the poet, in his relation to nature, we may surely apply to the critic—that "It is a great and rare thing, and it is a lovely imagination, when the critic can write a commentary, as it were, of his own, on such sufficing passages of poetry, and be thanked for the addition." It is a privilege enjoyed only by the genial expounders of the excellencies of others, to be thus associated with them in the grateful memory of poetical readers. And we answer, as regards ourselves, for the truth of this, in many passages of this volume, in those even which had been most familiar to us.—Spenser is deservedly a great favorite with Mr. Hunt; and unless we are much mistaken, he will speedily become so with the readers of these selections :—

"Spenser's great characteristic is poetic luxury. If you go to him for a story you will be disappointed; if for style, classical or concise, the point against him is conceded; if for pathos, you must weep for personages half

real and too beautiful; if for mirth, you must laugh out of good breeding, and, because it pleaseth the great sequestered man to be facetious. But if you love poetry well enough to enjoy it for its own sake, let no evil reports of his 'allegory' deter you from his acquaintance, for great will be your loss. His allegory, itself, is but one part allegory and nine parts beauty and enjoyment; sometimes an excess of flesh and blood. His forced rhymes and his sentences, written to fill up, which in a less poet would be intolerable, are accompanied with such endless grace and dreaming pleasure fit to

¶ *Make heaven drowsy with the harmony,*

that although it is to be no more expected of any to read him through at once, than to wander days and nights in a forest, thinking of nothing else, yet any true lover of poetry, when he comes to know him, would as soon quarrel with repose on the summer grass. You may get up and go away, but will return next day at noon to listen to his waterfalls, and to see, 'with half shut eye,' his visions of knights and nymphs, his gods and goddesses, whom he brought down again to earth in immortal beauty."

We have next a long "Gallery of Pictures from Spenser," where he is considered as the "Poet of the Painters:"—

"I think," says Mr. Hunt, "that if he had not been a great poet, he would have been a great painter, and in that case there is ground for believing that England would have possessed, and in the person of one man, her Claude, her Annibal Carracci, her Correggio, her Titian, her Rembrandt, perhaps even her Raphael. I suspect that if Spenser's history were better known, we should find that he was a passionate student of pictures, a haunter of the collections of his friends, Essex and Leicester. In speaking of a Leda, he says, bursting into an admiration of the imaginary painter—

'The wondrous skill, and sweet wit of the man
That her in daffodillies sleeping made,
From scorching heat her dainty limbs to shade.'

"And then he proceeds with a description, full of life and beauty, but more proper to be read with the context, than brought forward separately. The coloring implied in these lines is in the very core of the secret of that branch of the art; and the unpainted part of the tapestry is described with hardly less beauty—

'For round about, the walls 'y clothed were,
With goodly arras of great majesty,
Woven with gold and silk so close and near
That the rich metal lurked privily,
As feigning to be hid from envious eye,
Yet here, and there, and every where, un-
aware,
It showed itself, and shone unwittingly,

*Like to a discolored snake whose hidden snares,
Through the green grass his long bright burnished
back declares.'*

"In corroboration of the delight which Spenser took in this more visible kind of poetry, it is observable that he is never more free from his superfluities than when painting a picture. When he gets into a moral, or intellectual, or narrative view, we might often spare him a good deal of the flow of it; but on occasions of sheer poetry and painting, he is too happy to wander so much from his point. If he is tempted to expatiate, every word is to the purpose. Poetry and painting, indeed, would in Spenser be identical, if they could be so; and they are more so, too, than it has latterly been the fashion to allow; for painting does not deal in the purely visible—it deals also in the suggestive and the allusive, therefore, in thoughts beyond the visible proof of the canvass; in imitations of sound, in references to past and future. Still the medium is a visible one, and is at the mercy of the spectator's amount of comprehension."

"The great privilege of the poet is that, using the medium of speech, he can make his readers poets; can make them aware and possessed of what he intends, enlarging their comprehension by his details, or enlightening it by a word. A painter might have the same feeling as Shakspeare respecting the moonlight "sleeping" on a bank; but how is he to evince it? He may go through a train of the profoundest thoughts in his own mind; but into what voluminous fairy circle is he to compress them? Poetry can paint whole galleries in a page, while her sister art requires the help of canvass to render a few of her powers visible. This, however, is what every body knows. Not so that Spenser emulated the Raphaels and Titians in a profusion of pictures, many of which are here *taken from their walls*. They give the Poets' Poet a claim to a new title—that of Poet of the Painters. I have attached to each of the pictures in this Spenser Gallery the name of the painter of whose genius it reminded me; and I think the connoisseur will allow that the assignment was easy, and that the painter poet's range of art is equally wide and wonderful."

We must content ourselves with a single example, before we take leave of "Imagination and Fancy."

"An Angel with a Pilgrim and a Fainting Knight. Character—Active Superhuman Beauty, with the finest coloring and contrast. Painter—Titian.

'During the while that Guzon did abide
In Mammon's house, the palmer whom whilere
That wanton maid of passage had denied
By further search had passage found elsewhere;

And being on his way approached near,
While Guzon lay in trance : when suddenly
He heard a voice that called loud and clear,
"Come hither, hither !—O come hastily,"
That all the fields resounded with the rueful cry.

'The palmer lent his ear unto the noise,
To meet who called so importunedly ;—
Again he heard a more enforced voice,
That bade him come in haste. He by-and-bye
His feeble feet directed to the cry,
Which to that shady delve him brought at last,
Where Mammon erst did sun his treasury ;
There the good Guzon he found slumbering fast,
In senseless dream, which sight at first him
sore aghast.

'Beside his head there sat a fair young man
Of wondrous beauty, and of freshest years,
Whose tender bud to blossom new began,
And flourish fair above his equal peers
His snowy front curlèd with golden hairs,
Like Phoebus' face adorned with sunny rays,
Divinely shone ; *and two sharp wingèd spears*
Decked with diverse plumes like painted jays,
Were fixèd at his back, to cut his airy ways.

"Beside his head," &c.—"The superhuman beauty of this angel should be Raphael's ; yet the picture as a whole, demands Titian ; and the painter of Bacchus was not incapable of the most imaginative exaltation of countenance. As to the angel's body, no one could have painted it like him—nor the beautiful jay's wings ; not to mention the contrast between the pilgrim's weeds and the knight's armor. See a picture of Venus blinding Cupid, beautifully engraved, by Sir Robert Strange, in which the Cupid has variegated wings."

MOUNT VESUVIUS.—The *Journal des Debats* has the following :—"Vesuvius which, last year, kept our spring and summer nights bright with its harmless fires, presents, at this moment, a singularity which attracts the curious in great numbers. The corrosive action of its fire and the fury of its explosions had, our readers know, hollowed out the crater, so as to give it, to a spectator placed on its extreme edge, the appearance of a reversed cone, out of whose centre rose the burning eminence. Incessant eruptions, however, depositing their *residuum* around this column, have so far filled up the vast basin with accumulated lava, that there will soon be no trace of the ancient void. It will be still more curious, should this cone continue to rise and extend, to see Vesuvius, some fine morning, wearing that *hat* of her former days, which in the course of the last century, was flung into the air, to the great terror of our fathers."—*Athenæum*.

THE OREGON QUESTION.

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

1. *Exploration du Territoire de l'Orégon, des Californies, et de la Mer Vermeille, exécutée pendant les Années 1840, 1841, et 1842.* Par M. DUFLLOT DE MOFRAS, Attaché à Légation de France à Mexico, &c. 2 Tom. Paris : 1844.
2. *The History of Oregon and California.* By ROBERT GREENHOW, Librarian to the Department of State of the United States. London : 1844.
3. *The Oregon Question, &c.* By THOMAS FALCONER, Esq. London : 1845.
4. *History of the Oregon Territory, and British North American Fur Trade.* By John Dunn, late of the Hudson's Bay Company. London : 1844.

RUNNING almost due north and south, at an average distance of about 500 miles from the waters of the Pacific, a ridge of lofty mountains may be traced on the map of the New World. To the north, this savage ridge fades off into the inhospitable plains that skirt the Mackenzie River, to the margin of the Arctic Sea ; to the south, it is continued into another climate, to cast its shadows over more luxuriant scenes, by that chain which is known amongst geographers as the Mexican Alps ; the whole line constituting, according to Humboldt, under various denominations, the course of the mighty Andes, which, from one extremity of the continent to another, from Cape Horn to the Arctic Circle, extends over a distance of 10,000 miles.

This ridge is called the Rock Mountains. Its desolate peaks vary considerably in height from 10,000 to 16,000 feet above the level of the sea. Its arid steep and dismal gorges present no variety of surface, except where accumulated snow lies frost-locked in its sightless depths, or where a gigantic forest climbs the face of the precipice, or some rare nook in the recesses of the stony hills, instead of being a quarry, as it ought to be, is pranked out by the capricious hand of nature with wild and scanty pasturage. This grim barrier limits the British Canadian possessions on the west down to nearly the forty-ninth degree of latitude, and then forms the north-western, as it is the natural frontier in that direction of the United States. A desert plain stretches from its base to the south-east, and beyond that plain lies the great world

bowie-knife men. With that side of the mountains we have nothing to do. Our present business lies on the other side.

The region between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific Ocean—or rather that portion of it which is bounded south and north by California and Russian America—is called the Oregon Territory. A glance at the map will enable the reader to fix its limits at once, for they are so intelligibly indicated by unerring landmarks, as not to be mistaken. With the Rocky Mountains on the east, and the Ocean on the west, a chain of lakes, rivers, and rocks on the north, and the grisly Klamet hills, and the sandy plains and salt springs of California on the south, there is no difficulty in ascertaining the natural outline of the Oregon Territory. Differences of opinion exist as to the political boundaries; the American government is for extending them, the British for contracting them. But these differences are apart from the great question at issue, as to the right of either over any, and what portion of this disputed country, whose political geography is so dubious.

The character of a region, thus hemmed in and scarred in every direction by great mountains, traversed by innumerable streams, and dotted all over by lakes and swamps, cannot be supposed to be especially favorable to vegetation. Within a hundred miles of the sea, and parallel with the Rocky Mountains, rises another enormous chain of mountains, bearing evident marks of volcanic action at a remote period. The Americans have appropriated the cap of nearly every peak of this stupendous range to their own glorification, and christened them after the names of their presidents—so that Tyler has his cap, and Harrison has his cap, and even Van Buren has his cap, without waiting for the settlement of the right by which alone any of these worthies will be suffered to wear their caps in the presence of posterity. No doubt Mr. Polk will come in for a peak of his own in the course of time, and nobody has so good a claim, seeing, that of all the American presidents, he is the only one who has ventured to assert that the region belongs to America, in the teeth of a treaty which, at least, leaves that question open by the common consent of both countries. The name assigned by Humboldt to this range, is that

tile on the whole surface, with the exception of a broad and tolerably rich plain to the south of the Columbia river. All the rest is rank or barren—vast forlorn steppes, hopeless jungle, marsh, lake, sterile rocks, and aboriginal woods. Here and there may be found patches of practicable soil, but nothing grows in them except by dint of incredible labor; and when wheat and potatoes require to be forced with the care and outlay of the daintiest hot-house fruit, it is not difficult to anticipate the issue of agricultural experiments in such districts. The Hudson's Bay Company have a few small farms on the banks of the rivers, which serve the local purpose for which they were undertaken, sustaining the few settlers who, from one cause or another, have clustered round the fur stations; but agricultural speculations on a large scale can never be undertaken in that major section of the territory which is shut up between the Rocky Mountains and the Maritime Alps.

Indeed, the only places in the interior which present any temptations to the agricultural experimentalist, are those which lie on the banks of the rivers, especially the great Columbia river, the principal stream in Oregon. The Columbia rises in the Rocky Mountains, pursues a vagrant and sinuous course to the sea, is occasionally expanded into a line of lakes, by the accession of numerous tributary waters, and frequently broken in its downward race by rapids, falls, and eddies. In the intervals of these obstructions, it is available only to boats and canoes; but vessels of twelve feet draft may sail up 120 miles from the embouchure, where they are stopped by rapids. Beyond the rapids there is a still water navigation of about forty miles; above that point, the river is accessible only to the boats or canoes of the country.

But, although the Oregon Territory is not very seductive to the agriculturist, it has some natural advantages of a commercial kind. It abounds in valuable timber—ash, cedar, arbor-vitæ; its rivers and bays swarm with fish—salmon, sturgeon, cod, herring; whales and sea otters sport along its coasts; and the interior is inconveniently populated with antelopes, elks, wolves, rats, and buffaloes. Out of all this live stock a brisk trade could be got up in a variety of articles, which in course of time might furnish materials for the establish-

ment of a respectable tariff between Oregon and most parts of the Pacific. But as yet few people seem to consider the speculation a safe one. Not a single independent British settler has struck his spade in the earth, warned off partly, perhaps, by those prudential considerations which always hover round disputed titles, and partly by the exclusive privileges guaranteed by act of Parliament to the Hudson's Bay Company, who possess complete jurisdiction over the whole of the territory claimed by the British government. The only stray individuals who have ventured into Oregon, with a view to colonize on their own account, are Americans. We hear of caravans of these adventurous people—whose lives seem to be of as little value as their bonds—setting out for the Rocky Mountains, and making their way by the help of canoes, hatchets and horses, into the savage defiles. But even the American historians who record these exploits, confess that they have never heard what became of their heroic countrymen. Upwards of a thousand emigrants went off in this way from the United States in the years 1842 and 1843, and more have gone since, and more, we believe, are still going, in defiance of all perils by land, water, and treaty; and all that is known about them is, that a few families are squatted somewhere on farms so small and miserable, that the only wonder is that they should still survive as a warning and example to the rest of their compatriots. The American passion for going a-head, and keeping in perpetual motion, so curiously exemplified on quarter-day in the large towns, by wagon-loads of flitting furniture, is exhibited in its last agony by this desperate emigration beyond the Rocky Mountains. The journey itself—which we shall presently take an opportunity of touching upon—is replete with hardships and dangers; its successful accomplishment is extremely improbable; and its results, when accomplished, are for the most part such as, instead of drawing men from their homesteads, would deter any other human beings except the restless and reckless race that rove about the United States. They have not even the excuse for expatriation which is furnished by over-populated soils; for the population of the United States, replenished as it is every day by draughts from all other parts of the habitable globe, is insufficient for the daily necessities of the country. Nor have they the plausible pretence of bettering their condi-

tion; for it requires, in Oregon, the labor of three men to effect the same quantity of profit that is produced in the United States by the labor of one. Nor have they the higher plea of desiring to render available to the commonwealth this immense tract of territory, by carrying into it their arts and their patriotism; for Oregon, to whomsoever it may be ceded in the long run, certainly does not belong to the United States yet, and never may belong to them. So that this daring movement is unsustained by a single prudential consideration, is opposed, on the contrary, to every argument of policy or expediency, and must be referred to that inexplicable love of change and contempt for consequences by which Brother Jonathan is pre-eminently distinguished in all the affairs, great and small, in which he is engaged.

As we have alluded to the difficulties of the journey over the continent, and across the Rocky Mountains into the Oregon Territory, it may be as well to show what they are. The expedition of Lewis and Clarke, undertaken at the instance of the American government, in 1804, may be selected as the most favorable illustration, because it was carried out under the sanction of advantages which no private party of emigrants could, under any possible circumstances, be supposed to possess.

The party consisted of forty-four men, who embarked in three boats on the Missouri, in the month of May, well supplied with all resources necessary for the journey. They worked slowly and laboriously against the mighty current until the month of October, when finding themselves no farther advanced than the country of the Mandan Indians, they disembarked to winter on the shore, further progress at that season of the year being impracticable. Here they were compelled to remain until the following April, when they resumed the ascent of the river with thirty men, having sent the others back, for reasons which it is unnecessary to investigate. At the end of three weeks they reached the junction of the Yellow Stone, and towards the middle of June were arrested by the falls of the Missouri, a series of stupendous cataracts which extend over a distance of ten miles. At this point their boats became useless to them, and making for the water above the falls, they embarked in canoes hollowed from the trunks of the cotton-wood trees that grow on the banks of the river. On the 19th of July they reached the gates of the Rocky

tween perpendicular rocks, rising 1200 feet above its surface. They had now been out fourteen months, and had only gained the entrance to the mountains, where the most formidable difficulties of the journey really began.

The passage of the Rocky Mountains occupied them three weeks. Their sufferings and privations were of a kind to appal the stoutest nerves. The anguish of a fatiguing and apparently hopeless expedition through the dreary gorges, and over the fearful heights, crossing streams which they dared not venture to navigate, and pursuing tracks which they were constantly obliged to abandon, was enhanced by the extreme severity of the cold and the want of provisions. Before they had entered upon this passage they had buried their goods and canoes in pits, and they must have perished in these frightful solitudes but for some horses and guides which they were lucky enough to procure from a party of Shoshonee Indians. From July to October they were unable to find a stream upon which it was considered safe to intrust themselves, subsisting the whole way upon a scanty and precarious supply of berries, dried fish, and the carcasses of dogs and horses. At last, in the beginning of October, they embarked upon the Kooskooskee river, for which they constructed five canoes, and at last reached the Columbia. The passage down the Columbia was sufficiently dangerous, but having, by an infinite variety of stratagems, and at a cost of toil and endurance which cannot be very easily estimated at a distance, succeeded in evading the perils of the falls and rapids,—they finally made the mouth of the river on the 15th of November, 1805. The whole journey consequently occupied eighteen months.

From this bare outline, dropping out all those startling incidents and shuddering details which constitute the actual terrors of such an undertaking, some slight notion may be formed of the risks which the Americans have to encounter, and of the contingencies which render it unlikely in the last degree that they shall ever be able to conduct the stream of emigration in that direction with the remotest chance of success. Several routes have been subsequently attempted, but with no better results. They differ from each other only in the privations to which the adventurers

clusion—that no highway can ever be established between the United States and Oregon for the overland conveyance of emigrants. 'None but the wild and free trappers,' says Mr. Dunn, 'who know the country well, can clamber over these precipices, and tread these deserts with security; and even these are quitting them as haunts, and now using them only as unavoidable tracks.' For hundreds of miles the tracks are barren under foot, with scorching heat or piercing cold over head. The country west of the Rocky Mountains is described by the same competent authority as being broken up with towering cliffs, deep ravines, and sunken streams, from which the traveller cannot draw a drop of water to allay his raging thirst; and the soil is either so sandy, that he sinks into it at every step, or formed of such sharp and rugged stones, that it lacerates his feet. Fruit there is none—except berries, which are scarce, penurious, and not always safe. Farnham tells us that his party were at last obliged to kill their favorite dog, and economize his flesh; and that during eight days' journey he did not meet a solitary acre of land capable of producing vegetation of any kind. Townsend, an American traveller, gives even a still more dreadful picture of the miseries of the journey. Intense thirst is one of the inflictions, produced by the naked heat of the sun upon the exposed surface, and the consequent desiccation to which every thing is subject. 'The air,' he says, 'feels like the breath of a sirocco; the tongue becomes parched and horny; and the eyes, mouth, and nose, are incessantly assailed by the fine pulverized lava, which rises from the ground with the least breath of air. Bullets, pebbles of chalcedony, and pieces of smooth obsidian, were in great requisition; almost every man was mumbly some of these substances to assuage his burning thirst.' They have recourse to leaden bullets and other substances for the purpose of producing saliva, which they swallow to prevent inflammation and death.

Such are the terrors of the passage from the United States into the Oregon Territory; terrors so repulsive that they seem as if nature had for ever prohibited the two regions from holding free intercourse with each other. On the other hand, if any political or international value can be reasonably at-

tached to proximity of position, and comparative facility of access, the short and easy transit which we can command from the remotest point of our Canadian possessions to the shores of the Pacific, invests us with geographical advantages, which it would be impolitic, not to say hopeless, to contest. Whatever becomes of Oregon, the English, who hold so vast a stretch of country due east of the mountains, and who have long wielded direct sway over the disputed territory itself, through the numerous locations of the Hudson's Bay Company, must always exercise an inevitable influence over its destinies. If Oregon were ceded to the United States tomorrow, British influence must still predominate from the source of the Columbia to the sea; a state of things which so far from producing any practical benefits to the Union, would be attended by disastrous consequences, sooner or later. Confident as the citizens of the 'model republic' may be of the solidity of their institutions, there is nothing more certain than this, that the moment they embark in any project of aggrandizement likely to create jealousy amongst other powers, or to precipitate serious divisions of opinion at home, they strike a vital blow at their independence. And of all conceivable designs that of embroiling themselves with Canada would be the most unfortunate; for, whatever foolish calculations they may raise upon the discontent of the *habitans*, now rapidly vanishing before the wise measures of a paternal administration, they may be assured that there is no part of the globe where their intrusion or interference would be met with a more determined resistance. There are certain gloomy memories haunting the borders of Maine which it would be a deplorable mistake to revive; nor can that people who invaded Florida with bloodhounds, and banished the aborigines from their hunting-grounds across the Mississippi, expect a much better reception from the Indians of British America. All parties in Canada, however they may differ on other subjects, are unanimous about Uncle Sam.

Lewis and Clarke, as we have seen, were eighteen months on their journey. The passage from Montreal to Fort George can be made on ordinary occasions in less than one fourth of that time; and, where expedition is necessary, in less than a sixth. The fact is sufficiently notorious to every body acquainted with the country: but we prefer stating it explicitly on the authority

of M. Moiras, because that gentleman displays such miserable animosity against England in his useless volumes on Oregon and California, that his evidence must be allowed on all hands to be quite unexceptionable when it can be cited in favor of the accidental superiority of our activity or our position.

"The entire distance," says M. Moiras, "from Montreal to the Pacific Ocean, at the embouchure of the Columbia, is exactly 1800 leagues, and the journey occupies four months and a half. During this period they are obliged to travel on horseback seventy-five leagues, or about thirteen days; the remainder is done by boats. We have not calculated the days necessarily devoted to repose, or business, at the different stations; and the delays are sometimes so long that a party which leaves Montreal in the beginning of May, probably may not reach Fort Vancouver till the following October; they return towards the end of March, and arrive at Montreal about the close of September. But it ought to be remarked that on such occasions the caravan is generally composed of sixty or eighty persons, and ten or twelve canoes, frequently carrying baggage or merchandize. If they travel unencumbered, like Governor Simpson, or the couriers that are despatched from time to time by the company, they can make the distance from the Columbia to the St. Lawrence in less than three months."

There can be no doubt on which side lies the greater facility of access to the mountain-bound territory of Oregon.

The consequence is, that nearly the whole civilized population consists of the servants and settlers of the Hudson's Bay Company. M. Moiras says, that there are about 200 Americans grouped upon the river Ouallamet; he estimates the servants in the immediate employment of the company at 100 more (calculated by Mr. Greenhow at 400), and the French Canadians at 3000. This division of the population is clearly incorrect, if it be intended to imply that these French Canadians are independent settlers; but the actual numbers, on the whole, are probably accurate enough. The remaining population is composed of native Indians, scattered over the face of the country. It is nearly impossible to ascertain their numbers. They were formerly very numerous, but successive visitations of small pox, fever, and ague, have swept them away so rapidly that they are now reduced to a mere remnant. Mr. Greenhow says, that the whole of the native tribes, and all other persons inhabiting Oregon, together, do not exceed

20,000. We are inclined to regard this statement as in excess; but we have no means of approximating more closely to the fact. There is no doubt, however, that some of the Indian tribes are extinct, and the rest not likely, under the influence of white civilization, to bring up their physical statistics to their ancient average.

Two rather important inferences may be drawn from these statements. First, that geographical proximity gives to British America a complete command over the Oregon Territory. Second, that the Oregon Territory is now, and has been for upwards of a century and a half, since the incorporation of the Hudson's Bay Company, whose power has gone on gradually increasing, and consolidating, and acquiring a more systematized form up to the present hour, under the direct influence of the British. These facts, if they do not enter into the abstract question of right, at issue between England and the United States, form, at least, material elements in the discussion, and add considerable force to the claim on the part of Great Britain.

Let us now examine the question of right set up between the two countries, strictly confining ourselves to the historical points upon which alone it can be adjudicated. But we cannot avoid observing at the outset that the claim to the entire sovereignty over Oregon by the American government is of recent birth. Up to 1814, they were satisfied with asserting a claim to joint occupancy; up to 1827, they never asserted a right of any kind beyond the forty-ninth degree; in 1843, the president announced, to the astonishment of the world, that the whole territory belonged to America; and in 1844, a bill was actually brought into congress, 'to organize a territorial government in the Oregon Territory, and for other purposes!' This bill, which pledges the government to do that which the government cannot do without violating an existing treaty with England, comes before the senate in December next. We believe it will be thrown out, because, in the interval, all reasonable people will have time to comprehend the extent of its perfidious impracticability; but whether it be thrown out or not, it must remain for ever in evidence against the United States, as an instance of that indecent contempt of all honorable obligations, for which they have been of late years so unhappily conspicuous.

The origin of the American claim to the
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name of his sovereign; and that, in 1793, when most of the north-west continent was unknown, M'Kenzie, an officer in the Hudson's Bay Company, conceived the stupendous project of traversing the whole continent from coast to coast, and executed it with a courage and sagacity unparalleled in the history of discovery. The honor of having *originally* discovered the Columbia belongs to the Spaniards. Heceta, in 1775, was the first person who gazed upon its waters. All this time the whole region was a *terra incognita* to the people of the United States. They knew nothing about it all the time our navigators were exploring and surveying the coasts, and taking possession of the country. The only other nation that ever possessed a scintilla of a right to possession in those latitudes, or that ever pretended to such a right, was Spain; and the rights of Spain and England were finally declared and settled in 1790, by a treaty, called the Convention of the Escorial. The American 'discoverer' Gray, who in 1792 got into an inlet, which he presumed to be the Columbia river, was captain of a ship trading along the north-west coast. He neither discovered the river, nor explored it, nor took possession of it. It is more than certain that he never even saw it. He entered the inlet, ascended twelve miles to a bay where he was weatherbound for ten days—at a distance of sixteen miles from the entrance to the river*—and then departed upon his trading concerns, to dodge about for furs, utterly innocent of all claim to the glory of being handed down to posterity in the pages of history. Indeed, his name would never have been heard of had it not been for the generous allusion made to him by Vancouver, in his narrative published six years afterwards. Disentangling the question, therefore, of all doubts as to discovery, settlement, and possession—seeing that we had taken possession of this territory, and entered into a convention with Spain, the original discoverer, for the recognition and security of our rights, before the United States knew any thing about the Oregon Territory, or could have reached it if they had, we reduce the American claim to the simplest possible basis, which we are willing to accept in the very terms put forward by the Americans themselves.

Having shown that in 1798, and for several years afterwards, the United States not

only possessed no interest whatever in the Oregon Territory, but had no suspicion that they ever should possess any, Mr. Greenhow goes on to state when it was, and under what circumstances, they acquired the right which they have only lately asserted for the first time in full.

"The position of the United States, and of their government and people," says Mr. Greenhow, "with regard to the north-western portion of the continent, was, however, entirely changed after the 30th of April, 1803, when Louisiana, which had been ceded by Spain to France in 1800, came into their possession by purchase from the latter power. *From that moment the route across the continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific lay open to the Americans*; and nothing could be anticipated capable of arresting their progress in the occupation of the whole territory included between these seas."

In this passage there are two very distinct assertions: I. That, in 1803, the United States purchased Louisiana from France; II. That the consequence of this purchase was to throw open to them the whole route to the Pacific. The first is a matter of fact, upon which we are all agreed; for there is no doubt that the United States purchased Louisiana from France. The second is a deduction from the first, and like all deductions, must depend for its validity on the soundness of the premises. If the purchase of Louisiana threw open to the Americans the territory west of the Rocky mountains to the Pacific, then Louisiana must have extended over the whole of that region. The question is—Did Louisiana occupy that extent—a space on the west of the map nearly equal to the whole of the United States on the east? Upon the answer to this question—upon the actual boundaries of the country known by the name of Louisiana in 1803—the American claim to the Oregon Territory mainly, if not altogether, depends.

If France sold to the United States any territory west of the Rocky Mountains, France must have been in possession of such territory. Now France derived her right solely from a cession previously made to her by Spain. But we have already seen that Spain possessed no such right herself, and, therefore, could not cede it to France: consequently, France could not sell any such territory to the United States. She could not sell that which she did not possess.

In order, however to ascertain clearly

* Vancouver, ii.

and circumstantially what were the original Spanish rights from whence this cession descended, it will be necessary to revert to the discovery of the Oregon Territory, and to trace the foot-prints of adventure and settlement from that time to the moment when the United States first set up this imaginary claim. Having exhausted this branch of the inquiry, we will recall the reader to the point from which we start on this unavoidable excursion in the argument.

It is necessary to observe, for the better understanding of the mere question of discovery, that the whole of the Oregon coast lies between the forty-second and fifty-fourth degrees of latitude.

In 1578, Drake discovered this coast to the forty-eighth degree—about two degrees above the mouth of the Columbia. Mr. Greenhow endeavors to discredit this fact; but his motive is too transparent, and his evasive treatment of the subject too obvious, to demand any exposure at our hands. The fact itself, however, although we hold it to be indisputable, is of no importance whatever. We can afford to make the United States a present of all the advantages we could possibly derive from it. If our right to the Oregon Territory rested upon priority, it could be established beyond all cavil. But mere discovery gives no title to possession; and as we made no settlement in Oregon for upwards of two centuries afterwards, the long interval would have been equivalent to an abandonment of the country, if during that period any other government had thought proper to appropriate the soil. But no government did so appropriate the soil; and even waiving our claim on the ground of discovery, we are prepared to assert it on the ground of settlement. We were the first settlers in Oregon—the first to assume the rights of sovereignty over the country;—more than that, we were the *only* settlers there, as we shall show presently, when the federal government purchased Louisiana from France.

Of the Spanish navigators in these waters, the first who is admitted on all hands to a place in the discussion is Juan Perez. He sailed from Mexico in 1774, and the first land he saw was in the 54th parallel of latitude. But he could not land, and sailing to the southward was driven out to sea. He again made land in latitude 47° 47', and coasted home, having literally made no observations whatever. This expedition was considered to be so disgraceful a fail-

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legal manner—and we were the only power that did take formal and legal possession of Oregon.

So far as any American title is pretended to be founded upon Gray's 'discovery' of the Columbia river, in 1792, it may be well to say a few words. In the first place, Gray did not discover the Columbia. It was discovered by Heceta nearly thirty years before. In the second place, Gray was not invested with any official authority whatever, and could not take possession in the name of his government. In the third place, he did not take, or pretend to take, possession. In the fourth place, no title can be founded upon Gray's discovery or possession, without repudiating at once all right on the part of Spain; for if Spain had such right, Gray could not have interfered with it without committing an act of invasion; and it is upon the integrity of the Spanish right that the validity of the French title, purchased by the United States, exclusively reposes. Gray, therefore, in whatever point of view he may be regarded, must be put out of court altogether. The Americans cannot claim through Gray and through Spain at the same time.

The fact of having taken formal and official possession of a country unoccupied and unclaimed by other powers, has always been recognized as a legal title to its sovereignty. Mere discovery gives no such title, unless discovery be followed up by settlement; nor does settlement itself give such title, unless it be carried out under the sanction of government. Private individuals cannot form colonies and set up laws for themselves; they must have the consent and authority of their natural sovereign. 'By the laws of England,' observes Mr. Falconer, 'the crown possesses absolute authority to extend its sovereignty; it can send its diplomatist to treat for, its soldier to conquer, its sailor to settle new countries. This it can do independently of parliament; and no act of the ordinary legislature is needed to establish English law and authority in such countries.' 'The same absolute power is vested in all other sovereignties. But in the United States the president has no such authority; there must be a distinct act of legislation to legalize such a proceeding. Such an act is now before congress; but, up to this hour, no act of that nature has ever been legalized by the legislature of the United States in reference to the Oregon Territory. On the other

hand, England, upwards of half a century since, complied with all the legal and solemn conditions by which new territories are annexed to the dominions of the crown. An authorized representative of the sovereign entered the Oregon Territory—then unoccupied and free to the whole world—and with the usual ceremonial formality took possession of it in the name of Great Britain. From that moment Oregon was as completely a dependency of the crown as any spot within the girth of our colonial possessions.

The sum of these details may be thus stated, as far as they respect the title of Spain to any rights of sovereignty over Oregon (and it must be borne in mind that Spain and England were the only countries pretending to such a title):—That Spain never made any settlement in the country; never in any way occupied the country above Cape Mendocino; never took legal possession of the country; and never, in short, performed any act by which it could acquire any right to cede to France a single acre of ground within the territory. Let us now see how this state of things was affected by the Convention of the Escorial.

The immediate circumstances which led to the convention were these:—The government of Spain learning that both the Russians and the English were very busy forming settlements and carrying on traffic on the north-west coast, despatched some vessels on a sort of commission of inquiry to ascertain the facts.* In the course of

* Spain, it seems, founded her title to exclusive sovereignty over these regions, and, consequently, her right to send out this expedition of inquiry upon these grounds; the specification of which, being all equally invalid, would only needlessly interrupt the historical statement of facts. These grounds were: 1. A papal concession in 1492; 2. The discovery of the coast; 3. The contiguity of the Oregon Territory to the Spanish settlements of New Mexico. 1. The liberality of the pope, in giving away a great number of kingdoms that were not his own (including, as a scoffing writer has it, even the kingdom of heaven), was one of the foolish frauds which even they who hoped to reap benefit from them were never hardy enough to maintain in the face of other nations. This ground was obviously so absurd, that Spain had too much good sense to put it forward. 2. Granting to Spain her full claim to the merits of discovery, it has been already shown that discovery alone constitutes no title to sovereignty. 3. Contiguity of territory offers about as reasonable a pretext for exercising sovereign rights over a country as the accident of living next door to an empty house would justify a man in taking possession of the premises. We hear that contiguity of territory is one of the arguments employed by

the events that followed, certain vessels belonging to Mears, who had previously established himself at Nootka Sound, were entrapped and seized by the Spaniards, whose conduct throughout these transactions (without touching the question of right one way or the other) is universally admitted to have been base and treacherous. We need not detain the reader by entering upon the details, but will reduce the case at once to the simple point into which this outrage was finally narrowed, in the subsequent negotiations between the two countries.

Mears having brought the affair under the consideration of the British government, restitution and satisfaction were instantly demanded of the Court of Spain, to which demand an answer was given, that the Viceroy of Mexico had already restored the captured vessels and liberated the crews, on the supposition, however, that their owners were ignorant of the exclusive rights of Spain. This answer, accompanied by a direct claim to the sovereignty of the country, was held to be so unwarrantable, that it was at once met by a message to parliament, asking for supplies to enable his majesty to vindicate the rights of his subjects to 'a free and uninterrupted navigation, commerce, and fishery, and to the possession of such establishments as they should form' on the coast. The supplies were granted with enthusiasm; and preparations for war were immediately set on foot; so clearly did the British government comprehend their rights, and so determined were they to enforce them. On the same day a note was addressed to the Spanish ambassador in London, in which his majesty declared that 'he would take the most effectual pacific measures to prevent his subjects from trespassing on the just and acknowledged rights of Spain; but that he could not accede to the *pretensions* of absolute sovereignty, commerce, and navigation, which appeared to be the principal object of the last note from the Spanish ambassador.' Nothing could be more explicit on both sides. The Spanish government claimed the right of exclusive sovereignty over the country; the English government denied that they possessed any such right, showing at the same time that they regarded their own title to be so clear, that they actually expended 3,000,000*l.* sterling in active preparations to maintain and establish its validity. The English

the United States in favor of their claims—an argument which, were it worth any thing, is altogether on our side, as we have shown.

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proper, provided they did not interfere with any settlements already formed, there being at the time but two in existence, those of the English at Nootka Sound, and at Port Cox, about sixteen leagues to the southward, which this very treaty expressly recognized.

What followed upon this convention? The English government immediately proceeded to carry out their intentions in conformity with that official interpretation of the treaty which was accepted by both governments, and sent out Vancouver, in 1792, to take possession of the restored settlements, and to ascertain what parts of the coast were unoccupied. At Nootka he was formally put in possession of the buildings and lands belonging to the English, and having surveyed the coast from 39° 20' south latitude to the Strait of Juan de Fuca, and finding it all unoccupied, he took possession of it in the name of his Britannic Majesty, under the right accorded and guaranteed by the express stipulations of the convention. By this legal and official act, the country was annexed to the British crown for ever. The act was notified to the whole world; it was published under the sanction of government in Vancouver's narrative; every body knew it; nobody disputed it. If Spain regarded this act or declaration of sovereignty as an infringement of her rights, she would have remonstrated or protested. But she did neither the one nor the other. On the contrary, from that hour she abandoned the shores of the north-western region; and has never appeared upon them since. It seems rather unreasonable, then, that if Spain never afterwards asserted any right of territory in Oregon, America should claim such right as emanating from Spain, by virtue of a subsequent transaction.

Under the Nootka treaty, Spain, had she been in time, and had she thought proper to do so, might have taken possession of all the unoccupied land; and if she had, we must have allowed the legality of her title. But she not only did not avail herself of the opportunity, but does not appear to have contemplated such a measure. In fact, she never at any period formed a settlement in Oregon, as was frankly admitted in the diplomatic notes which passed between the courts of Madrid and London on the occasion of these negotiations. She had enough to do in New Mexico.

From this review of the actual events which determined in the British crown all rights of sovereignty in the Oregon Terri-

tory, it will be seen that the claims of Spain, whatever they might have been before, were now finally set aside. This recalls us to the point which, for the first time, introduces the United States into the discussion—the sale of Louisiana by the French as it was ceded by the Spaniards. As Spain had no possessions in Oregon, she clearly could not have included in her cession to France any portion of that region. The question then is, what district of country did she cede to France under the name of Louisiana?

It is much more easy to answer this question in the negative than in the affirmative. We can much more readily decide what was *not* Louisiana, than determine what was understood to be included under that designation. The Americans themselves never had any clear notion of that district; they very candidly avow that its boundaries were indefinite from the earliest period; and the Spaniards, who protested against the sale to the United States, as being a violation of subsisting engagements on the part of France, and who were well disposed to dispute the entrance of the Americans, declared that France had no right to a foot of territory west of the Mississippi. In this dilemma we are thrown upon a complicated tissue of treaties, to trace amongst them, as well as we can, what were the real or supposititious limits of Louisiana. One thing alone is certain, that they could not, by any political or geographical stratagem, be strained across the Rocky Mountains into the Oregon Territory.

The confusion respecting these boundaries is perfectly bewildering. Louisiana was originally a French colony. It was settled by a charter of Louis XIV., which charter left its eastern and western frontiers to the imagination of the settlers. The Sieur Crozat, to whom this ambiguous charter was granted in 1712, was glad to give it up in 1717. Probably, he was afraid of committing involuntary trespasses on the property of others. The Illinois country was then annexed to it, the Illinois country itself being in a similar condition of doubt. This, of course, only increased the perplexity. Louisiana, thus rendered more difficult of definition than ever, was made over by royal decree, to Law's Mississippi Company, who escaped from their vague responsibility in 1732. The onus of this boundless province then reverted to the crown of France, and the

said crown, in 1762, got rid of it by cession to the crown of Spain. But Spain seems to have been as uneasy under the obligation as France, and ceded it back again in 1800. The sly terms of these cessions and retrocessions are distinguished by a spirit of evasive finesse worthy of the palmiest days of the French and Spanish comedy. It would puzzle a conjuror to discover from these documents what country it was that was thus ceded and retroceded. France gave to Spain 'all that country known under the name of Louisiana,' and Spain gave back to France this same Louisiana, taking care to guard against accidents by adding 'with the same extent that it now has in the hands of Spain, and that it had when France possessed it.' The conscientious caution of the Spaniard cannot be too highly commended. In this condition France sold the unmapped Louisiana, to the United States for 15,000,000 dollars; and the United States are now trying to make the most of their bargain. Finding that the limits of the country were never laid down they are endeavoring to persuade the world that it had no limits but the ocean.

The way in which Mr. Greenhow speaks of Louisiana forms a suggestive commentary on this curious dilemma. He says, that from the time when Louisiana was ceded to Spain, until it 'came into the possession of the United States, its extent and limits were not defined.' This is tolerably decisive of the difficulty America has yet to encounter in the attempt to prove that it extended to the Pacific, seeing, on the confession of the Americans themselves, that its extent was not defined. But this is nothing in comparison with the admissions made in the following remarkable passage, which, if there be any meaning at all to be wrung from the English language, when it is employed by American historians, sets the question at rest for ever.

"How far Louisiana extended westward, when it was ceded by France to Spain, history offers no means of determining. The charter granted to Crozat, in 1712, included only the territories drained by the Mississippi south of the Illinois country; and, though the Illinois was annexed to Louisiana in 1717, nothing can be found showing what territories were comprehended under that general appellation. In the old French maps, New France is represented as extending across the Continent to the Pacific; in British maps, of the same period, a large portion of the territory thus assigned to New France, appears as New Eng-

land, or as Virginia; while the Spanish geographers claimed the same portion for their sovereign, under the names of New Mexico and California. *While Louisiana remained in the possession of Spain, it was certainly never considered as embracing New Mexico or California; though whether it was so considered or not, is immaterial to the question as to its western limits in 1803, which were, by the treaty, to be the same as in 1762. In the absence of all light on the subject from history, we are forced to regard the boundaries indicated by nature—namely, the highlands separating the waters of the Mississippi from those flowing into the Pacific or the Californian Gulf—as the true western boundaries of the Louisiana ceded to the United States by France in 1803.*"

The completeness of this admission—that the western boundary of Louisiana was the chain of the Rocky Mountains, and that, consequently, America acquired no rights by her purchase beyond that boundary—is final. But we must not, therefore, pass over in silence the spirit of subterfuge that runs through this very disingenuous passage. Notwithstanding that Mr. Greenhow is thoroughly convinced that Louisiana never could, in the nature of things, have extended beyond the mountains, and, indeed, does not hesitate, at last, to say so, he tries to insinuate, that in 1762 it *might* have extended to the Pacific. Mr. Greenhow knows perfectly well that New Mexico, or California, never belonged to France, and, therefore, could not have formed a part of the territory called Louisiana, which was ceded by France to Spain, in 1762. The question turns upon what was Louisiana in 1762, for we have seen that Spain returned it back again, precisely as she got it. Now, whatever it was, it is as clear as the sun at noon-day, that New Mexico could have been no portion of it; for this very reason, that in 1762, when the original cession was made, New Mexico belonged to Spain herself. The whole of the territory in that direction, west of the Rocky Mountains, was Spanish ground, adjoining this vague Louisiana, a fact which Mr. Greenhow, only two or three pages before, frankly, but perhaps unconsciously, states in very exact terms. 'That any settlement,' he observes, 'of the western boundaries of Louisiana, should have been made on the conclusion of the treaty of 1762, is not probable. It would have been superfluous, as *Louisiana would certainly have joined the other territories of Spain in that direction!*'

It is impossible, upon the whole of this

evidence, to make a loophole for the slightest doubt on this point—that in purchasing Louisiana from France, the United States acquired no rights beyond the base of the Rocky Mountains. President Jefferson explicitly affirms the limits in a letter written at the time of the purchase. ‘The boundary,’ says Jefferson, ‘which I deem not admitting question, are the highlands on the western side of the Mississippi, enclosing all its waters—the Missouri of course—and terminating in the line drawn from the north-western point, from the Lake of the Woods to the nearest source of the Mississippi, as lately settled between Great Britain and the United States.’ And in some negotiations which took place four years afterwards, he desired the omission of a clause which referred to the north-west territory, because it ‘could have no other effect, than as an offensive intimation to Spain that the claims of the United States extend to the Pacific Ocean.’ We, therefore, dismiss this branch of the subject, by restating the only conclusion consonant with the facts of history, at which any human being can arrive, after a sifting investigation of the whole question—namely, that the claim set up by the United States to a right of territory in Oregon, arising from the purchase of Louisiana, in 1803, is utterly fallacious, and totally unfounded.

Recalling the reader, then, to the point from which we started, we ask what is to be thought of the integrity of the writer who, with all these facts and disproofs before him, could be capable of making the sweeping assertion already quoted, that from the moment of the purchase, ‘the route across the continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific lay open to the Americans?’ We have been accused of dealing severely with the poets of America (an accusation which in good time we shall notice as it deserves); but we confess we are in some doubt whether they should not be called upon to evacuate the regions of fiction and give place to the historians.

The settlement between the United States and Great Britain alluded to by President Jefferson, took place in 1783. It recognised the independence of the states and fixed their boundaries; but does not in any way affect the Oregon question, which at that time had not come into dispute.

Pursuing the subject in the order of time, we shall now proceed to state the steps that were taken by America in conse-

quence of her presumed claim, and the arrangements of every kind that have been entered into since 1803 in reference to that claim; conducting the inquiry chronologically to the present moment, so that the English reader may be put in possession of the exact state of the case as it now stands in litigation between the two countries.

In 1805, Lewis and Clarke were commissioned by President Jefferson to explore the country west of the Rocky Mountains. We have already stated that, according to the constitution of the United States, the president cannot exercise any act of sovereignty,—he cannot annex new territories to the Union. This commission, therefore, was not invested with an official character, and could not take possession of the country in the name of the American government. No title, consequently, can be raised upon this exploring expedition; nor is any such title asserted. ‘Politically,’ says Mr. Greenhow, ‘the expedition was an announcement to the world of the *intention* of the American government to occupy and settle the countries explored.’ ‘But,’ rejoins Mr. Falconer, ‘such intention had already been announced to the world by the English government in a public, authentic, and legal manner, and its sovereignty over the country declared.’

In 1810, an attempt was made by a Captain Smith to found a post for trade with the Indians on the south bank of the Columbia. He built a house and laid out a garden, but the speculation was a failure, and he abandoned it before the close of the year. Mr. Falconer very properly observes, that this was the act of a private individual, and does not carry any political inference whatever.

In the same year the fur station called Astoria, rendered famous by Washington Irving’s romance, was founded by a German merchant of New-York, Jacob Astor, near the mouth of the Columbia. This was simply a private trading speculation, and although it has been dragged into the Oregon question with a view to help out the American claim, we need scarcely observe that it has no political character at all. The government of the United States might as well set up pretensions to sovereign authority in England because some stray ship-broker from New-York establishes a packet-office in Liverpool, as pretend to any right over Oregon arising out of Mr. Astor’s attempt to establish a fur com-

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negotiations that since have taken place on the subject.

If any claim could possibly arise out of such a settlement as that of Astoria, unauthorized by any act of congress, then we are clearly entitled to set it aside on the score of priority; for, in addition to the former settlement at Nootka Sound and Port Cox, an English party, commissioned by the North-West Company, formed an establishment, in 1806, on Frazer's Lake, in the fifty-fourth degree of latitude.* These were all authentic arrangements under the sanction of the British jurisdiction, already formally proclaimed in the Columbia and up the coast many years before. America has no title, in short, on the ground of occupancy; for she has never yet occupied a yard of the country—none on the ground of discovery; for Drake, and Cooke, and Heceta, were there before her—none on the ground of exploration; for Broughton was up the Columbia first—and none on the ground of any declaration of annexation, or any act of possession; for up to this hour she has not taken one single legal step towards the assertion of a legal right of any nature whatsoever.

The next point in the progress of the debate, which was now insensibly assuming every day a more tangible shape between the two countries, was a convention ratified between Great Britain and America in 1818, by which the rights of both were submitted to a temporary suspension. A boundary line was agreed upon which should run along the forty-ninth degree of latitude, from the Lake of the Woods to the Rocky Mountains; and the whole of the country west of the Rocky Mountains was pronounced free to both for the term of ten years, without prejudice to the claims of either. The question of title was, consequently, still left open.

And now we arrive at the most material transaction in the history of this prolonged dispute:—a transaction upon the interpretation of which the American claim finally rests, at some cost of consistency in the variegated arguments by which it had

been hitherto maintained. The obscurity in which the transfer of Louisiana in 1803 had left the actual boundary lines of that large extent of country, rendered it necessary that some understanding should be entered into on the subject, and a declaratory treaty, known as the Florida Treaty, was accordingly concluded with Spain in 1819. By this treaty the boundaries were fixed, running on the west of the United States in an irregular line from the Sabine river to the forty-second degree of latitude, and then along that parallel west to the Pacific. A clause was inserted in the treaty by which the United States renounced all pretension to the territories west and south of this boundary, and Spain ceded to the United States all rights, claims, and pretensions to the territories on its north and east. Upon this clause, America mainly relies for the proof of her Oregon claim.

We need not re-argue the incompetency of Spain to cede to America territories over which she possessed no rights herself. This clause, to be of any value at all, must depend upon the power of the donor to bestow, not on the willingness of the receiver to accept. America is willing enough to accept Oregon at the hands of Spain; but the real question at issue is, has Spain the power of bestowing Oregon on America? We answer, No. Spain never was in possession of Oregon; and, whatever debatable title she might have previously had, she distinctly and irrevocably resigned it by the stringent conditions of the Nootka Convention in 1790. From that moment Spain relinquished her claims for ever; Great Britain immediately afterwards took possession of the country, and the Spanish flag has never, from that day to this, appeared off the Oregon coast. It is impossible to imagine a clearer case. The Spanish title is not merely defective but non-existent. Spain had no title after 1790.

Even M. Mofras, in his work on Oregon and California, which betrays all throughout a spirit of malignant hostility against England, is reluctantly compelled to admit that the Florida Treaty gave the United States no rights whatever in Oregon. He says that it could not be construed to invalidate the Convention of 1790, that it constitutes a simple renunciation, and that the Americans ought to respect the rights which were previously recognized by Spain as existing in the English. 'If we had now,' he adds, 'to give an opinion upon this important question, we should, in spite of our

* Mr. Greenhow's book contains so many errors that we are compelled to abandon the intention with which we set out of exposing them in detail. But we cannot suffer his assertion, that 'this was the first settlement or post of any kind made by British subjects west of the Rocky Mountains,' to pass uncorrected. His own book contains the refutation of this strange historical mistake.

sympathies for the United States, and our aversion against the aggressive system of the English, be compelled to acknowledge that reason and right are this time on their side. We are even astonished that, foregoing their habitual tenacity, they should have made, in the course of their negotiations, such large sacrifices to the Americans.' Every impartial and honorable mind must feel the reluctant justice of these observations, and acknowledge, as frankly as M. Moiras, that no title can be sustained through the Treaty of Florida.

Conscious, no doubt, of this insuperable difficulty, America endeavors to make out her claim upon other grounds, as well as upon the Florida treaty—grounds which are so signally contradictory of each other, as to annihilate her claim altogether. For, if her claim be rightful on any one of these grounds, it is untenable on the others, and *vice versa*; and, as it is needless to insist upon an adherence to some clear principle in the conduct of such negotiations, we are content to submit these grounds, without a syllable of commentary, to the common sense of the world.

She claims, first, through Gray's discovery of the Columbia. If that claim be good, it vitiates at once all claim through the purchase of Louisiana from France, and through treaty with Spain; for neither France nor Spain could confer upon America that which already belonged to America.

She claims, next, through the purchase of Louisiana from France, which purchase rested upon a cession from Spain to France. If that claim be good, Spain must have ceded the Oregon territory to France, which she not only declared she had not done, but which she could not have done if America had previously acquired that territory through Gray's discovery.

She next claims by virtue of occupancy in 1814, although that occupancy was chiefly carried out by an English company, and was relinquished by a regular deed of sale.

And she finally claims under the Florida treaty of 1819, by cession from Spain. This is the title that stultifies all the rest. For if the Treaty of 1819 be alleged as conferring any title, then the pretensions to a title arising from occupancy in 1814 must have been wholly without foundation. If, on the other hand, America relies upon her title of 1814, she cannot go to Spain for a title in 1819. She is in this dilemma—either that her pretensions in 1814 were

false, and that, consequently, the 'occupation' of the Columbia by Great Britain was rightful, as against her; or that, claiming under the Treaty of 1819, her title is limited to the territory lying south of the British settlements on the Columbia, over which Spain could have had no shadow of a right.

We leave America to extricate herself from this dilemma as creditably as she can. But it is sufficiently apparent that she must relinquish her claim altogether, or rest it upon some intelligible basis. She has hitherto resisted every approach to a candid and equitable adjustment with England. Mr. Canning and Mr. Huskisson proposed that a boundary line should be drawn westward along the forty-ninth parallel of latitude, from the Rocky Mountains to the north-easternmost branch of the Columbia river, and thence down the centre of the stream to the sea. This proposition was rejected. All negotiation, with a view to a moderate and amicable adjudication of the respective claims of England and the United States having failed, the Convention of 1818 was renewed in 1827, and the provisions, instead of being limited to ten years, were extended to an indefinite period, either party having the right, upon a year's notice, to withdraw from the agreement. In this condition the question remains.

The violent and unstatesmanlike declaration of Mr Polk, in his inaugural address, has not been serviceable to America in the public opinion of Europe. He thought proper to launch upon the furious tide of the democratic passions which carried him into office a wilful mis-statement, couched in the most offensive language. The bad taste and worse policy of that very foolish proceeding, must recoil upon himself. But we earnestly hope, for the sake of the paramount interests of peace and civilization, that the calmer judgment of the ministers by whom he is surrounded may avert the consequences from his country. He will have time to reflect in the interval before the next meeting of congress, and it is gratifying to observe that nearly the whole press of America in the meanwhile protests against his conduct. The bill for the occupation of Oregon comes before congress in December. We venture to predict that it will be thrown out; simply because it cannot be carried without involving the United States in a war with England; and there are three sound reasons why America cannot go to war—she has neither men, money,

nor credit. No—America will not go to war.

The true policy of America is peace. Washington declared that the moment she committed herself to schemes of aggression and aggrandisement, her power was at an end. She cannot extend her territory without risk of weakening it. She has not enough of population as it is to defend the shores of the Atlantic in the event of hostilities: by what process of conjuration then can she undertake to occupy and defend territories remote from her own states and difficult of access? If she got possession of Oregon to-morrow, she could not maintain it. Her sovereignty in that distant region could be preserved only by the presence of an imposing force, and by a chain of strong military outposts from the Missouri across the continent to the sea. How is she to organize this force? How is she to supply this enormous machinery of defence? Even if she could succeed in laying down such a plan of warlike preparations, she must still fail in securing a permanent occupation of the north-western coast, which, it is notorious, can only be reached and commanded from the ocean. She must, therefore, cover her land force by a powerful naval armament. Where is she to get the means? Overwhelmed with debts, and dragging her reputation as she is at a discount through the exchanges of the world, is she prepared to incur still greater odium and an impossible outlay? We believe there is not a sensible man in America who does not denounce the Quixotic project which points at the hopeless occupation of Oregon.

The British minister has solemnly announced that he is not only resolved but prepared to assert the rights of the British Crown in the Oregon Territory. This is not an idle threat; and it has been echoed back by the universal conviction of a country too well instructed in its own power, too confident in the integrity of its cause, and too well assured of the advantages of peace, to embark hastily in an expensive war. We have the means of vindicating our rights, and we will employ them should it become necessary. The mere addition to our naval estimates this year amounts to 1,000,000*l.* sterling—a sum nearly equal to the total naval estimates of the United States—and our squadron in the Pacific, under Admiral Seymour, is a sufficient pledge of the sincerity of our intentions in that quarter.

But we do not believe that America will

submit the Oregon question to solution in the field of battle. She is not in a condition for such dangerous experiments, and, if she were, a dispassionate investigation of the case must finally satisfy her that the claim she sets up could be settled much more speedily, to her own honor and ultimate advantage, by peaceful arbitration. It is the interest of both countries to settle their claims amicably; but it is chiefly the interest of America, for the experience of all history concurs in this warning—that when a subject in litigation between two powers is removed from the cabinet to the camp, it must be at the cost of the weaker party.

LADY TRAVELLERS.

From the London Quarterly Review.

1. *Notes and Sketches of New South Wales.* By Mrs. Meredith. (Colonial Library.) London. 1844.
2. *The Englishwoman in Egypt.* By Mrs. Poole. (Knight's Weekly Volume.) 1845.
3. *Letters from Madras.* By a Lady. 1843.
4. *Life in Mexico.* By Madame Calderon de la Barca. 8vo. London. 1843.
5. *The Rhone, the Darro, and the Guadalquivir.* By Mrs. Romer. 2 vols. London. 1843.
6. *Journal of a Tour in the Holy Land.* By Lady F. Egerton. London. 8vo.
7. *Narrative of a Yacht Voyage.* By the Countess Grosvenor. 2 vols. London. 1842.
8. *Journal of a Yacht Voyage to the Texas.* By Mrs. Houston. 2 vols. London. 1844.
9. *Diary of a Tour in Greece, Turkey, Egypt, and the Holy Land.* By the Hon. Mrs. Dawson Damer. 2 vols. London. 1841.
10. *Visit to the Courts of Vienna, Constantinople, &c.* By the Marchioness of Londonderry. London. 1844.
11. *Orientalische Briefe.* Von Ida, Gräfin Hahn-Hahn.
12. *Therese's Briefe aus dem Süden.*

THAT there are peculiar powers inherent in ladies' eyes, this number of the Quarterly Review was not required to establish; but one in particular, of which we reap all the benefit without paying the penalty, we

most in common gratitude be allowed to point out. We mean that power of observation which, so long as it remains at home counting canvass stitches by the fireside, we are apt to consider no shrewder than our own, but which once removed from the familiar scene, and returned to us in the shape of letters or books, seldom fails to prove its superiority. Who, for instance, has not turned from the slap-dash scrawl of your male correspondent—with excuses at the beginning and haste at the end, and too often nothing between but sweeping generalities—to the well-filled sheet of your female friend, with plenty of time bestowed and no paper wasted, and overflowing with those close and lively details which show not only that observing eyes have been at work, but one pair of bright eyes in particular? Or who does not know the difference between their books—especially their books of travels—the gentleman's either dull and matter-of-fact, or off-hand and superficial, with a heavy disquisition where we look for a light touch, or a foolish pun where we expect a reverential sentiment, either requiring too much trouble of the reader, or showing too much carelessness in the writer—and the lady's—all ease, animation, vivacity, with the tact to dwell upon what you most want to know, and the sense to pass over what she does not know herself; neither suggesting authorly effort, nor requiring any conscious attention, yet leaving many a clear picture traced on the memory, and many a solid truth impressed on the mind? It is true the case is occasionally reversed. Ladies have been known to write the dullest and emptiest books—a fact for which there is no accounting—and gentlemen the most delightful; but here probably, if the truth were told, their wives or daughters helped them.

But, in truth, every country with any pretensions to civilization has a twofold aspect, addressed to two different modes of perception, and seldom visible simultaneously to both. Every country has a home life as well as a public life, and the first quite necessary to interpret the last. Every country therefore, to be fairly understood, requires reporters from both sexes. Not that it is precisely recommended that all travellers should hunt the world in couples, and give forth their impressions in the double columns of holy wedlock; but that that kind of partnership should be tacitly formed between books of travel which, properly understood, we should have imagined to have

been the chief aim of matrimony—namely, to supply each other's deficiencies, and correct each other's errors, purely for the good of the public.

It may be objected that the inferiority of a woman's education is, or ought to be, a formidable barrier: but without stopping to question whether the education of a really well-educated English woman be on the whole inferior to her brother's, we decidedly think that in the instance of travelling the difference between them is greatly in her favor. If the gentleman knows more of ancient history and ancient languages, the lady knows more of human nature and modern languages; while one of her greatest charms, as a describer of foreign scenes and manners, more even than the closeness or liveliness of her mode of observation, is that very *purposelessness* resulting from the more desultory nature of her education. A man either starts on his travels with a particular object in view, or, failing that, drives a hobby of his own the whole way before him; whereas a woman, accustomed by habit, if not created by nature, to diffuse her mind more equally on all that is presented, and less troubled with preconceived ideas as to what is most important to observe, goes picking up materials much more indiscriminately, and where, as in travelling, little things are of great significance, frequently much more to the purpose. The tourist may be sure that in nine cases out of ten it is not that on which he has bestowed most care and pains which proves most interesting to the reader.

Again, there is an advantage in the very nature of a book of travels peculiarly favorable to a woman's feelings—the almost total absence of responsibility. It is merely the editorship of her own journal, undertaken for the amusement of her children, or the improvement of a younger sister, or the building of a school; for it is a remarkable fact that ladies never publish their tours to please themselves. In short, she can hardly be said to stand committed as an authoress. If she send forth a lively and graceful work, the world will soon tell her it is a pity she is not one; otherwise, the blame falls on her materials.

But though the lady tourist has her modesty thus far screened and sheltered, it is equally certain that there is no department of writing through which her own individual character is more visible. We form a clearer idea of the writer of the most unpretending book of travels than we do of

her who gives us the most striking work of imagination. The under current of personality, however little obtruded to sight, is sure to be genuine. The opinions she expresses on the simplest occasions are those which guide her on the greatest; the habits she displays, however interrupted by her irregular movements, are those contracted in her regular life: hence the most interesting result, in our mind, to be gathered from an examination of this class of literature. We see our countrywoman, in these books, unconsciously in the main, but fully portrayed. We see her with her national courage and her national reserve, with her sound head and her tender heart, with the independent freedom of her actions and the decorous restraint of her manners, with her high intellectual acquirements and her simplicity of tastes, with the early attained maturity of her good sense and the long-continued freshness of her youth. We see her nice, scrupulous, delicate, beyond all others of her sex, yet simple, practical, useful, as none but herself understands to be; versed in the humblest in-door duty, excelling in the hardest out-door exercise; equally fitted for ease or exertion: enthusiastic for nature; keen for adventure; devoted to her children, her flowers, her poor; petting a great Newfoundland dog, loving a horse, and delighting in the sea. In short, we see her the finest production of the finest country upon earth—man's best companion, whether in the travels over this world or the voyage through this life; but only to be understood or deserved by the Englishman, and rather too good even for him.

It is true, and perhaps as well for our pride, that many a reverse to this picture occurs; but even in the worst cases it is rather an affectation, exaggeration, or caricature of the national female character, than any direct departure from it. There are some lady tourists who are over delicate or over adventurous—over enthusiastic or over humdrum—over simple or over wise; but where is she, whatever may be the difference of talent or taste, who ventures to bring forward an infidel opinion or a questionable moral?

There is one set of female writers who, having under the general name of tourists given the public an immense deal of extraneous information, might be expected to occupy a prominent place in this article: the very nature of their services, however, compels us to pass them over in silence; for when one lady travels to Vacluse to

give us her views of Mesmerism, another visits the German baths to describe the advantages of Society in Russia; when one goes north to expatiate on the infant schools in England, another south to send home chapters of advice to the Queen; and a fifth wanders generally at large, in order to bewail the waste lands within a few miles of London, and to reprobate the iniquity of a government who can suffer such resources to remain unapplied, 'with a starving population under their very eyes, all ready to pay them five pounds an acre;* when, in short, ladies take all the trouble of travelling abroad merely to express those private opinions upon affairs in general which they could as well have given utterance to at home, we feel truly that it would be a grateful and very amusing task to bring their services before the public, but that it is not ours on this occasion to comprise them among so unpretending a class as that of the lady tourists.

The same reason must also deter us from including that more systematic set of travellers who regularly make a tour in order to make a book, and have thus pretty well divided the tourable world between them—Mrs. Trollope having taken Germany and Italy, Miss Costello France, Miss Pardoe Hungary, and so forth. These able and accomplished ladies *do* travel with an object, and it is apparent in every line they write. Instead of seeing the woman, we only discover the authoress; and, admirable as she may be, it is not her that we are in quest of upon this occasion.

To revert, therefore, to the object of our search—while regarding these unstudied and unpretending works as some of the truest channels for the study of the Englishwoman, they cannot be strictly taken as a test of comparison between her and the lady of other countries. Whether as traveller, or writer of travels, the foreign lady can in no way be measured against her. The only just point of comparison is why the one does travel, and the other does not. And, upon the first view of the matter, the impediments would seem to be all on the side of our own countrywoman. Her home is proverbially the most domestic—her manners the most reserved—her comforts the most indispensable. Nevertheless, it is precisely because home, manners, and comforts are what they are, that the English-

* *Vide* 'My Last Tour and First Work,' by Lady Vavasour.

woman excels all others in the art of travelling. It is those very habits of order and regularity which make her domestic,—it is that very exclusiveness of family life which makes her reserved,—it is the very nature of the comforts, to her so indispensable,—it is all that best fits her to live in her own country, that also best fits her to visit others. Where is the foreign lady who combines the four cardinal virtues of travelling—activity, punctuality, courage, and independence—like the Englishwoman?—where is she whose habits fit her for that most exclusive of all companionships, the travelling *tête-à-tête* with a husband for months together? Where is she whose comforts are nine tenths of them comprised under the head of fresh air and plenty of water, like the Englishwoman's? A foreigner will tell us that the chief argument lies in the English purse;—but the Russians are rich enough—and the Russian lady moves abundantly about from place to place—but she does not travel in the same sense as the Englishwoman. The Russians have means enough to sail a whole fleet of private yachts, but which of them would think of cruising in the Mediterranean, or of launching across the Atlantic for pure pleasure? There are certain modes of life for which English nature and education alone seem adapted;—travelling is one—living in the country another.

The truth is that no foreign nation possesses that same class of women from which the great body of our female tourists are drafted. They have not the same well-read, solid thinking,—early rising—sketch-loving—light-footed—trim-waisted—straw-hatted specimen of women; educated with the refinement of the highest classes, and with the usefulness of the lowest; all-sufficient companion to her husband, and all-sufficient lady's maid to herself—they have her not. Of course in the numbers that flit annually from our coasts, from one motive or other, every shade and grade is to be found, from the highest *blâste* fashionable, with every faculty of intelligent interest fast closed, to the lowest Biddy Fudge, with every pore of vulgar wonder wide open; the absurdities committed by our countrymen and women under the name of travel are highly significant of the national folly, extravagance, and eccentricity; but the *taste* for travel from which these abuses spring—the *art* of it in which the English so excel—we are inclined to attribute to a something still more conspicuous and hon-

orable in the national life—to nothing less than the *domesticity* of the English character. Who can witness the innumerable family parties which annually take their excursions abroad—the husbands and wives—brothers and sisters—parents and children,—all enjoying the novel scenes, but chiefly because they are enjoying them together? Who can see the joint delight with which these expeditions are planned, the kindly feelings and habits they develop, the joint pleasure with which they are remembered—without recognising a proof of exclusive domestic cohesion which no other people display? What, too, is the secret of that facility with which the Englishman adapts himself to a residence in any remote corner of the world?—why do we so often find him settled happily among scenes and people utterly uncongenial in climate and habit? Simply because he takes his *home* with him; and has more within it and wants less beyond it than any other man in the world.

As for the tribes who throng capitals and watering-places for purposes of mere idleness and dissipation, and because they can indulge both upon a cheaper and laxer footing than at home, they certainly do not contribute to give foreigners a very exalted idea of the national domesticity; but whether human nature or English nature be here to blame, we suppose may be a question; we suspect the fact is that this description of travellers quit their native land precisely because they are no longer suited to her, nor she to them.

But to return to the ladies:—if now and then some foreigners venture on their travels, here the analogy ends; they do not venture to publish them. The German ladies, with all their virtues, are not supposed to excel in rapid observation, or lively delineation. Inward experiences not outward impressions are their forte;—the eyes of their souls are brighter than those of their bodies;—they are fonder of looking into the one than out of the other. They will give you, therefore, most admirable maps of the winding paths of their own hearts, but they are not of much assistance on the common dusty high roads of other countries. Bettina, it is true, might have made a brilliant Münchhausen, but otherwise, with the exception of the Countess Hahn-Hahn, of whom we have more to say, the public is not supposed to have gained much by their peregrinations, nor perhaps lost much by their staying at home.

The Frenchwoman has not the same grounds for silence. Her eyes and her tongue we know are both of the most lively description—she would make a shrewd observer and a brilliant describer—but alas! there is one little impediment which stands in her way—a trifle, we feel almost provoked to have to mention, which stops her pen—*she cannot spell!*

It is true that two great French authoresses of these times—Madame de Staël and Madam Dudevant—have given their foreign impressions to the world; but the one visited foreign countries with the feeling of an exile, and the other has described them exactly as she might have done without stirring from her chamber. The 'De l'Allemagne' is the type of classical sentiment, the 'Lettres d'un Voyageur' the flower of picturesque romance—neither of them come under the denomination of travels. What Madame de Staël sententiously says in *Corinne*, remains to this day the true French motto:—'*Voyager est, quoi qu'on en puisse dire, un des plus tristes plaisirs de la vie. Lorsque vous vous trouvez bien dans quelque ville étrangère, c'est que vous commencez à vous y faire une patrie; mais traverser des pays inconnus, entendre parler un langage que vous comprenez à peine, voir des visages humains sans relation avec votre passé ni avec votre avenir, c'est de la solitude, et de l'isolement, sans repos et sans dignité.*' In short, what the French depend upon for their daily happiness, even the spelling few of their womankind cannot transport with them.

It is time, however, that we should advert more particularly to the fair writers named at the head of our paper. Since the peace of 1815, most of the central European countries have been too completely examined and described for a passing tourist to offer any novelty, while the excellent Handbooks of the day leave no room for contributions of mere roadside information. Our modern writers of this class may be therefore divided into three heads:—Such as have made their own personal movements the mere thread on which to hang the general history of the countries they are traversing, or the groundwork on which to introduce a narrative of fictitious interest;—such as have remained long enough in one province or place, however obscure in itself, or however often described before, to obtain that living acquaintance with it which always commands interest;—and lastly, those who, having launched out beyond the beaten track,

are privileged to offer any description, however unpretending, on the score of novelty. As specimens of the first class, we may mention Miss Taylor's 'Letters from Italy' a volume which will retain a standard value for correct research and simple beauty of writing;—Mrs. Dalkeith Holmes's 'Ride on horseback through France and Switzerland to Florence'—in which we have not a little sterling information and sterling humor too, with very much of feminine grace;—Mrs. Ashton Yates's 'Letters from Switzerland to her children.' We instance these as all showing what we have defined as the national type of female character—minds of the highest intellectual culture, and manners of the most domestic simplicity. As a more particular illustration of what is the highest pride of modern English civilization—the union of genuine learning and genuine refinement—we may once more mention Mrs. Hamilton Gray's 'Sepulchres of Itruria.' Nor could we give a better instance of real description and opinions interwoven with a romance—though in no way needing this fictitious interest—than another established favorite, Mrs. Jameson's 'Diary of an Ennuyée.'

The list of those who have resided a longer period in one place requires more particular attention; the Englishwoman's services being here most important, and her own character most conspicuous. In this capacity it is almost exclusively affection and duty that send her abroad; and it is a proud and a pleasant feeling to trace these qualities as the chief basis of the energy and animation that appear in these books. With so much of the old Ruth at her heart, it is not in Latin or Greek, or in Physical Sciences, or even, we hope, in Mesmerism to unsex her. Wherever she goes, a little fertile patch of household comfort grows beneath her feet; wherever there is room for rational tastes, orderly habits, and gentle charities—and where is there not?—there we find the Englishwoman creating an atmosphere of virtuous happiness around her. Like the gipsy she may sing—

'We pitch our tent where'er we please,
And there we make our home.'

There is no part of the world, however remote, from which she does not send forth a voice of cheerful intelligence. We pass over a number of older works of great value and attraction, from Lady Calcott's 'Residence in the Brazils' down to the

'Letters from the Shores of the Baltic,' to call the reader's attention to four more recent books—dated from as opposite parts of the world as could well have been chosen—viz., 'Notes and Sketches of New South Wales;' 'The Englishwoman in Egypt;' 'Letters from Madras;' and 'Life in Mexico.'

No work can better illustrate the distinctive traits of a woman's writing than the first of these;—the easy style—the brilliant thought—the delicate touch—the close detail—the sound sense—and then that pretty under current of natural affection which gives the true healthy English tone to the whole. It is a real pleasure to accompany such a lady over sea and land—though the former stretched monotonously around her during a four months' merchant-vessel passage—and was exchanged for the scorched 'everbrown' surface of a country devoid of any past or present interest, whether of an historical, poetical, pictorial, or social kind—New South Wales. But liveliness, sense, and knowledge, and a spring of youthful intelligence are hers; and a long-continued honey-moon of fresh-wedded happiness (may it never wane!) beams through every sprightly and humane thought. Independent, however, of these general recommendations, Mrs. Meredith's volume has a separate attraction of its own in the valuable store of natural history it communicates. Under a name which she has since changed—we think for the better—this lady is well known to the flower-loving world as the most graceful expositor of English botany;* and this volume proves that her taste and knowledge extend to many other departments of natural phenomena. Birds and beasts, fishes and insects, and creeping things innumerable equally engage her intelligent attention, and are described with a simplicity and precision which will give much valuable information to the professed naturalist, no additional jargon to the dabbling amateur, and involuntary interest to the most uninitiated. Not a trace of pedantry appears, nor of what is quite as bad, and too frequent when women treat such matters—not the slightest affectation of a popular tone. Not a microscope nor a herbarium is seen; but keen eyes and taper fingers, and a most active mind, it is evident have been at work. We need no apology for giving a few specimens of her

graceful and humorous descriptions—it matters not whether of spider, parrot, opossum, or 'pretty trailing flower.' This is the very poetry of frogs:—

'In the Macquarie, near Bathurst, I first saw the superb green frogs of Australia. The river, at the period of our visit, was for the most part a dry bed, with small pools in the deeper holes; and in these, among the few shining water-plants and conservæ, dwelt these gorgeous reptiles. In form and size they resemble a very large English frog, but their color is more beautiful than words can describe. I never saw plant or gem of such bright tints. A vivid yellow-green seems the ground work of the creature's array, and this is daintily pencilled over with other shades—emerald, olive, and blue greens, with a few delicate markings of yellow, like an embroidery of gold thread upon shaded velvet. And the creatures sit looking at you from their moist floating bowers, with their large eyes expressive of the most perfect enjoyment, which, if you doubt while they remain still, you can't refuse to believe in when you see them flop into the delicious cool water, and go slowly stretching their long green legs as they pass through the wavy grove of sedgy feathery plants in the river's bed, till you lose them under a dense mass of gently waving leaves. And to see this while a burning, broiling sun is scorching up your very life, and not a breeze is stirring, and the glare of the herbless earth dazzles your agonized eyes into blindness, is enough to make one willing to forego all the glories of humanity, and be changed into a frog!—p. 107.

The transformation of a locust is another excellent specimen of her vein:—

'In the summer evenings it is common to see upon the trunks of the trees, reeds, or any upright object, a heavy-looking, humpbacked brown beetle, an inch and a half long, with a scaly coat, clawed lobster-like legs, and a somewhat dirty aspect, which latter is easily accounted for by the little hole visible in the turf at the foot of the tree, whence he has lately crept. I have sometimes carried them home, and watched with great interest the poor locust "shuffle off his mortal" or rather earthly "coil" and emerge into a new world. The first symptom is the opening of a small slit which appears in the back of his coat, between the shoulders, through which, as it slowly gapes wider, a pale, soft, silky-looking texture is seen, throbbing and heaving backwards and forwards. Presently a fine square head, with two light-red eyes, has disengaged itself, and in process of time (for the transformation goes on almost imperceptibly) this is followed by the liberation of a portly body and a conclusion; after which the brown leggings are pulled off like boots, and a pale, cream-colored, weak, soft creature very tenderly walks away from his former self, which remains standing

* 'Our wild Flowers;' 'Romance of Nature.'
By Louisa A. Twamley.
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entire, like the coat of mail of a warrior of old—the shelly plates of the eyes that are gone looking after their lost contents with a sad lack of “speculation” in them. On the back of the new born creature lie two small bits of membrane, doubled and crumpled up in a thousand puckers, like a Limerick glove in a walnut-shell; these now begin to unfold themselves—and gradually spread smoothly out into two large, beautiful, opal-colored wings, which by the following morning have become clearly transparent, while the body has acquired its proper hard consistency and dark color; and when placed on a tree the happy thing soon begins its whirring, creaking, chirruping song, which continues with little intermission as long as its harmless, happy life.”—p. 117.

Our limits forbid further quotation, and we can only sum up her tarantulas, her scorpions, her ants, spiders, crabs, and grubs, and all kinds of other nasty things, with the unqualified assertion that nobody ever made them so nice before. Certainly, judging from the remaining and no less valuable portions of Mrs. Meredith's book, it seems not only that in such a country her tastes for natural history were the greatest possible blessing she could have possessed, but also a perfect mystery how the other ladies in New South Wales get on without them. If any thing were wanting to convince us how little real simplicity is to be found where no real refinement exists—how indispensable are the distinctions of rank for the union of society—and how far more egregiously those follies and absurdities which we usually attribute to the great world, abound in a little one, we shall find it in her remarks on the petty vanities and jealousies, the illiterate dullness, and the jawdry extravagance of the *beau monde* of Sydney. Nor were the lower orders a more agreeable picture—the plenty and prosperity which at that time reigned in the colony being chiefly evidenced in the all-prevailing luxury of intoxication. Of course we do not here allude to the convicts, or to the vitiated poor in the towns, but to the habits of the settlers in the country—a farmhouse, far from all other dwellings, and every soul in it, male and female, drunk at ten o'clock in the morning!

Under these circumstances it is no wonder that we find Mrs. Meredith quitting New South Wales ‘with joy’ to seek a new home in Tasmania, where we hope she may find as much to interest her in her own particular line, and more in every other. Meanwhile we should be happy to think that this expression of our thanks for so in-

teresting an addition to the Home and Colonial Library may reach her. Only if the reader of Sir Francis Drake's exploits, which follow in the same volume, should at all flag in attention, we know on whose head the sin will be.

‘The Englishwoman in Egypt’ is made of very different stuff, though a truer woman never wrote. Mrs. Poole's visit to Egypt was mainly prompted by her affection for her brother, Mr. Lane, and her book is what she intended it to be, an humble help-mate to his well-known ‘Modern Egyptians.’

There is something so awful in the tremendous weight of the past which falls on the spirit in this Ancient of lands that we feel that it is only the highest knowledge, the deepest reverence, or the most artless simplicity, that can qualify a modern traveller to lift his eyes to the imperishable regalia of its fallen majesty. Mrs. Poole has this last qualification in every respect. She has no learning, and not much sentiment, but she has what is quite as important, the sense to know that nothing of her own is wanted in a land where the mere changes of the seasons present sacred associations to the mind. Her descriptions of the phenomena of the Nile—of the varieties of climate—of the murrain on cattle—the pestilence on man, and other plagues in Egypt—are given with a plainness which perhaps leaves no new impression on the reader, but has a sober charm of its own: you are convinced the witness is true. Nor are her remarks on the government or the people more characterized by novelty of information or freshness of idea; at the same time, without attempting to vindicate the rigor of the one, or the ignorance of the other, she contrives, by the mere force of her own kindly and humane feelings, to bring forward points of good, which in the midst of so much evil it is some comfort to dwell upon; to show us that though there be nothing of what we call freedom, there is happiness and content in the homes of Egypt down to the lowest purchased slave; and that in the midst of ignorance and superstition, the poorest peasants meet and part with blessings—age and infirmity are respected—parents venerated—and the presence and providence of the Deity ever held in remembrance. She says, ‘The number of persons nearly or entirely blind, and especially the aged blind, affected us exceedingly; but we rejoiced in the evident consideration they received from all who had

occasion to make room for them to pass. I should imagine that all who have visited this country must remark the decided respect which is shown to those who are superior in years; and that this respect is naturally rendered to the beggar as well as the prince. In fact, the people are educated in the belief that there is honor in the hoary head; and this glorious sentiment strengthens with their strength, and beautifully influences their conduct.'

It is in the description of the domestic customs of Egyptian families that this lady offers most novelty. Of these she presents the most agreeable picture—not a little heightened perhaps, in our minds, by the knowledge that one so gentle as herself had conformed with facility to them. Mrs. Poole entered the country with the wise and amiable conviction that if you have any wish to be pleased among a new people, you should begin by endeavoring to please them. She, as far as possible, adopted their most cherished customs, out of consideration for the feelings of the natives—but not for this reason only—she shrewdly supposed also that the same circumstances of soil and climate which recommended them to the Egyptians would equally apply to her family. The respect and cordiality, therefore, with which she is received into the chief harems of Cairo only reflect credit on her sense and manners, which present a pleasing contrast to that spirit of curiosity and intrusion which has taken many a modern fine lady behind the curtain of an Eastern harem—not to describe the manners or costumes of those who had given her hospitable entertainment, for in that there would be no harm, but to criticise or ridicule them by ignorant and absurd comparisons between modes of life which bear as little parallel as the skies they are under. Mrs. Poole is not at all surprised that Egyptian fine ladies should make their own sherbet, cook their own dishes, and wash their own floors, for all that English fine ladies do nothing of the kind.

'The employments of the harem chiefly consist in embroidery in an oblong frame, but they extend to superintending the kitchen, and indeed the female slaves and servants generally; and often ladies of the highest distinction cook those dishes which are particularly preferred. The sherbets are generally made by the ladies; and this is the case in one harem I visit, where the ladies, in point of rank, are the highest of eastern *haut ton*. The violet sherbet is prepared by them in the following manner. The flowers are brought to them in large sil-

ver trays, and slaves commence picking off the large outer leaves. The ladies then put the centres of the violets into small mortars, and pound them until they have thoroughly expressed all the juice, with which, and fine sugar, they form round cakes of conserve, resembling, when hardened, loaf-sugar dyed green. This produces a bright green sherbet prettier than the blue or pink, and exceedingly delicate. I do not know what the blue is composed of, but am told it is a preparation of violets. The pink is of roses, the yellow of oranges, apricots, &c.'—vol. ii. p. 27.

We admire the sorceress-like effect of this:—

'You will be surprised to hear that the daughter of the Pacha, in whose presence the ladies who attend her never raise their eyes, herself superintends the washing and polishing of the marble pavements in her palaces. She stands on such occasions barefooted on a small square carpet, holding in her hand a silver rod. About twenty slaves surround her—ten throw the water, while the others follow them, wiping the marble and polishing it with smooth stones.'—*ib.* p. 28.

It would be absurd to quarrel with a sister of Mr. Lane's for that newfangled orthography in which he has had so many imitators. Nevertheless, it is rather a drawback in this pretty book to find all our old friends disguised under new names. Caliphs and dervishes are creatures we have known and loved since we could read at all, but 'khaleefehs' and 'darweeshes' are merely hard words, which bring nothing to our minds. The mere name of Saladin conveys associations, chivalrous, heroic, and picturesque—but Salah-ed-Deen might be the Man in the Moon, or the Phonic Spelling-book, for aught our sympathies will stir. Of course we bow to Mr. Lane's superior knowledge, but if every foreign word which has been naturalized into the English language is to be restored to its original articulation, where should we stop? The Nile itself would be the *Neel*; and why not that as well as the *Kur'an* with Mrs. Poole, or the *Chooran* with Mr. Lane—for they frequently disagree? We venture to say that had the spelling of the old 'Arabian Nights' been retained, the 'Englishwoman in Egypt' would have produced a far livelier effect on the imagination.

The 'Letters from Madras' are a perfect case in point of the peculiar value of a woman's book. This is the very lightest work that has ever appeared from India, yet it tells us more of what everybody cares to know than any other. Considering the

ship-loads of young and intelligent women perpetually wasted over to the shores of India, and the number of years the relays of this home commodity have been going on, it might be thought that nothing relating to our Eastern colonies could have been by this time left unsaid. And perhaps no more striking proof can be given of the enervating effects of idleness and luxury, than the comparative absence of all lively feminine works upon a country where for nearly a century well-educated English-women have had the amplest means of observation. We do not overlook Miss Roberts's capital sketches of Hindostan—nor Mrs. Elwood's traits of Indian life in her *Overland Journey*—a work for which we take this opportunity of expressing our sincere admiration; but neither of these gives the *humours* of this antipodes state of society like our nameless lady. Not that her position differed in any way from that of which every day brings a repetition. She married, and went out to India—halted a short time at Madras—and then proceeded up the country. Nor are her letters any thing beyond what a lively, happy, well-educated young woman would write to her family upon her first domiciliation in a foreign country—full of sense and nonsense—describing every thing as it came in her way—just as it suited her fancy or her fun. The only advantage she possessed, and one it is to be hoped not very uncommon, was that of being united to a worthy, sensible man, who encouraged her vivacity, but directed her judgment, and allied her with himself in whatever was useful and benevolent. There is no question, therefore, of the sound domesticity that pervades this book—indeed no happier family group has come under our notice—even the dash of flippancy which occasionally jars upon us proceeds evidently from too light a heart for us to quarrel with it.

What first struck our fair incognita seems to have been the great difference between the listless ladies of Madras and her lively self. They could tell her nothing—knew nothing—cared for nothing. Their minds seemed to have evaporated beneath an Indian sun, never to condense again. The seven years' sleep of the Beauty in the fairy tale was nothing to the seven years' lethargy of a beauty in Madras, for the enchanted lady awoke to her former energies, and the merely enervated lady, she thinks, never can. Our young bride is therefore anxious to make the most of her stock of English

energy before it should go the way of all her neighbors'.

She begins at once with the things immediately under her notice—the great gallery-like rooms—the dull dinner parties—the languid conversations everlastingly about the changes in the service, till she wishes all appointments were permanent—the mode of passing your time, 'which seems to be spent alternately in tiring and resting one's self;' and above all, 'those great babies,' the native servants, who throughout furnish her with occasion for fun, and never for complaint. In this respect their domiciliation at first in a friend's house at Madras made little difference,

'For in an Indian house every visitor keeps his own establishment of servants, so as to give no trouble to those of the household. The servants find for themselves in the most curious way. They seem to me to sleep nowhere, and to eat nothing—that is to say, not in our houses, nor of our goods. They have mats on the steps, and live upon rice. But they do very little, and every one has his separate work. I have an ayah (or lady's maid) and a tailor, for the ayahs can't work; and A. has a boy, also two *muddles* (how charmingly expressive!), one to sweep our room, and another to bring water. There is one man to lay the cloth, another to bring in dinner, another to light the candles, and others to wait at table. Every horse has a man and a maid to himself; the maid cuts grass for him: and every dog has a boy. I inquired whether the cat had any servants, but I found she was allowed to wait upon herself; and as she seemed the only person in the establishment capable of so doing, I respected her accordingly. Besides all these acknowledged attendants, each servant has a kind of muddle or double of his own, who does all the work that can be put upon him, without being found out by the master and mistress.'—p. 33.

'Every creature seems eaten up with laziness—even my horse pretends he is too fine to switch off his own flies with his own long tail, but turns his head round to the horsekeeper to order him to do it for him.'—p. 50.

'They are indeed a lazy race—they lie on their mats strewing the floor like cats and dogs, and begin to puff and whine whenever one gives them the least employment. The truest account of their occupations was given me in her blundering English by my muddle. I said, "Ellen, what are you doing; why don't you come when I call you?" "No, ma'am." "What are you doing, I say?" "Ma'am, I never do"—meaning, I am doing nothing'—p. 54.

—or rather 'I never do any thing.' Then comes the awful heat—the regular land-wind, and plenty of it—like a blast from a furnace; when, with all the lofty rooms, and punkahs always going, and perpetually wet-

ted tatties, the temperature can be with difficulty kept down to 90°. And our lady sits under the wet mats, with her hands in a basin of water. 'And the leaves of the trees are all curled up, and the grass crackles under one's feet like snow, and the sea is a dead yellow color, and the air and the light a sort of buff, as if the elements had the jaundice: and we are all *so* cross—creeping about and whining, and then lying down and growling—I hope it won't last long.'—p. 78. Nor does it, above ten days. She says most truly that a small income is real wretchedness in India; for what would be luxuries in England, such as large, airy houses, carriages, plenty of servants, &c., are there necessities, indispensable for health, to say nothing of comfort. 'The real luxury, and for which one would give any price, would be the power of going without such matters.'

Now, however, comes a refreshing change of scene. A. is appointed district judge at Rajahmundry, 'in a really Indian part of India'—and they move thither with a shipload of goods and an army of servants, and a little lady baby in addition, who greatly enlivens the scene. There they live like 'most uncommonly great grandees,' or rather, to our view, like a thoroughly sensible, right-thinking English family—visiting with their Rajah neighbors, instituting schools and reading-rooms for the natives—performing divine service in their own house—making roads, digging wells, and doing all the good in their power. Whoever, indeed, wishes to know more upon that painful, disappointing, and mysterious subject—the absence of all real and effectual progress in the conversion of the Hindoos—will here find much practical good sense, none the worse for being sprightly given. That the exertions of many admirable and devoted men in this field have done some good, as the example of all good men must, there can be no question; but also that there are many who have retarded more than promoted the cause of Christianity, by insisting on teaching the natives nothing else till they had taught them that, is equally beyond doubt. Experience has proved that there is no more certain way of preventing the entrance of Christianity among the Hindoos than the open attempt to introduce it; and that at best the easier admission of it among the Pariahs only bespeaks that previous indifference to matters of religion which makes the conversion worthless. 'I of Mistress' caste, I eat anything'—this is the key too

generally to Pariah Christianity—or even granting it as sincere, this only increases the barrier to its progress beyond these *outcasts* who have nothing to lose by any change.

Speaking of a worthy missionary settled near them, whose native hearers, having gratified their curiosity, had entirely abandoned him, and who honestly confessed that he had not met with a single instance of a real desire for truth, she very sensibly observes, 'That is the great difficulty with these poor natives. *They have not the slightest idea of the value and advantage of truth.* No one in England knows the difficulty of making any impression upon them. The best means seems to be education, because false notions of science form one great part of their religion. Every belief of theirs is interwoven with some matter of religion, and if once some of their scientific absurdities were overthrown, a large portion of their religion would go with them.' (p. 198.) The readiness, or rather positive ambition of the caste natives to acquire the rudiments of knowledge, so long as they are not directly mixed up with the doctrines of Christianity, is, indeed, sufficient proof that in their case the lesser good must be made the pioneer to the greater.

The newly-appointed Judge and his active lady were no sooner settled 'up country' than they busied themselves at considerable trouble and expense in establishing a school for caste boys. A Brahmin was engaged to teach Gentoo, and a half-caste to teach English—the Bible was freely read and translated—the attendance rapidly increased to above eighty scholars, and almost every day a pretty little boy was found 'salaaming' at the gate for admittance. All, in short, was going on as well as sense and benevolence could desire. At this time a dissenting missionary happened to pass—was received at their house with customary Anglo-Indian hospitality, and having, in return, favored his hosts with his opinions regarding the enormity of bishops, and the bigotry of ordination, he adjourned to the school, and without the knowledge or permission of the Judge, held forth to the boys. This soon created a disturbance, which he proceeded to augment, by seizing hold of a native's *lingum*, or badge of caste, and taking it away. At this, the grossest insult you can offer a Hindoo, the whole population rose in a ferment—the boys brought back their books, and although the dissenter was obliged to restore the badge, the feeling was

so strong, that the school was abandoned for awhile, and then recommenced with not half the number of scholars.

There is plenty of temptation for quotation in this merry volume—the visit to the Rajah—the dog Don's scene with the family of monkeys—the petitioners to baby—the Moonshree's idea of the planetary system, and his astonishment that 'Europe lady or gentleman' should go to hell &c. But we must pass on to a very different degree of longitude, though our latitude does not much vary.

Madame Calderon de la Barca is very distinct from the ladies that precede her. She has as much liveliness as our Madras friend—as much intelligence as Mrs. Meredith, and more spirit than Mrs. Poole; but with all this, though her book engages the attention in a high degree, and exhibits great and various ability, it fails to interest us in the writer. Something of this, however, may be owing to a reason, which is perhaps meritorious, and certainly fortunate in her as the wife of a foreigner; viz. to the very *un-English* nature of her writing. Madame Calderon was a Scotchwoman—and a Presbyterian, we have reason to suppose; she is now a Spaniard—and a Roman Catholic, as we have more than reason to suppose. And, accordingly, we have a Spanish indifference to bloodshed, a Spanish enthusiasm for bullfights, a Murillo glow of color, a Cervantes touch of humor, a gentle defence of the cigarito, and a hard hit at John Knox, which can leave no doubt of our quondam countrywoman being perfectly at home in her adopted land. The reel and the bolero may be nearer allied than we imagined. Madame Calderon, we are told, was distinguished in early days for her accomplishments and personal attractions among the circles of her native capital, Edinburgh; instead, however, of taking a Scotch advocate or W. S., and settling there, she removed with her family to New York, where again she steered clear of all Yankee importunities, and finally accomplished her destiny by bestowing her hand upon a Spanish diplomatist, a collateral descendant (we believe) of the great dramatist Calderon, who was shortly after appointed minister for the Court of Madrid at Mexico.

The work commences with the departure of the envoy from New York; and the easy humor and brilliant description of the first shipboard chapter show at once the power with which the story is sustained throughout. At Havannah, the first

Spanish territory the lady had touched, they are received with distinguished honors; and balls, dinners, and operas, female Cræsus and men millionaires pass before us in a perfect blaze. Thence another tedious voyage, made most amusing to the reader, to Vera Cruz, with a renewal of festivities. There they take mules for Mexico, breakfasting *en route* with General Santa Ana, and then launch into a wilderness of all the glowing productions of *Terra Caliente*—pinesapples, oranges, lemons, bananas, and granaditas, above their heads—roses and myrtles, carnations and jasmine at their feet—'delicious eggs, butter, and custard off new and wonderful trees,' within arm's length—splendid woods, fertile plains, stupendous mountains, glimpses of distant sea, and expanses of sapphire sky, 'and not a human being or passing object to be seen which is not in itself a picture.' And all this in the month of December! What an earthly Paradise! It is quite a comfort to know that the road was enough to break their bones, and that there were daily robberies and murders committed upon it.

At length, distant volcanoes and spires innumerable announced the city of Mexico; and our authoress's thoughts had wandered back to the time 'when the great panorama first burst upon the eyes of the King-fearing, God-loving conqueror; and the mild bronze-colored Emperor advanced himself in the midst of his Indian nobility, with rich dress and unshod feet, to welcome his unbidden and unwelcome guest;' but speedily her ruminations were put to flight by a very different crowd, consisting of half the population of modern Mexico, who had turned out to welcome the bearer of the olive-branch from old Spain, and who now constrained them to enter a splendid state-carriage, all crimson and gold, and drawn by four white horses. 'In the midst of this immense procession of troops, carriages, and horsemen, we entered the ancient city of Montezuma.'

This is succeeded by fêtes, serenades, masked balls, and bull-fights extraordinary, in honor of the Ambassador; with the introduction to all the Mexican world of fashion, and a most animated description of dress, jewelry, visiting, etiquette, and *bad servants*.

But it is impossible to follow a lady who seems never to have known one moment of fear, lassitude, or repose. All is excitement from morning till night. Nuns taking the

veil—full-dress processions to the Virgin—political *émeutes* which batter down houses, and kill some of her friends—thunderstorms with raging torrents and uproarious mules—cock-fights as well as bull-fights—bals *al fresco*, as well as balls in palaces, with every other imaginable kind of excitement which southern temperaments require, and southern climates furnish; and such suns, such diamonds, and such eyes presiding over all, till we are kept in one perpetual firework. We feel that it is not only tropical life we are leading, but, with the exception of an occasional trait of Scotch shrewdness, and, we must say it, of Yankee vulgarity, a tropical mind which is addressing us. None other could have entered into the spirit of the people with such mingled ardor and *sang froid*. It is a most brilliant book, and doubtless very like life in Spanish Mexico; but we may save ourselves the trouble of looking for anything *domestic* in it.

This scene is characteristic both of the lady and the country—namely, the *Her-radros*, or branding of the bulls.

'The next morning we set off early to the *Plaza de Toros*. The day was fresh and exhilarating. All the country people from several miles around were assembled, and the trees to their topmost branches presented a collection of bronze faces and black eyes, belonging to the Indians, who had taken their places there as comfortably as spectators in a one shilling gallery. A platform opposite ours was filled with wives and daughters of agents and small farmers—little *rancheras* with short white gowns and *rebozos*. There was a very tolerable band of music perched upon a natural orchestra. Bernardo and his men were walking or riding about, and preparing for action. Nothing could be more picturesque than the whole scene.

'Seven hundred bulls were driven in from the plains, bellowing loudly, so that the whole air was filled with their fierce music. The universal love which the Mexicans have for these sports amounts to a passion. All their money is reserved to buy new dresses for these occasions—silver rolls, or gold linings for their hats, or new deer-skin pantaloons, or embroidered jackets. The accidents that happen are innumerable, but nothing damps their ardor: *it beats fox-hunting*. The most extraordinary part of the scene is the facility with which these men throw the laso. The bulls being all driven into an enclosure, one after another, or sometimes two or three at a time were chosen from amongst them and driven into the *plaza*, where they were received with shouts of applause if they appeared

fierce and likely to afford good sport, and of irony if they turned to fly, which happened more than once. Three or four bulls are driven in. They stand for a moment proudly reconnoitering their opponents. The horsemen gallop up, armed only with the laso, and with loud insulting cries of "*Ah Toro!*" challenge them to the combat. The bulls paw the ground, and then plunge furiously at the horses, frequently wounding them at the first onset. Round they go in fierce gallop, bulls and horsemen, among the shouts and cries of the spectators. The horseman throws the laso—the bull shakes his head free of the cord, tosses his horns proudly, and gallops on: but his fate is inevitable. Down comes the whirling rope, and encircles his thick neck. He is thrown down, struggling furiously, and repeatedly dashes his head against the ground in rage and despair. Then, his legs being also tied, the man with the hissing, red-hot iron, in the form of a letter, brands him on the side, with the token of his dependence upon the lord of the soil. Some of the bulls stand this martyrdom with Spartan heroism, and do not utter a cry; but others, when the iron enters their flesh, burst out into long bellowing roars that seem to echo through the whole country. They are then loosened, get upon their legs again, and, like so many branded Cains, are driven out into the country, to make room for others. Such roaring, such shouting, such an odor of singed hair and *bifteak au naturel*, such playing of music, and such wanton risks as were run by the men!—p. 229.

This is very striking and picturesque writing, and would do admirably under Basil Hall's, or any other man's name; but, to our feeling, there is neither a woman's hand nor heart in it. Modern philosophers may think and write what they please about the mental equality of the sexes, but ladies may depend upon this, that some of the most vigorous and forcible writing in the English language would lose all its charm with a woman's name prefixed to it. Women may become orators and heroes in sudden emergencies—they may do feats of mental or physical manliness to defend a parent, a husband, or a child, which command our most enthusiastic admiration; but take away the sacred object—remove the high occasion which nerved her nature, or suspended it, and however wonderful or beautiful in itself the power exhibited, she may be sure that the feeling she wounds is far closer to our heart than the feeling she gratifies.

Madame Calderon's description of a bull-fight in the country is equally spirited and unwomanlike. Even the little pity vouchsafed has the air of being thrown in for decency's sake.

'In the afternoon we all rode to the *Plaza de Toros*. The evening was cool, and our horses good, the road pretty and shady, and the plaza itself a most picturesque enclosure surrounded by high trees. Chairs were placed for us on a raised platform, and the bright green of the trees, the flashing dresses of the *toreros*, the roaring of the fierce bulls, the spirited horses, the music and the cries, the Indians shouting from the trees up which they had climbed, formed a scene of savage grandeur which, for a short time at least, is very interesting. Bernardo was dressed in blue satin and gold—the *picadors* in black and silver—the others in maroon-colored satin and gold. All those on foot wear knee breeches and white silk stockings, a little black cap with ribbons, and a plait of hair streaming down behind. The horses were generally good, and, as each new adversary appeared, seemed to participate in the enthusiasm of their riders. One bull after another was driven in roaring, and as here they are generally fierce, and their horns not blunted, as at Mexico, it is a much more dangerous affair. The bulls were not killed, but sufficiently tormented. One, stuck full of arrows and fireworks, all adorned with ribbons and colored paper, made a sudden spring over an immensely high wall, and dashed into the woods. I thought afterwards of this unfortunate animal—how it must have been wandering about all night, bellowing with pain, the concealed arrows piercing his flesh, and looking like gay ornaments. If the arrows had stuck too deep, and that the bull could not rub them against the trees, he must have bled to death. Had he remained, his fate would have been better, for when the animal is entirely exhausted they throw him down with a lasso, and, pulling out the arrows, put ointment into the wounds.

'The skill of the men is surprising; but the most curious part of the exhibition was when a coachman of —'s, a strong, handsome Mexican mounted on the back of a fierce bull, which plunged and flung himself about as if possessed by a legion of demons, and forced the animal to gallop round and round the arena. The bull is first caught by the lasso, and thrown on his side, struggling furiously; the man mounts while he is still on the ground. At the same moment the lasso is withdrawn, and the bull starts up, maddened by feeling the weight of his unusual burden. The rider must dismount in the same way, the bull being first thrown down, otherwise he would be gored in a moment. It is terribly dangerous, for if the man were to lose his seat his death is nearly certain; but these Mexicans are superb riders. . . . The amusement was suddenly interrupted by sudden darkness and a tremendous storm of rain and thunder, in the midst of which we mounted our horses and galloped home.

'Another bull-fight last evening! It is like *Pulque*; one makes wry faces at it at first, and then begins to like it. One thing was soon

discovered, which was that the bull, if so inclined, could leap upon our platform, as they occasionally sprang over a wall twice as high. There was a part of the spectacle rather too horrible. The horse of one of the *picadors* was gored, his side torn up by the bull's horn, and in this state, streaming with blood, he was forced to gallop round the circle.'—p. 130.

We give Madame Calderon credit for capital nerves; doubtless she would stand a public execution as well. But we have another lady's account of a bull-fight, quite as characteristic, in Mrs. Romer's book, '*The Rhone, the Darro, and the Guadalquivir*.' It is true that before the Spanish ladies were well warmed to the scene she was pressing her hands before her eyes in terror and pity, and by the time one noble horse was gored had fled the arena in horror and shame that she had ever sought it. But what Mrs. Romer dared not see has left a far more vivid impression on our minds than all that the Scotch-Spaniard composedly examined.

Mrs. Romer's well written book introduces us to our third and last class,—books recording wanderings of great length, undertaken solely for pleasure and curiosity, consuming much time and money, and as such indulged in, especially by those who have both at their command. This class extends to ladies of the highest nobility in the land, who, by the publication of their own journals, have undesignedly introduced many a reader to the manners and phraseology of a state of society quite as foreign as any they can undertake to describe. We are naturally anxious to know how those who go clothed in purple and fine linen, and fare sumptuously every day, get on in the rude ups and downs of travelling life; for though yachts may be furnished with every luxury—though medical men and air-cushions, and ladies' maids and canteens, and portable tents and Douro chairs, and daguerreotypes, and every modern invention that money can procure, may be included in their outfit—yet the winds will blow, and the waves toss, and the sun beat down, and the dust rise up, and the rain soak through, and hunger, and thirst, and fatigue, and things their delicacy knew not of before, assail them as if they were mere flesh and blood like other people. Upon the whole, however, these tell-tale books are very creditable reporters, and show us that spirit of good sense, good feeling, and good principle which we have ever fondly attributed to the highest ranks of our English women.

Modern Europe, it is true, has been tolerably tutored into the anticipation of every English want; and the daintiest woman may now traverse the greater part of it without a rough road, a sour dish, or a doubtful bed. But what is modern Europe to a modern traveller? France, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy, no longer *count* in a fine lady's journal. Trieste is their starting-post, not Dover; and Constantinople, Jerusalem, and Cairo, the cities they desire to see, 'and then die,' or return home and publish, as the case may be. Rides on horseback have now given way to rides on camel-back, dromedary-back, pick-a-back, or any back that can be had; gondolas have yielded to caiques, charrs-à-bancs to arabas, laquais de place to kavashes, couriers to dragomen; convents have merged in harems; the Pyramids have extinguished Vesuvius, and St. Sophia has cut out St. Peter's. Honourable and Right Honourable beauties now listen to howling dervishes instead of Tyrolese minstrels; know more of Arabic than their grandmothers did of French; and flirt with beys and pachas instead of counts and barons, and doubtless find them answer the purpose quite as well. As Mrs. Dawson Damer, speaking of Lord Waterford's residence at Cairo a few years back, naively observes, 'A European nobleman's visit to Cairo was then a much more rare occurrence than it has lately become. One is a little *désillusionné* now about the East, when at an hotel you are shown the rooms occupied by Lord and Lady S——n, Lord C—— H——n, the Hon. Mr. L——, the Baronet and his lady, &c.'

There is perhaps more in this clever lady's remark than even her philosophy dreamt of. Do what we will, a painful thought has haunted us throughout this article. The present generation may take their pleasure with plenty of territory before them, but it is the fate of the future tourist that troubles us. Geologists, they say, have insured a supply of coal for several centuries to come; but who is to supply new countries when the old ones are done? It is all very well to say that the world is wide: what does that help, if ladies' minds be wider still? We cannot expect them to put up with cast-off cataracts or second-hand deserts. However, the Niger is still to explore, and two large deserts somewhere in Tartary, and a great many islands in the Pacific not yet *done*; and visits to return from the North American Indians; and no handbook on Central America yet ready; and, in short,

a great deal of lady's work still on hand; and meanwhile we have only to be thankful that it was reserved for our times to reap the opinions of ladies of the first quality upon subjects of the highest classical, biblical, and historical importance—a privilege which, to borrow a phrase from their own dictionary, comprehending apparently all that can be desired, is 'highly satisfactory.'

One lady for example, is inclined to believe that Mount Thabor was not the scene of the Transfiguration, and that the illustration of 'a city on a hill' was not suggested by Saphet. One expresses herself as having been seriously disappointed in the Jordan, which was unmannerly of the river after she had come so far to see it; but, on the other hand, is 'quite satisfied' about the site of Jericho. Another declares the Temple of Theseus at Athens to be 'a positive *bijou*,' though that of Jupiter Olympius is 'less satisfactory.' This, however, is redeemed by her finding the accidental profile of the Duke of Wellington on the rock of the Acropolis, 'something in itself particularly sublime and satisfactory'! Then the fair commentators do not always agree, which is, in one sense, also 'satisfactory.' Lady Francis Egerton doubts whether the church of the Holy Sepulchre, within the walls of Jerusalem, be really the site of Mount Calvary; and indeed proceeds to question whether Mount Calvary were ever a mount at all—while Mrs. Dawson Damer thinks the evidences of its being the actual site 'highly satisfactory,' and throws no light whatsoever on the question of the Mount. Again, Lady F. Egerton implies that she wishes the good Empress Helena further, only decidedly *not* at Jericho, for having built up and over all the most remarkable Scripture localities; while Mrs. Damer thinks that her memory should be revered on that very account, as having preserved what otherwise would have been inevitably lost. Then the Areopagus did not strike her ladyship as at all an appropriate place for St. Paul's addressing the Athenians; while her indefatigable opponent declares it just the very spot, of all others, best fitted for such an occasion. On the whole, we fancy it might be as well that such controversies should be left for the solid erudition and masculine diligence of Dr. Robinson and Lord Nugent. Each lady, however, with her husband and child, was in turn taken for the King and Queen of England—the one travelling with a Prince of Wales, the other with a Princess Royal—which

must have been, in every respect, particularly 'satisfactory.'

Another advantage we must by no manner of means pass over. What is the use of plain Mrs. Anybody's getting into courts and harems, and scraping acquaintance with all sorts of illustrious strangers? They cannot tell us *who they are like!* or, if they do, it is somebody that nobody knows anything about; whereas ladies of rank and fashion, by comparing people of quality abroad with people of quality at home, have it in their power to give us the most luminous ideas of both. Thanks to Mrs. Dawson Damer, we now know that one of Osman Bey's wives is like Lady F——y S——t, and another like Lady F—— E——; and that a sister of Halib Effendi's is the very image both of Lady A—— F——x and of Lady C——y; and we are much the wiser for the information. Also that King Otho of Greece is an unfavorable likeness of the late Lord Durham, which is the best it appears, that any of these ladies can say for his majesty.

But in spite of these and some other little fineries which lie on the surface of these works, there is much more of good feeling and right principle they cannot hide. Lady F. Egerton's little volume, taken all in all, well justifies the respect with which we have always heard her name mentioned. Although she travelled with all the comfort and protection which station and wealth could secure to her, and the smooth ways of pilgrimage now permit, yet that one indispensable qualification which the Christian reader demands in all who presume to approach the altar-place of our faith, the absence of which no array of learning and no brilliancy of talent can supply—namely, the genuine *pilgrim's heart*—that we find in Lady F. Egerton's unpretending journal, more than in any other modern expedition to the Holy Land we know. It is not to be expected that casual and passing travellers should be able to furnish us with any new associations of importance, but this lady has done what is as good, if not better: she has responded to our old ones. In every expression of her sentiments—in her deep emotion at first beholding Jerusalem—in her gratitude at being permitted to enter its gates—in her modest hope that the expedition thither had been the source of religious improvement to herself and all her party—we find those feelings which the heart naturally associates with the sacred territory, and which, she needs us not to remind her, are of far more importance in

one of her high estate than any stores of erudition or powers of research she might have desired to possess.—But Lady Francis Egerton has received praise after which all other tributes must indeed appear worthless. The companion of her wanderings concludes his own very beautiful record of *the Pilgrimage* with some lines which we must transfer to our page:—

'If I too much
And far have ventured; if the cherub's wing,
Which shades the ark, I have presumed to
touch;
With voice profane if I have dared to sing
Of themes too high; and swept the sacred
string,
To none but masters of the lyre allowed;—
Then may this world's neglect or censure fling
Its shadow o'er the faults it blames, and shroud
The rhymers and the rhyme in one oblivious cloud.

'Yet, if the world reject the Pilgrim's muse,
Wilt thou, the Erminia of his brief crusade,
The tribute of the Wanderer's song refuse,
Too feebly uttered and too long delayed?
Whose voice could cheer him; and whose accents made,
Like sound of waters bubbling from the sand,
The desert smile; whose presence, undimmed
By toil or danger, o'er our fainting band
Spread, like the prophet's rock, shade in a weary land.

'O guide, companion, monitress, and friend!—
And dearer words than these remain behind,—
If, in the strain in which I fain would blend
Thy name, some charm to which the world
were blind,
Some dream of past enjoyment thou canst find;
If, to thine ear addressed and only thine,
One note of music murmur on the wind;
If in this wreath one flower be found to twine
And thou pronounce it sweet, all that I ask is
mine.'

Lady Grosvenor (now Marchioness of Westminster) is in no respect to be included among the ranks of *fine ladies*, except on the score of elevated station. Her 'Narrative of a Yacht Voyage' requires no assistance from her title to give it interest. It is simply a sensible, healthy, and well-written work, utterly free from all affectations, and especially from that which apes humility, and betraying the woman of rank chiefly in the total absence of all attempt to display it. None indeed can open these volumes without feeling that they are conversing with a high-bred, independent-spirited woman—too proud to condescend to be vain—who, having read well, and thought well, and been surrounded from infancy with society of the highest intellect,

* *Mediterranean Sketches*, by Lord F. Egerton (1843), p. 30.

and objects of the finest art, becomes instructive without any pretension to teach, and interesting, though giving only the simple narrative of her every-day life. Her ladyship is so truly the Englishwoman too in her tastes—such delight in a garden, such interest in a horse, such enjoyment of the sea:—her mind has evidently so much fresh air to it—through all her wanderings you see so evidently the healthy English home she has left. *Bonâ fide*, however, Lady Grosvenor never entirely quitted the atmosphere of home. Her voyages were chiefly performed in her lord's own yacht, and their land expeditions restricted to short visits to the Ionian Isles and the coast of Africa, with a few longer excursions into the interior of Spain and Greece.—We are thus spared all those discontented descriptions of hotel ill-treatment which give a sameness to many journals, while the rough accommodations on the rough road to Granada are described with a humor, as if she thought them, what she probably did, part of the enjoyment. Certainly to make the *periplus* of the Mediterranean in one's own yacht, and stop for a bit of inland as often as the fancy moves—would seem to be the perfection of pleasure—always barring sea-sickness.

Lady Grosvenor's book is evidently a close transcript of her private journal: there are some chapters in it that could not have been penned except for the use of her own girls, and if she had left these out it might perhaps have been better—certain abridgments of Plutarch for instance. But with these exceptions, we advise no skipping. Throughout she enjoys Nature enthusiastically, tells a story admirably, and here and there gives little touches of truth, which at once light up the scene. For example, speaking of the pestiferous marsh in which ancient Ephesus stands, she says:—'The whole place swarmed with reptiles and insects, the noisy humming of which latter was quite repulsive. Locusts sprang at every step, huge dragon flies, black beetles, and spiders, and enormous ants, and all either creeping, jumping, or gliding about, as in a bad dream.'—vol. ii. p. 101.

Also describing the Temple of Selencus on the Island of Rhodes:—'Fragments of columns now repose in confusion, one over the other; the separate blocks disunited, but lying prostrate in layers from east to west, like a string of beads unthreaded.'—vol. ii. p. 304.

From the long habit of a sea life, her ladyship had evidently familiarized herself

with the anatomy of a vessel and technicalities of nautical phraseology. Instead, therefore, of mincing the matter with feminine paraphrases, she simply makes use of the terms employed around her. Such passages as these look like an experienced sailor:—'But a breeze sprang up from the north-west at ten A. M., which increased rapidly with a succession of tremendous white squalls; we double-reefed the mainsail, furlled the top-gallant sail, closed reefed the topsail, brailed up the foresail, single reefed the fore staysail, and furlled the jib; and even then the ship heeled a good deal, and everything was topsyturvy in the cabin.'—vol. ii. p. 217. At the same time we confess that we are taking the correctness of the sea dialect for granted. We do not forget how a certain page in Gulliver took in the landsmen, and maddened Swift's friend the old admiral. At all events the Countess was a fearless sailor—for the Dolphin suffered its full share of sea vicissitudes, and there is a description of a three-days' storm off the coast of Portugal, which no reader will find it easy to forget.

The little Dolphin schooner is a great favorite, it would seem, with the fair sex, and has since crossed the Atlantic in the service of another English lady, Mrs. Houston, who spends many an epithet of admiration upon her, and announces with characteristic pride that, from the day of their departure to the day of their return to the Channel, she had not 'shipped a single sea!' We have not room for that notice of the 'Voyage to the Texas' which its lively pages warrant, but it is a work which well accords with our estimate of the travelling Englishwoman. The lady is a daughter of Mr. Jesse, so well known for his charming contributions to the popular literature of Natural History: and she inherits the easy spirit of the paternal pen. Her adventures are often most diverting, and the buoyancy of her temperament seems almost unique—yet all is amiable, gentle, and good.

With the Hon. Mrs. Dawson Damer we return at once to the innermost boudoir of modern fashion. But though the light is stifled with draperies, and the air heavy with perfumes, and every step impeded with prettinesses, and uselessnesses, and nonsenses without end, yet a stream of pure feeling plays through, and genuine mirth is heard, and genuine kindness felt; and something tells that the inmate must be both healthy, happy, and worthy. There is

no objection in the world to a little finery if it be but well done: those only are ridiculous who are one thing and fancy themselves another. Now Mrs. Dawson Damer is *real*; she knows her own foibles as well as anybody else, and is too ready to laugh at them herself for her readers to do so long. Her affectation, too, is of that nice, simple, frank kind which flourishes under any circumstances, makes itself happy with any materials, and can ever and anon slip into positive nature without any very palpable change of manner. This lady can write her own tongue very admirably when she pleases, though she prefers a pepper and salt of French and English, in which she equally excels. In the midst of her gayest scenes, one perceives every now and then—even when she whispers it to a Pacha acquaintance—that she is thinking of the ‘four deserted children’ at home. She travels with every imaginable luxury—lackies and abigails, cook, courier, doctor, and artist—but sets to work to make the beds at Ramla, and picks up sticks herself in the desert with the greatest glee. The French cook is in agonies because he cannot get a turkey for his second course in the tent below *Mount Herab*; but Mrs. Damer is quite contented with the five chickens he is forced to substitute. Her tent is evidently, wherever she goes, like a fragment of Mayfair: but she is always ready to bear a hand in tricking it out. She has all sorts of pretty longings and wishes—thinks that groups of slaves, each holding a candle, as she sees them in Shami Bey’s harem, are the prettiest way imaginable of lighting a room, and fears that ‘these animated candlesticks’ will quite spoil her for crystal and *ormolu*—longs to buy a little estate in the island of Rhodes, ‘if only to furnish sweet oranges and lemons for one’s desserts,’ but at the same time puts up with all the *tracasseries*, *désagréments*, and *malentendus*, and other disagreeables—for which of course there are no equivalents in the English language—with perfect equanimity of temper, and has even a kind word to say of the worst accommodation. Some people make you dislike their very virtues—this charming magician manages to put you in good humor even with her foibles.

Among all these

‘Young ladies with pink parasols
That glide about the Pyramids,’

we pick up sundry notices and traits of Mehemet Ali, quite as correct as those the

newspapers supply, and rather more interesting. In spite of his buying up his subjects’ cotton cheap, and selling it out dear, and other Pacha-like discrepancies, we feel that an Eastern Peter the Great is governing Egypt—that the massacre of the Mamelukes is but a counterpart to that of the Strelitzes—nay, that the cruelties of the Mahometan despot are less obnoxious on the whole than those of the Christian czar. Mrs. Dawson Damer gives a most spirited account of him—having, on occasion of his inspecting the arsenal, stationed herself close by, and been presented ‘as far as ladies could be.’

‘I never saw so striking and intelligent a countenance, nor one with half the variety of expression. The eye had at one moment that of positive benevolence, and an instant afterwards, when some of the machinery went wrong, it gained the most savage expression; and again when an awkward-looking boy fell down in turning a wheel, it assumed an appearance of fun and mischief, accompanied by a chuckle, for it could not be called a laugh. His costume was very simple—a greenish brown suit, trimmed with ugly light fur, and a red fez (cap)—and he wore pea-green silk gloves. His cloak was held up by one attendant, more as if for the purpose of keeping it out of the dirt than for ceremony. The Captain Pacha was on his left, and Burghos Bey, his prime minister, and five or six others, stood near him, but there was no appearance of the etiquette of a court. The only smart thing belonging to him was his large cherry-colored parasol, trimmed with gold fringe, of which an ill-dressed Arab had charge, but which the heat of the day did not oblige him to unfold.

‘We were told that except Mrs. Light, who went in male costume to his levée, no European ladies had ever been in such direct communication with him before. He seemed to be much amused and flattered by our anxiety to see him, and remarked that Minny [Miss Damer] must be the youngest European traveller of her time. All this was communicated through the medium of his interpreter, in Turkish. He professes to know no other language, but I thought as our answers in French were translated, that he frequently appeared to have forestalled the interpreter.’—vol. ii. p. 228.

Thanks, too, to Mrs. Damer’s artist, M. Chacaton, we are furnished with a portrait of the Pacha in every way to match this description—representing a handsome intelligent countenance, with an ample brow and a white beard, and a pair of eyes it must be very difficult to throw dust into.

But the best is still to come. It may not be known to all our readers that Mrs.

Damer has struck out quite a new line of collecting—and that, instead of filling a show book with the autographs or portraits of distinguished individuals, she is satisfied with nothing less than a lock of their own hair! Having, not long since, succeeded in abstracting the six last black hairs from the noblest and wisest head in Europe, it is not surprising that she plucked up courage on the present occasion; bethought herself that she might not be passing through Alexandria again in a hurry, and that Pashas only live for ever in figures of speech, and, in short, applied for the same token, black or white, from under the turban—no, alas! the chimney-pot fez—that governs Modern Egypt. Mehemet Ali was startled;—if she had asked for his *head* it would have surprised him less! however, he remembered the bright pair of Frank eyes which had pierced him through and through at the arsenal—his heart softened, and though he eluded her immediate request under some excuse about the law of the Prophet—(of course, he had not a hair to give)—he made ample amends by promising much more.

‘He said that in a collection, containing Nelson’s, Napoleon’s, and Wellington’s, his was as yet unworthy to be included; but, if posterity judged otherwise, he would leave in his will a request to Ibrahim Pacha to present me with his *beard*; and if I did not outlive him, it was to descend to the son or daughters who inherited my collection. The ages and names of my children were asked for, and these testamentary arrangements were very gravely made, and written down by the secretary sent for that purpose. In the evening, at a little party at Captain L.’s, we heard that all Alexandria was ringing with this little episode.’—vol. ii. p. 234.

No wonder! What European lady had ever got so far before? Henceforth all generations of Dawson Damer will swear by the beard of the Pacha!

We feel that we owe our readers some apology for having thus late deferred the mention of a lady whose rank takes precedence of all the foregoing, and whose literary merit is no less distinct. We mean Harriet Vane, Marchioness of Londonderry. To Lord Londonderry the public were indebted only a few years back for that picture of the Northern Courts which no other pen but his could have supplied. To Lady Londonderry it now owes the completion of the set, by the addition of those of the South, including Constantinople—and two other Courts, never we be-

lieve described before, namely, Tetuan and Tangiers. Not, we are happy to say, that information of this value has been in any way purchased by the separation of two personages whose harmony of tastes is so conspicuously exemplary. On the contrary, it is pleasing to observe that Lady Londonderry followed Lord Londonderry north, and Lord Londonderry accompanied Lady Londonderry south. In addition therefore to other excellent merits, this work tends in every way to corroborate that doctrine of English domesticity on which we have dwelt, and cannot fail to impress the lower ranks of readers with the most salutary veneration for the connubial relations of exalted life.

In every other respect, indeed, vast sacrifice was incurred; but this, perhaps, considering the chief aim of their travels, was not to be avoided; for it is obvious that this noble pair were far too much impressed with the responsibility of their high station to think of travelling for their own pleasure. Their objects seem to have been multitudinous—but we are satisfied that their motive was always identical, and that of the most single-hearted description. Sometimes one is tempted to fancy that they had quitted home and all its comforts for the express purpose of binding the British Court in relations of closer amity with those of the rest of Europe, and, as we have said, of some parts of Africa, than the mere official modes of intercourse had been able to effect. At other times it looks as if their exclusive end and aim was the establishment of civilization in backward and careless countries, and the encouragement of it in those that were taking more pains. Perhaps a few pages further on, you are induced to surmise that they had no other earthly object than to erect themselves as living sign-posts in the most unfrequented regions of Europe, Asia, and Africa—for the warning or instruction of all those who might follow in their steps. But before we conclude the book, there is not a doubt upon our minds that the illustrious travellers were solely and entirely sustained by the desire of impressing upon mankind the great moral lesson of the insufficiency of the highest rank, consequence, and excellence, to screen its owners from the various evils of this world. In short, from whatever aspect we view it, the same broad principle of philanthropy pervades this work, though its actual application is not always so clear.

This must also account for the very decided tone we observe in her Ladyship's style of writing—even as to matters that usually pass for trifles. But Lady Londonderry feels and shows that to those who have a great public object at heart, there are no such things as trifles. Strict uncompromising partiality is her motto throughout. Drachenfels disappointed her, and she does not hesitate to tell it so; whereas Wiesbaden was larger than she expected, and she is equally open in her approbation. Scenery, however beautiful, if it lasted too long, she naturally pronounces troublesome; at the same time the humblest effort of an echo to give her pleasure is met by encouragement. Leaky steamers, mismanaged hotels, and obstinate Germans, she thinks it false humanity to spare; while, on the other hand, the worst behaved weather is admonished rather in astonishment than anger, and in the darkest night she blames nobody but herself for not having bespoken a moon. The same undeviating frankness accompanies her into the social departments of their private life. Her Ladyship dwells with amiable minuteness upon the eagerness of various illustrious individuals to do them honor, but is equally anxious we should be informed of all occasions when personages of similar dignity manifested inferior discernment. In this respect, indeed, the Marquis and Marchioness seem to have been particularly tried; and 'Royal forgetfulness' heads more than one chapter. Lord Londonderry some years ago was treated with what he took for studious rudeness by the Court of the Hague—who can have forgotten that horror, or the consequent kick at the ignoble Dutch nation?—This time the King of Bavaria, who, as Crown Prince, had been very intimate with him, returns 'a flat refusal' to Lord Londonderry's request for an audience; nay, Princess Doria, although often invited to Lady Londonderry's parties in London, peremptorily denies admittance to her palace. 'This is too bad.' Most people would have kept such matters to themselves; but Lady Londonderry knows the moral that must be drawn, and speaks out.

Again, on the occasion of that remarkable epoch in the Turkish history—Lady Londonderry's presentation at the Ottoman court—she enters into particulars which, had she not told them herself, we should probably never have heard of, and certainly never have believed. To us the

bright daylight picture (in the Book of Beauty) of the Marchioness of Londonderry in full court-dress presents only pleasing ideas of aristocratic splendor and feminine grace; but to the Turks the revelation was too sudden. They had but heard afar off of the goddess of civilization, and they did not know that she went unveiled, far less *décolletée*. At first, therefore, they opened the eyes of astonishment, and then turned the back of confusion; in occidental phrase, the poor Moslems all ran away the moment they beheld the radiant peeress, then peeped behind the curtains, and otherwise very much misbehaved themselves. Even when they did recover from their panic, they evidently had not a notion what to do, for they trotted her ladyship up and down, through courts and over terraces, as if she had been—in short, anything but a 'High and Mighty Princess.' Also, to crown the business, when Abdul Medjid finally did make his appearance, he took so little notice of his visitor, and retreated again so quickly, that to those not acquainted with the secrets of policy which sustained the noble Marchioness, the whole affair might appear absurd and even derogatory.

The presentation to the Bey of Tangiers is, however, a grateful set-off. The costume of the Marchioness, upon this occasion, was not certainly calculated to give the most correct ideas of English court-dress, being merely her 'travelling-gown and old straw poke bonnet,' with her jewels over them. But the great Hash-Hash was too busy counting his toes to remark any discrepancies of toilette; and excepting 'four or five rude girls who laughed immoderately,' the ceremony passed off with commendable decorum.

Whatever else may be thought of this our grandest insular specimen, it will at least be allowed that the book is rich in amusement. It deserves to be printed on satin, and inlaid with as many crests and coronets as Debrett.

Foreign ladies, as we have already said, neither travel nor write sufficiently to supply any strict analogy. The few, therefore, that do are the more remarkable, and may furnish some comparison as women, if they do not as tourists.

The Countess Ida Hahn-Hahn's name is well known as the authoress of light and amusing novels—a description of works comparatively unknown before in Germany, and which, in this instance, owe their popularity equally to the perfectly German

tone of manners and morals they express, as to the brilliant talents they exhibit. These novels, which appeared with a rapidity bespeaking productive powers of no common kind, were occasionally interspersed with accounts of trips to neighboring countries, undertaken for health or pleasure, and intermingled with episodes, either of story or verse. Of late, however, Countess Hahn-Hahn has appeared almost exclusively in the character of a tourist.

It is difficult to approach such a performer as this with any satisfaction to ourselves. The merits and demerits of her writing are so interwoven that it is hard to pronounce upon them, without being unjust to the one or far too lenient to the other. She is a sort of Pückler Muskau, with this difference, that the same class of cleverness is more becoming in the person of a woman, and the same class of errors infinitely more disgusting; and that she has both in a greater degree. Whether also Countess Hahn-Hahn the novelist has been a profitable predecessor to Countess Hahn-Hahn the tourist—is a question—which we are inclined to answer in the negative. The tourist has the same smartness of idea, lightness of step, and play of language, but she has also less scope for her fancy, and less disguise for her egotism. What therefore is the chief attraction of the one, viz., the *personal* nature of her writing, becomes the greatest drawback in the other. Now the whole field of emotions and feelings, the whole train of *internal experiences* as German ladies call them, are Countess Hahn-Hahn's particular vein. And with young, pretty, clever, rich, independent heroines to express them, and every imaginable romantic position to excite them, they are perfectly in their place, though seldom what we may approve. But the case is widely different the moment the feigned name is dropped. For when a lady invites you to accompany her, in her own person, through countries suggestive of outer impressions of the utmost interest and novelty, yet pauses every moment to tell you not only her own particular thoughts and feelings, but also those habits, peculiarities, preferences and antipathies, which one would have thought even she herself on such an occasion would have forgotten, we feel tied to one who at home would be rather tiresome, but abroad becomes insufferable—to one who never leaves *self* behind. It is no matter, therefore, whether the novelist be identical with the Countess Faustine, or the Countess Schön-

holm, or any other of her heroines, as has often been discussed; it is plain that there is but one person ever present to the imagination of the tourist, and that is the Countess Ida Hahn-Hahn. The Germans think to bestow the highest praise on this lady by saying that she writes as if she were talking to you, which we admit, and therefore she becomes egotistical, as all great talkers invariably are, and wearisome from the same reason. Like almost all her countrywomen whom we have the honor of knowing in print, this lady commits the mistake of saying all she thinks—forgetful that few may, and those few don't—and not only what she thinks, but why she thinks, and how she thinks, till any process of that kind on the part of the reader becomes somewhat difficult. It is true that these works are chiefly in the form of letters addressed to relations at home—not fictitious relations, as convenient mediators between a bashful lady and a formidable public, but real brothers and sisters, and 'mamas'—who receive them regularly by post, and afterwards all join in entreating her to publish them, *just as they are*. But this by no means accounts for that predominance of the first person singular of which we complain. We all know that there is a species of egotism, generally closest to our hearts, for which our nearest and dearest have less deference than the newest stranger; and Madame Hahn-Hahn's is of this sort.

To turn, however, to a more grateful subject—those brilliant powers which so irksome a defect and others of a far graver nature have not been able to obscure—we have no hesitation in saying that the Countess possesses some of the requisites for a traveller in a most uncommon degree. In liveliness of observation, readiness of idea, and spirited ease of expression, she is unsurpassed by any lady writer we know—far less by any of her own countrywomen. Wherever, therefore, her pen engages on a subject where the mawkish egotism of the German woman is not excited, or the decorous principle of the English reader not offended, we follow her with the admiration due to rare talents.

Having pretty well exhausted the usual beat of European travelling—having revelled in Spain, reasoned in France, and grumbled in Sweden—the Countess came to a determination rather more extraordinary among the fine ladies of Germany than among those we have just left, namely, that of visiting the East. We pick, therefore,

among her 'Oriental Letters' for average specimens of her style.

Speaking of the plague of dogs in Constantinople—the hordes of living ones—the remains of dead ones—the perpetual offence to every sense—she says:—

'Enough! If none but dogs were the inhabitants of Constantinople you would find it sufficiently difficult to make your way through a city where heaps of dirt, rubbish, and refuse of every credible and incredible composition obstruct you at every step, and especially barricade the corners of the streets. But dogs are not the only dwellers. Take care of yourself—here comes a train of horses, laden on each side with skins of oil—all oil without as well as within. And, oh! take care again, for behind are a whole troop of asses, carrying tiles and planks and all kinds of building materials. Now give way to the right for those men with baskets of coals upon their heads, and give way, too, to the left for those other men—four, six, eight at a time, staggering along with such a load of merchandise, that the pole, thick as your arm, to which it is suspended, bends beneath the weight. Meanwhile don't lose your head with the braying of the asses, the yelling of the dogs, the cries of the porters, or the calls of the sweetmeat and chesnut venders, but follow your dragoman, who, accustomed to all this turmoil, flies before you with winged steps, and either disappears in the crowd or vanishes round a corner. At length you reach a cemetery. We all know how deeply the Turks respect the graves of the dead—how they visit them and never permit them to be disturbed, as we do in Europe, after any number of years. In the abstract this is very grand, and when we imagine to ourselves a beautiful cypress grove with tall white monumental stones, and green grass beneath, it presents a stately and solemn picture. Now contemplate it in the reality. The monuments are overthrown, dilapidated, or awry—several roughly paved streets intersect the space—here sheep are feeding—there donkeys are waiting—here geese are cackling—there cocks are crowing—in one part of the ground linen is drying—in another carpenters are planing—from one corner a troop of camels defile—from another a funeral procession approaches—children are playing—dogs rolling—every kind of the most unconcerned business going on. And what can be a greater profanation of the dead? But, true enough, where they were buried four hundred years ago, there they lie still.'—vol. i. p. 133.

Her remarks, too, from the Pyramids are such as have not often reached us thence:—

'Dear Brother,—If any one had said to me up there, between the foundation of this pyramid and that of the railroad at Vienna there are as many thousand years as there are thousands of miles from the planet Earth to the planet Sirius, I should have answered at once,

"Of course there are." I seemed to be standing on an island in the midst of the ether, without the slightest connection with all that hearts are throbbing with below. Time seemed to have rent a cleft around me deeper than the deepest ravine in the highest mountain of the Alps. Then one's very view below becomes so utterly—what shall I say?—so utterly lifeless. In the whole immense plain beneath you there is not one prominent feature. It is merely a geographical map with colored spaces—blue-green, yellow-green, sap-green—just as the culture may be. Among them palm-woods and gardens like dark spots, canals like silver stripes, and banks like black bars. Far and faint the brownish, formless masses of the city, wrapt in its own exhalations. And last of all, but seemingly quite near, the Desert—here no longer horrible. If in time itself there be such enormous deserts, where hundreds of years lie bare and waste, and only here and there some intellectual building, together with the builder, appear in the midst, like an oasis for the mind, why should not a few hundred miles of sand lie barren here upon earth? But even if Fairyland itself lay smiling round, it would make no difference. The pyramid is every thing. Like a great mind, it overpowers all in its vicinity. Even the Nile becomes insignificant. As the mountains attract the clouds, so does the pyramid attract the thoughts, and make them revolve perpetually round it. Dear Brother, it is a wonderful sight when man gets up his creations in a kind of rivalry with Eternity, as this old Cheops has done.'—vol. iii. p. 39.

One can hardly imagine this to be the same woman who shortly before had gone off into an ultra-German rhapsody about the bliss of a soft melancholy of the soul, 'serious yet not dejected,' and who longs 'to go to sleep in *herself*, rocked by the waves of her own heart!'

Now for a specimen of what is very beautiful, and the more surprising, considering it occurs not above a couple of pages off that ardently desired self-contained cradle!—namely, the lady's account of the rebuilding of the convent on Mount Carmel by the energies and exertions of one single individual. We are sorry to be obliged to curtail it, as it is more creditable to her pen and to her feelings than any other part of the work.

In 1819, Father Giovanni Baptista, an architect, received an order from the papal chair to proceed to Palestine, and ascertain the state of this convent. He found it as the Turks had left it upon Napoleon's retreat—plundered, ruined, and deserted, except by one monk, who loitered in a village at the foot. What there was to do was easily ascertained, for every thing was to be done: but the times were unfavorable.

Abdallah Pacha ruled in Syria—the Greek war had just commenced—whatever the Christians did was looked upon with suspicion; and the father returned to Rome. But the thought that the Holy Mountain no longer offered a home to the Christian and a resting place to the pilgrim, but that wild beasts and wilder Bedouins alone trod the sacred ground, never forsook him. In 1826 times had improved. He journeyed to Constantinople—obtained, through French influence, a firman to rebuild the convent, and with this repaired to Syria. The one monk had meanwhile died, and Father Baptista stood alone in the ruins. He now made a plan of the building, and an estimate of the costs—and then—

‘From Damascus to Gibraltar, from Morocco to Dublin, did his unwearied energy carry him; and whenever he had collected a certain sum, back he came to Syria, stood once more on Mount Carmel, and exchanged the way-worn pilgrim for the active architect. Of course he accomplished his end. For several years the convent has now stood on Mount Carmel, an asylum of mercy for all who need it, ready to receive Jew and Turk, Protestant and Heathen, *for God’s sake*. Three days is the time allotted to each traveller. The sick may stay longer; also whoever needs them receives provision or clothes for the way. The building and fitting up cost 500,000 francs, and Father Giovanni Baptista *begged them all*—from high and low—from prince and from artisan. The beautiful marble pavement was presented by the Duke of Modena—the bells by the King of Naples—the little organ by the Queen. He himself, the pious builder, lives here as one of the six monks of the convent. . . . But is not this beautiful? A poor monk comes with empty hands, but with a strong will and a full heart, and accomplishes all he desires—literally all—permission, plan, money—and within ten years completes his work—and this in our days too! Dear friend! you are a tolerably zealous Protestant, but this you must admit, that Protestantism has a dreadful narrowness of heart. In the hospital of the Protestant Sisters of Mercy at Berlin, *no Roman Catholic is admitted!* In what Roman Catholic hospital in the world is this the case? In none, I believe. Wherever Protestantism applies itself to good works, it contracts a narrow-minded pietistical taint, which deals uncharitably with every other denomination. And why? *because its essence is not Love*. In the assertion of rights it was born—in the struggle with abuses it has grown—and assertion and struggle, even in things divine, make mankind hard and egotistical; and thus has Protestantism remained. . . . Reflection is also a Protestant element—at once the spark that animates, and the fire that destroys it. Apparently Father Giovanni Baptista reflected but little

before he applied to the work, otherwise the difficulties would have deterred him. He said to himself, “This work must thou do,” and then he did it. Such men are *my men*.”—vol. ii. p. 132.

We beg to assure Madame Hahn-Hahn that the Protestantism of our country, is as Catholic in its charities as that of her Berlin hospital seems to be exclusive. The passage we have quoted is, however, most beautiful, and as Catholic as the most Catholic hearts of the day could desire. But let them not rejoice too soon over their adherent. In German phrase she is *many-sided*—she can argue just as warmly, though not quite so intelligibly, with one of the infidel parties in Germany, that the whole plan of Christianity is only to be taken in a philosophical sense; *e. g.* that ‘Christ had that view over this short life, and that insight into the souls of men, *which only those possess who have come to the perfect comprehension of their own I*—therefore might He say of himself, I have overcome the world.’ (vol. ii. p. 144.) She can as heartily agree with another party in the interpretation of the miracles on physical principles, and announces herself as ‘really delighted, that, in a journey undertaken for no positive use, she has been able, at all events, to prove one thing for the benefit of the rational interpreters of the Bible—viz., that the feeding of the five thousand, which Christ undertook with a few loaves and fishes, is, in this country, neither a miracle nor an impossibility, but really quite natural.’ (vol. ii. p. 182.) We should like to know how? She can declare with all the infidel parties of Germany at once, that whatever each believes to be true, is, *therefore*, true; and that the great right of the mind is to free itself from the domination of every belief that rests upon authority; and finally, she has a little private creed peculiar to herself alone, but ‘strong and impregnable, namely, *my belief*, that I am a child of God, for whom all churches are too narrow.’!!

This is certainly not much in the spirit of Father Giovanni Baptista. We doubt whether she be one of *his* women. Whoever wishes to know more about Madame Hahn-Hahn’s religion, need only refer to the table of contents, 27th Letter, ‘What I think of Christianity—What I believe;’ but they must be very patient who get through the said letter, and very clever to understand it. At the same time we pass no condemnation on Madame Hahn-

Hahn for those opinions which, with all her imaginary freedom, she evidently holds, as it is natural for many men and most women to do, just because they are held by all around her. But it must be owned, that if there be one place in the world where the empty gibberish of modern German infidelity is least to be borne, it is *Jerusalem*.

There is one point in these letters to which we advert unwillingly, though, considering how very free this lady is on all subjects connected with herself, our delicacy is perhaps misplaced. We mean the occasional and off-hand allusion to a certain Baron Bystram, in a manner that shows he was the constant companion of her travels, and also her sole companion. It would be as uncharitable to attack the reputation of a lady who in this respect gives us no other cause for offence throughout the book, as it would be absurd to defend that of the German *Divorcée* who could write 'Faustine.' We only mention it as an illustration of the difference between the home and foreign standard of propriety. Madame Hahn-Hahn does not parade this equivocal matter, as if determined to outbrazen all opinion—on the contrary, she alludes to it so seldom, that had the semblance of decorum been of any value in her eyes, she might have concealed it from the public altogether. 'Bystram' is of no use to her that we can discover, and she repudiates the idea of help or protection.

We have met with but one other German lady traveller who commits her impressions to paper. This is a certain Frau v. Bacharach, authoress of a novel called 'Lydia,' and of a volume entitled 'Theresa's Letters from the South.' We know nothing of the novel, but certainly the Letters are in no way deserving notice, except as a specimen of a class of which there are so few. Theresa deals so unceasingly in vague longings and mysterious sorrows—she has such pages of dialogue with her own soul, such sheets of description of her own mental scenery, that we lose all sight of the road she is travelling, and augur but ill for the home she has left. She is young, wealthy, and happily married (we are assured in the preface); nevertheless these letters are addressed to some male friend of her soul, who may be old enough to be her grandfather, or cold enough to be her Mentor, but whom she thinks of always, and longs

for every where, and apostrophises with an ardor which the mere English reader will consider as throwing rather a new light upon the relations of friendship.

To come back to our English books—in times like these the luxury of travel, like every other that fashion recommends, or that money can purchase, will necessarily be shared in by many utterly unfitted to profit by it. Nevertheless, while we lament much desecration of beautiful scenes and hallowed sites, let us turn to the brighter side of the question, and rejoice that the long continuation of peace, the gradual removal of prejudices, the strength of the British character, and the faith in British honesty, have not only made way for the foot of our countryman through countries hardly accessible before, but also for that of the tender and delicate companion, whose participation in his foreign pleasures his home habits have made indispensable to him. We are aware that much more might have been said about the high endowments of mind and great proficiency of attainment which many of these lady tourists display; but we fear no reproach for having brought forward their domestic virtues as the truest foundation for their powers of travelling, and the reflex of their own personal characters as the highest attraction in their books of travel. It is not for any endowments of intellect, either natural or acquired, that we care to prove the English woman's superiority over all her foreign sisters, but for that soundness of principle and healthiness of heart, without which the most brilliant of women's books, like the most brilliant woman herself, never fails to leave the sense of something wanted—a something better than all she has besides.

JEMIMAH WILKINSON, THE AMERICAN PROPHETESS.

BY COLONEL JOHNSON.

From Tait's Magazine.

THE subject of this sketch received her being in the state of Rhode Island, one of the New England states, North America, about 1756, while the country remained a British province.

The parents of Jemimah were not above the common yeomanry of the country, except that her father was a ruling elder in the Calvinistic church. Her grandfather

had been more distinguished. He had sat in the first council of the colony, where, on account of its being seed-time, and the members anxious to get home to their farms, they gravely resolved to adopt the laws of God for the government of the colony, until they should have time to meet together and make *better*.

Jemimah inherited the native talents of the whole stock; and I should conclude from her subsequent career, that her education was superior to what fell to the common lot of New England females, at that period. From the living chroniclers of the place, I have not been enabled to gather any thing important of her early history, before she reached the age of twenty-four years, except that she was very grave, contemplative, absent, and somewhat eccentric.

There is a certain epoch in the history of all prophets, whether true or false, from which they date their commission; when, either by a vision, the ministration of angels, a journey to heaven, or by the voice of God himself, the inspired one receives, or pretends to have received, the divine afflatus, by which he is qualified to open his authoritative message to the world. If the lips of Isaiah were touched with hallowed fire from off the altar; if Mahomet was caught up into the country of Cherubim; so Jemimah Wilkinson, late of Rhode Island, spinstress, at the age of twenty-four met the Almighty in a trance, as she ever after boldly affirmed, and received a commission at his hands. The circumstances of this event are too important in the history of the prophetess to pass unnoticed, and must therefore here appear in their order.

It occurred, then, about 1780, when our heroine was of the age aforesaid, that after a few days' slight illness, she fell into an unusual syncope, presenting more the pallid lineaments of death than any state of disease known to physiology. Her eyes remained partially open, fixed on vacancy; or rather apparently gazing on some terrific object; pulsation had ceased; the silver cord seemed loosed; the wheels of life stood still; and nothing indicative of vitality remained, but a slight warmth in the region of the heart. In this condition she had remained for two days and two nights, when her medical attendants, after having exhausted their skill in efforts at resuscitation, pronounced her dead; and the agonized family, no longer held in suspense, now found a definite object for their grief,

as they poured out their tears for their beloved and lost one. It is the custom of that country to bury the dead on the next day after the decease. No invitation is extended to particular friends, to be in attendance. The corpse is generally removed to the parish *meeting-house*, where a promiscuous congregation is assembled with the *minister*; singing, prayer, and a funeral sermon follow, when the whole congregation march in procession to the place of sepulture. Accordingly, the next day was fixed for the funeral of Jemimah Wilkinson. When it arrived, an immense concourse of people were on the spot, drawn out, as well on account of the popularity of the deceased, as from a laudable curiosity to learn more of the singular circumstances attending her exit. The family appeared in decent mourning; the coffin was placed on the altar in front of the pulpit; the preacher had ascended the holy place, and was in profound meditation, preparatory to that solemn service which devolved upon him. The assembly, in sympathy with the scenes before them, and feeling that they were in the house of mourning, were hushed into silence; when, of a sudden, and to the astonishment of all present, three distinct raps, coming forth from the narrow house of the dead, sounded through the aisles, and echoed from the vaulted ceiling of the church. This was succeeded by a silence still more profound; not a limb was moved nor a whisper breathed; the awe-stricken Puritans sat in solemn amazement, as if the day of judgment, and the voice of the last trumpet, had just sounded in their ears. In the midst of this silence, and while every eye was turned towards the altar, the short lid* at the head of the coffin was thrown back, and the pale hand of Jemimah Wilkinson was extended upwards, as if in the effort of rising. In a moment the pious divine and family physician were at her side. The lower lid was stricken off; aid was given to her efforts, and she sat up in her grave-clothes in the midst of an amazed congregation. After a short pause, the prophetess opened her lips in faint words, which were rendered audible only by the breathless silence which otherwise prevailed. She declared that her former self had died and passed into the land of spirits,—that this which

* Coffin lids in that country are made in two parts: the upper division, about a foot in length, is hung with brass hinges, left unfastened till they arrive at the cemetery.

they now saw was her resurrection and spiritual body, redeemed from corruption by the power of God, that she might come back to earth, as a new proof of the resurrection of the dead—that, while absent from the body, she had received a commission from the Holy One investing her with the power of Jesus Christ until his second coming to judge the world—that she had authority to raise up a holy and elect church on the earth, who should share with her in the first resurrection, and be present to witness her equal glory with Christ when he should descend in the clouds of heaven. It may well be supposed, that this astounding announcement, made under circumstances thus extraordinary, was not without its effects upon a multitude so disposed to the marvellous from their sympathy in the scene. Its ultimate influence upon the surrounding neighborhood will by-and-by more fully appear. Various opinions have been entertained by the philosophic and incredulous in the neighborhood, as to the true character of this extraordinary vision. Some very good men have supposed that the Almighty, whose power over the invisible world is as absolute as over the material universe, did indeed in this instance employ a spiritual agency to effect some good purpose: but that, through the weakness of the erring creature, what was intended for salvation was perverted, and made the occasion of the wildest fanaticism. To support this notion, her former piety, and the otherwise inexplicable features of the case, are referred to.

Others have supposed that the melancholic subject of the vision was predisposed to swooning or fainting fits, in which, while the other powers of mind and body were suspended, the imagination, as in case of a dream, was left free to wander over heaven, earth, and hell; and that her previous sublimated piety gave direction to her fancy, and led her thoughts up to the temple and throne of God, where she verily *supposed* she heard the announcements, and received the commission, which she afterwards made known. This notion finds corroboration in the apparent sincerity of her after life. If correct, it presents a notable case of self-deception.

Others, again, have resolved the whole matter into a systematic scheme for personal aggrandizement, power, and wealth; by which its authoress became the founder of a sect, the leader of a party, and the ora-

cle of her devoted followers. This explanation, though less charitable than the others, and scarcely reconcilable with her former piety, and the wonderful phenomenon of the trance, is, nevertheless, more in accordance with her future developments.

It is said, that "a prophet is not without honor save in his own country;" but it must be conceded to Jemimah Wilkinson, that, even there, and among her own kinsmen, her mission was honored by scores of proselytes. Her father's family, and immediate kinsfolk, who best knew her moral character, and who were eye-witnesses of her trance, were the first to seal their testimony to the truth of her doctrines, by unreserved discipleship.

Soon she established regular meetings, where the people flocked in multitudes; some to gratify an awakened curiosity, others to wait on her ministrations with a profound conviction of their truth. Some who were present on such occasions, and who were by no means favorable to her pretensions, have assured me, that so much evangelical truth was mixed up with her statements; so original were her conceptions; so vivid her imagination; so sublimated her piety, and pathetic her appeals, that it was not strange that the unlettered mind should be warped from the common faith, and hundreds should rally around her standard, to go up with her to possess the goodly land. The company of the *faithful* in her native state, already numbered some hundreds. That it was not quadrupled, was owing, undoubtedly, to the impolitic adoption of an unnatural rule for the government of her flock; namely, that they should "neither marry nor be given in marriage; and those who had wives, should become as those who had none."

Religionists of all ages have been tainted with this folly. It was the foundation of the monastic orders. Its requirement, by the Popes, of the clergy of Britain, furnished matter of contention for many centuries. The stalwart Saxon, in whom the voice of nature was too potent for such *single* spirituality, resisting unto bonds and imprisonment, raised up a standard against papal domination, which was only confirmed and established in the reformation of Luther. Founders of sects, therefore, who incorporate this element into their systems, however they may prosper for a season, will find in the end, that nature will resent such a prohibition in her empire,—her

voice will be heard,—her laws will prevail, to the subversion and overthrow of every celibate hierarchy.

Another element adopted in Jemimah's system, was conceived in more wisdom. Though at war with the conventional usages of society, it outraged no laws of nature; and addressing itself to the indigent and hungry, it operated as a foil to the other objectionable feature, by drawing in the poor, the maimed, the halt, the deaf, and blind, to the place of bread, and equal enjoyments. This item was no other than that adopted by the first disciples of Jesus, after the Holy Ghost had fallen on them at Pentecost when, "neither of them said that aught of the things which he possessed was his own; but they had all things common." Another principle adopted and acted on in this new system was, to collect and adopt, as constituent parts of their community, all the orphans, foundlings, and poor children, within reach of their operations; thereby, in a manner, supplying the defects of the other part of the system, that the society of the faithful should not ultimately become extinct. These two last mentioned elements, though wisely contrived, to increase the *numbers* of the sect, could not fail, in their practical working, to increase poverty in the same proportion. This was soon felt, to the heart of the community. Jemimah could shower down the spiritual bread, such as it was, in profuse abundance, which she never failed to do at their solemn convocations; but still, these ethereal-minded disciples were constantly reminded that they were still in the body, by the cravings of unsatiated appetites, and the shivering of their uncovered limbs. This was a matter to be looked into. Rhode Island, as a country, was a poverty stricken region: the land cold and hungry—the climate bleak and unpropitious.

Matters for the society were getting worse and worse. What was to be done? In this emergency the Prophetess applied to the divinity *that was within her*, and the answer returned was, "Thou shalt go out into a strange country, and to a people of strange language: but fear not; for lo! the angel of his presence [alias, Jemimah Wilkinson] shall go with thee. He shall lead thee; and the Shechinah [that is, Jemimah] shall be thy rearward?"

About this period, the celebrated Oliver Phelps, whose history I may hereafter lay before the public, had effected his treaty

with the Seneca Indians, by which an extensive territory of Western New-York was ceded to him and his heirs for ever. This purchase was seventy miles in breadth, and an hundred in length; bounded on the north by Lake Ontario; east by Cayuga lake; south by Pennsylvania, and the spurs of the Alleghany mountains; and west by the Genesee river. At *this* period, it is the most populous and highly cultivated portion of the Union; and, having respect to luxuriousness of soil, abounding wealth, hydraulic erections, clustering cities, towns, and villages, convenience to market, and other elements of perpetual prosperity, I think all travellers who have visited the spot will agree with me in saying, it is the garden of the New World.

At the time of which we write, when the Prophetess received her direction to go to a strange country, this was, indeed, a strange and unknown land to the *settled* portion of America, lying far beyond the western limits of civilization. The sound of the axe had never been heard in its ancient forests, nor had foot of the most adventurous pioneer pressed its soil. It was, indeed, the habitation of a people of strange language; for no voice, since "the morning stars sang together" at creation's birth, had ever broken the solitude of the wilderness, or awoken echo from its deep glens and mountain-caves, save the whoop of the savage warrior, or the howlings of beasts of prey. To this country, then, when in the condition I have just described it, Jemimah Wilkinson emigrated with her followers,—performing a journey of five hundred miles, mostly through the forests, destitute of highways,—to plant her colony in a more congenial soil, and develop her doctrines on a wider theatre. Though the savage tribes had conveyed by treaty the greater part of the territory, yet, as the process of *settling*, by the whites, would occupy many years, those stalwart foresters, the ancient proprietors of the land, still lingered around the graves of their forefathers, as if in no haste to break communion with their hallowed manes, which they believed to people the air, and "walk the earth unseen, both when they waked and when they slept," warning them of approaching danger, and becoming their guardian *genii* through the vicissitudes of life. These scattered tribes, though principally inhabiting their reservations on the aforesaid territory, were not scrupulous in the matter of the chase, but promiscuously

wandered over the whole country for their game; and, what was quite natural in the case, they looked with jealousy and distrust at any encroachment on their ancient dominions; having occasion to be dissatisfied with a treaty procured by finesse, if not by fraud, by which their former hunting-ground was about to pass from them for ever; their sacred spots, consecrated to the dead, to be desecrated; and the bones of their venerated chieftains to be turned up by the white man's plough-share, to bleach in the sun-beams, or mingle with the common earth. It was, then, with no ordinary feelings of surprise that a hunting party of these savages witnessed the arrival of the *holy band*, consisting of some hundreds, with the Prophetess at their head. Runners were despatched from this small party of Indians to notify to the head men of the nation this important event. Jemimah had effected her purchase of land of its proprietor, consisting of a township, of six miles square, in the very heart of this beautiful country. She named her purchase after the holy city of Judea; calling it *Jerusalem*, because out of it was to go forth the word of life, to enlighten the surrounding nations, as well pagan as civilized.

It still retains the name bestowed upon it by the Prophetess; and will be found by the traveller, about twelve miles south-west of the beautiful town of Geneva, on the west side of the Seneca lake, in the well known county of Ontario. That the reader may know with what rapidity the value of real estates is advanced in a new country, by its progressive improvements, I will here state, that the worth of Jemimah's purchase at this time, is not less than £400,000 sterling. Its original cost, to the Prophetess, as is still to be seen in the record of her deed, at Canandaigua, the capital of Ontario, was but £500. Well, the next difficulty to be encountered, was with those turbulent neighbors, the Seneca Indians; for a settlement within their borders could not go on, at that period, unless *they* could be propitiated.

The neglect of such a precaution, has been the occasion of many a bloody massacre. Penn, perhaps, with the exception of Jemimah Wilkinson, was the only pioneer of emigration in the new world, who adopted the true policy with these unlettered children of nature. His scheme, botomed on eternal justice, and the pacific theory of the gospel, being practically carried out before the pagan eye, won for

Christianity (exhibited in that amiable form) the profoundest reverence, even from savage breasts; while, at the same time, it procured the safety and prosperity of his band of emigrants, who first peopled Philadelphia and the country around. His doings are too well known to need repetition here. They stand recorded on the enduring page of national history; and live in the veneration of his followers.

While Jemimah and her disciples were busily employed in laying out their grounds, it being on a spot formerly occupied as an Indian village, a formidable band of the natives, who had been collected by the runners, looked in upon her, quite unexpectedly, and to the dismay of her lamb-like believers. The Prophetess alone remained unmoved at this hostile array—for the warriors had come well armed; rifles and long carbines trailed from their right hands; tomahawks, hatchets, and scalping-knives gleamed in the sun's rays, as they depended from their belts; the war-paint upon their faces, and eagle quills nodding on their scalp-tufts, invested them with unearthly ferocity; so that a much more valorous band than the followers of Jemimah, might well have had misgivings, without the charge of cowardice justly resting on them. The Prophetess approached the intruders with a firm step, and undaunted eye, apparelled in that unique dress which I shall hereafter describe. She was met, to her surprise, by a lad of white skin, who addressed her in good English. This lad was no other than Jasper Parrish, afterwards Captain Parrish, who became the United States interpreter, in their negotiations with the Indians, for forty years thereafter. Born in Pennsylvania, he was taken prisoner some years previous, in the revolutionary war, when his family were all massacred in his presence, and himself caused to run the gauntlet. He came off triumphant—was adopted into an Indian family—became a favorite—finally settled in Canandaigua, enriched by Indian munificence—filled a broad space in the good opinion of his country—died in the bosom of civilization, and within the pale of the Christian church. This Jasper Parrish, while a vagrant orphan, incorporated with the wandering tribes, as one of their number, met the Prophetess of Rhode Island, in advance of his savage companions, who were drawn up in battle array. He inquired of her, who she was, whence she came, who were her companions, and what was their present object. Her answer,

as Parrish afterwards reported it, was as follows:—"I am the Out-beaming of God on earth, in the place of Jesus Christ, until his second coming—I came from the east—these are the lambs of my flock—and we seek a pasture in the wilderness." The interpreter, though a youth, was a shrewd lad; he comprehended in a breath, as well from the vehemence and apparent sincerity of the speaker, as from her singular dress, that she was some fanatic; and he conceived the thought, that this could be turned to good account with the savages, whose superstitions in these matters, I will shortly hereafter describe. But, the young interpreter was in a sad perplexity to determine to which *sex* the "*Out-beaming*" belonged; especially as her dress was so equivocal, that it went to establish, rather than resolve the doubt. And, as I have referred to this habiliment once before, and promised an explanation, I will proceed to describe it, as I saw it myself, many years afterwards; especially, as I was assured, by those who knew, that her dress was never varied in appearance, through her long prophetic life. First, then, she wore neither gown nor petticoat. Her lower limbs were covered with kilts or *pantaletts*, coming down midway between the knee and ankle—they were composed of very fine woollen cloth, of light drab color. Her hose were of linen thread, of flax color:—shoes covered with large yellow buckles. Her tunic was like a bishop's under-dress; showing a skirt opening in front, coming down midway between the waist and knee. The outward garment, covering the bust and arms, was not unlike a riding habit with rolling collar and wide lappells, turning back upon the breasts. Around her neck was a wide white ribbon, crossed in front, and pinned down upon her breast, not unlike a clergyman's small linen worn in front. The material of her habit and tunic were all of a piece with her kilts, being a very light-colored drab. Her black hair parted in front, and coming down upon her shoulders on each side, rolled up in natural curls. She wore a drab quaker-hat, with a rim not less than eight inches wide.—While my hand is in at description, let me say as to her person, that nature had not been stingy, either in bulk of material, or symmetrical adjustment. She was considerably above the middle stature, as to height and muscular development. Her eyes were coal-black, large, steady, firm: the *tout ensemble*, or entire person of Jemimah Wilkinson, taken

would impress the beholder with strong intellect, decision of character, deep sincerity, and passionate devotion.

Now my reader will understand, from the above, why young Parrish doubted as to which *sex* she belonged; and her voice furnished no better clue; as, in aid of nature, she had made it sonorous by her *out-pourings* to her flock, some of whom were deaf, as before stated. My readers may think me trifling upon this question of *sex*; for he will ask me, what mattered it to the interpreter, whether the Prophetess was man or woman? Be patient, kind reader—don't anticipate. Let me assure you, matter enough depended on this equivocal point. The success of the whole enterprise: ay, the safety of the lambs of the flock:—yea more, *the life of the Prophetess herself rested on this single point*. If the reader will indulge me in another digression, I will here satisfy him, on the spot, of the truth of the above statement. Indians, like Orientalists, place women low in the scale of moral being, denying to them souls and immortality; hence they refuse them a place in the council-house; intrust them with no secrets of war; admit them to no part of religious rites;—and if a woman is even suspected of divination, or having to do with invisible agencies, she is immediately put to death as a *witch*, and her children must seek shelter in a foreign tribe. While, on the other hand, a *Medicine-man*, as they call an astrologer, or magician, ranks high in the nation; wielding authority even over their chiefs; sitting among their kings; and ruling by his counsel, as the great prophet of the tribe, in all affairs of war and state. Now, had the interpreter announced Jemimah Wilkinson, to the warriors, as a *woman* having the power of Deity, or as dealing in occult arts, her heart's blood would have been spilled before the chieftains left the spot, and the lambs of her flock been devoured by the *savage wolves* of the Senecas. The matter of *sex*, therefore, as the reader now sees, became most important on that occasion. Parrish, who had witnessed barbarous massacres enough, was deeply anxious to prevent the blood of these unarmed enthusiasts being shed; and, knowing the Indian customs aforesaid, put the direct inquiry to Jemimah, whether she were man or woman? "As to that, young man," replied the Prophetess, "I am neither; being the effulgence of Divinity, and at the head of a kingdom whose subjects neither marry nor are given in mar-

with her carriage, manners, and address, riage; and where they are neither Greek nor Jew, bond nor free, male nor female, it does not behove me to allow the distinctions of the flesh, where all are one in Christ, whose authority I now wield." This was a poser to the young interpreter. He knew not how to proceed. Jemimah, perceiving his embarrassment, added, "True, I was once known as Jemimah Wilkinson; was *then a woman*, and so remained, till my mortality put on immortality, and was swallowed up of spiritual life." "God be thanked for that," said Parrish, "keep the old *name* to yourself; and, if you were not actually changed from woman to man, in the operation, let me say to the Indians that you *are* a man, or you'll meet with a worse change than ever came over you *down East*." A few words served to explain the Indian custom to the quick apprehension of the Prophetess, who undoubtedly rejoiced in spirit that on *that* occasion, at least, she was delivered from the bonds of the flesh. Parrish, as master of ceremonies, and chief mediator in this grave affair, left Jemimah where they had been standing, and hastened to his companions, to report progress.

If I were not opposed to the pedantic usage of interlarding English books with scraps of French and Italian, and, moreover, if I supposed my readers understood the language of the Senecas, I should bring out the life-tints of these Indian scenes in *their* guttural and beautifully figurative dialect; but, having undertaken to write an *English* account of this woman, I should not redeem my pledge by talking in an unknown tongue. Would that my contemporary writers might think of this matter, and govern themselves accordingly! Well, Parrish declared to the assembled warriors, that the great medicine-man of the Pale-faces, whose mysterious power in divination was the admiration of his own nation, being moved with compassion for the wandering tribes, had left the place of the sun's rising, accompanied by his friends, and, after passing their boundless forests, had arrived in the heart of the Senecas, to teach them more fully of the Great Spirit, to heal their diseases, defend them from *Evil-ones*, and, controlling the elements of nature, to bring fruitful seasons, good fishing and hunting, and general prosperity. This announcement was received by the savages with mingled feelings of surprise, joy, and doubt. They

desired to approach nearer to this mysterious being, that they might better satisfy themselves, by scrutiny, as to the reality of her pretensions.

Jemimah, who was an adept in reading men's thoughts, whether savage or civilized, perceived at once that she had nothing to fear from the approach of these awe-stricken Pagans. She knew by their very movement that a favorable impression had already been made upon them; so that she was perfectly self-possessed, and prepared to deepen the veneration with which they approached her. As they formed a semicircle around her, she solemnly raised her hands toward heaven, threw back her head, closed her eyes, moved her lips as if in holy communion with the Highest; while her countenance, lighted up with celestial ardor, betrayed unearthly emotion, such as man might not look upon and remain unaffected. When the interest of the warriors was thus wrought up to the highest pitch of intensity, her eyes gently opened, her arms waved downwards in concentric circles as if in the act of pouring blessings on their heads, while her lips pronounced these solemn words:—"May the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob pour his blessing upon you! Receive *my* blessing in the name of the Lord." This being interpreted to the Indians, they bowed themselves toward the Prophetess, in token of reverence, and silently retired. As these foresters never despatch any grave matter in haste, they chose not to commit themselves any further in this affair, until their course of procedure should be settled in general council, when their own prophet, orators, and sage men, should all be present, to act as might be required. Accordingly, runners were despatched to the Genesee Reservations to assemble a full delegation of the wise men of the tribes, at a council-fire, to be held near to Jerusalem.

When the day arrived, Blue-Sky, Corn-Tassel, Red-Jacket, the most illustrious orators of the nation, together with some hundreds of chiefs and warriors, clad in all their gew-gaw splendor, exhibiting the grotesque insignia of their respective tribes, appeared in the council-house, ready to hear the prophet of the pale-faces. But there was one accompanied them, requiring a more particular description. His form was venerable, though emaciated. Time, and mental cares, had ploughed deep furrows in his cheeks, and marked his forehead into ridges. Of his once raven locks, what re-

mained from the bleaching of an hundred *snows*,* was hoary as the feathers of the swan. His form was stooping, his limbs tremulous with age, and his eyes sealed up with blindness.

This was Skós-kajénau, the great Prophet of the Senecas, before whom the chieftains bowed down, and the young men hid themselves. Into this grave assembly, Jemimah Wilkinson, clad as I have already described her, made her entrance. A wicker seat had been raised for the two prophets; while the warriors sat upon the ground below and before them. A deep silence, such as I have often witnessed in the Indian council-house, pervaded the assembly for ten minutes, when the Indian Prophet above described arose and delivered himself as follows:—"Medicine-man of the Yangees,† listen! I am an old man—my eyes can no more look on the sun—my tongue can speak but few words. Soon I *sleep*,—who then shall teach my people? They say you come from the sun's rising, where the shining ones talk with you. Now, we don't know. May be you be good, may be not. I, ancient prophet,—seen much. Great Spirit talk to me from the cloud. I inquire after him in my dreams. Sometimes he answer in the sunshine, sometimes in the rain. Sometimes I don't know. If Pale-face know more, then me listen. I have done."‡

This address being duly interpreted by Parrish, Jemimah felt herself called on to respond. I must not detain the reader by her entire speech. She spake of her supernatural being and divine mission; of the success which had attended her preaching; of the love she bore to a fallen world, and especially the deep interest she felt in the welfare of the Senecas, for whom she travailed in birth, until their redemption should be brought in. Indians rarely take a vote, or resolve as to any thing, immediately after listening to a speech. They will not place an important matter on the issue of excited passions. They have a maxim, which, when rendered into English, reads thus:—"Grave things are to be weighed in a cool balance." Hence, on the close of Jemimah's speech, they adjourned the sitting, to deliberate on what they had heard. After due consideration, they sent a messenger, with their in-

terpreter, to the Prophetess, notifying to her that it was *one* thing to speak the *great word*, but *another* thing to do the great *Wizard-work*; and that, unless the *medicine-man* of the pale faces could show them a sign, they would not believe on him.

Jemimah's wits were put to the test by this requirement. However great she might fancy her power in the invisible and spiritual world, she felt it was rather difficult to bring out a notable and visible miracle, to the conviction of savages, from the gross materials of nature which surrounded her. She had but short time to consider; so she despatched the messenger with answer that she would soon be with them in council. While walking her room, in some perplexity how next to proceed, dame Nature came up in aid of her *divinity*. Her eyes fell on a large magnet lying beside her compass, which articles she had brought with her from the sea-board to aid her surveys of the new country; for, be it known to my readers, that even the supernal power of Jemimah Wilkinson did not extend to the making of straight lines and observing due courses, in that extended forest, without the aid of earthly science. Well, with the magnet concealed in her pocket, the "*Out-beaming*" once more paraded through the sitting ranks of the chieftains to her wicker-chair, beside the ancient Prophet. Another silence pervaded the council-house; all eyes were fixed on the *Divinity*. Jemimah arose in that solemn and imposing manner peculiar to herself, and said—"Oh, slow of heart to believe! I might denounce ye as that 'wicked and adulterous generation who seek a sign,' and might add, that 'no sign shall be given ye, but the sign of Jonas the Prophet;' but, that I may make full proof of this more merciful dispensation; and that ye may believe that I have power over nature, I propose to shake the foundation of the house where we are sitting, and level its timbers to the ground." This being interpreted, a thrill of horror and apprehension shook every warrior's nerves. They begged, through the interpreter, that a less tremendous display be made, and they would believe. Jemimah saw that this was her time; the savages were in alarm, and hence disposed to the marvellous. She extended her hand towards the nearest chieftain, and, in an authoritative tone, demanded his bright scalping knife, which gleamed from beneath his belt. The knife was handed to her. Then, standing up, she waved her right hand, with the magnet in it, like an

* *Snows*, with the Indians, signify winters.

† "*Yangees*," means white men. *Yankee* was derived from it.

‡ I am indebted to Captain Parrish for the substance of this speech.

enchanter's wand, over the heads of the warriors, till, bringing the knife and loadstone in contact, the cohesion of attraction was never better illustrated. The knife, attached by its point to the loadstone, made sudden evolutions in concentric circles, as it glistened and trembled in its whirling, and yet adhered to the point of attraction. "Hugh!" (their exclamation of surprise,) burst from every savage bosom. In a moment, they were all upon their feet, leaning forward, in breathless silence and amazed wonder, at the phenomenon before them. The blind Prophet had only heard the exclamation. He inquired the cause, which, being explained to him by one of the orators, he rose up, bending his sightless eyeballs toward the magic exhibition.

When the "*Divinity*" had made ample exhibition of her sorcery, to the satisfaction of herself and amazement of her beholders, she gracefully drew in her arm, disposing of the magnet in her pocket, still holding the knife in her hand, and delivered herself as follows: "As you have seen the scalping-knife arrested by invisible power, and suspended on nothing, it is to admonish you, that the Great Spirit wills the suspension of that bloody instrument, together with the tomahawk and rifle, in the destruction of human life; that you are to hang them up in your wigwams; and no more employ them against your white neighbors. I have come among you as the *Great Blessing*; see that you refuse not him that speaketh from heaven!"

This interpreted, the aged Prophet closed the council as follows: "Wizard of the Yangees, we bow to your supremacy. Red men have become mice; we crawl under your feet. Once we were the wild buffalo—our heart was big—our legs long, and our horn strong. Now our heart is soft, we have become women. The Yangees of the east have slain the Pequot warriors—made the Delawares mad with fire-water: the last of the Mohigans sleeps. The Senecas go next. The Great Spirit talks no more with our prophets; our warriors are cowards; and our wise men are confounded in their talk. By-and-by we have no deer—the tree that shades us will be dry; Yangees will burn up our wigwams, and dig up our graves. We think you a great witch.* Pale faces will hear you. When you see poor Indian

fainting, will you give him bread?—when the snow and frost are on his blanket, may he come to your fire? Now we go home: we hang up the scalping knife at your *great word*: we fight no more: we be good friends: good-bye." At these words the council broke up; the natives retired in profound reverence of the *medicine-man* of the Yangees; and from that hour to the day of her death, Jemimah Wilkinson exercised a controlling influence over all the Seneca nation, who regarded her as a being having power over nature and Divine agency in the invisible world. This homage was not limited to profession merely, it was manifested in offerings and propitiatory presents of furs, venison, and other acceptable things, at every full moon, for many years thereafter. And, in justice to Jemimah, be it recorded, that no undue advantage of that influence was ever taken by her; but on the contrary, she proved herself the Indian's friend, through good report and evil report. Her doors were ever open to these houseless wanderers; and her board spread for their wants. That thousands of them did not become her constant disciples was owing, not to a want of kindness on her part, or veneration on theirs, but to that fugitive, vagabond habit, instinctive in all the Indian race, which renders all efforts at civilization among them unavailing and abortive.

The settlement of Jemimah at Jerusalem was immediately succeeded by a vast influx of emigrants from New England, pouring in, year after year, and month after month, like wave succeeding wave, to obtain a footing in the Genesee country, which was justly considered the garden of America. This brought around the Prophetess too stubborn a material to be worked up into her spiritual edifice, as all who will philosophize upon the subject will at once perceive.

It is a mistaken notion that the pioneers of a new country, especially a country of great productiveness, are boorish, illiterate men. The next generation may become so, by a neglect of schools, churches, and other institutions of moral culture and mental training; but the first adventurers are generally bold, enterprising, persevering men, who think and act for themselves, and to the best advantage. Such were the first settlers of Ontario county. Besides, their time was too much occupied in felling the trees, clearing and fencing land, and obtaining bread for the body, to bestow much attention upon ethereal and spiritual matters. Add to this, populous villages, such as Can-

* Not that the Indians suspected Jemimah to be a woman. "Witch" is a generic term for sorcerer, without distinction of sex.

andaigua, Geneva, Pennyan, &c. &c. were springing up in the immediate neighborhood of Jerusalem, where the literature of the day, newspapers, books, clergymen, lawyers, and scholars soon found their way.

All these causes combined, operated to suspend the spiritual advancement of the new sect, and to limit the *out-pourings* to the established in the faith. Even this was not without its advantages: it enabled the *elect* to extend their improvements, beautify and adorn their village, introduce the mechanic arts, erect mills and manufactories; so, if they were not gathering materials for their moon-shine kingdom in the clouds, they were more profitably advancing their interests in the world *that now is*. The result of this thrifty economy was, that in a few years, the same community who wandered off from Rhode Island in destitution and in rags, now excited the envy of the surrounding country, by their superior wealth, and eligible situation. A country squire, by the name of Potter, residing in the neighborhood, who had recently been raised to the bench of Common Pleas, as one of the judges of Ontario county, having squandered his time and fortune in politics, now cast around him for the means of getting up in the world. He selected Jemimah's establishment as the theatre of his operations. With this view, he appeared among her worshippers on their Lord's Day meetings, first as a spectator; then as a penitent; and finally as a convert and member in full fellowship. Jemimah *rejoiced in spirit* at this honorable acquisition, naturally concluding that so influential a disciple as Judge Potter would induce many others into her fold: but she soon found that she had caught a Tartar—a wolf had come among the *lamb*s of the flock. Potter ingratiated himself with the "*Divinity*:" became her confidential adviser in worldly matters, and her private secretary. Soon he brought his wits to bear upon the old, illiterate, and feeble-minded of the community; and, by what pretence I have never known, he obtained releases from many of them, of their rights, as tenants in common, in the whole township.

The reader must know that this township of six miles square, contained no less than 23,040 acres of land; which, at the time of Potter's doings was worth £90,000 sterling. It was therefore quite a scheme at money-making, to get some third part of these rights condensed into one hand. Matters went on but a short time in this

way, before the Prophetess, who kept herself well informed as to the doings of her flock, came to be advised of all the particulars of this transaction, from beginning to end. Meeting with her secretary, she mildly rebuked him for his worldly-mindedness: and expressed a hope, that for the honor of the cause in which he had so devoutly embarked, he would return the *worldly* papers in his possession, to the infirm old people from whom he had obtained them. Potter, feeling that his designs were accomplished, concluded that a crouching policy was no longer necessary; so he came out boldly to his "*Divine*" mistress, accusing her of hypocrisy and blasphemy, threatening the penalties of the law upon her, if she interfered in the least with the contracts he had made. This was bold language to Deity's vicegerent—such as Jemimah had never yet heard from the mouth of a disciple—such as none but a mind well balanced, and feelings well disciplined, could endure in silence.

Jemimah made no reply; but retiring to her *sanctum sanctorum*, which I may hereafter describe, she rang for her page, who alone was admitted into that sacred retreat. Of what orders she there despatched, or how executed, Potter knew nothing, but the fact, that four robust disciples immediately entered the room where he was, seized him by the arms and legs, and without a word spoken, hurried him out of the house, across the improved land, and so through the forest, till he was fairly off the premises claimed by the elect church. On putting him upon his feet, beyond the limits of their township, his bearers now cautioned him, by the authority of the "*Vicegerent*," and on peril of his life, never to set foot on the consecrated premises.

Potter too well knew the unbending character of Jemimah, and that her authority was backed up by two hundred men who were subservient to her nod, to treat with indifference the admonition he had received. He consoled himself, however, with this thought, that the papers were in his pocket, and the law open for his remedy. And to law he went—first by obtaining an indictment against the *elect-lady* for blasphemy; and then by instituting ejectment-suits, to oust the infirm ones who had so improvidently released to him. The blasphemy case first came on for trial. Great interest was excited throughout the west. The court-house was filled with the wonder-loving multitude. The Prophetess de-

clined employing counsel; alleging for plea that the temporal courts had no jurisdiction over the *person* of the Lord's anointed. This plea being overruled by the court, the Attorney-general went on with his statements and proofs. It appeared, indisputably, that the defendant had arrogated Divine power to herself; and this was alleged to fall within the definition of blasphemy. It now became Jemimah's turn to speak. She arose with the dignity of an empress. The buzzing multitude was hushed to silence. She observed, that her kingdom was not of this world—hence she should despatch the temporal matter, now before the court, in a single sentence, and hasten to something more important. If, as was alleged, her doctrines were blasphemous, then was the complainant, who was the principal witness, a *blasphemer*; and therefore not a competent witness; "for," said she, "Judge Potter, on whose testimony the prosecution is founded, has subscribed to all my doctrines, and made no renunciation of his faith." With this, she assumed a new attitude; lifted up her hands and eyes toward heaven, and poured out a most fervent and passionate ejaculation to her Father in heaven, that the Holy Ghost might descend upon the present audience, and penetrate their hearts with an awful sense of that approaching tribunal, before whom judges and jury, witnesses and spectators, the rich man and Lazarus, must shortly appear, to render an account for the deeds done in the body. Then, assuming an oratorical attitude, she continued with an exhortation so pungent and soul-stirring, so sublimated and overwhelming, that all present seemed to forget they were in a temporal court: and none seemed disposed to interrupt her in her course. She sat down, with the blessings of the multitude upon her; and however they might think her enthusiastic, none doubted her sincerity. The learned judge, in charging the jury, placed the case on two points; First, conceding that to assume the Almighty's prerogatives was blasphemy, in a finite creature; yet, he submitted, whether such an assumption was not evidence of that insane state of mind, which rendered the defendant incapable of committing crime: this was for the jury to determine. Second, should the jury consider the defendant of sufficient reason to commit crime; then they would inquire into the *intent*, or *quo animo* with which the defendant had acted. If her design had been to revile the Deity—to con-

temn the mission of Jesus Christ—or bring the Christian Scriptures into contempt; then was she guilty of blasphemy. If, on the contrary, she had acted from mistaken views, or religious frenzy—if, in other words, her *motives* were sincere, however erroneous her opinions, she could not be guilty of the crime alleged.

Jemimah's speech, though considered as *travelling out of the record*, by the legal gentlemen present, was still sounding in the ears of the rustic jury, who, without troubling themselves with the judge's learned charge, proclaimed their verdict of acquittal without leaving their box.

Potter was much annoyed at this result; but he derived comfort in the thought, that nothing could defeat his recovery of the land, of which he held the paper-title. The links in the chain, to his apprehension, were too simple and direct to involve any doubt as to his success. 1. The immemorial Indian right to the country, by the gift of God. 2. Indian conveyance to Oliver Phelps, by solemn treaty. 3. Grant from Phelps to Jemimah Wilkinson, and her heirs and assignees forever. 4. Jemimah's Deed to her disciples. 5. Sundry of the disciples' releases to Hiram Potter.—"Thank God," says Hiram, "this is matter of law, in which the old hypocrite's prayers and tears can avail her nothing." Well, at length the trial came on. The presiding judge was no other than Chancellor Kent, whose brilliant intellect and forensic science have won him renown, even in Westminster Hall. In this, as in the other case, Jemimah declined other counsel. She sat in all the majesty of royalty, facing two of the most eminent counsellors in the state, whom Potter had retained, and imported from the city, to make doubly sure in the cause. The case was opened, the documentary evidence exhibited, which left no doubt of the plaintiff's right. The learned judge in commiseration of the defendants, and regarding Jemimah as necessarily unqualified as counsel for them, humanely proposed to assign legal gentlemen to assist in the defence, who, he supposed would be better able to measure swords with the champions from New York, than a Rhode Island spinstress. The Prophetess felt her dignity touched by the suggestion; and she thus addressed the court: "Hast thou never read, that He taketh the wise in his own craftiness? That God hath chosen the weak things of this world to confound the wise, and foolish things

to bring to nought the wisdom of the mighty?"

"Well, well," said the judge; "but here is a connected chain of title that ties up your hands, and binds you hand and foot."

"Be it so," said Jemimah; "but is it not written, 'I will break their chains from off their neck, and cast their bands asunder, that my people may go free?' Judge Kent, hast thou faith? 'All things are possible to him that believeth.'"

At this, she drew from her large pocket a most formidable parchment, having appended to it two hundred seals, with the signature of all her followers, exemplified by the great seal of the State, certifying that it had been duly recorded in the Secretary of State's office, long previous to Potter's re-leases. The instrument bore even date with the deeds which she had given to her people, and was explanatory of those deeds. It went to constitute Jemimah Wilkinson sole trustee for her followers, in the whole of their lands, and to re-invest the title in her as such trustee. It referred to the said deeds, and went on to modify them thus: That the interest in the lands, granted by said deeds, should be held no longer than the subscribers remained in full fellowship in the *elect-church*; and that any grant, sale, or *re-lease* of said lands, by any member, should operate as a forfeiture of his right; that nothing should *pass to the purchaser*, by any such sale, but the land should revert to the said Jemimah.

This instrument, the Prophetess read out in the hearing of the whole court and bar, in a firm voice, and with most provoking *nonchalance*; while Potter and his counsel were agitated in every nerve, and in a fever of *nonplusment*. The court decided that this instrument, being executed at the same time with the deeds to the disciples, was to be taken as part and parcel of the same transaction, and to be construed in connexion with the deeds; the effect of which was, to re-invest Jemimah with the title as trustee, and to render the estates inalienable by any act of her followers.

This turned the tables upon poor Potter, who left the court in disgrace, with a heavy bill of costs upon his shoulders. He was soon thereafter impeached for his conduct in this affair, deposed from his office as judge, and sent back to his own insignificance. It is due to the magnanimity of Jemimah to say, that she refused to come

forward as a witness against her quondam disciple, on his impeachment; observing, that "she pitied poor Potter, whose bad heart was a punishment quite sufficient for him; and she would not place the weight of her finger in the scale, to increase that punishment."

It was intended to note the progress of the *elect* hierarchy, to draw out their rules, their domestic economy, their distinctive and peculiar usages, &c. &c.; but these would fill a volume. A few more remarks must close this article.

However presumptuous and arrogant were the pretensions of the Prophetess as a "*Divine*" messenger, they never seem to have led her into any immoral or unjust conduct. In her abounding wealth, she was the same plain, devout, nursing mother to her flock, as when surrounded by poverty and want. She took no advantage of her power in temporal matters; but caused her meanest disciple to fare as well as his "*Divine*" mistress; yea, more, she submitted to fastings and privations, which were never imposed upon her servants. Her hospitality to strangers and visitants, was without a parallel. On Sundays, when many of the surrounding gentry came out to spend an hour in her chapel, as matter of pastime, she never suffered them to depart without a bountiful dinner, served up in her dining hall in a neat and most inviting manner. The writer of this article was once present on such an occasion.

When service was closed, which was performed by Jemimah in a sitting posture, on an elevated stand, she invited all strangers and visitants to *take bread* with her, before their departure: then retiring into a screened alcove, at the back of the stand, a small bell was heard—then the clatter of many footsteps from the kitchen to the dining hall; and finally the great bell, in announcement of dinner.

In coming into the room, we congratulated ourselves that we were to dine with the great "*Viceregent*;" for she stood, covered with her broad-brimmed hat, at the head of the table; but we were mistaken. All standing before their plates, she spread out her hands, blessed the food for our use, in the name of the Lord; then waving her hand in token of adieu, retired to her *sanc-tum sanctorum*.

The dinner was excellent, the cheer better becoming a nobleman's mansion, than the spiritual establishment of a humble Prophetess. We saw no more of Jemimah;

but we left her hall with satiated appetites, full of benevolence for all mankind, and with the best wishes for the prosperity and happiness of the Prophetess of Jerusalem.

A sentiment had long prevailed among her people, that Jemimah was to live for ever. Whether this was directly inculcated in her teachings, or was an inference drawn from the fact, that she had once died in Rhode Island, and was now moving about in her resurrection body, I cannot assert; yet the impression was universal among her flock, that she was to die no more. However, nature was not to be balked in this way. The "keepers of the house began to tremble;" advancing age admonished the "*Viceregent*" that she must by and by abdicate her spiritual kingdom, and leave her lambs without a shepherd. To prepare them for this event, she announced that it was needful for her to go away, that she might send the Comforter, and prepare for them a habitation in the New Jerusalem above; whence she would return, and whither they should go up with her, to stand on the sea of glass, with the hundred and forty and four thousand, to reign for ever and ever! She charged them not to weep for her, as those who had no hope; that though she should *sleep* she should revive again; for, "I desire," said she, "there may be no funeral at my departure, no hearse, no coach, no pomp, no parade; but the blessing of them who loved me on earth, and are following me to the New Jerusalem in heaven."

These injunctions were strictly kept; she stole away from life, unattended, unannounced, unwept. The disciples hid her body in the valley where she had died; but, as in the case of the Jewish lawgiver, "no man knoweth of her sepulchre, unto this day."

This event happened in 1820. Fifteen years afterwards, the writer of this article, in his travels through the country, visited for the last time the habitation of the Prophetess. The scene was changed: Jerusalem's glory had departed. Her sun had set behind a cloud.

He was shown her late establishment, and among the rest the "*sanctum sanctorum*," of which mention has been made. It was a snug parlor, entered but by one door, viz. through the alcove in rear of the chapel. On other sides it was surrounded by sleeping rooms, lighted by a sky-light, ornamented by pictures of apostles and

saints, and furnished with cushioned chairs, and a respectable theological library.

Not an article in the room had been removed from the day of her death. There were her dressing-case, compass, magnet, thimble, needles, &c., besides a ponderous quarto Bible, well-thumbed and marked, lying open on the table. But death had made fearful ravages among her followers. A mere fragment remained to tell that this once had been Jerusalem; and that fragment consisted of the mere effigies of aged men and women, whose bending forms and whitened locks betokened them the lingering remnants of a bygone age, waiting for the summons to depart, and join their leader in the land of forgetfulness. The scenes around me brought painful reflections that here was the end of human aspirations, human genius, human hopes, unguided by the standard of revelation.

Who that shall contemplate Jemimah Wilkinson in her genius, in her probity, in her constancy, in her perseverance and unwavering course, will not regret that a mind so original and powerful, a heart naturally so sincere, an imagination so vivid and creative, by which she might have adorned the higher circles of life, shedding a glory on her sex, should become the temple of a false faith, and a prey to RELIGIOUS FANATICISM?

LETHE AND OTHER POEMS.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

Lethè and other Poems. By Sophia Woodrooffe. Posthumously Edited by G. S. Faber, B.D. Master of Sherburn Hospital, and Prebendary of Salisbury. Seeley, Fleet-street, London.

OUR stronger sex, neither very gallantly nor very liberally, seems to have erected *young ladies' poems* into a sort of proverb which implies any thing rather than admiration; and we fairly confess, that we took up the little volume now before us with an internal quail, notwithstanding that a grave divine—Miss Woodrooffe's grand-uncle—has stood their sponsor. Nor was this anticipation of evil abated by the mournful expression "*posthumously edited*," which occurs in the title-page. Mr. Faber has long been well-known as a theologian, a controversialist, and a mythologist; but we

believe, that his fiercest opponents cannot charge him with ever having perpetrated poetry. Of *this* sin, at least, he must be admitted to be guiltless; and though it is perfectly true, that one who is no poet *himself*, (as, indeed, the respectable editor, in one of his appended notes, ingenuously confesses to be *his own* case,) may yet be a *lover* of poetry, still, somehow or another, we did not look out for any thing particularly good in a volume of poems ushered into the world under the imprimatur of a dogged disputant. Nor were our forebodings dispelled by the affectionate and laudatory preface, which, with much good feeling, introduces the productions of a lamented relative, cut off at the early age of twenty-two; rather, indeed, they were increased, both by the expression of very natural partiality on the part of the editor, and by the perhaps deprecatory statement, that the principal poem, *Lethé*, was written at nineteen, and the dramatic poem, *Irenè*, at the astounding age of thirteen! In short, we are very much inclined to suspect, that the learned gentleman, *confessedly* no poet, had, through regard to his youthful literary correspondent, infelicitously contrived to get out of his element; or, as we familiarly express it, had most indiscreetly committed himself.

Such were our apprehensions; and though, from a decent feeling towards an amiable young woman, now no more, we had determined to inflict no such rough castigation as might have been beneficial to the rashness of a living subject, still we did not expect that we could conscientiously travel beyond the limits of decorously negative civility.

But, like many far more sagacious prophets, we have found our anticipations to be incorrect. We cannot, from the sight of the title-page, or even from the perusal of the preface, claim to have been gifted *prophets* of good; but we may certainly appear in the more unpretending, and probably more satisfactory character of *announcers* of it.

If we should say that the volume contained *no* blemishes, who would believe us, and where would be our long-established praise of critical sagacity? Assuredly, we make no such portentous statement; but collectively, though of course not equally, the poems possess such a high degree of merit that we really must apologize to Mr. Faber for entertaining, when his previous pursuits are considered, some serious doubts of his competency as a judge *in re poetica*. This

merit is quite independent of the age of the authoress. We do not merely say that the poems are good when Miss Woodrooffe's extreme youth is taken into the account; but we say that they are good intrinsically and absolutely. Hence we think, that, had her life been spared, she would probably ere long have ranked, even if she does not *already* rank, with the very highest of our female poets. Respecting *male* poets, being *males ourselves*, we shall say nothing, though we *could* say much. As the wise old saw runs—"Comparisons are odious."

In the poems now before us, there is displayed a singular power of language with an almost perfect command of rhythm; but their specially striking peculiarity (we use the word *peculiarity* advisably) is their complete freedom from *childishness*. What we mean by this remark cannot be more intelligibly expressed than by our saying, that, in no conceivable possibility, could Miss Woodrooffe's poems have been written by an accomplished young lady, *fresh* or *not fresh*, whichever term may be thought most appropriate, from a fashionable London boarding school.

But it is time that we should justify our praise, and vindicate our critical sagacity, by some extracts from the volume itself.

We shall begin with *Irenè*, which though placed *last* in the collection, was the *first* written.

The plot of this dramatic poem is borrowed from the history of the ambitious *Irenè*, Empress of Constantinople in the eighth and ninth centuries; and it mainly turns upon the dethronement and blinding of her son Constantine. With Baronius, from an ambiguous passage of Theophanes, that barbarous deed is supposed to have *intentionally occasioned his death*; though the more accurate research of Gibbon has discovered that "the blind son of *Irenè* survived many years, oppressed by the court, and forgotten by the world."

When the blinding of Constantine, *designedly* (as appears from the language put into the mouth of the empress) inflicted to produce his death, is determined upon, the affianced bride of the young prince throws herself at the feet of *Irenè*, and passionately implores mercy from the unnatural mother.

"O gracious Empress, spare him!
Yea, spare him yet awhile, a little while!
Mercy! oh, mercy! Do not cut him off
In the fair springtime of his blooming youth,

When all his path is strewed around with roses!
 His blood not yet is frozen in the veins—
 Not yet the buoyant spirit of his youth
 Is to the sternness of old age congealed.
 Spare him! and heaven shall shower its blessings down
 Upon your head profuse. Slay him! and sure
 All heaven's fierce curses shall be poured upon you.
 Save—save his life—and God requite the deed!
 By the soft ties of filial love, and by
 The silver link of motherhood; by that love
 Which blessed imperial Leo while alive;
 And by those hallowed tears which mourned him dead;
 Pronounce the pardoning word to Constantine!"

This is certainly most extraordinary, written by a child of thirteen; and it involved a promise of future excellence in the tragic department, had the young authoress been spared, and had she in mature age re-written the entire poem in the form of a regular tragedy.

The second part of *Irenè* opens with a manifest, though allowable imitation of the fearful remorse of the phantom-scared Macbeth. As such, it is not quite a fair specimen of Miss Woodroffe's early powers. We, therefore, shall not cite the first portion of the speech; but the conclusion is, we believe, perfectly original, and, while perfectly original, perfectly natural. When some horrible deed has been committed, the human mind, in its revulsion, can scarcely believe the reality of the act; but soon an overwhelming conviction of the truth forces itself upon the wretched offender; and, whatever excuse may be attempted, inexorable conscience *will* do its office:—

"Soft! It hath vanished. Let me think again,
 And be myself once more. Yea, *did* I slay
 My Constantine—and *did* I lift my hand
 Against mine only son? It could not be!
 Yes, yes, I *did*. Yon pale and shivering phantom—

The fevered product of a brain disturbed—
 And eye-accusing conscience, tell me yes!
 But sent I not a messenger to recall
 The fatal word? Yea, but he came too late."

Quite independently of the age of the writer, we cannot but think this a really fine burst of passion.

All young ladies, as the master of Sherburn truly remarks in one of his editorial notes, do not understand Greek; but his accomplished grand-niece (we do not use the word boarding scholasticè) *did*, it seems—like Lady Jane Grey, and quite as early—understand that noble language. At the age of sixteen, she produced a translation

of a Chorus in the *Hecuba* of Euripides, which the highest boy at Eton or Winchester in the race of emulation might well have coveted; but we rather prefer citing her still better translation of the noble Hymn of Cleanthes; and *that* the rather, because we have already, in a former number, given a version of it by Mrs. James Gray;—

"Most glorious of immortals! Many-named!
 Great and all-powerful ever! Jupiter,
 Author of nature, universal king,
 Hail; for by right thou rulest mortal men!

We are thine offspring: unto us alone
 Among the dwellers on the earth, is given
 The mimic gift of speech. Therefore to thee
 We will sing praises, and extol thy might.

Round, in its place, the universe thou rollest;
 And, by thy sovereign will, guidest each orb
 As it revolves. In thine unconquered hand
 The double-pointed arrows of the lightning,
 Thy fiery, ever-living minister,
 Thou wieldest; and all Nature at the stroke
 Trembles. O Thou, the all-pervading Mind,
 Mingled with great and small; thou Lord Supreme,

Nought is without thee—or in the divine
 Ethereal heaven, or in the sea, or earth—
 Save the blind actions of the wicked man!

'Tis thine to order what things are confused,
 Prune the redundant, th' adverse reconcile;
 For thus thy law with evil mixes good.

Thrice happy they who love and follow it—
 The virtuous! But the wicked, wo to them,
 For they abhor and break it! They nor see,
 Nor will obey. From what alone can give
 Life to their souls, madly they turn away:
 Some eager climbing the steep path of glory;
 Some, aye unsated, craving after gain;
 Some oftsoon lulled, by pleasure's siren voice,
 To sloth and soft repose. But oh, do thou,
 All-giver, dwelling 'midst the clouds in darkness,
 Ruler of lightning, hear: and free the minds
 Of men from fatal ignorance; and teach
 To follow thine all just, all-guiding will;
 That we, since thou hast honored us in much,
 May, as becometh us, return thee honor,
 Ever thy works extolling! For what gift,
 On mortals or on gods, can be bestowed,
 More excellent than this?—FOR EVERMORE,
 RIGHTLY TO PRAISE THINE UNIVERSAL LAW!"

Among the minor poems, though considerable praise is due to *The Athenian Torcrace*, and others that might be mentioned, we prefer *Constancy* and *Ivy in a Wreath of Flowers*. We transcribe the former; though, instead of the single ambiguous word *Constancy*, we would recommend, as its title in a future edition, *Constancy under Trials*:—

"Man's mind should be of marble, not of clay—

A rock-hewn temple, stern, majestic, bare!
 Oh that man's spirit ever thus could be,
 Firm and all noble. But how oft we see

It doth resemble some Etruscan tomb,
Where, when you pierce the stillness and the
gloom
Which ages have enwrapt it with, you find
A wondrous pile indeed, built strong, secure,
As if, unmoved, eternal to endure;
Bright wreaths of golden leaves and gems en-
twined,
Rich armor, graceful vases, jewels rare,
And sculptured figures more than mortal fair;
While aye, in radiant hue and flowing line,
Are pictured forms of beauty, mirth, or woe.
Entranced awhile you gaze; then seek to
know
For whom these gathered treasures brightly
shine—
But all is silence. Raise the massive lid
Of yon sarcophagus. See what is hid
Beneath the cover of its carven stone.
There is the answer—DUST, AND DUST ALONE."

The two first lines of this beautiful little poem, which serve as a sort of motto to it, are acknowledged by the authoress to have been borrowed from Sir Aubrey de Vere.

But our limits require us to hasten to her undoubtedly principal poem, *Lethè*, which is judiciously placed the first of the collection, and which gives to the entire volume its title.

The editor, whose taste, albeit a controversialist, we have learned duly to appreciate, calls, in his note, this production *an exquisite poem*, and we are not inclined to dispute the propriety of his expression. It is an exquisite poem, both in rhythm and in imaginativeness, and in well-sustained, though happily-diversified energy, through 126 stanzas.

A young Athenian, at the time of the Persian invasion of Greece, is living in a sequestered scene of beauty, beautifully described "sweet to the sweet," with his sisters, and one yet dearer, his own Evadne. The rapid approach of the enemy induces him to seek, with his precious charge, the protection of the city; but in moving thither, the party falls into an ambuscade, and, after a desperate action, the hero, who had been left for dead upon the field, awakes to consciousness only to learn, that the affianced of his sister is slain, and that his consort has fallen into the hands of the Persians. Despair benumbs his faculties—a despair carried to the verge of madness by the speedy tidings of her death. In the depth of his wretchedness he seeks consolation from the schools of the philosophers; but miserable comforters he finds them all. The death of Evadne leads him anxiously to inquire into the state of the disembodied soul; and learning nothing certain in the

schools, he successively, in a fine and varied strain of agonized eloquence, adjures the wind, the ocean, the primeval night, and those

"Holy watchers of the midnight gloom,"

the stars of heaven, to give him the desired information. At length, in utter misery, he prays the invisible powers to grant the boon of forgetfulness:—

"'T was thus I prayed, and long in vain. At length
My prayer was answered. 'T was a stormy night—
The fierce winds shook the cedars in their strength,
And crushed the forest oaks; the forkèd light
In lurid glances through the tempest flashed;
And o'er the sounding rocks the furious billows dashed.

"I stood alone upon the mountain's brow,
My spirit in one thought absorbed; nor heard
Thunder, or foaming wave, or crashing bough.
And I stood thus entranced, until a word
Fell on my ear, and startled me. I turned,
And dimly through the gloom a formless shape discerned.

"It spake—'Thy prayer is granted! I have brought
A goblet filled with Lethè water. Drink,
And thou shalt know the boon so wildly sought.
Yet pause while still thou canst; e'en pause, and think
At what a price thou hast it.' 'Give,' I cried,
Fearful lest yet the gift should be denied.

I seized, and drank. A peal of thunder came,
And shook the strong foundations of the hill.
From the dark sky, one flash of livid flame
Shot o'er the surges of the torrent. Still
There was a sound, as if of wings that rushed,
Borne on the raging wind. And all was hushed."

But forgetfulness is only a brief and partial remedy. He prays that his memory may be restored; and the same mysterious agent who had given him the cup of Lethè, annuls its potent influence. He now, in quest of mental repose, successively wanders to Egypt, Italy, Babylon, Tyre, and Palmyra; all of which, particularly Egypt and Palmyra, are powerfully described with great and diversified poetical vividness. At length, his wandering steps conduct him to Palestine; and here, not long after the restoration of Judah from Babylon, (for the land, though "fair and fertile, bore yet traces left by slavery, war, and wrath,") he encounters a venerable stranger, whose guest he becomes. The result of the old man's instructions is that blessed peace of



TO MY DAUGHTER.

FROM THE FRENCH OF MONSIEUR J——.

MARK you yon rivulet that, through the plain,
Winds like a serpent, devious to and fro,
In thousand turns as though it left with pain
The much-loved spring from whence its waters
flow.

All—all is vain, too certain in its flight,
What boot those windings? 'Spite of all delay,
The gentle slope acts with resistless might,
And ever—ever pass its waves away.

So in the course of life our souls return,
Softened by pleasant fancies to the time
Of memory's thousand pictures, and we yearn
O'er the past gladness of our youthful prime.
Alas ! 'tis vain ; in vain may we recall
The pleasant dream, and think with youth to
stay ;
Time's downward slope still bears us with its fall,
And ever—ever pass our years away.

Nature alone all powerful is reborn,
And every year to youth returns again ;
Each season crowns our fields with waving corn,
And decks with fruit and flowers the verdant
plain.
For me, an old and withered plant am I,
Nature's stern law grants me no second birth :
My evanescent spring long since gone by
Is fled, and ne'er may be renew'd on earth.

Alas ! submitted to the same decree,
Louisa, thus thy brightest days glide on ;
Bright for an instant only will they be,
And vanish then, like mine, for ever gone.
Yet fear thou not that there is nothing sweet,
Save youthful pleasure, in our course of life ;
Too oft the young may envy that retreat
The aged calmly find from passion's strife.

Oh, my dear daughter ! from this simple truth
One lesson take,—enjoy the passing hour
With grateful heart, but in thy spring of youth
Sow thou those seeds that may in autumn flower.
The present scarce a moment doth it last,
E'en as we speak and call it ours 'tis gone,
Borne on Time's current, mingled with the past,
It melts and lives in memory alone.

Watch then, oh watch ! with never-ceasing care,
O'er thy young heart and each awakening
sense,
Leave not repentance on thine age to bear,
Let Memory's record tell of innocence.

Happy are they who o'er each bygone year
Without remorse can retrospective gaze,
And calmly view the end of life's career,
As we the evenings of our loveliest days.

THE TRUST RECLAIMED.

BY MRS. ADDY.

THE chieftain hastened homeward from the field
Of battle strife,
Eager to clasp his blooming boys and fair and faith-
ful wife ;
Alas ! his vassals welcomed him in accents faint
and low,
And his lady on a couch reclin'd in deep and si-
lent woe.

"What aileth thee, sweet Isabel ? hast thou no
smile or word
To greet thy long-expected love, thy wearied
warrior lord ?"
But ever as he soothed her grief tears trickled
from her eyes,
And mournfully she told her tale with sad and
broken sighs.

"A potent ruler once," she said, "committed to
my care
Two exquisite and precious gems of lustre rich
and rare ;
He bade me the deposit guard with prudence firm
and just,
Till summoned at a future day to render up my
trust.

Time pass'd away ; those dazzling gems shone
ever on my sight,
And daily they appeared to me more beautiful
and bright ;
My love for them increased by years, and, rash
and reckless grown,
In fondness and forgetfulness I deem'd them all
my own.

The rightful owner bids me now prepare my trust
to yield ;
Alas ! I may not from his arm my cherish'd
treasure shield ;
Yet may my tears upbraid the act tyrannic and
severe
That rends from my unwilling grasp the gems I
hold so dear."

The chieftain on his lady fixed a gaze amaz'd
and stern—

"How hath thy tale destroyed," he said, "the
joy of my return!

Can she, the truthful Isabel, the chosen of my
heart—

Can she from honor's simple laws thus flagrant-
ly depart?

Why were thy thoughts and wishes on thy frail
possessions bent?

How couldst thou stake thy peace of mind on
treasures only lent?

Restore the gems, nor show thyself, by weak
complaints of wrong,

Unworthy of the noble trust reposed in thee so
long."

A look of soft serenity replaced the lady's gloom.
She gently led her husband to a still and dark-
en'd room;

There lay his lov'd and lovely boys once strong
in beauty's pride,

Each wrapped within a snowy shroud, they slum-
ber'd side by side.

The father gazed upon the dead—the warrior's
heart grew weak;

Sobbing in bitter agony, he vainly strove to
speak—

"See here," his trembling lady cried, "the loss
I fear'd to tell;

These are the dear intrusted gems I valued but
too well.

I knew the wise and gracious God, who rules
o'er human ties,

Had to my charge these boys consign'd to train
them for the skies;

I knew them fitted to depart, and yet in wayward
pain

I murmur'd that the mighty Lord had claim'd his
own again.

Now I repent me of my fault—I bow to Heaven's
decree."

The chieftain paused, then by her side he prayed
on bended knee;

That prayer an answer from the Lord of peace
and mercy won:

In meek and tranquil faith they said—"The will
of God be done."

Years now have pass'd, bright children smile
around their happy hearth,

Yet hold they with a loosen'd hand these fleeting
ties of earth,

And view the treasures of their house as blessings
lent, not given,

Ever prepared to yield the charge they hold in
trust for Heaven.

THE HALF-HOLIDAY.

BY MRS. ABDY.

YEs, ye are free, the fields and bowers
Look gaily in this summer weather—
Free to enjoy some merry hours
Of harmless liberty together—

Mounting the green and breezy hill,
There to pursue your playful gambols,
Or wandering to the ivied mill,
That sweetest of all summer rambles.

'Tis eve, and now by yonder brook,
Homeward I mark ye swiftly wending,
None wear a sad and troubled look
Because the day's glad sports are ending;
To study ye shall turn again,
Refresh'd and cheer'd by healthful leisure,
And shall by diligence obtain
A passport to fresh hours of pleasure.

Alas! when in the school of life
We find in after years employment,
And from its path of busy strife
Snatch a short season of enjoyment,
We hope "free nature's grace" to share,
We hope to break the chains that bind us—
But no, in spots most bright, most fair
We drag our fetters still behind us.

Our weary labors we resume,
But cannot bend to the transition,
Thoughts of streams and trees in bloom
Flit round us like a mocking vision.
We lack the light elastic mind
That varies with quick alternation
From flowery fields to scenes confined,
From care to mirthful recreation.

Ah, me! the longer that we live,
Suite of our boasted sense and reason,
The more we feel that years can give
No joy like youth's unclouded season,
When actively we toil'd to earn
Freedom to range 'mid nature's beauties,
Yet could from pleasures promptly turn
Whenever summon'd back to duties.

TERESA MILANOLLO.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'FLIGHTED TROTH.'

Hush'd is the orchestra's harmonious din,
Save one long—earnest—thrilling note rung
out—

The pause of Genius ere that it begin
Its awful mission!—"Tis decreed. Without
Or fear or falter, onward sweeps the strain
In conscious might. And now it proudly
burneth

With lofty thoughts that all less high, disdain—
And now unto rapt Extasie it turneth—
Now melts to tears, and chastening all of Earth
In earthly passion, pensive grows and lowly,
Anon serene and calm—the Second Birth
Of Genius—reverential then and Holy!—
Thus running, of Mind militant, the race,
And in its trials triumphing, until
Proved and found faithful, it doth wing space
Towards the eternal summit of that Hill
Where Song's supreme, and 'mid the ethereal
Quires

Of prophesying Seraphs who proclaim
A Glory to be canonized—expires,
To instant rise again to Life and Fame!—

And who hath rung this strain, and won this crown,
Who may it be, the Bard, of whom this lay
Is type and voice, and who is thus sent down
To teach Man how to joy and weep and pray?—

Behold! 'Tis even she—the Maiden Child
With Italy's gold olive in her cheek,
And ebon ray in hair and eye; the mild
Yet not withal less resolute Girl, than meek,
Who stands before you clasping in one hand
A little homely instrument laid in her breast,
Whilst in the other one, a wizard wand
Ruling its chords, from that soft place of rest
Draws forth a stream of sweet and noble thought
So thrilling, we know not the which it be,
Anguish or joy, it hath within us wrought,
The Rapture heaves in such lost agony
Of tears and sighing—only to surcease
When that the soaring Theme upborne above
Earth's yearnings, swells into a hymn of peace
And praise, and piety, and blessed love,
And Life Immortal!—Oh the gift, the gift
Of such rare Faculty divine! Avaunt,
Ye sordid Artisans of sound, that lift
No soul, or "lap it in Elysium"! Haunt
No Hall of Poet Harmony! Your sleight
And conjury of hand's all vanity
And vexation! Ye've no Faith. No, none. The
Light

Is Darkness in ye! Fallen Humanity
Needs higher, holier Teachers! Stand aloof—
Whilst our young Prophetess and Patron Saint,
Our second St. Cecilia, from the roof
Of Poesy's high Heaven descends to paint
In revelations lyrical—alone
Interpretation meet of things supernal—
The glories that encompass that Sky-Throne,
Its majesty, and might, and love, and truth
Eternal!

BIRTH-DAY RECOLLECTIONS.

BY ROBERT GILFILLAN.

Oh! for the songs of other years,
When life and joy were young;
When nought but gladsome tales were told,
Or mirthful strains were sung!
When birth-day "healths," with welcomes high,
Were given with cheerful brow!
Our cups, alas! in silence pass—
We've nought but "memories" now!

And round our little social board
Was seen that watchful eye—
One who, though knit to us on earth,
Yet raised our hopes on high!
She who in childhood's helpless days
Around our couch did bow—
A mother's name—no more gives fame—
We've nought but "memories" now!

Oft in the stormy sea of life,
Our bark, by tempest driven,
Full dashing on the shoals of fate
With cords and canvass riven,

A mother's love, a mother's look,
Like angel at the prow,
Would cheer us to the haven of health—
We've nought but "memories" now!

Youth's days are fled, and in their stead
Come sorrow, grief, and tears;
And for the sunny morns of song
We number heavy years!
Fond friends are gone, and we alone
Must 'neath affliction bow—
Time was when we gave happy healths—
We've nought but "memories" now!

A STRANGER MINSTREL—A POEM.

BY S. T. COLERIDGE.

Not published in any edition of his Works.—Written to Mrs. Robinson a few days before her death.

As late on Skiddaw mount I lay supine
Midway the ascent, in that repose divine
When the soul, centered in the heart's recess,
Hath quaffed its fill of Nature's loveliness,
Yet still beside the fountain's marge will stay,
And fain would thirst again, again to quaff;
Then when the tear, slow travelling on its way,
Fills up the wrinkle of a silent laugh;
In that sweet mood of sad and humorous thought,
A form within me rose, within me wrought
With such strong magic, that I cried aloud,
"Thou ancient SKIDDAW! by thy helm of cloud,
And by thy many-colored chasms so deep,
And by their shadows that forever sleep—
By yon small flaky mists that love to creep
Along the edges of those spots of light,
Those sunshine islands on thy smooth green
height—

And by yon shepherds with their sheep,
And dogs and boys, a gladsome crowd
That rush even now with clamor loud
Sudden from forth thy topmost cloud—
And by this laugh, and by this tear,
I would, old SKIDDAW! she were here!
A lady of sweet song is she—
Her soft blue eye was made for thee!
Oh, ancient SKIDDAW! by this tear
I would, I would, that she were here!"

Then ancient SKIDDAW, stern and proud,
In sullen majesty replying,
Thus spake from out his helm of cloud—
(His voice was like an echo dying!)
"She dwells, belike, by scenes more fair,
And scorns a mount so bleak and bare!"
I only sighed when this I heard,
Such mournful thoughts within me stirred
That all my heart was faint and weak,
So sorely was I troubled!
No laughter wrinkled now my cheek,
But oh! the tears were doubled.

But ancient SKIDDAW, green and high,
Heard and understood my sigh;
And now, in tones less stern and rude,
As if he wished to end the feud,
Spake he, the proud response renewing—
(His voice was like a monarch wooing!)

"Nay but thou dost not know her might—
 The pinions of her soul how strong!
 But many a stranger in my height
 Hath sung to me her magic song,
 Sending forth his ecstasy
 In her divinest melody.
 And hence I know her soul is free—
 She is where'er she wills to be,
 Unfettered by mortality!
 Now to the 'haunted beach' can fly,
 Beside the threshold scourged with waves;
 Now to the maniac while he raves,
 'Pale moon! thou spectre of the sky,'
 No wind that hurries o'er my height
 Can travel with so swift a flight.
 I too, methinks, might merit
 The presence of her spirit!
 To me, too, might belong
 The honor of her song,
 And witching melody
 Which most resembles me,
 Soft, various, and sublime,
 Exempt from wrongs of Time!"

Thus spake the mighty mount, and I
 Made answer with a deep-drawn sigh—
 "Thou ancient SKIDDAW, by this tear,
 I would, I would, that she were here!"

CHARLTON.

"More life, and fuller, 'tis we want"—*Alfred Tennyson.*

Thus standing on a mound of graves,
 To look out on the living world,
 That in this vernal sunshine waves—
 On ships with their broad sails unfurled,
 (Large vehicles of merchandise,
 Crowding the all too narrow stream,)—
 That back upon the steadfast eyes,
 From their far-winding progress, gleam
 Like white-winged birds, before the sun,—
 Who would the story of these tombs,
 Like a mere thoughtless coward, shun?
 The heart of every tree that blooms,
 In this its hour of gladness, saith:—
 "Life must be something more than breath."

For man, who can identify
 Himself with what can never die,
 There can be no such thing as death.

Beauty and love, with outstretched arms,
 And eyes more lustrous by the light
 Of kindled hearts and ripened charms,
 Still in their old embrace unite.
 And all that wintry thoughts congeal
 Beneath spring's passion will relax—
 As a proud heart, beneath the seal
 Of sovereign love becomes like wax
 Longer than graves shall keep alive
 The fading memory of the dead,
 And long as earth shall be a hive
 Of industry, and flowers, outspread
 Thereon by God's impartial hand,
 Shall, with their honeyed voice, breathe peace
 throughout the land.

Why, then, should graves beget more gloom
 Than this old mansion in the rear?
 Death must have been in every room
 Of its magnificence, and fear
 Of death be stronger there than here.
 And yet it speaks of life alone—
 Of life in the potential mood—
 As if its walls were little prone
 To thoughts of common brotherhood
 With any cottage built of clay.

But wherefore linger here? The pink
 Of May upon the apple-tree
 Stands on annihilation's brink;
 And in the distance I can see,
 Bursting and bleaching in the sun,
 Large sheets of it—where with loud voice,
 And thoughts, perchance, of unfledged young,
 Secure, the blackbird doth rejoice;
 While various notes of softer song—
 Like nestling love retired to rest
 With gladness in its heart so strong
 That it will overflow its nest—
 Are up from hedge and thicket flung.
 Yet I still grasp the iron-rail,
 As if from graves I could not flee,
 And watch the river's onward trail
 From London to the other sea.
 Bright Thames! amidst much wo and weal
 Thou windest onward, ever bright,
 Beneath the heavy-laden keel,
 And the gay skiff that dances light,
 With beauty sitting in its bow,
 The river of the world art thou.
 And thou shalt ever wind
 Fertile and free and bright as now,
 Through solitudes and cities ebb,
 A thread of gold with the dark web
 Of the world's history twined.

L. D.

HOPE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

MAN ever talks, and man ever dreams
 Of better days that are yet to be;
 After golden goal, that distant gleams,
 Running and racing untiringly.
 The world may grow old and young as it will,
 But the Hope of man is Improvement still!

Hope bears him into life in her arms,
 She flutters around the boy's young bloom;
 Youth's ardent soul with her magic warms,
 Nor e'en with age doth herself entomb;
 For ends man his weary course at the grave;
 There plants he—Hope, o'er his ashes to wave.

And O! 'tis no vain delusive show,
 No birth in the fool's dull brain begot;
 In the heart it speaks, that all may know
 We are born to prove a better lot;
 And what speaks that inward voice believe,
 For the hoping soul 't will not deceive.

C. R. L.



SCIENCE AND ART.

FRENCH ANTIQUARIAN INTELLIGENCE.—An interesting report was addressed not long since to the Comité Historique on the mediæval monuments of Burgundy. Among other points noticed was, the condition of the walls of Beaune, some of the most perfect remains of the middle ages in the east of France. The circuit of the walls round the town is nearly complete, and the effect of these venerable ramparts is exceedingly good; nevertheless, the town-council of the place would willingly pull them all down, not because they are in the way, but merely because they do not consider them to be of any use: and were it not for the ditch of the town having been turned into gardens, and become the property of numerous individuals, who would be sufferers by the demolition, this work of Vandalism would have been long since accomplished. Not one, however, of the ancient gateways of the town has been left untouched. The gateway of the castle, built in 1502, by the father of Louis de la Tremoille, was pulled down in 1829, and replaced by a barrier in wood: another has also been lately destroyed. One of the curtains was recently threatened with demolition in order that a new gateway might be built, and the old one of St. Martin removed. The major part of the walls are of the 11th century, but they were much repaired, at the end of the 14th, by Philip the Bold. Two of the towers which still remain are of the 12th century. They are round, and have narrow loopholes, with conical roofs; two other towers large and round, five pentagonal bastions, and six spherical curtains, are of the time of Louis XII, built by La Tremoille, and having the stones of their faces cut into diamond-shaped projections. All the curtains of the castle are cut into diamond-shaped projections of the same kind, and the care which the engineers of that date took to ornament their military constructions is worthy of note. The fashion of so doing, as in the present instance, might have been introduced by La Tremoille from Italy, where he had conquered the Milanese. On the buttresses of the castle-gateway are still to be seen armorial bearings, such as the wheel

of the Tremoilles; a porcupine crowned; and the escutcheon of France. The letter A, the monogram of Anne of Brittany, occurs between two ermine tails, and the letter L, with a crown upon it, being the monogram of the king, her consort. On the outside of the great gateway are three cordons in stone, placed above each other; the lower one bears 56 wheels of the Tremoilles, the middle one 29 porcupines, and the upper one 25 crowned L's. Various other bearings and enrichments occur at other spots.—*Lit. Gaz.*

CARDINAL FRESCH'S PICTURE SALE has terminated at Rome. Among the latest *chef-d'œuvres* mentioned by Galignani, were a pair of *scènes champêtres* by Watteau, which brought 28,245f.; a battle-piece by Wouvermans, 25,420f.; *Christ crowned with Thorns*, Teniers, also 25,420f.; *Jacob's Journey*, by A. Vandewelde (with above sixty animals), 50,840f.; *The Prayer of Love*, by Gréuse, 34,797f.; both bought by Lord Hertford; an early Raphael, *The Crucifixion*, 56,490f. bought by Prince Canino; *St. John Preaching*, a remarkable Rembrandt, 75,320f., also secured by the Prince. Many others brought from 5000 to 10,000f.—*Lit. Gaz.*

BRITISH ASSOCIATION.—The meeting of the British Association at Cambridge is likely to prove of more than usual interest, from the number of distinguished scientific foreigners expected. Prof. Struve of Dörpat, Professors Dove, Kreil, Kupfer, and others, will be present at the magnetic congress which forms the prominent feature of the proceedings this year. Prof. Foggi of Pisa, Prof. Schonbein of Basel, and Sir Robert Schomburgk, have also expressed their intention of attending the meeting; and it is hoped that M. Quetelet, Prof. Agassiz, &c., will be able to be there. The arrangements at Cambridge include a very extensive and convenient model-room, in which works of art of all kinds, and mechanical and other inventions, will be exhibited to great advantage. We would recommend all who intend sending models and other works of art to

communicate their intentions to the local secretaries without delay.—The proper authorities have granted the use of the new Fitzwilliam Museum to the Association.—*Lit. Gaz.*

GREEK SLAVE: SCULPTURE.—A very fine female figure under this title, executed by Powers, an American artist at Florence, has for the last fortnight been exhibited at Messrs. Graves and Co. It is a charming work, and reflects high honor on the artist. The form is nude, as if exposed to view in the slave-market; and there is a sweet natural sense of shame both in the countenance and attitude. The head is altogether good, and well poised, with an averted look on the neck and chest. The bosom is youthful, but full, and the whole of the body and limbs admirably modelled. The back is particularly beautiful; but indeed there is hardly any point of vision where a defect or blemish of outline can be detected. Where the muscle above the mammae retires, below the right shoulder, there is the slightest appearance which, we could hypercritically say, was not to our taste. We must, however, declare our decided objection to the chain between the manacled wrists. If a sculptor cannot express his idea or convey his meaning without an accessory of this kind, he fails in the highest elevation of his art: his design is imperfect. The chain is in itself contrary to historical truth, and ought assuredly to be taken away.—*Lit. Gaz.*

THE REV. E. SIDNEY 'ON THE ELECTRICITY OF PLANTS in the several stages of their development.'—At the commencement and at each division of this communication, Mr. Sidney dwelt on his desire to be considered, not as the promulgator of any theory on the influence of electricity on vegetable growth, but as the cautious observer of important and instructive facts. The following six propositions were maintained:—First, *Electricity appears to exercise an influence on growing plants.* After noticing the experiments of Maimbray, Nollett, Bertholon, Davy and others, Mr. Sidney mentioned that he had himself accelerated the growth of a hyacinth in the common glass jar by giving it sparks, on alternate days, from the machine. Secondly, *Fluids contained in vegetable tissues possess a high conducting energy, as compared with the ordinary substances found on the earth's surface.* In confirmation of this several experiments were shown, to prove the conducting energy of vegetable points. The fact was also stated, that it was impossible to give an electric shock to more than one at each extremity of a circle of persons standing on a grass-plot. This the operator easily did when they transferred themselves to a gravel-walk. In the former instance, the current went across the grass, instead of being carried from one human body to another. A jar, of forty-six square inches of coated surface, was discharged by a blade of grass in little more than four minutes of time, whereas it required three times that period to produce the same effect by means of a metallic needle. Mr. Sidney said, however, that probably the blade of grass had many points. Mr. Sidney also showed a drawing of Mr. Weekes's Electroscope with vegetable points, which Mr. Weekes prefers to any artificial ones he has yet tried in the open air during the passage of a cloud. Thirdly, *There are in-*

dications of adaptation to electrical influences in the differences of form of parts of plants in the different stages of their development. Thus the moistened germ of a vegetating seed becomes a good conductor. The ascending and descending portions are, in the majority of instances, pointed. Plants designed for a rapid growth have generally a strong pubescence. Those destined to meet the variations of the seasons have often thorns or prickles. As surface becomes needed for other purposes, the pointed is changed to the expansive form of the vegetable organ. As the period of fruiting approaches, it seems desirable that electricity should be carried off. Hence the hairs, &c. fall off or dry away. The apparent exception is that of *pappi*, which have a special office for conveyance of seeds. Gardeners put metallic hoops over fruiting melons, which tends to take off electricity and shade them. Fourthly, Mr. Sidney inquired, *Whether there are not natural phenomena tending to confirm these views?* Vines and hops are said to grow rapidly during and after a thunderstorm, and peas to pod after a tempest. As to hops, these effects may be ascribed to the destruction of aphides, &c. by the lightning: but as these animals are tenacious of life, the storm which destroyed the parasitic insect would, probably also, kill the plant which fed it. Again, it is observed that there are no plants wherever simooms, which appear to result from a highly electrical state of the atmosphere, occur. Mr. Brydone's observation of the presence of electricity in the atmosphere of Mount Etna, in places where vegetation was absent, and its deficiency wherever vegetation luxuriated, also indicated the influence of plants in distributing atmospheric electricity. This was illustrated by an experiment with a cone of chalk, with a piece of moss on one part. The part without the moss brought near the machine only slightly affected the electrometer. The moss carried off the electricity entirely. Fifthly, Mr. Sidney suggested the inquiry, *Whether, the forms and geographical distribution of certain species of plants did not indicate design with reference to their electrical properties and uses.* The prevalence of the fir tribes in high latitudes was noted. These trees are characterized by their needle shaped foliage, and it was argued that the conducting power, with which this form invested them, might modify dryness and cold, and aid in the precipitation of snow. Mr. Sidney concluded by suggesting modes of applying electricity to practical agriculture and horticulture. First, *with regard to the free electricity in the atmosphere.* Having mentioned the experiments of Mr. Foster of Finbrassie, on growing crops, Mr. Sidney described modifications of this arrangement made by Prof. E. Solly, in his experiments at the Horticultural Garden, and by himself. The latter consist of wires suspended over the growing crop from other wires which are kept parallel to the horizon by being fastened to insulated rods. Secondly, *Electricity artificially generated by the voltaic pile.* Mr. Sidney has found that potatoes, mustard and cress, cinerarias, fuchsias and other plants, have their development, and, in some instances, their productiveness, increased by being made to grow between a copper and a zinc plate connected by a conducting wire; while on the other hand, geraniums and balsams are destroyed by the same influence. Mr. Sidney at present believes that the

application of electricity to vegetable growth may be made available in horticulture. The question as to agriculture may be decided when more experiments are tried: and the philosophy of the experiments fully determined.—*Athenæum*.

'ON RUSSIA AND THE URAL MOUNTAINS.'—Mr. Murchison commenced by announcing, that the chief purpose of his communication to the Royal Institution, was to call attention to some of those essential points of palæozoic classification which he had taken an active part in establishing in the British Isles, and which, with the aid of his associates, M. de Verneuil and Count Keyserling, he had for the last few years endeavored to apply to the great mass of Eastern Europe and the adjacent parts of Asia—countries which hitherto had not been geologically illustrated. He exhibited a very large geological map of Northern Europe, including the vast area bounded by a line from Scandinavia to the Timan range (a tract hitherto unexplored) on the north, and from the western shore of the Black Sea to the eastern shore of the Lake Aral (including the Caucasus and Ararat) on the south. In the northern portion of this great region, the palæozoic series is copiously and completely developed; and each sedimentary system is specially characterized by the same groups of organic remains as in Western Europe. These deposits offer, however, the great and leading distinction, that throughout the whole basin of Russia in Europe, they have been exempted from those intrusions of eruptive rocks which so diversify them in the British Isles, France and Germany, and are therefore to be viewed as large unruffled pages in the book of Nature, which are singularly instructive. Mr. Murchison then proceeded to give a sketch of the analogies of the different palæozoic systems, commencing with the Silurian, which he established by his own researches in the British Isles, and which was now proved universally (whether here, or in America, or Russia,) to be the oldest formation containing organic remains.

1. *The Silurian System*.—This, the lowest great natural group, is divided in Russia and Scandinavia into two great subdivisions, Lower and Upper. The former of these occupies the mainlands of the Russian provinces of St. Petersburg and Esthonia, and considerable tracts in Sweden and Norway,—the latter being chiefly developed in the Baltic isles of Gothland, Oesel, Dago, &c., thus constituting a vast area, nearly as large (when all the fragments are united) as the British Isles. In our own country, it has been found difficult to obtain clear evidence of the super-position of the lowest Silurian strata to those which preceded them; and the value of the Scandinavian sections consists in their affording undeniable proofs particularly along the shores of the great Lake Wetterm, of the very inferior strata, charged with fucoids only, reposing on gneiss and granitic gneiss, out of the materials of which those lowest Silurian rocks have there been formed. Terming the rocks, which are inferior to all traces of animal life, "Azoic," Mr. Murchison then gave a rapid sketch of the chief characters of each subdivision of the ascending series. Passing up from the lower sands and shales, in which fucoids only are traceable he directed attention to the singular small brachiopod,

the Ungulite or Obolus, which is almost the sole occupant of the grit or sandstone which is found in the next ascending stratum, and is associated at intervals with a very rare species of *Orbicula*, which Mr. Murchison and his associates have named after the distinguished and veteran leader of Geology on the Continent, *O. Buchii*. In the following stage, which is a limestone, are found a multitude of Trilobites, including (though rarely) the *Asaphus Buchii* and *Asaphus tyrannus*, so well known in Siluria and Wales, together with *Orthidæ*, *Orthoceratites*, and a very remarkable family of Crinoids, which, from their round forms, have been termed *Sphæronites*, and *Echino-en-crinites*; but which M. von Buch has recently termed *Cystidæ*, dividing them into several genera and species, and showing that they never were provided with arms. As to the Upper Silurian of the Baltic islands and the Bay of Crisia, of 100 specimens of fossils there discovered, 70 or 80 are identical with those of Dudley and Wenlock. In Norway as in Britain, the Upper and Lower Silurian are divided by a single band of limestone, which is characterized by the same fossil, *Pentamerus oblongus*, in both countries, and even in North America.

2 *Old Red Sandstone, or Devonian System*.—This deposit occupies an enormous region in Russia, and, succeeding to the Silurian, ranges for upwards of 900 miles, from Lithuania on the south-west to the White Sea on the north-east, and in another parallel for nearly a similar distance, from the western plateaux of the Valdai Hills to Orel, in central Russia, where it forms a great dome, discovered by Mr. Murchison and his associates. Throughout these vast distances, it is in some parts composed of red and grey sandy beds, in others of yellow marlstone, flagstone, and limestone of various colors and composition. In many sandy districts the deposit is exclusively charged with fossil fishes, which are to a great extent the same species as characterize the old red sandstone of Scotland; whilst in other parts, where the beds are more calcareous, these ichthyolites are collocated with the fossil shells of Devonshire—a union never yet discovered in the British Isles, and which perfectly demonstrates the applicability of the term Devonian, as suggested by Professor Sedgwick and Mr. Murchison, to this group of strata, whose lithological characters are so various, but whose position in the series and whose Fauna are so constant. In showing that the order of Nature, as now clearly read off from the zero of animal life, indicates a succession from a period when no living creature existed, and that the earliest found animals were not associated with even the lowest class of vertebrata, Mr. Murchison not only disavowed giving any sanction to the wild theory of progressive development, but showed, on the contrary, that each animal when first created was most perfect, and often most composite in its kind. Thus, the earliest known fishes, those of the Ludlow or Upper Silurian rocks (which he had been the first to describe), are of singularly curious and elaborate forms; whilst the ichthyolites of the Devonian, or old red deposits of Russia, the earliest fishes of that great continent, contain numerous placoid fishes, which, though of entirely lost genera and species, are, according to Professor Agassiz, who has named and described them for Mr. Murchison, of quite as high an organiza-

tion as any fishes now living in the Mediterranean Sea.

3. Calling attention to the next ascending group, Mr. Murchison then held up a specimen of the white *Carboniferous Limestone*, which ranges for hundreds of miles over Russia. In appearance, this rock exactly resembles a piece of common chalk; but the large *Producta* and other fossils contained in it establish its identity with the mountain limestone of the British Isles. From hence was deduced the generalization, that the mineral character of a rock is not to be taken into account in identifying its age. In Russia, as in Ireland, this system of rocks is singularly barren of coal. Mr. Murchison, in adverting to this circumstance, dwelt on the vast difference between the great productive coal fields of England, which overlie the carboniferous limestone, whereas in Russia the coal is *intercalated within* that rock,—excepting the case of the coal field of the Donetz, which resembles those of Berwickshire and part of Northumberland: the single thin seam of coal which is alone found in the basin of Moscow is nearly valueless. Mr. Murchison here reminded his audience that, as the fossil vegetation below the old red sandstone consisted of small marine fucoids only, and as coal could alone be formed out of large masses of terrestrial vegetation, it was impossible that any coal worthy of being worked could be formed beneath these rocks, and that consequently, the greater portion of the North of Russia must be destitute of this invaluable fuel.

4. *The Permian System.*—Having thus glanced at the three great systems that have been usually supposed to constitute the Palæozoic series, Mr. Murchison briefly adverted to another great natural group, to which, as representing the magnesian limestone and the lower new red sandstone of England, and the Zechstein, Rothe todte liegende and Kupfer Schiefer of the Germans, he had assigned a single and common name, derived from the ancient kingdom of Perm, around which such deposits are extended, over an area twice as large as the kingdom of France, being bounded on the east by the Ural Mountains. It is the great copper region of Russia. With the conclusion of this great deposit, the genera and species of the palæozoic series disappear, and an entirely new animal creation succeeds, in the trias, or new red sandstone.

5. The New Red Sandstone being almost entirely absent in Russia, and the lias and inferior oolite being entirely absent, the next group in ascending order are Jurassic Shales, which exactly represent the Oxford clay and Kelloway rock of English geologists, and contain the *Gryphea dilatata*, and many characteristic ammonites.

6. The Cretaceous System is confined to the southern tracts of Russia, and extends to the east of the Volga and the Ural river, often in the form of white chalk, and with its usual *Belemnites*, and other deposits.

7. The Tertiary deposits occupy enormous areas in South Russia, and are divisible into the Eocene and Miocene groups, the first of which occurs at Kief and on the Lower Volga, the latter occupying vast spaces in Volhynia, Podolia, Bessarabia, &c.

8. Besides the oceanic tertiaries so perfectly known in many other parts of the world, Russia and the Southern Asiatic tracts beyond the limits

of the empire are *specially distinguished from all the rest of the globe*, by being covered with a peculiar deposit—the limestones and sands of the steppes,—which are invariably charged with peculiar relics of a former vast internal sea of brackish water, entirely dissimilar from those of the ocean, and to a great extent the same as those which now live in the Caspian, and the mouths of its tributaries, the Volga, Don, and in the Aral Sea and its great affluent, the Oxus. To this grand tertiary deposit, which covers an area as large as the present Mediterranean, Mr. Murchison and his associates have assigned the term of Aralo-Caspian. It represents, in fact, the Pliocene or Pleistocene deposits of Lyell, and shows that, for a very long period, this large portion of the earth was covered by a sheet of water, slightly saline only, and tenanted by creatures which live in rivers and brackish lakes, such as the Caspian and Aral; their spacious habitat being insulated, as it were, from the ocean.

Apologizing for the utter impossibility of condensing into a lecture of an hour's duration any thing like the most general *aperçu* of the great phenomena of Russian geology, and referring his auditors to his forthcoming work for all explanations, Mr. Murchison concluded by a few short allusions to the Ural Mountains, and one of the great generalizations deduced from the survey of a great portion of the globe, more than twice as large as all the kingdoms of Europe united, which have previously been geologically described. The Ural chain, running from north to south and separating Europe from Asia, offers a fine contrast to European Russia; for as the slightly consolidated and palæozoic deposits before alluded to approach these mountains they become hard, black and crystalline, in consequence of being traversed by innumerable points and ridges of intrusive rocks. The palæozoic rocks are there metamorphosed into crystalline schistose bands—yet even here the geologist meets with occasional patches of limestone characterized by fossils. The Siberian side of this chain is a vast mass of plutonic matter, amid which *occur* only of the older palæozoic rocks are found. Mr. Murchison further showed that from the nature of the regenerated copper deposits (Permian) to the west of the chain, their materials must all have been derived from rocks which now exclusively occur on the eastern side of the rocky ridge, and hence he argued, that the chief axis of the Ural—where the gold ores were formed, must have been thrown up at a comparatively recent period. Finally, Mr. Murchison pointed out, that as the three great chains which subdivide Russia in Europe (the Scandinavian, Uralian and Caucasian) have different directions, and in each of them deposits are uplifted which are proved to have been accumulated at consecutive periods, so does this grand phenomenon support one portion of the theory of M. Elie de Beaumont, that the ages of *great* and independent mountain lines of elevation are indicated by their respective directions.—This communication closed the weekly meetings of the session.—*Athenæum*.

COPYRIGHT.—Sir F. Pollock, C. B., pronounced the judgment of the Court in the case of Chapple v. Purday. This was an action in which the plaintiff claimed damages from the defendant, for an alleged infringement of his copyright in the Overture to *Fra Diavolo*. It appeared that

the music in question, which, as is well known, was composed in Paris by Auber, some years ago, was sold by the composer to one Troupinas, who assigned his interest therein to one Latour, from whom the plaintiff took an assignment in his turn. The piece in question having been represented and published in Paris, a formal assignment was subsequently made of the copyright in England to the plaintiff, by all the parties above mentioned, and the overture was afterwards published in England by the plaintiff. The defendant having published and sold copies of the same music, this action was brought to restrain him from so doing. A verdict passed for the plaintiff at the trial in this court, subject to a motion to enter a nonsuit; and the case having been argued at considerable length, time was taken to consider the question so reserved for the opinion of their Lordships. The Chief Baron now stated that there were two questions—first, whether the plaintiff at common law could claim any copyright under the circumstances of the case; and, secondly, whether failing that, he was protected by the statute law of England. As to the first question, there was no doubt whatever that no foreigner residing abroad and there composing a work could claim any protection for his work by the common law of this country. A copyright is a creature of the municipal law of each country, and must be governed by its statutes, which have no extra-territorial power. A British subject may, therefore, at common law, print and publish any French work in England; and the next question is, whether as regards the defendant, that power is in any way affected by the statutes relating to this subject. There are the statutes of 8 Anne, c. 19. and 24. George III., c. 156, which latter was passed to encourage British talent and British authors in most general terms. The terms of these statutes do not apply to foreign authors and their works, and it remains to consider the several cases which have been decided under them. His lordship then examined at some length the several cases which were cited on the argument, and concluded by saying that their result was, that neither a foreign author nor his assignee was protected in England by the statutes, if the work in question should appear to have been first published elsewhere than in this country. In this case the plaintiff was clearly in the same position as M. Auber would be: and as it appeared that the Overture to *Fra Diavolo* had been originally published in Paris by the assent of the author, he could derive no exclusive right to that production in England. For these reasons the verdict must be set aside, and a nonsuit entered.—*Athenæum*.

From St. Petersburg, we hear of a magnificent Vase of sea-green Jasper, which the Emperor has had cut in the mines of Colywan, and placed in the palace of the Hermitage with some difficulty. The dimensions are colossal, its diameter being 15 feet, and its weight, including the jasper pedestal, 418,898 lbs. The upper edges are sculptured in relief and adorned with chasings of the most exquisite finish. In 1829 commenced the work of extracting the block from the quarries of the Mountain Kewnawaya, near Colywan;—in 1831 it was hoisted and dragged to the work-yard. For its transport to St. Petersburg 550 peasants and 120—increased in places to 160—horses were required. As it could

not pass over the bridges, it had to be drawn across the rivers, in winter, on ice four feet in thickness. Several times, it broke through; but preparations had been made for such an event, and it was recovered from the water, un mutilated. All the workmen employed, either in the work of art or its conveyance, have received rewards from the Emperor.—*Athenæum*.

The Russian Minister of Public Instruction has addressed a report to the Emperor, on the results of M. Middendorf's scientific mission into Siberia. The learned academician had explored the two provinces of Taimyrland and Utzkoi—the one extending between Piaszyna and Chatanga, as far as the Frozen Ocean, and the second touching on the South-eastern extremity of Asiatic Russia. After having visited the Schantar islands, where no traveller had preceded it, the expedition pushed its way, through many perils, to the very frontiers of China. Scientific discoveries of great interest are said to be the result of this journey—of which Middendorf is about to publish a detailed account. His work will be given in Russian and French—at the cost of the Academy of Sciences of St. Petersburg.—*Athenæum*.

"LIGHT, COLOR, AND THEIR EFFECTS."—Certain effects observable in mountainous districts were described as strikingly different from any we observe in lower regions, and tending to create doubts of the Newtonian system, in favor of Dr. Hook's theory of two colors only. Yellow and red are supposed by Mr. Foggo to be but modifications of the warm aspect, in contrast or opposition to the blue or cold hue; their prismatic proportions and positions, and the inefficiency of the metrochrome and other modes of attempting the recombinations of colors into pure light or whiteness, were commented on, as well as the important results of glazing and scumbling, in the painter's practice. An inquiry into the principles and effect of light and color was recommended as a delightful and useful opportunity for artists to advance human knowledge, and raise their profession to respect and consideration. The often abused atmosphere of this island was described as one great cause of our landscape painters' excellence and of the peculiar beauty of our descriptive poets, being eminently conducive to picturesque and poetical effect.—*Lit. Gaz.*

CORREGGIO'S FRESCOS, PARMA.—The copies of these far-famed frescoes and others of Parmegiano, by the Chevalier Toschi, exhibited, within the last few days, at Messrs. P. and D. Colnaghi's, are splendid performances, and afford a fine idea of both these great masters in the highest efforts of their genius. In the Correggios the divine expression of countenances, the disposition of human limbs in every posture, yet all of grace and beauty, the fertility of invention, the life-like softness of the flesh, and in short, the exhibition of every power and loveliness of painting, are beyond the meaning of language to describe or measure.—*Lit. Gaz.*

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES.

Great Britain.

Didot's Bibliotheca Græca. Aristophanes, ed. Dindorf. Scholia of Aristophanes, ed. Dindorf and Dübner. Xenophon, ed. Dindorf. Plutarch, Moralia, ed. Dübner. London. Firmin Didot.

THESE are specimens of Messrs. Didot's gigantic undertaking of giving a complete library of Greek authors, in sixty volumes. In such a scheme we look for more than typographical compactness. It is little to say that these sixty volumes will contain the matter of about four hundred ordinary volumes; for such a saving of space, though immense, would be of very slight importance if it were the main feature of the undertaking. We feel bound to inform our readers of the fact, that the compactness is only one of the great advantages of this publication; cheapness is a second; correct reproduction of the very best text is a third; a fourth is new or newly revised Latin translations side by side with the original; and a very copious *Indices Nominum et Rerum* is a fifth.

There can be no comparison between Didot's publication and that of Tauchnitz; for except that the Tauchnitz Classics have the advantage of being pocket volumes, in no respect are they equal to the goodly octavos of Messrs. Didot. The Tauchnitz Classics are cheap, but inferior; badly edited, often not edited at all, incorrectly printed, and without either indices or translations. The works before us are, as far as we have examined them, very correctly printed from the best editions. The volume of 'Aristophanes' contains, also, the fragments of 'Menander and Philemon,' published by Dübner; together with several new fragments discovered recently in the MSS. of the Royal Library of Paris. The volume containing the Scholia to Aristophanes, we heartily recommend to every reader of the poet; especially directing his attention to the copious index. Plutarch's 'Moralia,' of which two volumes have appeared (a third, containing the Pseudo Plutarch and Index, is to come), is founded on Wyttenbach's magnificent edition, which has been carefully revised by M. Dübner, who has availed himself of the collection of MSS. made by the Greek *savant*, Kontos, for the Royal Library of Paris. The works, though forming a complete library, may be had separately; and it is worth adding that the Index to the Scholia of Aristophanes may also be had separately for four francs. The price of the volumes varies from sixteen shillings to a guinea each: about a fourth of the ordinary price.

For those who do not need editions crowded with foot notes of conjectural emendations and editorial squabbling—who are sensible of the value of good indices, and a Latin version confronting the original—for those, in short, who want good, *serviceable* books, there are none equal to Messrs. Didot's.—*Foreign Quarterly Review.*

SELECT LIST OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Evenings in the Land of Uz: an Exposition of Job, by Mrs. H. Van Hagen, 2d edit. Letters and Despatches of Lord Viscount Nelson, Vol. III.

Cold-Water Cure, its Use and Misuse, by H. Mayo, M. D.

Journal of Missionary Labors in the City of Jerusalem in 1842-3-4, by Rev. P. C. Ewald.

Memoirs of Lady Hester Stanhope, in Conversations with her Physician.

The Female Disciple of the First Three Centuries of the Christian Era: her Trials and her Mission, by Mrs. H. Smith.

The Philosophical and Æsthetic Letters and Essays of Schiller, translated by J. Weiss.

GERMANY.

Die biblisch-prophetische Theologie. Von Fr. Delitzsch, *Leipz.*

Das Dogma vom h. Abendmahl u. seine Geschichte. Von A. Ebrard. Vol. I. *Frankf.*

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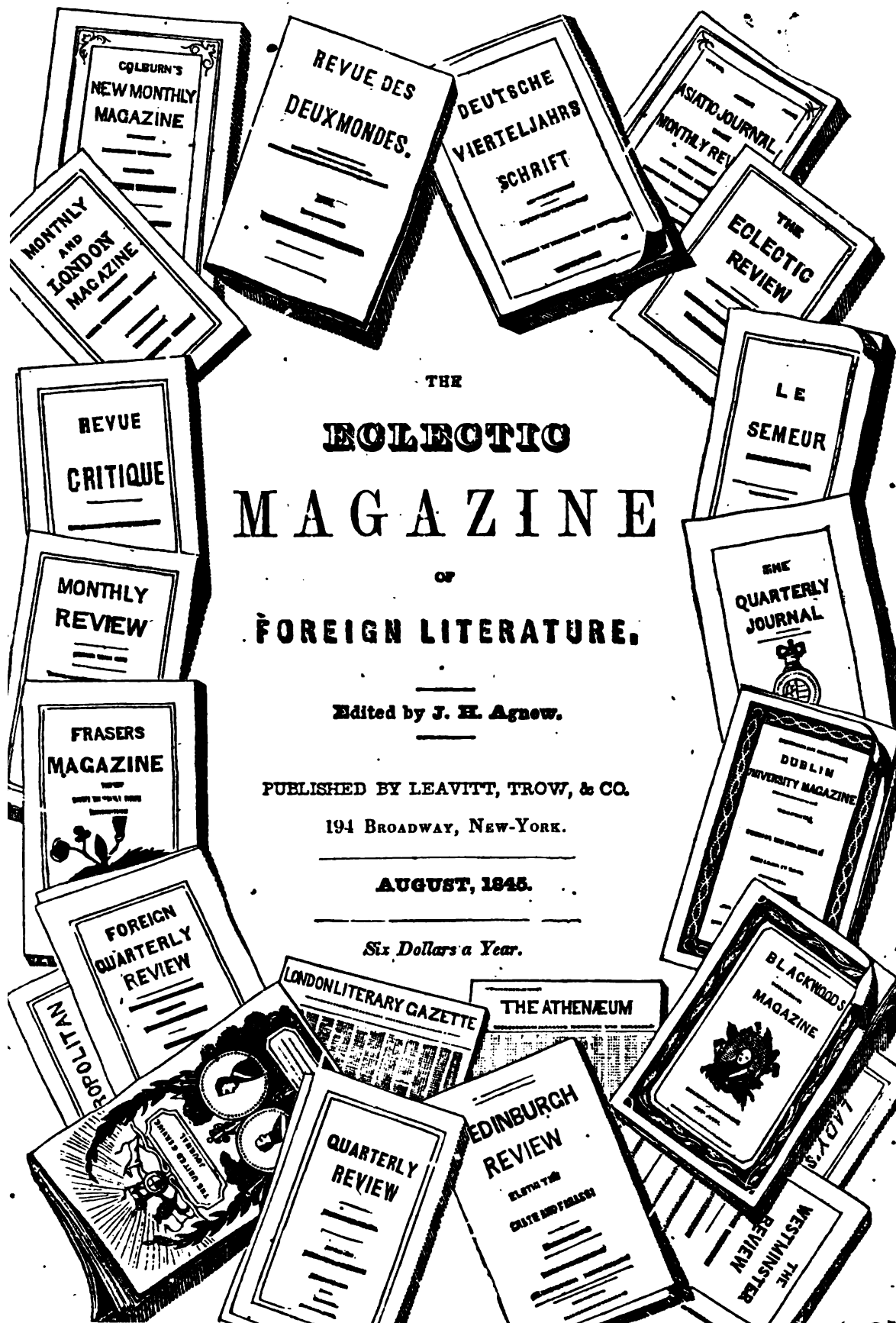
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MONTLY
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LONDON
MAGAZINE

THE ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF
FOREIGN LITERATURE.

Edited by J. H. Agnew.

PUBLISHED BY LEAVITT, TROW, & CO.

194 BROADWAY, NEW-YORK.

AUGUST, 1845.

Six Dollars a Year.

POSTAGE REDUCED.

THE POSTAGE on the *Eclectic* will, hereafter, be about NINE CENTS, to any distance whatever, being a reduction of nearly *one-half* to all our subscribers over 100 miles.

POST OFFICE LAW.—“On Magazines, 2 1-2 cents for the first ounce, and 1 cent for each successive ounce, not exceeding eight. Any thing over eight ounces is excluded from the mail.”

NOTA BENE.—After the 1st of July, our subscribers can remit to us, by paying their own postmaster, taking his receipt, and transmitting to us; which being presented to our postmaster here, entitles us to receive from him the amount receipted for. We are grateful to the Postmaster General for this accommodation, as it will enable us to receive our pay in a very convenient way.

We hope subscribers, in arrears, will embrace this easy mode of making payment—no one can now be justified in withholding what is due.

☞ *Postmasters can still frank notices of discontinuances*: and we wish it understood that giving orders to a P. M. to return numbers is *not* a notice. We expect written or verbal information.

LAW OF PERIODICALS.

1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered as wishing to continue their subscription.

2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their periodicals, the publisher may continue to send them till all arrearages are paid, and subscribers are responsible for all the numbers sent.

3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their periodicals from the office to which they are directed, they are held responsible till they have settled their bills, and ordered them discontinued.

4. If subscribers remove to other places without informing the publishers, and their periodicals are sent to their former direction, they are held responsible.

5. The Courts have decided that refusing to take a newspaper or *periodical* from the office, or removing and leaving it uncalled for, until all arrearages are paid, is *prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud.

☞ TERMS.—*Six Dollars* a year; but if paid in ADVANCE, i. e., within the *second* month from the commencement of subscription, and at our own office, without expense to us, through private hands, or a post-master, *Five Dollars* will be received—otherwise *Six, positively*.

☞ GOOD NEWS.—Hereafter we shall uniformly wait for the arrival of the Steamers, and make up *the entire* Number with *fresh* matter. The selections from the Quarterlies must, *of course*, run on through two or three months; but *all* the rest of the matter will be from the latest arrivals, and the Magazine ready in *ten days* thereafter. So that we shall publish between the *first* and *fifth* of each month. *In this way we shall have an advantage even over “Weeklies,”* in getting out *fresh* matter.

☞ *Don't forget to read page 3 of cover, “SOMETHING NEW,”* and show it to your friends. Each subscriber can easily get some friend to take so *good* and *cheap* a work. Do it, and oblige us.

EDITOR AND PUBLISHERS.

S O M E T H I N G N E W .

REASONS FOR TAKING THE ECLECTIC MAGAZINE.


1. It is the *cheapest* Periodical, in its price.
2. It is now the *only Monthly* of Foreign Literature.
3. Its Engravings, by SARRAV, are exquisite, and superior to any others—*worth the price of the work.*
4. It is *well established*, and beyond all rivalry in its line.
5. It surveys the field of *German and French*, as well as English Periodical Literature, and *selects* from all.
6. It is *elevated and dignified* in its character.
7. It contains, for Five Dollars *in advance*, all the best articles from the *four Quarterlies*, together with choice matter from the Magazines and Papers.
8. It is printed on *fair paper*, and in type that will *not injure the eyes.*
9. It commends itself to all persons of *taste*, and is represented by good judges, to be "*the best periodical in the world.*"


10. The public *ought* to support a work of this description, in order to supplant the trash of the day.

TERMS. *Six Dollars* a year; but if paid in advance, i. e., within the *second month*, and at our own office, without expense to us, through private hands, or through a Postmaster, Five Dollars will be received—otherwise *Six positively.*

~~It~~ We now issue promptly, between the First and Fifth day of every month, waiting for the arrival of the steamers, which leave Liverpool on the 4th of each month, and bring us our Magazines. Thus we shall always furnish fresh matter, selecting for October 1st, from the September Magazines, and so on.

~~It~~ Again we request those in arrears for the Museum of 1843, and for the Magazine of 1844, to remit the amount promptly through a Postmaster.

 The price, as on first page of Cover, is *six* dollars, but *five* dollars will be taken, if paid literally in *advance*, i. e. WITHIN THE FIRST OR SECOND MONTH, and without expense to us—i. e. sent to our Office by private hand, or through a Postmaster. Those, out of the city, who wait for a Collector to call, or postpone longer than the second month, will be *positively* charged *six* dollars. This is fair.

 Our Collectors are out—J. T. DENT, in *Mo.*—E. S. JENNINGS, in *Ill. and Mich.*—M. MEEKER, in *Ia.*—C. W. JAMES, G. H. COMSTOCK, J. R. & T. G. SMITH, in *Ohio.*

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
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
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